# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1852.

VOLUME IX.—NO. 16.
Whole Number, 436.



**LEWISBURG CHRONICLE**

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

*Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.*

TERMS—$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance; $1.75, if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 3 cents for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when the year is paid up.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week, $1 four weeks, $5 a year; two squares, $1 for six months, $7 for a year. Mercantile advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year.

Job Work and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

Communications solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞ Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to Henry C. Hickok, Esq. *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. Worden, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.


[From Graham's Lady's Book.]

## Last Words.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

We treasure fondly in our hearts
A parent's cheering praise,
The orator's warm eloquence,
The poet's fervent lays;
The vows of love are woven close
With many a heart's warm chords;
Yet, oh! we treasure these far less
Than some loved lips' last words.

We stand beside the bed of death,
And closer bend the ear,
The last faint tones of tenderness
From those pale lips to hear;
And, oh! the wooing voice of love,
The minstrel's high accords,
Sink less in hearts' utmost depths
Than those faint-breathed last words.

Last words! last words! The broken phrase
Formed by the parting breath,
Ere Life's dim twilight fades away
Into the night of Death.
The last notes drawn from out a harp,
Before its breaking chords,
Yield 'neath the sweep of Death's cold hand;
*These* treasure are—last words.

Last words! last words! The sobbed adieu
Of those who part for ever,
The waters' moan ere Death's dark sea
Ingulfs Life's sparkling river;
A loved name murmured brokenly,
A faintly-breathed farewell—
*These* are thy jewels, Memory!
Guard thou the casket well.

## Counterfeiter Arrested.

[The Philadelphia Ledger of the 12th inst., gives the following particulars of the arrest of Dr. Giltner, which we briefly announced last week.]

Through the instrumentality of Mayor Gilpin, of this city, and Mayor Guthrie, of Pittsburg, some very important police developments have been made during the present week, in the interior of this State, and the principal manufactory of counterfeit money destroyed. The arrangements for the descent, which proved so successful, were in preparation for months past; and such information reached Mayor Gilpin last week, that on Friday, officer Moses, of the city night police, was despatched to Montour county, in order to prepare for Capt. Bennett and officer Bunting of the city police, and High-Constable Hague, of Pittsburg, who started on Saturday. Officer Moser arrived at the tavern of Abraham Haus, about 15 miles from Danville, on Saturday, and remained there until Monday morning. In the interim, he had made arrangements (in accordance with his directions,) to purchase a quantity of the counterfeit money, on Tuesday; and the persons engaged in the traffic, supposing the officer to be a large buyer, made him acquainted with the place where the counterfeit money was manufactured, and of the operations of those interested in making it. The three additional officers reaching Danville on Sunday, and on Monday morning, with Mr. Cornelius Garretson, went in a carriage to the house kept by Haus, on the road leading to Washingtonville, in the character of sportsmen. Officer Moser was in waiting for the parties, and as soon as possible after their arrival, they repaired to the house of Dr. Giltner, a short distance from the tavern. Upon approaching the door of the counterfeiting establishment, Capt. Bennet stepped forward and asked if Dr. Giltner was at home. He was answered in the negative by the wife of Dr. G., who gave a signal and attempted to close the door. Capt. Bennett then quickly summoned those of his party outside, and with High Constable Hague, entered the premises and went up stairs.

No sooner had they reached the second story, than footsteps were heard, and three persons jumped out of a window in the rear of the house, and ran in different directions. The officers immediately ran down stairs and gave the alarm; but before the other persons could reach the inmates of the establishment, two of them escaped into the woods. The third, Dr. Giltner, also reached the woods, but he was soon overcome from the effects of a pistol-ball, fired by officer Moser, which struck the left shoulder. This was not fired, however, until after he had been warned by the officer several times to stop.—When taken into custody, Dr. Giltner asked if Marshal Keyser was in the party, alleging that he would make it all right, if present, for the reason that he belonged to the same Lodge the Marshal is a member of. Subsequently, he was told by officer Hague and Capt. Bennet, that they were members of the same fraternity with Marshal Keyser, and regretted much to say that he (the prisoner) is such an unworthy brother.

