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## Select Poetry.

### THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. C. BYRANT.

There comes, from youder height, A soft repining sound, Where forest leaves are bright, And fall like flakes of light, To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,

That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He means by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.
And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound,
But distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell Can win a moment's stay; Not fair untrodden dell; He sweeps the upland swell, And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state, Oh soft, repining wind! That early seek'st and late The rest it is thy fate Not to find?

Not on the mountain's breast.

Not on the mountain's shore,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West;
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

# A Chrilling Tale.

MOUNT ETNA. Among the wondrous sights on earth the vol-cano of Etna will always hold a just pre-emi-nence. Renowned by past and present histo-

ry, sublime by its elevation, its form and the awful secresy of unknown terrors that he concealed within its bosom; the Sicilian volcano will always be viewed with the deepest, the It was with such feelings and with such thoughts as those, I began to ascend the vol-cano on the morning of the 5th of May, 1849. I had left Catinia on the day before, in order

to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to glance carelessly upon it—no; for to me there was always something reverend, something almost divine in connection with this great mass of up-heaved lava, which lead me to look earn-estly at its rugged sides. I wished to ascend, to view from its summit the farest region on earth, to glance down into those unfathomable depths, where fire, fire in all its terror, forever dwells, forever struggles!

It was with slow steps that I ascended the

the fatigue of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity, might well have dannted me. But, after many restings and boltings, I was able to attain the summit.

The summit! Good heavens! can I ever

forget the delirium, the transport of joy which the boundless prospect there awakened within me? Can I ever forget the glimpse"which I first caught of all the glories and all the hor rors of Nature, mingled together in such fear

Far away on one side spread the fertile Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows and the gentle val-leys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and lashing the sun, as they wandered to the sea, with ten thousand habarynthian turnings; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ruffle, not a ripple; there were terraces upon the sides of a hundred hills, where vineyards were planted and where the trellissed vines pass planted and where the trelissed vines pass along, all green and blooming; there were groves of orage trees, amid the dark green fo-liage of which the golden oranges peeped forth like the flashes of phospheresent light in a midnight sea; there were long avenues of cy-press, of acacias, of noble trees of many kinds, amid which kingly assemblages at times could be seen the public summit of some stately be seen the noble summit of some stately

per seen the house summit of some stately palm, as it towered on high above the others. And the sea—the wide, the boundless, the deep blue Mediterranean—there it spread away, on the other side, as far as eye could reach, as far as thoughts could run—glorious

Silver-flashing,
Serges of San Salvador."
But turn aside—and there, beneath, far beneath, lies an abyss like that of which Milton

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as visiting to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their necessary are considered as visiting to continue to send them and the subscription.

3. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their necessary are not the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their fulls and redered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the effice, are to be considered as subscribers and there, beneath, far because their fulls and they are their continued to send them also sund in the publisher, and there to take the paper from the effice, are to be considered as subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the brink, and shuddering. I passed upon the brink, and shuddering. I passed upon the brink, and shuddering. I prove down! The thick and funeral volumes of tortuously ascending smoke came seething upward, as from a cauldron. It escantioned to the subscription proposally a myriad crevices in the rocky, precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projections, and united with the vast mass betting upward from the unfathomed depths.

Hero, upon the sandy men cauldron. It escantions are all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat and looked down. From that with the wast most overpowering to turn and gaze into a volcano's awhil depths—what a change!

Example of the subscription, and the subscription are subscription, and there were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat and looked down. From that with the wast most overpowering to turn and gaze into a volcano's awhil depths—what a change!

Example of the subscription price.

Involved in a thousand thoughts I sat there thinking, myself alone, when a sudden grating struck my car. I was starled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined into the other cliffs upon the isthmus, I saw a

mild looking, middle aged gentleman approach me. He was dressed in plain black clothes, and

in his hand he held a light stick.
"I beg your pardon, signor," said he in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone,
"I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your campany. But it is not often that I see

I replied. I was just admiring this

"Ah! yes, 'tis a glorious sight."
"Glorious! say, rather a terrible one."

"Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surprised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely lovely!" itely lovely l"

And as he spoke a smile of bewitching beau-

ty crossed his features."

