

The Provincial Wesleyan.

"Up and be Doing"

Up, up and be doing,
Wake and arise,
Professing pursuing,
On for the prize,
Press, press to the contest,
Dangers disdain,
The laurels of conquest
Worthily gain.
Tidings not needlessly,
Precious to time,
Waste it not heedlessly;
Folly is crime.
Pleasures love sparingly,
Oh! they enthrall;
Temper not drinking,
Last you should fall.
Cautiously, carefully,
Ponder your way;
Patiently, prayerfully,
Live by the day,
Till for God zealously,
Close the good part,
Watching most jealously
Over your heart.
To save self-reproaches,
Work while you may;
The night fast approaches,
Brief the day,
The splendour however,
Knows no delay;
Then faithfully follow
Wisdom's advice.
With might undiminished,
Garner your hours;
Till life shall be finished,
And to show, as
Delay not, nor tarry,
Glory allure;
Though earth should miscarry,
All heaven is yours."

Agriculture.

Education and Farming.

It is often intimated that it is unnecessary for farmers to have any more than a common education, by which it is meant almost no education at all, and indeed it is a lamentable fact, that farmers in general are almost entirely destitute of what is properly denominated learning, although nearly all in our country know how to read, write and cipher, and hence prize themselves in the belief that they have a sufficient amount of knowledge for most "practical purposes."

It may be well to examine the ground for this too prevalent opinion, and to show, as I shall endeavor to do briefly, that it is entirely erroneous, and that on the contrary a thorough education is as useful and necessary for those who cultivate the soil as for those in most other professions—in order to work to the best advantage, that is, to gain the most with the least labour.

To say that a man is capable of being a good farmer without understanding the principles of agricultural chemistry, without knowing the nature of the different soils, the effects of the various kinds of fertilizers on the several crops, and a thousand other things "too numerous to mention," of which we have comprised under the head of chemistry, would be absolutely absurd.

It is a fact undisputed by those whose opinions are to be credited, that a man in order to profess himself a farmer's scientific adviser, must know the principles of agricultural chemistry, and must know how to put this in practice. Now, to intimate that a vast majority of our farmers are almost destitute of this knowledge, would be only to say what would be readily admitted; but this is not the worst aspect of the matter, for the knowledge requisite for the best farming is not only not generally possessed, but it is not in most cases retained, if indeed it is known that such scientific knowledge would be of any value.

It is not a fact that it is highly important for farmers to be well educated, why is it that professional men retired from business, and devote their attention to farming, are almost always patrons for good management, that their farms are always better than those of their neighbours, and that from them they realize a greater profit than others?

It may be said in reply that they have means aside from their farm, and that thus they are enabled to manage in a manner very different from those who have nothing but their farms and the appliances thereto, and were it not for this they would not be better farmers than others. It is true that this is often the fact, that they have extra money, but yet it is not universally the case, for many of them are not liberally educated men, and sometimes men in the learned professions, being disgusted at their employment, choose farming for their calling, and so success as utterly to outstrip their neighbours.

Thus it is almost capable of demonstration that farmers should be men of intelligence and education, and indeed the truth of the theory might be plainly shown, from the fact that the most successful farmer in a profession must specially qualify himself for that particular business, and hence, as of course, a farmer is not exempted from the same duty.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

Management of Mowing Lands.

The judicious management of mowing lands is one of the most important features of good farming. Any thing that will increase their productiveness tends to improve the condition of the farm, as the cutting of a good quantity of hay is the most practicable means of obtaining fertilizing manure, with which to enrich our soil; and whatever tends to lessen the fertility of our meadows will necessarily affect the productiveness of our farm crops and the profits of farming.

I believe the practice of grazing mowing lands to most extent is an injudicious one. Every one is sensible that the feeding of them in the autumn, when they are abundant of hay, but it is more injurious to feed them in the fall, for several reasons. If the aftermath is allowed to lie down on the sward, it will have the effect of a top dressing, enriching the soil, and thereby increasing the amount of the succeeding crop of hay. If stock were not permitted to graze our meadows, many of them, I think, would show no perceptible deterioration in the soil for a series of years, provided the grass was cut when it was in its best condition, and the best time, as we then obtain a better quality of hay and the soil and roots are not so much exhausted as when they are allowed to ripen of the seed.

Some of the most valuable grasses are quite liable to "winter kill," and if the sward is well clothed with grass when cold weather sets in, it forms a very important protection against the life-destroying effects of the turf. Another advantage of mowing meadows, is that the aftermath tends to

keep up an equal state of moisture and heat through the summer months, and the grass is much less liable to be injured by a drought and the land to become turbid. The occasional top dressing of mowing lands is a matter of the highest consequence, when the manure is properly prepared and applied, and should be practised as much as possible without robbing the tillage crops. Manure applied to grass land should be well decomposed, and it is the best way to compound it with rich swamp muck, mould or earth. From a compost made of equal parts of yard manure and one of these substances, we may, under many circumstances, derive as much and even more benefit than from clear manure.