The house was then examined, and in the second story a full sett of engraver's instruments, a printing-press, the chemical and other preparations used in making counterfeit-money were found, besides $600 in $2 counterfeit Harrisburg Bank notes, which were wet—having just been printed. This description of money was being worked off when the officers went to the house. A large amount of counterfeit 1s, 2s and 5s, purporting to be of the Lancaster Bank issue, were also found secreted in different parts of the house, together with 5s on the York Bank, 5s on the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank of Pittsburg, 20s on the Cape May Bank, altered from the notes of the exploded Millington Bank, and 10s on the Bank of Northumberland. The plate from which the Harrisburg counterfeits were worked, was carried away by one of the parties who escaped, but the officers succeeded in getting the plates of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank at Pittsburg and the Cape May Bank, at a house about thirteen miles distant on the road leading to Turbotville.

Dr. Giltner was conveyed to Danville as quickly as possible, in consequence of his wound, and lodged in the jail, where he was attended by Dr. James D. Strawbridge, of that place, who pronounced his wound severe, but not serious. In the evening of that day, Justice William Kitchen heard the case, and committed the defendant to prison in default of $3000 bail, to answer at the next term of the Court of Montour county, which meets this month. The defendant is said to be a beautiful and skilful penman, and can counterfeit a signature with much precision. He is alleged to be the master-spirit of the band, and signed all the notes. The Doctor is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and but 28 years of age. When he attended the University he bore a good name and was much esteemed by his associates.

The escape of the confederates of the prisoner is unfortunate; but, under the circumstances of the close proximity of the woods to the house, and the officers being in a strange country, the arrest of Dr. Giltner was truly fortunate and adroitly managed by the officers. There can be no doubt the other parties will also be brought to justice, now that they are known. A portion of the money and tools were bro't on to this city, and are now in possession of the Mayor. The remainder were left in charge of Sheriff Frazer, of Montour county.

## The Search for the Drowned.

The following vivid description of the search for the body of the drowned Zenobia, is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." When it is remembered that among the lost by the Henry Clay was a sister of Hawthorne, whose body was not recovered till after a search of several days, the sketch becomes peculiarly impressive:]

When our few preparations were completed, we hastened, by a shorter than the customary route, through fields and pastures, and across a portion of the meadow, to the particular spot on the river bank which I had paused to contemplate in the course of my afternoon's ramble. A nameless presentiment had again drawn me thither, after leaving Eliot's pulpit. I showed my companions where I had found the handkerchief, and pointed to two or three footsteps, impressed into the clayey margin, and tending towards the water. Beneath its shallow verge, among the water-weeds, there were further traces, as yet unobliterated by the sluggish current, which was there almost at a standstill. Silas Foster thrust his face down close to these footsteps, and picked up a shoe that had escaped my observation, being half embedded in the mud.

"There's a kid shoe that never was made on a Yankee last," observed he. "I know enough of shoemaker's craft to tell that. French manufacture; and, see what a high instep! and how evenly she trod in it! There never was a woman that stept handsomer in her shoes than Zenobia did. Here," he added, addressing Hollingsworth, "would you like to keep the shoe?"

Hollingsworth started back.

"Give it to me, Foster," said I. I dabbled it in the water, to rinse off the mud, and kept it ever since. Not far from this spot lay an old leaky punt, drawn up on the oozy river-side, and generally half full of water. It served the angler to go in quest of pickerel, or the sportsman to pick up his wild ducks. Setting this crazy bark afloat, I seated myself in the stern with the paddle, while Hollingsworth sat in the bow with the hooked pole, and Silas Foster amidships with a hay-rake.

