



POETRY.

The Farmer's Life.

I love the farmer's quiet life— His peaceful home, devoid of strife— With sweet contentment blessed; I love the virtues of his heart, Which love, and peace, and joy impart, Around his tranquil rest.

I love the blooming hills and dales, Their healthful winds and odorous gales, Untroubled with disease; I love the tales and legends old, By white-haired sires at twilight told, 'Mid scenes of shadowy ease.

I love the labor and the toil Which cloth with beauty Freedom's soil, Where tyrants never tread, And where each task from turmoil free, Great God! is sanctified by thee, And consecrates the sod.

I love the scenes of social mirth Which cheer his quiet evening hearth With joy unmixed repellets;— Where friendship's smiles, and love's sly leer, Are seen through hope's transparent tear, And true friends only meet.

I love what'er the seasons bring— The flowers that blush—the birds that sing— Eve's low Eolian breeze— The spring's soft smiles—the summer's charms— All charm in their degrees.

The Mocking Bird.

BY A. B. MEEK.

From the vale, what music ringing Fills the bosom of the night! On the sense, entranced, flinging Spells of witchery and delight! O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar, From yon locust-top, it swells, Like the chant of serenader, Or the rhymes of silver bell!

Listen! dearest, listen to it! Sweeter sounds were never heard: 'Tis the song of that wild poet,— Mine and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

See him swinging in his glory, On yon topmost bending limb! Carolling his amorous story, Like some wild crusader's hymn! Now it faints in tones delicious, As the first low wove of love! Now it bursts in swells capricious, All the moonlit vale above! Listen! dearest, &c.

Why is't thus, this sylvan Petrarch Pours all night his serenade? 'Tis for some proud woodland laura, His sad sonnets all are made! But he changes now his measure,— Gladness bubbling from his mouth,— Jest, and jibe, and mimic pleasure,— Winged Mercutio of the South! Listen! dearest, &c.

Bird of music, wit, and gladness! Troubadour of sunny clime! Disenchanted of all sadness! Would this heart were in my rhyme, O'er the heart that's beating by me, I would weave a spell divine!

Is there ought she could deny me, Drinking in such strains as thine? Listen! dearest, listen to it! Sweeter sounds were never heard! 'Tis the song of that wild poet,— Mine and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

A Quaker's Letter to his Watchmaker. I herewith send my pocket clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school he was no ways reformed, nor in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular; that his pulse is sometimes slow, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his name denoteth; I will find him slumbering or sleeping—or as the vanity of human reason phrases it, catch him napping. Examine him, therefore, and prove him. I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, by being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the path wherein he should go. It grieveth me to think, and when I ponder thereon, I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul, and the whole mass corrupted.—Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth I will place him a few days under thy care and pay for his board as thou requir'st. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with right judgment according to the gift which is in thee and prove thyself a superior workman. And when thou layest thy correcting hands on him, let it be without passion lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come by the motion of the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above mentioned rules, then do send him home with a just bill of charges, drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the root of all evil.



AGRICULTURAL.

The Dairy Business in New York.

A statement of Mr. John Holbert's butter diary and farm, located in the town and county of Chemung, New York, adjoining the Pennsylvania State line; elevation about twenty feet above tide water, and at 42 degrees north latitude. The farm contains 200 acres of land, which was farmed the past season as follows: I have kept and milked 40 cows, and my grain pastures and meadows are as follows: 24 acres of wheat; 8 of buckwheat; 10 of oats; 20 of corn and potatoes; 2 of summer fallow; 40 of meadow; 74 of pastures; 22 of wood and waste land.

The soil is a gravelly loam, with a slight mixture of black sand; subsoil the same. I use no roots or slops for my cows; all that I feed them is hay and grass, and corn stalks. My pastures are clover and timothy, and hay the same; and my meadows produce from one to two and a half tons per acre per annum. I sow plaster on my meadows and pastures every year, and use the Cayuga plaster.

BREED OF COWS.

My cows are generally the common breed. I have a few that have a slight mixture of Durham blood in them. Their ages will range from three years old to twelve. I prefer a cow not less than five years old for the dairy, and as much older as she winters well. I change pastures often, and think it a good plan to change twice a week. Too much care cannot be taken to have your cows well watered and salted. I keep a large watering trough in my cow yard, where I very frequently observe cows drinking large quantities of water immediately after coming from the brook. I keep salt lying in the yard the year round.

