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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

[For the Star.]

A DREAM—PROPHETIC!

"How calm was the ocean!—how gentle its swell! [fell."
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it

I dreamed late I stroll'd alone by some river,
And, musing, sat down on the shore;
The waves roll'd along in musical measure,
As my spirit far upwards did soar.
I tho't of the past—of youth's sunny hours,
Of home, and the lov'd ones I knew,
Till tears gently fell, like dewdrops on flowers,
As thought after thought swiftly flew.

In a vision I wandered far over that river
In search of some haven of rest,
Where, free'd from the world, I could dream on for ever
Of the land of the happy and blest.
And soon I beheld near the brink of the river,
A bright spot in the valley below;
Forget it, I cannot. Ah never! no never!
'Twas endear'd to me years long ago.

I gazed with delight on the scene thus presented,
Of the home of my earlier days,
'Till my heart it grew sad and in silence lamented
That earth's joys so soon pass away.
Ah well I remember those happier hours,
Those days when no sorrow I knew,
As I rambled with fond ones 'mong roseate bowers
Where the fairest of flowers once grew.

But now the scene changes,—'tis night on the ocean!
And in fury the waves lash the shore,
The heavens above rage with dire commotion. [roar.
And, trembling, earth shakes with their
Still I dream on unmindful of harm or of danger,
And dread not the tempest nor gloom,
For He who once lay in Bethlehem's manger
Is the light and the life of the tomb.

A voice came near me; it spoke of the ocean
And bade me prepare for life's storm;
I knew 'twas *prophetic!*—I felt the emotion
As the winds bore its echo along.
It warned me to shun the Sabbath reviler,
Each spot where the wicked repair
To quaqh in their madness that *liquid* defiler
Which leads to disgrace and despair.

With rapture it spoke of those joys immortal
Reserved for the christian above. [tal
Where all will be happy who enter that portal
Thro' Christ, the pure fountain of love.
The voice then ceased—the spirit departed
To seek its abode in the skies,
And left me ponder on what it imparted
Of my FATE in the future that lies.

Easton, June 6, 1845. A. J. P.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Knickerbocker.

THE VEILED LADY, OR WHO CAN SHE BE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

"With the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow,
Every thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind;
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous constancy?"—*J. Baillie.*

"Up! thy charmed armor don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone?"

'Dulce, will you go to the masquerade ball, to night?' said I to my lesser half, on a bright evening during the gayest part of the 'carnival season,' in Cuba.

'No, my amor,' answered she; 'I am ill this evening; don't go out to-night, but stay by my side, and let your cheering presence save a doctor's fee.'

'Madame, you know that I had made up my mind to go out in my new Cabellero's dress; you are not *very* ill and I shall be dull company for you if disappointment holds a birth in my mind. You had better consent to my going; I will return early.'

'Do as you please, sir,' she responded, pontingly; 'but if you neglect me thus in the first year of our marriage, how shall I be treated when Time's shadow shall darken my brow, and dim the light of my eyes, when my spirits shall droop, and my beauty fade, before the wintry frosts of age?'

'To shorten my yarn, reader, I rigged myself and went to the ball, my heart beating a 'conscience-tattoo' against its casing all the way, for well I marked the soft reproach which my wife's full dark eye spoke when I left her side.

Having arrived at the ball room, I mingled with the gay maskers, listened to the music, and in the sparkling wine glass sought for excitement; yet that perpetual drum-stick of conscience kept thumping against the parchment-head of reflection, and I could not feel happy. Dressed as attractively as possible, I sought and danced with the fairest maidens in the throng; yet still, Thought, that nettle in life's garden, kept Joy in a distant offing, and Pleasure far in my wake.

I was about to give up the chase for enjoyment, and had dutifully made up my mind to return home and moor myself along side of my little wife, when a fair hand was laid gently upon my arm, and a tremulous, musical voice asked me, in a whisper, to retire a little from the crowd. The hand was delicate, and seemed smaller even than my wife's; and the taper fingers were encircled by rings of rare value, such as could only be worn by the rich and the titled. The lady was closely veiled in black; yet I caught one glimpse of eye-light through the thick crape. In the blackness of a night-storm, I have seen the clouds for a moment open and permit a star to glance with supernatural brightness down on the agitated ocean; and even so fell that glance on me. The voice was one of those which when it falls upon the ear, vibrates along every nerve until it reaches the heart-strings, where it echoes and re-echoes, till memory 'catches the tune,' and too truly for it ever to pass from the grasp.

I followed the stranger's invitation; and as I gazed on the fairy form which flitted before me, I forgot my little invalid at home. The '*Mask*' was but little if any larger than my wife; yet there was a fullness and elegance of figure, a grace and voluptuousness of motion in the former which I had never observed in the latter. My wife had beautifully soft, glossy curls of jet, but they could never compare with the black tresses of twining silk, which hung nearly to the feet of my strange charmer. When he had got clear of the throng, she again spoke:

'Are you a gentleman?—one on whom a lady may in all honor depend?'