"I suppose your tastes are different from those of many people signor. I have not such feelings. But may I ask if you are often

here!"
"Oh, yes! I live here," he replied, waving his stick around. "I live here."
I thought that he meant me to undersand that his home was on the mountain, where very many villas are situated.

"And I should suppose," I continued, "that

you are often on the summit.' "Oh, yes, I am here always."

"Oh, yes, I am here always."

\*Always! What a strange fascination it has through me. Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful strangers of a giant.

words, and attempting to smile. Yes, I am king here. In me you see the being who caused the lava to pour forth, and overwhelm the regions below, I have lived here

ted, his pale face became as white as marble, and as bloodless, save that on either cheek

their glowed a deep red spot.
"See!" he shrieked wildly and loudly; "spir-

I leaned from the ground, I-gazed at him He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell far lown in the abyss. He flung off his coat and threw it away.

"Go! Where? Is not this my home? Is

our home?" said I, shuddering.

"No, there are screts that can never be spo-sen. Can you understand them? Who are you, a mortal, that you dare to ask?" I walked slowly toward the narrow passag

of land, the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go.

"Can this all be pleasantry?" thought I.—

An awful thought passed through me, which froze my hearts blood.

Pleasantry! There he stood, my wild companion, his eyes blazing, fixed piercingly up-on me, his hands clenched, his mouth foaming; every sinew in his body worked up. He stood, screaming, laughing! Oh God! I was alone

ou are to go with me."

"Where?"
"There, I have come to carry you to my home." He pointed with a cold, snaky smile, down toward the unfathomable abyss whence ascended the terrible column of inky and sul

cating smoke.

I gazed at him, for there was some elemen of fascination in his glassy stare, which for-ced me, compelled me, to his gaze. There was cea me, compened me, to his gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and disclosed, as they parted, his mouth and tightly shit teeth.

"There is my home—there; and I come to take you with me. Ha! ha! how happy you will be! Come!"

will be! Come!"

Still I gazed; while my heart throbbed with

Still a grace; wine my selsow but terrible pulsation. He advanced one step towards me. I looked all around. The spell was broken which enchained my gaze. I looked all around; at the blue sky above, at the scorched earth around or the horrid chasm beneath.—
There was no hope. Oh! could I but leap the space which seperated me from the main cliff!
Could 1 but do it—but I could not! there was

"What! do you not answer!" he cried, sud-denly lashed into fury by silence, and stamped

his foot in frenzy upon the rock. "Do you not answer! Then I must carry you with me!" The maniac sprang toward me!" With all my energies roused into frantic ac-tion; with every sinew braced and muscle con-tracted, I planted my foot backward against a small augular rock which projected above the loose, sandy soil, and edeavored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose thril lingly into the air, his eyes all blood-shot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck me-his arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace his hot breath came burningly upon my cheek I stood firm ; for despair, and all the bit I stood firm; for despair, and all the bitterness of death, had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed upon me the coolness of one in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his, my right I passed over his neck and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to death.

It was a moment of horror, such as no mortal tongue can tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while three thousand feet beneath law the abyes of

three thousand feet beneath lay the abyse of untold horrors! At this hour my heart beats more forcibly even as I think upon the time. Thus we stood, breast to breast, face to face

the madman and I—he with his arms eneir cling me, I seeking to save myself. He press ed me toward the edge of the cliff. He plunged his feet deep into the ground; he laughed mockingly, and screamed as he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced, and I held him tightly, and sought to hurl him from me! as well might the hungry tiger be hurled from his new hard.

ow long it was, but to me it seemed like many now long it was, but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman glared at mine all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white, all ghastly, was upturned towards me, as he shouted in his fleudish, mocking laughter. "Oh, Heaven! Oh horror! Cau this, will this endure forever?" cried I, in the agony of my fear. The manine howled with derisive

my fear. The maniae howled with derisive Shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker.— But he was a maniac; and would he grow weaker also? A thousand thoughts fled

'Atways' that a same of the gentleman, "Oh! Suddenly the maniac gave one tearns of the same of the sam

I was silent.
"I will tell you," said he sitting closely by my side, and turning his eye full towards me:
"I do not wish to inform any one. Promise me that you will not."