It is an excellent and almost indispensable practice to pass the brush and roller over the manure after it is spread; this serves to most thoroughly pulverize the manure and press it down upon the sward, so that the roots will sooner feel its effects, and will be subject to less waste by evaporation. Mowing lands that are not too wet, should be broken up from out to out every year, according to the character of the soil. The turning under and decay of the turf will, I think, generally enrich the soil as much as two-thirds of an ordinary dressing of manure.

I believe that land can be as much benefited for the production of grass by deep ploughing, as other farm crops; for the roots will attain greater size and vigour, and are much less subject to be injured by drought, frost, &c.

By cutting our meadows, it gives a chance to enlarge our pastures, and thereby remove the necessity that some farmers feel to graze their mowing lands.

We should never overlook a farm with the view of increasing the profits of farming. Seventy-five sheep well kept will give us as large an annual income as one hundred kept in poor condition, and in the same proportion with most other kinds of farm stock; besides, when pastures are fed very close, it has a similar effect to the grazing of meadows; and if stock are kept so short through the foddering season as to eat up all the straw, &c., the manure is not so valuable, as it is necessary that there should be coarse forage mixed with it to retain its strength by absorbing the juice, grass, and prevent waste by evaporation.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

Planning.

The sagacious, systematic farmer will avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the leisure of winter, to plan operations to be carried out the coming season. In this practice lies the secret of many a farmer's success, as well as of a farmer's scientific adviser. The devising and perfecting of plans before attempting undertakings, is as important and as useful to the farmer in his business, as to the military chief in his, and is as necessary to the success of the former, as to the success of the latter.

The characteristics which made Washington a great General, made him, also, a good farmer;—and foremost of these were energy and forethought—the head to plan, and the hand to execute.

Plans for improvements on the farm should not only be devised in a season of leisure, but committed to paper—considered, re-considered, and perfected—and placed in the order of time at which they will have to be executed.

This practice, if universally adopted, would tend to the accomplishment of many improvements which from year to year are neglected, merely for the sake of the day. The day when it is necessary to have been crushed, absorbed or trampled out, like Hungary and Poland, by stronger hands, is gone forever. That it was possible at one time for his people to be ruled by violence or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt.

In 1650, the United Provinces seemed more likely to make a grand figure in the world's future history, than any other country; and their influence on the wealth, activity and maritime power were the most imposing in Europe. They had all the carrying trade of the west in their hands. Their language was spoken every part of the great Orient, from the Cape of Good Hope to the North Pole. Their mind, Dutch, not English, would probably have been the tongue in which he would have assigned the marvellous mission.

Yet Holland has fallen nearly as much as the Saxons have fallen in the world. Her idiom is now scarcely by her. Her merchants conduct their correspondence and transact their business in French or in English. Even her writers have many of the words of Montaigne, and frequently to relate an anecdote or a circumstance he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he had finished his shot, he went to the shore to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and bent into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was down under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, and when he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole and resolved to wait its issue.

"In a short hour the fox returned with the goose in his company. The goose readily to the place where the geese had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if he had by the trick of his friend. During the battle the man shot them both."

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtue of a family circle, to see a happy freeman.

Poverty wants many things—avarice all things. Do all the good you can and make but little noise about it.

Miscellaneous.

Kind Words.

BY WILLIAM BAKER.

Kind words! O what a potent spell
Do dwell in those children of the soil!
To soothe the heart by sorrow pierced,
And rule by the sweetest control.
Like accents from an angel's tongue,
Bearing a message from the sky,
They come; and sorrow turns to joy
And smiles repress the smiling sigh.

Kind words! how blessed are the lips
Whence fall the words of truth and love!
They speak, 'em while on earth below,
The language they shall speak above,
'Twas thus the blessed Saviour spoke,
When wearily our earth he trod,
And kindly, he is calling still,
From earth and sin, to heaven and God.

Kind words! O, earth! like heaven would be,
And sweet would dwell in every heart,
And kind words should be every lip,
For O, through all eternity,
In heaven there never will be heard,
To break its glorious harmony,
A bitter or unkind word!

Kind words! they fall from lips we love,
Like evening dew on drooping flowers,
And to the desert of the heart,
They come like sweet refreshing showers,
Speak kindly, then, and every word
Of truth, with some heart, shall be
A link in heaven's mysterious chain,
To bind it ever to the throne.
—*Ladies' Repository.*

The Anglo-Saxon Race.

Fifty-three millions! Two centuries ago there were not more than three millions of this race on the face of the earth. There are a million more persons of Magyar descent, speaking the Magyar language of the present moment in Europe than there were in Europe and America of this country, and colonizing people in the time of Cromwell. How vain, then, for men to talk of the political necessity for absorbing small races!

Sixty years ago the Anglo-Saxon race did not exceed 100,000 in Europe and America. At that time it was not numerically stronger than the Poles.—Thirty years it counted only thirty-four millions; being altogether only three millions and a fraction more than the population of France at that time, and considerably less than the Teutonic population of Central Europe. In 1851 it is ahead of every civilized race in the world.