"It puts me in mind of my young days," remarked Silas, "when I used to steal out of bed to go bobbing for horn-pouts and eels. Heigh-ho!—well, life and death together make sad work for us all! Then I was a boy, bobbing for fish; and now I'm getting to be an old fellow, and here I be, groping for a dead body! I tell you what lads, if I thought anything had really happened to Zenobia, I should feel kind o' sorrowful."

"I wish, at least, you would hold your tongue," muttered I.

The moon that night though past the full, was still large and oval, and having risen between eight and nine o'clock, now shone aslantwise over the river, throwing the light opposite bank, with its woods, into deep shadow, but lighting up the hither shore pretty effectually. Not a ray appeared to fall on the river itself. It lapsed imperceptibly away, a broad, black, inscrutable depth, keeping its own secrets from the eye of man as impenetrably as mid ocean could.

"Well, Miles Coverdale," said Foster, "you are the helmsman. How do you mean to manage this business?"

"I shall let the boat drift, broadside foremost, past that stump," I replied. "I know the bottom, having sounded it in fishing. The shore, on this side, after the first step or two, goes off very abruptly; and there is a pool, just by the stump, twelve or fifteen feet deep. The current could not have force enough to sweep any sunken object, even if partially buoyant, out of that hollow."

"Come then," said Silas; "but I doubt whether I can touch bottom with this hay-rakke, if it's as deep as you say. Mr. Hollingsworth, I think you'll be the lucky man to-night; such luck as it is."

We floated past the stump, Silas Foster plied his rake manfully, poking it as far as he could into the water, and immersing the whole length of his arm besides.

Hollingsworth at first sat motionless, with the hooked pole elevated in the air. But, by and by, with a nervous and jerky movement, he began to plunge it into the blackness that upbore us, setting his teeth, and making precisely such thrusts, methought, as if he were stabbing at a deadly enemy. I bent over the side of the boat. So obscure, however, so awfully mysterious was that dark stream, that—and the thought made me shiver like a leaf—I might as well have tried to look into the enigma of the eternal world, to discover what had become of Zenobia's soul, as into the river's depth, to find her body. And there, perhaps, she lay, with her face upward, while the shadow of the boat, and my own pale face peering downward, passed slowly betwixt her and the sky!

Once, twice, thrice, I paddled the boat up stream, and again suffered it to glide, with the river's slow, funeral motion, downward. Silas Foster had raked up a large mass of stuff, which, as it came towards the surface, looked somewhat like a flowing garment, but proved to be a monstrous tuft of water-weeds. Hollingsworth, with a gigantic effort, up-heaved a sunken log. When once free of the bottom, it rose partly out of water—all weedy and slimy, a devilish-looking object, which the moon had not shone upon for half a hundred years—then plunged again, and sullenly returned to its old resting-place, for the remnant of the century.

"That looked ugly!" quoth Silas, "I half thought it was the evil one, on the same errand as ourselves—searching for Zenobia."

"He shall never get her," said I, giving the boat a strong impule.

"That is not for you to say, my boy," retorted the yeoman. "Pray God he never may! Slow work this, however! I should really be glad to find something! Pshaw! What a notion that is, when the only good luck would be to paddle and drift, and poke, and grope, hereabouts, till morning, and have our labor for our pains! For my part, I should'nt wonder if the creature had only lost her shoe in the mud, and saved her soul alive, after all. My stars! how she will laugh at us, to-morrow morning!"

It is indescribable what an image of Zenobia—at the breakfast table, full of warm and mirthful life—this surmise of Silas Foster's brought before my mind. The terrible phantasm of her death was thrown by it into the remotest and dimmest back-ground, where it seemed to grow as improbable as a myth.

"Yes, Silas, it may be as you say," cried I.

The drift of the stream had again borne us a little below the stump, when I felt—yes, felt, for it was as if the iron hook had smote my breast—felt Hollingsworth strike some object at the bottom of the river! He started up, and almost overset the boat.

"Hold on!" cried Foster, "you have her!"

