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Poetry.

The Cottage Door.

BY S. S. HARVEY.

How sweet the rest that blest yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch on the fields
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow in the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye,
Beneath the summer leaves.

The air is said his fragrant incense,
Peoples unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth;
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble set,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lonely lot.

And while the village Sabbath bell,
Rings out upon the gale,
The father leads his band to dell
The music of its tale.
A feather verdure seems to fill
The far and drowsy sky,
And every intent tongue is still,
To hear the word of God.

Oh, happy hearts!—To him who sits
The rivers which rise cry,
And makes the lily with the hills
Its glorious to sing,
Ascending perfumed prayer, to bless
His father with success;
Such days are more of paradise,
And all such 'paths are peace.'

Old Friends Together.

Oh! time is sweet when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them,
And sweet the care when hearts are light,
If there we love to bind them;
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather,
But nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it—
And youth on'er knew how fast time flew,
Or showing, did not heed it.
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather—
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together.

The few long known, whom years have shown
With hearts that friendship beareth,
A hand to cheer, performance a tear
To sooth a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather;
Oh! thus may we joy to see
And meet old friends together.

Miscellaneous.

The Last Stroke of Fortune.

Twenty years ago, an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

'You had better go up stairs again,' said the man to his wife, 'and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken any thing?'

'It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want any thing more.'

'Poor lady! This time of year; and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is some body or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?'

'If she wants any thing it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of every thing.'

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzlebeard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and, bidding them a short 'Good night,' groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

'I could not help it,' he said. 'I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies who I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which might be of service to you.'

'I am cold.'

'It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly.'

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless until he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia, It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that in her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

'Do you see that person yonder?' she said suddenly. 'If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise.'

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

'*Parbleu!*' said he, 'why that is Mascali. What, are you married?'

'He does not know me,' sighed the lady. 'I must indeed be altered.'

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting your—'

'For the love of God,' interrupted the lady, hastily, 'name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?'

'Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels.'

'And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?'

'He is in the zenith of his power.'

'See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the Queen of the mightiest nation in the universe; and now both of us alike. But adieu,' she said suddenly, and, drawing herself up, 'the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps.'

'Permit me to attend your majesty to—'

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gently commanding tone—

'Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure.'

Guise bowed low, and, taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips.—At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written:

'Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use.

'GUISE.'

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years.—But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succour. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th of Febuary, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he tumbled up the falling staircase—"Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive motion and letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold, and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

Influence of Example.

In a certain village in Switzerland, some years ago, there were heavy complaints among all those who possessed trees that no fruit was safe; that the children plundered it perpetually before it come to maturity; and not only that, but that the green sapling had no security against them. Another serious complaint was the barbarity of the children towards all living creatures in their power. The clergyman, teacher and elders often laid their heads together, to find some remedy for this inhuman spirit, by which every child in the place was more or less affected. They could not conceive why such sport should prevail, especially in *this* village; but could find neither cause nor remedy; all exhortations or punishments were in vain. The clergyman of the village was changed; and the minister was a great friend to schools. His first walk was to the school house. The vice of his scholars had been made known to him, and the failure of all the preventive measures hitherto applied. But determining within himself to watch the whole course of proceedings in school, he soon perceived that the teacher had a habit, and acquired a singular dexterity in it, of knocking down and killing flies with his cane, to the end of which he had fastened a piece of leather.—The windows were all on one side, and being exposed to the morning sun of summer, they were continually full of flies. The teacher's path lay along them in front of his scholars; and while talking to the latter, he struck down the flies as they showed themselves at the window. This maneuver amused the children infinitely more than his instructions did, and they followed his example. They were incessantly on the watch for flies that buzzed about the room, caught them in their hands, and showed as great dexterity in their kind of chase as their teacher in his. But their amusement did not end here; they had learned to play with their captives, treat them with detestable cruelty, and seemed to find a wicked delight in observing the shivering victims.