MAKING BUTTER.

I take care to have my cellar thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed early every spring. I keep milk in one cellar and butter in another. Too much care cannot be taken by dairymen to observe the time of churning. I usually churn from one hour to one hour and a half. I put from one to two pails of cold water in each churn, before commencing to churn, and one pail more in each when nearly done, in order to thin the milk, and make it produce all the butter it contains. When done, take the butter out, wash it through one water, then set it in the cellar and salt it, then work it from three to five times before packing. Butter should not be made quite salt enough until the last working. Then add a little salt, which makes a brine that keeps the butter sweet. One ounce of salt to a pound of butter is about the quantity I take. I pack the first day, if the weather is cool, if warm, the second day. If the milk is two warm when churned, the quantity of butter will be less and the quality and flavor not so good as when it is cool at a proper temperature. I have always worked my butter by hand. Last fall I bought a butter worker, but I disapprove of its use entirely and recommend the hand ladle in its stead. In packing, I fill my firkins to within two inches of the top, then lay a clean cloth on the top of the butter, and put salt on the top of the cloth and keep it covered with salt and brine all the season. Great care should be taken not to let the milk stand too long before churning, as in that case in hot weather, it becomes too sour, and the butter will be sour also, and in cool weather it becomes bitter. All of which can be prevented in cool weather by putting about one quart of buttermilk in each pan or tub before straining the milk, and in hot weather by churning as soon as the milk becomes thick and moist on the top of the cream. I use the Turk's Island salt of the Ashton sacker. I have never used any of the solar evaporated salt, or steam refined salt from the Onondaga salt works.

QUANTITY OF BUTTER MADE.

I commenced making butter about the 1st of April, and up to May 4th made five hundred and twelve pounds, and then commenced packing for the fall market. Made in May 26 days, seven hundred and forty-seven pounds; in June, 30 days, mad eleven hundred and eighty-six pounds; in July, 31 days, ten hundred and seventy-nine pounds; in August, 31 days, ten hundred and sixteen pounds; and from September 1st up to December 15th, three and a half months, nineteen hundred and forty-eight pounds, which is about the close of the season for making butter. I sold my diary this year to R. Clearwater, at 138 Washington street, New York, on the 30th day of November, for 23 cents per pound which amount was five thousand and thirty four pounds. The spring butter, and the butter that was sent to the different fair, and the butter that was made after the diary was taken off, amounted to fourteen hundred and fifty-four pounds, the whole averaging twenty-three cents per pound, amounted in cash to fourteen hundred and ninety-two dollars and twenty four cents, that is over and above family use—and which finally makes an average of thirty-seven dollars and thirty cents per cow including heaters.—Transactions of the N. F. S. Ag. Society.

"Out of darkness cometh light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink keg.

To what color does a flogging change a boy? It makes him yell out.

Abduction of Rev. The Republic, commenting on this transaction, observes:

We do not hesitate to say, from a perusal of all the evidence, that there has been more perjury and villainy disclosed on this trial than ordinarily meets the eye or ear of any Old Bailey lawyer. It can scarcely admit of doubt, that bribery to an immense amount has been employed, to suborn witnesses and induce them to forswear themselves.

We cannot believe in the innocence of the Spanish consul. The weight of credible testimony satisfies us that Garcia was fraudulently, if not forcibly, kidnapped and carried on board the Mary Ellen. We doubt the innocence both of the captain and crew of that schooner. We believe that Garcia, who left New Orleans without a single change of clothes, was put on board the American vessel, Andrew Ring, nominally for quarantine, but really for a prison; that vessel being all the time kept under the guns of a Spanish man-of-war, so that she could not possibly escape out of the harbor with Garcia on board; while the fact of his performing quarantine in an American vessel was but a trick of the crafty Spaniard who governs that island, to induce the people of the United States to suppose that Garcia was free. We have not a doubt that the confession of Garcia to our consul, Mr. Campbell, in the presence of the captain of the port, that he came voluntarily from New Orleans, was an acknowledgment extorted by fear of death, and that he has long since retracted it, if he has not gone to his grave. We learn from Havana that the captain general has refused permission to Mr. Campbell to visit Garcia in prison, and when we last heard from him he was confined on board a Spanish man-of-war.