Putting a fury of strength into the effort, Hollingsworth heaved amain, and up came a white swash to the surface of the river. It was the flew of a woman's garments. A little higher and we saw her dark hair streaming down the current. Black river of death, thou hadst yielded up thy victim! Zenobia was found!

Silas Foster had laid hold of the body; Hollingsworth, likwise, grappled with it; and I steered towards the bank, gazing all the while at Zenobia, whose limbs were swaying in the current close at the boat's side. Arriving near the shore, we all three stepped into the water, bore her out and laid her on the ground beneath a tree.

"Poor child!" said Foster—and his dry old heart, I verily believe, vouchsafed a tear—"I'm sorry for her!"

Were I to describe the perfect horror of the spectacle, the reader might justly reckon it to me for a sin and shame. For more than twelve long years I have borne it in my memory, and could now reproduce it as freshly as if it were still before my eyes. Of all modes of death, methinks it is the ugliest. Her wet garments, swathed limbs of terrible inflexibility. She was the marble image of a death-agony. Her arms had grown rigid in the act of struggling, and were bent before her with clutched hands; her knees, too, were bent, and—thank God for it! in the attitude of prayer. Ah, that rigidity! It is impossible to bear the terror of it. It seemed—I must needs impart so much of my own miserable idea—it seemed as if her body must keep the same position in the coffin, and that her skeleton would keep it in the grave, and that when Zenobia rose at the day of judgment, it would be in just the same attitude as now!

From the Hollidaysburg Standard.

## All about a Dog.

This is the meridian of "dog days," and as hot as dog days are about this or any other season. I suppose dogs have a disposition to be out roaming while they are in, as "every dog must have his day." So one dropped in upon a near neighbor in his rounds and don't seem disposed to move any more than Jim Bags did. To find the owner, or get rid of him lawfully, he wrote a descriptive advertisement and stuck it up. Some of the boys who read it, said it was a *dogged* funny description—easy to understand, but difficult to comprehend. To give it wider publicity, you may put it in the paper if you think fit. Here it is:

**STRAY DOG.**

Came to the residence of the subscriber, July 11th, 1852, a dog like what follows: He is black in his color, with a good many gray hairs scattered all over his body in such quantity that you can't tell whether he is black or gray or a color which aint neither. In his body he is heavy, but not very big; only it is a big dog for his size, being about a middling size. His legs are short from his body to the ground. The fore legs are crooked, standing out at the knee, in below, and straight from the shoulder down. The hind legs are straight in the same way, only crooked backwards. His tail is curly when bent straight; is about 15 inches long, and stick straight out in a kink. His ears are short to the lower end, but would be longer if not cut off higher up, where they aint cut off at all. When he barks he makes a noise like a bigger dog, but he aint no bigger on account of it, and remains quiet just like when he was barking before. When he runs he lifts up his hind legs before he lifts up his fore legs before, one at a time behind before he lifts up the others. When he walks he lifts them up just like when he runs, only the other ones first. He is good about a house to watch hogs, but never runs after them when they run, and when he chases them and they go out themselves; he lays still only when he's hissed and then he does like when he aint. As for victuals he aint particular and eats most anything he likes meat best and bread and butter has a good appetite when he eats at once to do him 3 times a day a week and continues in the same order as before. He is good in the woods to hunt and keeps in sight so you can see what he does when he never barks to chase anything away but is quiet at your heels when you say "sick 'em" he goes away before just like behind before and back.

The owner is requested to prove who he belongs to when he can't he will be disposed of as no owner is found when his day is fixed to sell he will be knocked down if no bidder is found in my possession according to law.

D. DOGBERRY.

Dogwood Swamp, July 20, 1852.

P. S. If any of your sportsmen take a fancy to the dog, they can have him after two months. He won't be sold.

Your Friendly D. O. G.

## The Editor's Sentiments.

Bold in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test
Of the free souled and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.
Be thou like the noble ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the great apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!
Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!

Another lot of liquor has been turned into the Providence river; the 11th dose. Wonder what the fish think of it?