On observing these curious and far from pleasing peculiarities of the school, the intelligent and humane clergyman easily accounted for the spirit of destructiveness among the children; and his first step was to induce the teacher to take the leather from the end of his cane; and next, to turn the desks so that the boys sat with their backs to the windows, and the teacher's path lay on the other side of the room.—Then the minister went frequently into the school, and examined so severely that both teacher and scholars had more to do than to give their attention to the flies. As this was not yet entirely satisfactory in its results, the minister took advantage of the hot summer weather, to have instruction given only in the afternoon, when the school was not so full of flies, and thus he gradually banished the insects from the thoughts of the teacher and children. But he knew it was of little avail solely to pull the weed out of the young mind. He obtained an unoccupied piece of land fit for planting, and, not far from the school, laid out a school garden.

This pleased the teacher, and the children willingly took part in the task, for they had seen and learned to like their new minister, who came and worked amongst them. The garden was surrounded by a hedge planted with trees and shrubs, and each child had a tree or shrub given to him to take care of. A nursery was soon laid out, and provision made for plenty of larger gardens and orchards in the village.—And behold! the spirit of destructiveness among the children soon passed away; and every man's fruit and garden became safe, the youths even begging their parents that trees might be planted in the fields for them to take care of. The new spirit was communicated from children to parents, till it spread throughout the entire village; every family had its pretty little garden; an emulation in cultivating flowers sprang into existence; idle and bad habits disappeared; and gradually the whole village was a scene of moral as well as physical beauty.

This incident, the truth of which can be vouched for, has been communicated to us by a lady of rank who happens to be acquainted with the circumstances, and has thought that their publicity may be advantageous. We have no doubt of the fact, that the practice of amateur gardening is never associated with evil, but is always a token of advanced tastes and correct habits. We would further say, let every school, so far as it can be conveniently done, have its garden, not only for purposes of amusement, but as an important engine of education.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Wonderful Comet.

There is a comet that requires 573 years to make its revolution around the sun.—The first account of its appearance on record, is 1767 years before Christ. Some who lived then thought it the planet Venus changing its appearance and course. It was seen the second time 1193 years before Christ. Again, 43 B. C., This was the year after Julius Cæsar, the Roman Dictator, was killed in the Senate. Some, in those dark ages, thought it conveyed the soul of Cæsar to Paradise, others that it portended the glory of the ruler that should succeed the Dictator. It was seen without doubt the fifth time A. D. 530. It was the fifth year of the reign of the Roman Emperor Justinian. The account is that a Comet was seen twenty seven days in the month of September, and that for some time after the sun appeared pale. It was due again in 1105, and early in the following year one was seen. Its last appearance was 1680. An account of its remarkable appearance, with its velocity, heat, &c. is given by Newton and others.

This comet has been gone near 171 years. It will be due here again in the year 2260. The idea of a comet going off and staying so long a time is a great one. It gives us an idea of the greatness of the Creator's works, and of the mighty operations of his hand. Where does this fiery body go, and what part of the universe does it visit?

It has been stated that the comet was seen 1767 years B. C. It must have appeared 573 years before that, which would have been 2342 B. C. which was six years after the flood in the days of Noah. Its previous visit to our system must have been 2917 B. C. Then before that, according to our Chronology, was the Creation. This lacks 62 years of the time requisite for the comet to make a complete revolution. So at the Creation, it might have been placed at a distance from the sun equal to what it would have moved in sixty three years. It probably is now making its eleventh revolution in its orbit. The creation is worthy of its Divine Author.

The Jews.

The new Chancellor of the (English) Exchequer, D'Israeli—"the wondrous boy who wrote Alroy"—in his recent life of Lord George Bentinck, has many interesting statements and speculations as to the "children of Israel," of whom he is one. In one place he remarks that "the allegation that the dispersion of the Jewish race is a penalty incurred for the commission of a crime—the crucifiction of Jesus Christ—is neither historically true, nor dogmatically sound. It is not historically true, because the Jews were as much dispersed throughout the world at the advent of our Lord as they are at the present time, and had been so for many centuries before."

Again he says:—"The Jews after all the havoc and persecution they have experienced, are probably more numerous at this date, than they were during the reign of Solomon the wise; are found in all lands, and, unfortunately, prosper in most. All which proves that it is vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable laws of nature, which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior."