A few days ago, in our anxiety for justice in this business, we published the Spanish consul's defence without one word of comment. The story was artfully drawn up, as we now believe, to conceal his guilt. Garcia was kidnapped, because as the second jailer of the prison at Havana, he had aided in the escape of Villaverde, who was confined in dungeon for high treason. The Count of Alcoy has been, we fear, guilty of aiding and abetting in this infamous act. How much money has been expended in bribing witnesses at New Orleans, as well as agents engaged in the abduction of Garcia, we have no means of knowing.

Diamond Bust.

Ink is the blackest sea on which thought rides at anchor.

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to the act of a butt, or of that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

Some men in the world advance like crabs, by their eccentricities—walking contrary to every one else.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state.

What blockheads are those wise persons, who think it necessary that a child should comprehend every thing it reads.

Industry, economy, and prudence, are the same forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of events in one, which always conduce to eventual prosperity.

To diffuse useful information, to farther intellectual refinement—sure forerunners of moral improvement; to hasten the coming of that bright day, when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid; this, indeed, is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part.

Happiness doats on her works, and is prodigal to her favorite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicitous runs into felicitous.

There are some minds which we must leave to their idiotism.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

He who has nothing to do, has no business to live.

Speculation is a word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

We have little pity for others, until we are in a situation to claim it ourselves.

It is refreshing even to look upon a true and real American, with his swinging gait, in the full consciousness of his manhood. There is something even in his appearance different from other people. It is not reckless, nor rudeness, nor isolation, nor misanthropy. Nothing of this sort is seen. And yet there is an air of perfect independence, and freedom, consciousness of strength and power, repose in the midst of his activity, calmness and dignity with profound emotions. An American, more than any character it was ever my happiness to study, looks like a man who is sensible that he carries his own destinies about him; that he is complete in himself; and also that he is self-acting, self-moving intelligence; that he has to shape his own course and become the architect of his own fortune. He does not seem to be looking without to catch the chances of some stray events by which to fashion his life; his thoughts are steadily fixed upon strengthening his own resources, and he is always laying in a stock for the voyage upon.—The effect of this is to produce (I hardly

know what to call it) a rotundity—a fullness—a completeness of manhood—not seen in other societies; and to those who do not comprehend him, or who have only been accustomed to the fawning flatteries—and as false as they are fawning—of other nations, all this is extremely offensive.—Recent Traveller.

The Charm of Cleanliness.

A white-yellow cravat or shirt on a man speaks at once the character of his wife; and be you assured that she will not take the pains with your dress that she has never taken with her own. Then the manner of putting on the dress is no bad foundation for judging—if it be careless, slovenly, if it do not properly fit; no matter for its mean quality; mean as it may be it may be neatly and trimly put on; and if it be not, take care of yourself, for, as you will soon find to your cost, a sloven in one thing is a sloven in all things. The country people judge greatly from the state of the covering of the ankle; and if it be not clean and tight, they conclude that all out of sight is not as it ought to be. Look at the shoes; if they be trodden down on one side, loose on the foot, or run down at the heel, it is a very bad sign; and, as to slippers, though at coming down in the morning, and even before daylight, make up your mind to a rope, rather than live with a slipshod wife.—Cobbet.

CABINET

MANUFACTORY!



THE undersigned having associated themselves in the Cabinet Making Business, under the firm of Lloyd & Litzinger, beg leave to inform the citizens of Chemung and vicinity, that they intend manufacturing to order and keeping constantly on hand every variety of BUREAUS, TABLES, STANDS, SETTEES, BEDSTEADS, &c. &c. which they will sell very low for cash or approved Country Produce. All orders in their line of business will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Persons desiring cheap furniture are assured that they will find it to their interest to call at their Ware Room, opposite Litzinger & Todd's Store, and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. They hope by a close attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

All kinds of Lumber taken in exchange for Furniture.

STEPHEN LLOYD, Jr.

D. A. LITZINGER.

April 12, 1849—27-6m.

"CHEAPER THAN EVER!"

MURRAY & ZAHM.

THANKFUL for past favors, would respect fully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have just received the largest, handsomest and best selected assortment of

DRY-GOODS, &c.

that has been brought to Ebensburg this season, and which they are determined to dispose of at the lowest prices imaginable. They think it unnecessary to enumerate all the articles they have on hand, but request the public to call and examine for themselves, when they will find most every article usually kept in a country store, and at prices equal to or less than can be bought east or west of the Allegheny mountains.