I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now, that within their depths there gleamed a strange and sinister light.

—I was gone. I threw my hands high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended in misson with the maniac's mocking yell.

"Down! down! to the bottomless pit! To the home of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of burning lakes!" he screamed as he gave a bound forward to the edge of the citif.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman easily drew back farther from the edge.

"Well, then, signor," said he, "I am king here! I rule Mount Etnat."

"Yes!" I answered, a little alarmed at his ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his for centuries. The spirits of the deep obey from his open mouth, as my cheek lay pressed ne i see!"

against his face. I heard them grate harshly.

He leaped up from the ground. There was

and from pumice stone ascended around us in suffocating clouds. I was half insane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of its of the deep, arise! Ha!—yonder—see them
—they are coming—in clouds—enrobed in
thunder garments—see!"

struggling for life. I caught up a handful of
the fine choaking dust, and rubbed it violently
over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils and lungs. He gave a jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang-a moment after, and a fearful force was straining there. Another moment dwells, forever struggles!

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy penies had been an invalid, and obey you. Lutur go!"

force was straining there. Another moment and I arose—while wild and high rose that might make him calm,—"Signor, the winds heriek of the maniae, as he fell down—down—clown—into the abyso.—Knickerbocker.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

BY W. W. H \*\*\*\*. We are not acquainted with any popular English ballad, on the subject of the Wander ng Jew; though the adventures of this extra-ordinary being, have afforded themes to the poots of Europe. France, especially, is rich n legends, connected with this fabled personin legends, connected with this fabled personage, songs and sermons equally relate the horrors to which 'the undying one,' was subjected, and the heritage of woe conjoined to his unparalled length of life. They all agree in describing him as aged and careworn, with a white beard of immense length; his dress, though ragged and torn, was said to retain traces of oriental linery. Alnesurens, was the name usually given to the Wandering Jew, in the last century; but in the 16th and 17th centuries, he was known r. Isane Lackedem or Lackedion; names which point to an Armenian or Greek origin of the story. The language has been softened and modernized, as it passed down the stream of tradition, but the assed down the stream of tradition, but the air possesses the psalmodic character of those slow and plaintive chaunts which in the mid-dle ages, the relics of martyrs were venerated, and the sufferings of the saints lamented. We have preserved in the translation, some of the roughness, which characterizes the original ballad particularly in the verses spoken by the

Burgesses to the Wanderer. Can life with each transaction, From bright to darkest hue, Show one of worse condition Than the poor Wandering Jew. How horrid is his state;

His wretchedness how great. One day before the city, We saw with fear and pity,
This man of comforts scant;
And ne'er before our sight, Was beard so long and white.

His garments torn and streaming, The winds could not withstand,
And we knew by his seeming;
He came from eastern land.
A leathern bag before— He like some workman wore

We said, "good morrow master, One little moment stay, And tell us the disaster, Which brought you in this way. Come, do not plead excuse, Nor sympathy refuse?"

Then he replied, "Believe me, I suffer bitter wee;
Incessant travels grieve me,
There's no rest for me below. A respite I have never,

Come join us good old father, And drink a cup of ale; e've come out here together, On purpose to regale,
And if you'll be our guest,
We'll give you of the best."

"I cannot take your proffer, I'm hurried on by fate, But for your hearty offer, My gratitude is great; I'll ever bear in mind, Strangers so good and kind!"

That looking on with tears,
We find ourselves engaged,
In guessing at your years;
We'd ask, if not too bold, Are you a century old?"

"Years more than eighteen hundred. Have rolled above my head;
Since fate has kept me sunder'd,
Both from the quick and dead! I was but twelve years old; When Christ our Lord was born!"

"Are you that man of sorrow, Of whom our authors write; Grief comes with every morrow, And wretchedness at night. Oh! let us know, are you, Isaac, the Wandering Jew?"

To me was given for name; And the proud hill of Zion, The place of birth I claim. Children in me von view. The hapless Wandering Jew !"