Again: "If the reader throws his eye over the Provisional Government of Germany, of Italy, and even of France, formed in 1848, he will recognize, everywhere, the Jewish element. Mazzani, who accomplished the insurrection, is a Jew, who professes the whole of the Jewish religion and believes in Calvary as well as Sinai. He is what the Lombards call a converted Jew. Frederick Gentz, Secretary of the Congress of Vienna, was a child of Israel. Several millions of the Jewish race persist in believing a part only of their religion. There is one fact which none can contest. Christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?

"The European nations are indebted to the Jews for much that regulates, much that charms, and much that solaces existence. The toiling multitude rest every seventh day by virtue of a Jewish law; they are perpetually reading, for their example, the records of Jewish history, and singing the odes and elegies of Jewish poets; and they daily acknowledge on their knees, with reverent gratitude, that the medium of communication between the Creator and themselves is the Jewish race. Yet they treat that race as the vilest of generations; and, instead of logically looking upon them as the human family that has contributed most to human happiness, they extend to them every term of obloquy and every form of persecution."

The Sufferings of Poverty.

A French provincial paper, the *Independent de la Moselle*, contains the following narrative, the authenticity of which it says is guaranteed:

"In a little town of our department there lived last year a poor family of workpeople. The father died. A martyr to labor, he overtasked his strength; fatigue killed him at the age of 32! For all persons sickness is a frightful thing, but for the workman it is the worst visitation that can befall him; for, having only his labor to live by, his resources are stopped. To feed his wife and children he sells in a few months the proceeds of ten or twenty years' labor, and when death arrives he leaves them without an asylum and without bread. Such was the fate of the poor family of which we speak. When the father died the chamber was cold and void. Except the wooden crucifix suspended to the wall, nearly all the furniture had disappeared. The mother, however, did not lose courage, and to find food for her children worked day and night. Alas for the noble hearted woman! she was not more fortunate than her husband! At the end of a few weeks she fell dangerously ill. One morning in the month of March last a female neighbor went to her house to render some little services required by her position. She found her dead. Day was just beginning to break, and she saw two children slumbering in their cradle. Poor children! they knew not the misfortune which had befallen them. The humble woman, kneeling by the side of the corpse, quietly closed the eyes and covered the face. Meanwhile the children awoke, but she, tenderly kissing them, told them to sleep again. After a little reflection she said to herself, 'I will take charge of the poor things, and God will do the rest.' This woman was a mother and as poor as the widow. Her husband, a laborious and and intelligent man, was able to earn a small sum during the fine season, but in winter he had only petty and uncertain wages to maintain his family. At the hour of dinner he went home. His wife was plunged in reflection; she was wondering how he would receive the poor children of the widow, and if the idea of allowing them to partake of the sacred bread of his own children would not terrify him. 'Wife,' said he, embracing her, 'why are you sad? Has anything happened?' 'No, nothing disturbs my happiness or yours; what affects me is the misfortune of another.'—'And what is that misfortune? Explain.' 'Well, our neighbor died in the night.' In so saying she felt her fears increased, and looked towards the bed in which the children were, hidden by the curtain. 'Dead!' said the man. 'Ah! I do not complain; it must be a lucky thing for her. But her children! Without doubt they will not die either of cold or hunger; the hospital is there to receive them. Nevertheless for them to begin life without any one to love them is a sad thing. We must love them as their mother did. Ah! a thought.—Hitherto I have been able to give bread to all, to our three children and to you. Well! let us hope that I shall be happy enough to be able to give bread to six! Let us adopt these children, and let us be so affectionate to them as to cause them to forget the death of their mother. What say you? Speak—your silence disquiets me. Do you consent? Ah! yes, you consent, for you kiss me. Well, go and seek them!' 'There they are,' cried the woman drawing the curtain. Poor people! humble Christians! We will not reveal your name. Your modesty would be alarmed at the publicity given to this heroic act, which seems so natural to you. Your recompense, besides, is not in this world. God, who inspires so much charity, can alone recompense it properly."

A Curious Development.

We noticed, a few days since, that a violent scene had been presented at a democratic meeting in Cincinnati. It now appears that it was no ordinary riot, but resulted in making to the public one of the most curious of the political revelations with which it has recently been favored.