## A Word to Mothers.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your vase."

"Well you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing—always in some mischief, go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you!"

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood, to screen a fault! With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. O, what was the loss of a thousand "vases," in comparison!

'Tis true, an angel might shrink from the respontibilities of a mother. It does not need an angel's powers. The watch must never, for an instant, be let up; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word, that the overtasked spirit sends to the lip, must die there, ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season, the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no evasion, no trickery, for the keen eye of childhood to mark! and all this, when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked for annoyances of every hour, almost bid defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the cherub on her knee catch her angry frown; still must she "rule her own spirit," lest the boy so apparently engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties, faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and silence. Even him, on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle—till too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in untiring motion the thousand springs of his domestic happiness!

But—what, if in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she be a mother but in name? What if she consider her duty performed when her child is fed, and warmed and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teaches those little lips to lisp, "Our Father"? What if she launch her child upon life's stormy sea without rudder, or compass, or chart? God forbid there be many such mothers!

## Playing the Piano, and How it is Done.

The other evening, we were at a party of a friend of ours, and among the lot was a gay Miss, who had just returned from boarding-school, when, after many solicitations and apologies, she seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below them. She now put off the right to a brisk canter upon the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and right pursued in like manner. The right turned and repeated its movement, but the left out ran this time, hopped over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left, on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for a short space, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as we thought fairly vanquished, but we were in error in that; Jack Randolph cautions us, it had only "fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted up two keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake-charming beyond dispute. The left rushed toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came with a tremendous roar down the bass keys; continued its assaults, sometimes by a zigzag movement, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its strong hold, proved ineffectual; it came close up to its adversary and expired. Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano made during the conflict. Certain it is that no one can describe them, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended; Miss Jane moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once.

"One song, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Small, "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame Piggisquaski is so fond of." Miss Jane looked pitiful at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Jane; accordingly she squared herself for a song. She brought her hands into a capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other; then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and the left responding bass very loudly.

The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change upon the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Jane; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and it appeared to us as interpreters between the right and left. Things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. Rose. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side, a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistible demonstration that Jane's music made him feel good all over. We resolved from this contemplation of Mr. Rose's transport, to see whether we could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Jane made a fly-catching grab at half a-dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long dunghill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many keys with the left. This came over Rose like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo briars. Our nerves had not recovered until Miss Jane repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague fit; but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed it, she scraped it. Her neck veins swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech owl, when we took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. "Goodness!" said a bystander, "if this be her singing, what must be her crying?"

Congress will adjourn on the last day of the present month; and none will sorrow for its demise, or regret its dispersion; its proceedings having, for a long time, ceased to attract attention, or excite curiosity. It has done so little that its deeds can hardly be criticised; for it has presented to the world a model of that species of legislation, that can occupy the longest space of time in doing the smallest amount of business. This, perhaps, ought not to be regretted, considering the material of which the present Congress is composed, and acknowledged on all hands to be inferior to any of its predecessors. It may, perhaps, occur to these Representatives of the people, when they feel the loss of public respect, that it is better to be faithful to their trust, and economical of time, which, in this case, is money, than forfeit the confidence of their constituents, and incur the public sneers and censure.

Efforts are now being made in Congress to recover lost time; but such efforts seldom retrieve the dilatoriness of the past, or redeem the character which an idle waste of time affixes to public bodies. Hasty legislation is worse than no legislation at all; for that which is done hurriedly, when deliberation is required, is not done as it ought to be; and bills are passed at such times which are afterwards found to be very imperfect, if not very mischievous, in their character. Things are jumbled together which have no necessary connection; propositions, good, bad, and indifferent, are tacked upon each other, one to help the other through, till the worst system of log-rolling—exhibited in its most mischievous form in the Legislature of Pennsylvania—becomes a Congressional practice. One-half of the time spent this session in making Presidential speeches, which influence not a single voter, would, if employed in proper deliberation upon the propositions presented to Congress, have perfected all the bills of any public interest now before it, and have satisfied the wants of the people. Now many of them are in danger of being passed over, or, if enacted into laws, of being of little practical utility, for want of sufficient consideration, and being deficient in proper provisions for carrying them into effect, or lacking proper remedies and safeguards to make them useful.