Good Lord! how sad, how weary; I've paced the earth's wide round! All else to rest have gone, But I must still live on!

Beyond the broad Atlantic Where orphans, driven franfic, Lay dying on the dead!

I gazed with hope, not fear,
But still death came not near.

"I have no home to hide me; Nor wealth can I display, This always is my store,

"We use to think your story, Was but an idle dream;
But when thus wan and hoary, And broken down you seen

# "But, you must have offended; Most grievously, our God!

Whose mercy is extended,
To all on earth, who plod. Then tell us, for what crime You bear his wrath sublime?"

'Twas by my rash behaviour, I wrought this fearful scathe ; As Christ, our Lord and Savior Was passing on to death. His mild request I spurn'd, His gentle pleading scorn'd?"

Beneath the cross when sinking; He pass'd before my door, rom the crowd's insults shrinking; He stepped the threshold o'er, And made a mild request ; That I would let him rest

"Begone!" said I, "thou vile one; Move on, and meet thy fate,
I know it would defile one,
To suffer thee to wait! To death! to death! move on." Then, Jesus turning mildly,

Look'd on my angry brow; And said, "Thou speakest wildly, For onward, too, must thou! March onward, 'tis thy doom; And tarry till I co

A secret foe expell'd me; That instant, from my home,
And since the doom has held me;
Unceasingly to roam;
For neither day, nor night, Must check my owward flight!

Farewell! ye pitying strangers, For I must now away; Ye cannot know the dangers, Which menace my delay, Farewell! ye kindly men,

## A Distressed Crabb.

Several years ago a man named Crabb netitioned to the Legislature of Massachnsetts to change his name, because his sweet-heart refused to marry him while he was called by

refused to marry him while he was called by will so unlovely a cognomen. He was unsuccessful, and the parting interview between him and his lady-love was sketched in the following style, which we publish for the fun of it.

Now let us imagine for a moment, what must be the sad sequel of this ungallant rejection. Mr. Isaac Crabb goes to visit his dulcinea. He knocks at the door with a treembling hand, and while he is waiting for it to be openhand, and while he is waiting for it to be ope ed, he fancies he hears her say,
"If you're Mr. Harrison come in—if you're
Mr. Crabb, stay out!"

He is presently admitted and his mistress, with a doubtful expression of countenance

"Am I to address you as Mr. Harrison, or Mr. ———— ah! oh! I caunot speak the odious name ———— or Mr. ———."

"Crabb, madam, my name is still Crabb; I'm sory to say it for your sake and mine.—

of calling you Mrs Crabb? shall no young Crabbs climb upon our knees to share our af-fections and our kisses?"

separate two persons whose hearts are firmly united ?"

"Any other name I could abide—but to think of sleeping with a \_\_\_\_\_."
"We shall both be Crabbs together." "Not by a jug full. Havn't I told you often

enough——?"
"Is that your ultimatum then? Must I recede? Must I retrogade? Must I advance

backwards?"
"Farewell, then, most lovely cruel woman Farewell, most unfeeling legislature! Farewell, most prejudiced, unfeeling world! Farewell, all my joys and delights of matrimony, I will drown myself. I'll make my bed in the deep water, with my fellow Crabbs!'

Then all ye lovers, when ye go
A fishing in the sea,
And find a Crab upon your hook.
Then think—O think of me.

I died because I was a Crabb, ly love was crabbed, too And yet she would not be a Crabb.

Ah, crabbed fate, above my bones There rests no marble slab;

I lie among the earth and sto

"There were Giants in those Days."

dated West Point, Aug. 19, 1783. Gen. Washington weighed 209 lbs. Gen. Lincoln weighed 224 lbs. Gen. Knox weighed 280 lbs.
Col. Henry Jackson weighed 238 lbs.
Lieut. Col. Huntington weighed 232 pounds.
Lieut. Col. Cobb weighed 182 lbs. Lieut. Col. Humphreys weighed 221 pounds. Lieut. Col. Creaton weighed 196 lbs Average weight, 214 lbs.

It will be seen by Col. Swift weighed 219 lbs

It will be seen by the above list that these old patriots, "held there own," not withsanding the hard times they were seven years in getting through,

A Short Sermon.