Messrs. Geo. Fries, J. W. Smith N. A. Britt, R. K. Cox, John Howard, Timothy C. Day, Samuel Froome, Samuel W. Corwin, Wm. Miller, David White, Thomas Sherlock, eleven of the most prominent democrats of the city of Cincinnati and the county of Hamilton (Ohio)—publish a card, in which they announce that they have been made acquainted with the existence of *a secret political organization* in that county. They "charge that this society has continued in existence up to this time, unless its members have all been frightened away within the past week—that its meetings are in secret, its members regularly initiated and bound by an obligation to keep secret its acts and existence; that, though the preamble to its constitution very modestly claims that its object is to 'purify the democratic party,' the sole aim of getters-up and managers is, and has been, to control the nominations of the party by the secret assistence of two hundred members, representing the wards and townships of the county, who are understood to be bound to use all their endeavors to secure the success of the ticket nominated by the society, when the County Convention shall meet." They challenge any denial of these grave charges. The Louisville Journal says that the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer (a prominent democratic organ) not only admits the existence of this society, but also, that he is, himself, a member of it, and that it has been in existence for many years. It is also alledged that it has branches all over the State of Ohio.

It was for attempting to speak in public against the existence of such secret societies and their despotic rule over the rank and file of the party, that Mr Reemelin was mobbed.

Well, we certainly must say, that in pulling up some of their rotten flooring, there was discovered a rather singular and extensive nest of rats upon the premises of the democrats of Hamilton. We should judge that a secret society, two hundred strong, and all bound by oath to turn out and work together in controlling the democratic party of Hamilton county, with the mass of the apathetic quietly at home, should be rather sure of its end. We always thought there was something queer in the management of the democratic machinery in that section, and marveled greatly how the editor of the Enquirer ever was nominated for Congress.

"The murder is out now," and it certainly must give a very amusing and puzzling cast to the physiognomies of the humbugged democracy thereabouts. If this secret organization really extends throughout the State, we should think the democrotic outsiders must have to feast on a far-off vision of official loaves and fishes. We doubt very much if there are seats for them, even at "the second table."

The democratic party is unfortunate in these matters. In New York, the Tammany Society, Mike Walsh's Subterraneans, Ryndet's Club, or the Aristocratic Regency at Albany, have generally kept the wires in their own hands. In St Louis, a Henry Boerstein (a compendium of all possible ultraisms) seems to hold its destiny in hands: and a short time since rather coolly informed it, that the organization of a German Republican Democratic Association was necessary to keep it and the country from "going to the dogs." Now comes the revelation of this Ohio Secret Association, and its private arrangements for "fixing matters." What next? We shall not marvel at any new discovery.—*Crescent City.*

RATHER TOO POLITE.—Much amused yesterday at a conversation we overheard in a popular restaurant. There were three, one whig and two democrats, at a table.—The whig was one of the politest men we ever encountered, we should say, *rather to polite.* "You don't mean to say Pierce is a coward!" was an indignant interrogatory to the whig

"No sir-ee!" was the prompt response—"all I mean to say is, that he fainted and got sick just at the wrong time—just before the fighting come on;—and got well devilish quick, the moment the fighting was done; and I mean to say, that the fainting business was monopolised and old Scott got no chance at the speculation. A man has a right to get sick; I have been sick myself, but I always got well in time to report myself at the clerk's office, and so did Gen. Pierce!"

The apology of the whig—manifestly a steamboat officer, was deemed insufficient, notwithstanding his excessive politeness.—*Ib.*

A QUERY.—A whig friend says that inasmuch as, all over the country, the whigs are celebrating anniversaries made memorable by the achievements of Gen. Scott, he wishes us to learn what day, made memorable by the deeds of Gen. Pierce, our democratic friends propose celebrating. He waggishly remarks that, as they failed to celebrated the 19th August—on which day he received a severe injury—he hopes they will not fail to celebrate the 19th September, on which day (as he believes) Gen. Pierce resigned and returned home.—*Crescent City.*