Of races lying within the zones of civilization, Solives alone are more numerous, counted by head; but comparatively few of this plastic and submissive stock have yet escaped from the barbarism of the dark ages. In wealth, energy and cultivation, they are not to be compared with the Frank, the Teuton, and the Anglo-Saxon. Number is almost their only element of strength. Of all the races which are now striving for the mastery of the world—no impress on the face of Europe, and no influence on the step of its own character, its greatness and genius—to make its law, idiom, religion, manners, government and opinion prevail—the Anglo-Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful and aggressive.

The day when it is necessary to have been crushed, absorbed or trampled out, like Hungary and Poland, by stronger hands, is gone forever. That it was possible at one time for his people to be ruled by violence or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt.

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Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland combined.

Prudent statesmen should bear these things in mind. Many persons now alive may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially, and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in the face of a manly, powerful, and energetic man of our own race and blood.—*London Athenaeum.*

The Horse;

HIS MEMORY AND SAGACITY.

An aged and venerable friend, residing in one of the cities on our Eastern seaboard, a gentleman of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse, illustrating in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable horse, stolen from the stable in the night. Great search and enquiry were made for him, but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace of him could be discovered.

Almost six years had now elapsed, and the recollection even, of the lost animal had nearly faded from the mind. At this period, a gentleman from the East, in the course of business, was travelling on horseback on the road, on his way to Philadelphia. When, at four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveller was overtaken by a gentleman on horseback, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side, they soon engaged in a pleasant conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveller's horse, and every glance of the eye cast towards him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity in his mind, which he could not resist.

"What is his name?"
"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."
"No, I did not raise him, then?"
"No, I purchased him of a stranger, a trader of horses, many years since."
"Do you reside in this part of the country?"
"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia on business."
"What is your name?"
"Well sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience—but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in possession a horse that I must claim."
The traveller looked with surprise and amazement on the stranger.

"What do you mean sir?"
"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago last autumn, a valuable horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In colour, appearance, and movements, it seems to me that he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, if it were not for two or three things, that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the very time you were in the country."
The traveller assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few minutes—the bridle was then taken off—he raised his head—pricked up his ears—looked up the street, then down to the street, several times. He then slowly stalked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door as described, and with his teeth and lip drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered into the stable, and there he stood, as if he were the horse of the owner.

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Early Rising.

Did you not know, when bathed in dew,
How sweet the little violet grew,
Amid the thorny brake;
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake
Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of such a slumber grow;
Nae can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favour thus recall,
If once you let them go.

A Dream Realized.

Some time during the past summer, a stranger stopped at the south of Waynesboro', Pa. After his arrival there he was taken to a room, and there he lay down, apparently dead. On his recovery he informed the proprietor of the house that, during his illness, he had dreamed for three nights in succession that he had discovered, at a certain distance in the mountainous region, an entire rock, containing a large amount of silver. At this, the worthy host expressed his surprise, and spoke of it as a mysterious dream.

Afterwards, however, they were walking together in that direction, when the proprietor advised to be the stranger, and the proprietor at once proposed an examination to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after carefully brushing the leaves away, it was removed, and to their utter amazement they saw a creek full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it to the house, and on examination it was found to contain \$400, all in half-dollars, which was divided equally between them.

The day after this discovery, the stranger was about to take leave of the mountain, and complained to his friend the proprietor of the springs, of the inconvenience of carrying the silver, when an exchange of proposals was made, the stranger receiving bankable paper for his silver. It was not long after his departure, however, that the proprietor made another discovery—his four hundred dollars were counterfeited, and he had five or six hundred dollars of counterfeit money.

"Yes," he replied, "an exceedingly valuable and excellent animal."
"What is his age?"
"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."
"No, I did not raise him, then?"
"No, I purchased him of a stranger, a trader of horses, many years since."
"Do you reside in this part of the country?"
"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia on business."
"What is your name?"
"Well sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience—but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in possession a horse that I must claim."
The traveller looked with surprise and amazement on the stranger.

"What do you mean sir?"
"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago last autumn, a valuable horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In colour, appearance, and movements, it seems to me that he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, if it were not for two or three things, that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the very time you were in the country."
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JUDSON'S CHEMICAL EXTRACT OF

CHERRY AND LUNGWORT,
FOR THE CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood, Night Sweats, Asthma, Liver Complaints, and CONSUMPTION.

DO NOT NEGLECT IT.
CONSUMPTION
Can and has been cured in a number of cases by JUDSON'S CHEMICAL EXTRACT OF CHERRY AND LUNGWORT, and no remedy has ever been discovered that will certainly

CURE CONSUMPTION.
The most strongly marked and developed cases of Pulmonary Consumption, where the lungs have become diseased and adhered, and where the system has been prostrated by Phthisis and Dropsy, to be cured, and the patient to be restored to health, is the only possibility of recovery; have been cured by this medicine, and no other remedy has ever been discovered that will certainly cure Consumption.

It is a compound of medicinal herbs, which are prepared by the most scientific and judicious process, and is the only medicine that will cure Consumption, and no other remedy has ever been discovered that will certainly cure Consumption.

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