Time and tide wait for no man, neither do they hurry themselves. You may run against time, says a writer, but you can't go ahead of it or live in advance of it. If you have five hundred a year, you can't spend at thousand without paying up the reckoning hereafter. Economy may stretch a dollar bill, still it is not like India rubbert there is a limit to its elasticity, and, like the freg in the fable, if you swell beyond your means you will collapse rather suddenly—an event to be deplored by everybody except the sheriff and anuctioneers. Voyagers on the broad sea of life should imitate their brother mariners on the oceantake in sails when clouds be-dim the horizon. Don't wait till the storm breaks over you; take a reef in the household expenditures in time. Avoid peaches at fifty cents a half peck, and before you charitably bestow the "cold vittles," see if the remains of that joint of beef wouldn't make a hash for dinner. See if you havn't got more "blp" than you need.—Miss Julia might leave the piano for house and wash up the dishes, or, by way have and wash up the dishes, or, by way have and wash up the dishes, or, by way a house. In the plongh would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive.

The Basis of Good Farming.

Mr. Isaac Moon, who farms one hundred and fifty acres of clay loam, with limestone diffused through it in position (and surely no better soil could be desired than this) on allowers its Erighten, Monroe County, N. Y., writes us that his averages per acre, are as follows; Indian Corn: 72 bushels, extra yields 80, 90 to 100.

Potatoes: formerly 300 to 400 bushels; latterly 200.
Oats, (little sown:) once 25 to 35 and 40 bushels, racely 60.

Oats, (little sown:) once 44 tons.

These are large crops; and we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Moon has built the 'Clover st. Seminary,' and endowed a Profese and tide wait for no man, neither do urry themselves. You may run against need.—Miss Julia might leave the piano for an hour, and wash up the dishes, or, by way of variety, substitute stocking darning for Berlin wool. Many are like the old Dutch mariners, who, when a calm occurred, lashed mariners, who, when a calm occurred, lashed the helm or quit the lookout, or you will be swamped by the first squall of "hard times" you encounter, like a "wild and" bank: explanation: forsake the helm or quit the lookout, or you will be swamped by the first squall of "hard times" you encounter, like a "wild oat" bank- ing institution. The red flag will then be hois-

and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands

ggars prove."
Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no

Treat every one with respect and civility. Treat every one with respect and civility.
"Every thing is gained and nothing lost by plant trees in holes sunk in stiff, tenacious soils plant trees in holes sunk in stiff, tenacious soils is a certain method of killing them.

2. The trees should be perfect hardy. All

I'm sory to say it for your sake and mine.—
The Legislature has declined my suit. But will you also my dulcinea, persevere in denying it? Will you—?"

"Don't slide up to me. I can't bear a critter that goes sideways. Keep your claws off me."

"Ah cruel! shall I never have the pleasure of calling you Mrs Crabb? shall no young Crabbs climb upon our knees to share our affections and our kisses?"

her trumps yet, and the momentary loss of Sevastopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevartopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevardopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all thickers for the giant to whom Sevardopol and the fleet is hardl "No, I'll have no such critters crawling about me. I'm sure they must be all married men, or incorrigible old bachelors."

"Whatever they may be, there is no hope for them at all. But why should a mere name separate two persons whose hearts are firmlunited?"

take the jng and fetch me some beer.'

Give me some money, then father.

My son, to get the beer with money, anybody can do that: but to get it without money that's a trick.'

So the boy took the jug, and out he father.

beer, that's a trick!'

Who is a Coward. The man who attacks an other by surprise r with a weapon in his hand when the other

or about his person. in his intercourse with an unarmed society, is a coward.

ntiment that he dares not refuse it, is a cow-

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE ALPHABETICAL-Ly.—A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary, yielding, and zealous.

ich he was ignorant.
"Name it, madam," said he.

## For the Farmer.

times" you encounter, like a "wild oat" banking institution. The red flag will then be holsted at your door—a flag of distress truly, though
not to bring you succor, but to inform the
world of another victim of vanity.

How to Prosper in Business.
In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake, decide up
on some particular employment and persevere
in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence
and assiduity.