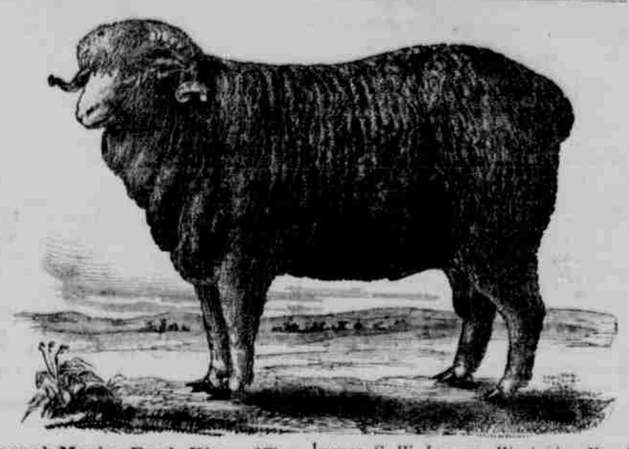
Hasty words rankle the wound which injury gives, but soft words assuage it, forgiveness cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

GOOD ADVICE.—Why do you begin to do good so far off—this is a rolling error. Begin at the centre and roll outward.—If you do love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage towards a sister or daughter, pray cease to preach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door—with your neighbor, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless.—Give him such things as you have. How can I make him or her happier? This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give the dollar. If advice will do it, give advice. If chastisement will do it, give chastisement. If a look, a smile, a warm pressure of the hand, or a tear, give it. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some tributary atom every moment.

CONVERSATION OF YOUNG LADIES.—A Golden Rule for a young lady is, to converse always with her female friends as if a gentlemen were of the party; and with young men as if her female companions were present.

RAPID GROWTH.—The Massachusetts Ploughman gives the measurement of four apple trees set five years ago, when three years from the bud. The soil was of quite moderate fertility. Their present circumference, one foot from the ground, is fifteen inches each. This rapid growth is owing to careful transplanting, mulching with strawy manure and peat, washing the stems with potash ley, and keeping the ground in good tillage.



French Merino Buck, King of Terrors.

The above is a fac simile of the French Merino Buck, imported and owned by that indefatigable farmer and extensive sheep owner, S. W. JEWETT, Weybridge Vt. It is a fine animal, and his stock well worthy the consideration of the farmers of Vermont, especially the wool growers of Washington County. Mr. Jewett's Post Office address is Middlebury Vermont.

EDUCATION OF FARMER'S SONS.—What can be done with present means? This question is well answered by Samuel W. Johnson, Cortland, Co. N. Y. in the Albany Cultivator.

"While much has been said, both wisely and unwisely, concerning the establishment of great Agricultural Schools; and while all attempts towards their endowment by state funds, have signally failed—is it not well to consider what can be accomplished with existing means? The establishment of Agricultural Colleges, is certainly, on all accounts, desirable; and it is to be hoped that the friends of agriculture will rally upon their next legislatures, in full force, and carry their measures in New-York and Massachusetts, at least. But we have already the means with which to work a vast change, and one scarcely less great, than any contemplated institution could perform.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS are the starting point. Here let the efforts of the friends of rational husbandry commence. Are there not enough readers of the Cultivator, and kindred publications, in one-half the school districts of this state, to discuss the subject of agricultural education, in the school meetings? Let care be taken that trustees and superintendents of the common schools, be instructed to secure and encourage teachers, who will instruct in scientific agriculture.

Let our County Ag. Societies secure the services of some competent person to attend teacher's institutes, and communicate instructions and enthusiasm to teachers, so as to fit them more perfectly to teach farmer's sons.

Let them also offer premiums to teachers, and classes, who shall teach and learn the most, and the best of this subject.

I should like to see such an announcement as the following from the Lewis Co. Ag. Society:

"For the encouragement of the study of Agriculture in our common schools, the society offers the following premiums to teachers and scholars, to be awarded at the county fair, Sept. 1853.