LUMBER, GRAIN, WOOL, and all kinds of Country Produce, taken in exchange for Goods.

M. & Z.

Ebensburg, May 16, 1849.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Edited by George P. Morris and N. P. Willis; PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

The first number of a new series of this widely-circulated and universally popular FAMILY NEWSPAPER will, for the accommodation of new subscribers, be issued on SATURDAY, the seventh day of July next, with several new, original and ATTRACTIVE FEATURES. THE HOME JOURNAL is a wholly a peculiar paper, abounding in every variety of Literature and News, and besides being one of the most elegantly printed and interesting sheets extant, it is by far the cheapest—the terms being only Two Dollars a Year (in advance) or THREE DOLLARS for FIVE DOLLARS.

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Super French Lawns, New style Linen Lustre, Satin stripe Linen Mode Lustre, Plaid and Earlston Gingham, Cloth, Cassimere, Prints, &c.

Have just been received and now opening by LITZINGER & TODD.

June 7, 1849.

BOOKS and STATIONARY for sale at Buchanan's Store.

Large lot of Glass, Nails and Salt, just received and for sale at the store of MURRAY & ZAHM.

QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES, a large lot, for sale low at Buchanan's Store.

JUST received, a large lot of English and French CLOTHS, Blue, Black and Fancy CASSIMERES, and SATINETS of every variety, at the store of JOHN S. BUCHANAN.

JOB WORK

Neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office.

LIST OF CAUSES

Put down for Trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, commencing on Monday, the 1st day of October, A. D. 1849.

Table listing legal cases and parties, including Rank, Brook & Repler vs. Rodgers & Thomas, Murrell's Adm'r vs. Moore's Adm'r, etc.

GRAND JURORS

Called for October Term, 1849. Nicholas Crum, Summerhill tp. Daniel M'Cauley, Carroll tp. Stephen Meyers, Washington tp. Thomas Porter, do. Andrew Dunmore, Jackson tp. George W. George, Washington tp. James Yeat, Carroll tp. Thomas Gore, Johnstown. William Luther, Carroll tp. John T. Williams, Cambria tp. Andrew Donoghue, Washington tp. John Blough, Richland tp. Henry Dunmore, Summerhill tp. John C. Horner, Richland tp. John Kise, White tp. Richard Jones Jr., Cambria tp. John Skelly, do. John Koons, Allegheny tp. William Sick, Richland tp. Lewis Storm, Clearfield tp. William Little, do. Abram Coughlin, Conemaugh tp. Joseph Buck, Allegheny tp. Daniel M'Monany, Washington tp.

TRAVERSE JURORS

For October Term, 1849. Jacob Pringle, Summerhill tp. John Beets, White tp. Conrad Carroll, Clearfield tp. Emanuel Bralder, Jackson tp. William P. Patton, Schuette tp. William Glave, Carroll tp. Richard Sanderson, Conemaugh tp. Matthias Copland, Johnstown. Joseph Snyder, Summerhill tp. Henry Little, Allegheny tp. Samuel D. Lilly, Washington tp. Jacob Wingard, Richland tp. Samuel St. Clair, do. Samuel Pryce, Cambria tp. Michael Murray, Carroll tp. James Duncan, Jackson tp. Timothy Davis, Cambria tp. Isaac Sills, Summerhill tp. William Rainey, Washington tp. John Noel, do. William Weikland, Carroll tp. George Murray, Summerhill tp. David O'Hara, Washington tp. Michael Skelly, Summerhill tp. Washington Douglas, Susquehanna tp. Peter Scanlan, Cambria tp. Thomas D. Ross, do. John B. Myers, Summerhill tp. Samuel Horner, Conemaugh tp. John Barnes, do. John Platt, Susquehanna tp. Matthew Ivory, Clearfield tp. George Beam, Conemaugh tp. Robert Nutley, Susquehanna tp. James Kelly, Allegheny tp. John Seese, Johnstown.

August 16, 1849—45

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25 DOZEN BOOTS and SHOES of all kinds just received for sale at Buchanan's Store.

THE highest market prices will be given for Lumber and Hides in exchange for harness. HUGH A. MCCOY.

May 16, 1849—27-6m.

LOCUST POSTS.

An excellent lot of Locust Posts suitable for fencing on hand and for sale by MURRAY & ZAHM.

April 1849 12.