But Clover and Plaster are the great fertilizers of the soil of Western New York.
When I sow wheat, oats or barley; I sow
from ten to twelve pounds of clover to the
acre, and in the spring dress down with two
subsels of plaster to the acre. Any farmer and assidulty.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands and diligently too. 'A cat in gloves catches no mice.'

Attend to your own business and never trust it to another.

"A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred mice.'
Attend to your own business and never truss to another.

"A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred a worse boiled."

"Transplauting Trees in Autumn.

Transplauting Trees in Autumn.

Be fregal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall tion asked us every day. Our auswer is, yes,

under these circumstances:

1st. When the ground is of such nature and in such condition that water will not lodge around the roots of the trees during winter. To

than labor.

"He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot.

If you implicitly follow these precepts, nothing can hinder you from accumulating wealth.

The N. Y. Tribune says that Russia can still concentrate an army of three hundred shounds are something of that nature.

3d. We do not approve of planting of the parallel of the full unless the ware barden.

still concentrate an army of three hundred thousand men at a given point, and adds:

"And there are people who believe that Nicholas will sue for peace if Sevastopol be taken! Why Russia has not played one third of her trumps yet, and the momentary loss of Sevastopol and of the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant to whom Sevastopol and to the fleet is hardly felt at all thick screen of evergreen boughs well secured by the giant to whom Sevastopol and to the fleet is hardly felt at all thick screen of evergreen boughs well secured around them.

successful. We transplant any time most con-venient, between the first of October and of May. Last winter, in December, we planted several hundred of specimen trees, from one to six years old, and lost not over two or three in the whole. Many of the bearing trees, not-withstanding the drouth, have borne and ri-

is untouched she need not give in an iota.

Comming it over the old Max.—'My son, take the ing and fetch me some beer.'

Secure all trees from being blown about by the winds, and much with haif rotten man-

by the winds, and much with man deep.
ure or leaves three or four inches deep. Asparagus, rhubarb, goosaberries, and cur-rents, should all be planted in the fall, and as early as possible. Also, hardy bulbs, such as hyacinth, tulips nar-

So the boy took the jug and out he goes, Shortly he returns, and places the jug before his It is also the best season to top-dress and ren. ovate neglected trees of all sorts,—to walks and repair old one—to lay and perform such operations as gracing, trenching, &c., incident to the of new gardens, lawns, &c. Our short, and hot summer weather to drrnk beer out of a jug, where there is no beer that's a trick!" ovate neglected trees of all sorts,-to make new walks and repair old ones—to lay down turf and perform such operations as grading, drain-ing, trenching, &c., incident to the formation of new gardens, lawns, &c. Our springs are comes too soon. It is therefore well to make good use of every hour between this and the freezing of the ground.—Horticultur ist.

## Cure for Heaves.

ed, that grows along the road The man who carries a deadly weapon on fields in low places; steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out, and The man who associates with him, and so one quart of the liquid every day for eight or ten days. Mix it with bran or shorts if he will The man who associates with min, and so goes with numbers to overpower an individual, for a smaller or feebler number is a coward.

The man who gives or accepts a challenge that the operation, and I will warrant a during the operation, and I will be troubled. cure.—Horses with heaves will be troubled with it about as bad this dry and dusty weath-In short, that man is a coward who shapes as course of action by his fears; and he alone a man of courage who always dares to do the think it worth their while to try it, but simple medicine. many times prove more effectual than those obtained at a great expense. Now is the time to secure the weed, and I say to those interested, try it .- HARVEY ROSECBANTZ .-Rural N Yorker.

CURE FOR RINGBONE. - I noticed in the Cultivator for May 15th, an inquiry for the cure for ringbone in a colt, and answer, take high wines of cider or brandy, add saltpetre as much An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet.

In a colt, and answer, take high wines of cider or brandy, add saltpetre as much as will dissolve, and wash the ringbone two or three times a day. One of my neighbors cuthree times a day. One of my neighb A lady declared that she knew of a rock of red one of three or four years standing, by the

"It is rook the cradle, sir," replied the lady." We Keep a good shelter for your stock