American Silk Manufacture.—There is a silk manufactory at Newport, Ky., which turns out some very fine specimens of goods, giving another proof of the facility with which American ingenuity can adapt itself to any branch of industry, under sufficient encouragement. The factory has been in operation about four years, and it manufactures cravats, handkerchiefs, and vestings of excellent body, soft in texture, and which will no doubt wear well.

# The Farmer.

## Grazing on the Road.

The turning out of cattle to graze upon the road is becoming a great evil. Occasionally some mean spirited farmer will turn his cattle into what is technically termed the *long lot*, (the road) rather than furnish adequate pasture at home. In the neighborhood where we reside, this evil is very great. Custom seems to be in opposition to law; the pound has become a nullity, and it is impossible to ornament the road-side by sod or any other means, unless a watchman be placed to drive off the cattle turned daily by their owners to feed upon the road, and to destroy their neighbors' improvements.

A gate can not be left open without some piratical cow entering to destroy your garden; and if you complain to your neighbor, he advises you to keep your gate shut, as if he did not know that neither law nor justice requires you to have gates at all. The law recognizes fences as necessary to keep your cattle from intruding upon your neighbor, and not to keep his cattle from entering your grounds from the public roads. In many parts of Massachusetts and other States, you may travel for days without meeting a single stray animal upon the road. In New Jersey you may find in many farmers' stables, a horse kept at home for the express purpose of enabling the farmer to ride after his cows, and drive them home at milking time, when they are again sent forth to annoy his neighbors.—*Ed. Working Farmer.*

## Order and System.

One of the best farmers in the State of New York has the following rules and regulations agreed to and signed by every man he hires; they are heartily recommended.

It is expected that persons employed on the farm of ———, will carefully attend to the following principles:

Regularity in hours.

Punctuality in cleaning and putting away implements.

Humanity to animals.

Neatness and cleanliness in personal appearance.

Decency in deportment and conversation.

Implicit obedience to the proprietor and foreman.

Ambition to learn and excel in every thing.

No liquor or strong drink of any kind to be allowed.

Maxims of Order and Neatness.

1. Perform every operation in the proper season.
2. Perform every operation in the best manner.
3. Complete every part of an operation as you proceed.
4. Finish one job before you begin another.
5. Secure your work and tools in an orderly manner.
6. Clean every tool when you leave off work.
7. Return every tool and implement to its place at night.

## Plowing and Seeding.

Messrs. Editors—I wish you would encourage our agriculturists always to seed their grounds as fast as they plow. The amazing advantages will at once be apparent to the reflecting farmer. To those who will not think on the subject enough at once to see its importance, I recommend to "try a patch."

It is lamentable to see so many farmers plowing for a week, and then when the whole field is done, and the weed and grass seed pretty well germinated, begin to put in their crop.

The moisture and mellowness of the earth, when first turned, creates immediate vegetation; delay loses this to the crop, and gives the advantage to the weeds and grass that are in the soil. Only look at it!

Agricola.

The above is from the *Ohio Cultivator*. Farmers are not as likely here, as there, to have a field that will occupy one week in the plowing. We are over-fond of small patches, and four-acre lots. But the advice of *Agricola* ie good anywhere; and we also advice a trial of "a patch."—*Jour. of Agriculture.*

The Curculio.—Several of our Horticural friends have been experimenting, as to the best method of getting rid of "the little Turk," and among these, some claim that finely pulverized sulphur dusted evenly on the trees, has been most successful. We shall be glad to learn all the facts in relation to this method.

A ten-acre field, costing fifty dollars per acre, and ditched, manured, and improved at fifty dollars more, so as to give double crops, is much more valuable and profitable than twenty acres unimproved, costing the same money.