

to give up drinking by his little daughter, under circumstances like these:—His daughter came home from school crying one day, and the father asked her what she was crying about. She said she did not like to tell him. "Oh yes, tell me, my daughter, I must know what ails you. Are you sick?" "No sir; but the girls called me a drunkard's daughter, and laugh at me, and I could not help crying." It was too much for the poor father, and he drank no more.—*Youth's Temp. Adv.*

THE FATHER LED TO THE DRUNKARDS GRAVE BY A DRINKING SON.—We have just heard a few facts from a distant county in this State, which ought to be a warning to every parent and every child, to let alcohol alone. An old and inveterate drinking man, seeing the influence which his example was producing upon his son, in leading him into drinking habits, suddenly and solemnly resolved to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks. When inquired of if he meant to drink any more, he said "No—I'm done with that." He remained sober for two days, when he was persuaded to drink, as was supposed, by his son, and thus on good and sufficient proof. The poor old man became so intoxicated that he could not be conveyed home but upon a sled. Delirium tremens followed, which terminated in death, in the course of two weeks. Reason returned, however, before the old man died, and repenting bitterly that he had broken his resolution, he called his son to his bed-side, and addressed him in the most solemn and affecting manner, in regard to his course, and extorted from him the promise that he would never drink any more of the cup of devils. The son promised—the father died; but what was the promise of a drunken son, who could lead his father to a drunkard's cup—the drunkard's sick chamber—the drunkard's death-bed. He violated his solemn pledge made to his dying father, and returned to his habits of intoxication, like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. Had there been a society of Washingtonians in that little town, both the father and the son might probably have been saved. Our informant sits at our elbow while we record these melancholy facts.

Poetry.

SONG OF THE TEE-TOTALLER.

Let others praise the ruby bright
In the red wine's sparkling glow;
Dearer to me is the diamond light
Of the fountain's clearest flow;
The feet of carthly men have trod
The juice from the bleeding vine,
But the stream comes pure from the hand of God
To fill this cup of mine.
Then give me the cup of cold water!
The clear sweet cup of cold water!
For his arm is strong, though his toil be long,
Who drinks but the clear, cold water.
The dew-drop lies in the flower's cup,
How rich is its perfume now!
And the fainting Earth with joy looks up,
When Heaven sheds rain on her brow;
The brook goes forth with a pleasant voice
To gladden the vale along,
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice,
To hear her quiet song.
Then give me the cup of cold water!
The clear, sweet cup of cold water;
For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,
Who drinks but the clear, cold water.
The lark soars up with a lighter strain
When the wave has washed her wing,
And the steed flings back his "thundering mane"
In the might of the crystal spring:
'Tis was the drink of Paradise,
Ere blight on her beauty fell,
And the buried streams of her gladness rise
In every moss-grown well.
Then here's to the cup of cold water!
The pure, sweet cup of cold water;
For Nature gives to all that live
But a drink of clear, cold water.—*Knicknacker.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The following useful articles are from the July number of the *Albany Cultivator*:—

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

HAYMAKING is one of the most important farming operations for July. This is rendered indispensable by the severity of our winters; as on the quantity and quality of the hay made, the health and safety of our flocks and herds are depending. Too many farmers begin haying before they are ready. They have not examined and put in order their implements. Their scythes, forks, hay racks, some are in one place and some in another; and when wanted, some will come up requiring a thorough repair, or perhaps be found missing in toto. Don't begin then to make hay till you are ready, even if the sun shines. If your hay is to be made of timothy or herd's grass, let it stand until the seeds in the earliest heads are sufficiently matured to grow; if it is principally clover, as is the case on most farms where wheat is the main crop attended to, it should be cut when the heads of perhaps one-half are turning brown. If clover is allowed to stand too long, the heads and the leaves fall off in curing, and the value of the hay is much lessened. All grass should be cut in the morning, and it will cut easier if the operation is performed while the dew is on. When the dew is dried off, and the swaths wilted on the surface, the grass should be shaken out evenly, and lie until the afternoon; when it should be raked into winrows, or if the weather appears unfavorable, it should be put up in cocks for the night. The raking and putting up should be done before the dew falls. If the grass is clover, the best method of treating it we have ever tried, is to let it wilt during the day, and towards night put it up with forks into cocks made high in proportion to their base, and in these let it remain until nearly cured. If put up as it should be, the air will circulate through these heaps of clover, and they will require no opening, until the final opening and drying for the barn. If bad weather occurs, the clover may require opening and drying, and putting up again; but if put up in the way recommended, we have rarely found it to suffer in any weather. Clover hay made in this manner is best, as it is handled but little, and is not subjected to a loss of leaves and heads in consequence. We have found it to be an excellent plan, when mowing or stacking hay, especially if there is the slightest apprehension about the curing, to sprinkle on salt occasionally, as the hay is laid on. Cattle will eat hay so salted with avidity, and they will be certain of a little salt at a time when they need it the most, and when too, they are in this respect, most frequently overlooked. In stacking hay, farmers in general err much in not paying sufficient attention to its being properly put up. It is frequently so slovenly done, that no inconsiderable part of the stack is mouldy, and lost for every purpose except manure. Hay or grain may be put up in stacks, when there is no barn room, and be as well saved, as if under cover; but it cannot be done without some skill, and some pains, and many of our American farmers would do well to take lessons from their English brethren in this respect.

INDIAN CORN demands much of the farmer's care and attention during this month, as on its growth now, the future crop is depending. Keep the corn free from weeds, stir the surface often, thin the corn in the hills, and with a good soil, you can scarcely fail of a crop. Some farmers hill up their corn so extravagantly, that it looks as if planted on the summit of ridges. This is a bad practice in any season, and in dry ones is most injurious. Attention to the structure of the corn plant, and the manner in which its roots, particularly the upper or brace roots are thrown off, would convince any one that the practice of hilling is not demanded by any thing in the nature of the plant, and that unless the condition of the soil is such as to require it, hilling should never be attempted. It sometimes happens that after the usual dressings have been given to corn, and it is laid by for the season, a rank growth of weeds will spring up, owing perhaps to the corn not fully occupying and shading the ground, and these are allowed, most judiciously, to stand and perfect their seeds. The farmer who goes over his corn for the sole purpose of cutting down these weeds, instead of allowing them to encroach on his corn and ripen their seeds to plague him hereafter, will find the labor has been well applied, and the increased crop will amply reward him.