1st. premium. To each member of the class, not to exceed 10 in number, that evinces the best knowledge of Prof. Norton's Elements of Scientific Agriculture, a copy of Johnston's Lectures on Ag. Chemistry and Geology. To the teacher, Stephen's Farmer's Guide. 2d premium. To each member of the second best class not exceeding ten, Thomas' Fruit Culturist. To the teacher, Colman's European Agriculture.—Classes to be examined by their teachers, before a questioning and a judging committee, consisting of D. P. Mayhew, A. M., principal of Lowville Academy, Hon. Francis Segar, and Rev. Calvin Yale, town superintendent of Martinsburgh."

Would that the quotation marks, that enclose the above paragraph, were warranted! Would not such premiums give impulse to the study of agriculture? Would not as much interest be excited in such an exhibition, as in that of farm products, or of plowing matches!

I cannot forbear here remarking, that the substitution of useful books, or farm and horticultural implements, for *money* premiums, would accomplish vast good in raising the tone of agricultural practice. There is no reason why farmers should not have money from other sources, and every reason why they should have good books, from such a course embodying the experience of many with reference to their pursuits, and which instead of being merged into the general currency, shall always be before a man as an evidence and remembrancer of merit.

What county society will first pronounce these suggestions good, and act upon them?

TEACHERS, who love your professions, and have zeal to honor it,—a word to you.

In "the rural districts" nine-tenths of the children you instruct are farmer's sons and daughters, full of robust health, blessing you with beaming bright eyes, and the joyous music of happy voices. Do you desire that they,—full of innocence and strength,—should grow up to the noble inheritance of "a sound mind in a sound body" that they should honor the art that is the earliest and best? Be not content to let them pass into life—either the life of the farmer, or that of a profession—without knowing the beautiful truths, which the farmer ought to know, because he is a farmer; and which the young man aspiring to a profession ought to know, that he may intelligently settle upon his course of life.

Two years ago, excuse might be urged that we had no suitable text book. But now, Prof. Norton's admirable "Elements of Scientific Agriculture," leave no place for that objection. This book has met with higher praise than I can bestow upon it, but I can say that such is its admirable simplicity of style, and so logical is its arrangement, that in the course of some considerable experience as a teacher—I have never used so satisfactory a text book on any subject.

Any pupil who can master English grammar, is capable of studying it to advantage.

It is a natural proceeding to pass from the common school to the ACADEMY, and here should be furnished all the facilities for equipping the teacher. It is gratifying to know that several of our academies are doing their duty in this respect. Let the friends of agriculture encourage them, and put others in the right way.

Things I have Seen.

1. I have seen farmers, who neglected to mend their fences in the spring, till after planting, and allowed their cattle and other stock to ramble about, till they had no control over them, which nine times out of ten will make them unruly.

2. I have seen farmers pasture their swine in the highway, without a yoke or ring in their nose, greatly annoying their neighbors, by turning up the turf before their dwellings, ready to enter the dooryard or garden whenever there is a bar down, or a gate open, or a hole in the fence, forgetting the golden rule, "whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

3. I have seen farmers let their best land grow up to briars and weeds, and remain from year to year encumbered with all manner of trash, thus fulfilling the proverb, "I went by the field of the slothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down."

4. I have seen farmers who had a tolerable theory of farming in their heads, but not the first principle in practice, and were like the Scribes and Pharisies, "for they say and do not."

5. I have seen farmers who thought it wicked to cultivate a fine garden, shrubbery, ornamental trees, flowers, or anything to make their homes pleasent and inviting, not discerning the hand of the Creator in all the works of nature—but who esteemed it no sin to suffer their children to grow up in idleness, roving about with no taste for anything pertaining to home.

6. I have seen farmers who let their tools remain in the field in all weathers, and during the winter, saving a great deal of time in not carrying them to and from their store houses, it is true, *but forgetting* the old maxim "a penny saved is as good as two pence earned."

7. I have seen farmers who knew enough of farming without reading the Cultivator, and could not afford to take it, but who were able to pay for a novel, or some trash paper of the day.

8. I have seen farmers, who were very officious in their neighbor's business, and strange as it may seem, neglected their own. GEO. CARGILL. *Berkshire, N. Y.*

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.—You may make a horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, "Come along;" a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading and stopping, sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "Come along."—With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and *gentles* the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

Mulching young fruit trees is one of the best operations for this country, but the litter must be removed early in autumn, or the mice will play havoc.