'I answered, that to the best of my knowledge and belief I was, and thought to be depended upon.'

'Would you risk your own life, or destroy that of another, for a lady, if her honor required and her love would requite the act?'

'For one so fair, so angelic as yourself, I would risk more than life!'

A shudder seemed to pass through her form; her little feet stamped the tesselated floor impatiently; her fingers were clasped together until they were bloodless, as she continued:

'Have you ever loved?'

'I may have felt a school boy's passion,' I replied, with assumed indifference.

'Then you are not married?'

'I have been,' was my reply. Even so deceitful is man; even so is woman often lost; for while he pours forth his flattering tale, she listens; listening she loves—loving she is lost.

Again she showed marks of impatience and excitement, as if some great trouble rested on her mind. This I pressed her to reveal to me, offering every aid in my power to defend her, or even to avenge past wrong. I besought her to have confidence in my affection, new-fledged though it was, and to test its strength, even as she might direct. She faultered, hesitated for a moment, and then, requesting me to await her return, hastily left the ball-room.

'Now,' thought I, 'there is a scrape for a sober man to get into? Perhaps she may be some beautiful syren, who has laid a trap to inveigle and rob, and perhaps to murder me! Shall I wait her return? or fly the danger? But I am armed—why should I fear?'

I began also to think of my poor invalid wife; and these thoughts, coupled with my fear of betrayal, by the aid of a little more solitude, would have conquered me, and sent me home; but at this critical moment, the 'mask' returned, having in her hands a heavy black veil. She beckoned me to follow her into a neighboring street, where, in a moment, we stood beside a close curtained volante, into which she sprang, I followed her. She immediately enveloped my head in the veil which she had brought, cautioning me on my life not to attempt to remove it, unless at her request.

The carriage started off with speed; indeed, the driver seemed to be urging his horses to a rapid gallop. Our road was long; for even at this speed, we must have ridden for two hours, some of the time over rough, rocky roads, and then long smoother ways, when at last the panting animals were brought to a stand.

Immediately thereafter I heard a creaking noise, as if a port-cullis were suddenly raised, or some old gate swung back on its unoiled hinges.

'Speak not a word whatever you may hear—attempt not to raise the veil, or your life and mine may be the forfeit!' whispered my fair guide; and while she spoke I felt that she trembled from head to foot.—Her hand was cold as ice, and her impetuous voice stifled and husky. Before we advanced from the carriage, she also made me vow by all the Saint's in Heaven, never to reveal what I might do or see in that night's adventure.

She then led me cautiously on, apparently through a large garden, for the cool night-breeze bore the perfume of orange, citron, pink, lemon and spice blossoms to my check. We soon arrived at another door, which creaked rustily as it opened before us, and then our way seemed up a winding stone stair case, through a passage so still, so solemnly silent, that it even echoed the light foot-fall of my companion, while my own heavy tread rang, like groans in a cavern, through the still damp air.

Until now, the lady had not spoken since we had stepped from the volante; but as we arrived at the top of the stairs, and passed into a warmer atmosphere, she whispered that the hour to test my courage and love had arrived. We stepped across a soft carpet, and she seated me on a yielding cushion. I could see nothing through the thick veil which she had thrown over my face, yet a kind of *blueishness* in the darkness before me, convinced me that I was in a lighted room. No sound could I hear, save the suppressed breathing of my trembling companion, and the beating of my own heart. After remaining for a moment on the ottoman, which shook from her nervousness, she again addressed me.

'You are armed with pistol and dagger?'

'I am,' said I inwardly praying that I might have occasion to use them.

'You will please give *me* those weapons,' said she.

'Ah!' thought I; 'I am betrayed; and she asks my weapons of defence, that I may be made an easier prey! Let me ask,' said I, 'your reasons for this strange request?'

'A true lover never asks for *reasons* from one in whom he *confides*,' answered the 'mask,' adding—'The business I have in hand for you has need of courage, calmness and prudence; but your weapons could avail you nothing. They will not be required.' She shuddered as she spoke, adding quickly: 'Such as they have already done too much.'

She paused a moment, and seemed to be schooling herself to some dreadful task. Again she addressed me:

'I have a tale to tell you, sir; no, not a tale, but some questions to ask.—Had you an only sister, one who was young, fair, innocent, and ignorant of the world's wickedness, and thus unprepared to cope with vile art and sinfulness; and should she meet with one who was in appearance all full of nobleness, purity, generosity, and true manliness; and, in her own full-heartedness, should she love him only as woman in nature's simplicity CAN love, and should he taking foul advantage of her affection for him; work her ruin, and having succeeded, then scornfully leave her without reparation an outcast from HIS bosom; a dark thing upon the world; unwilling to live and unprepared to die; and should she, in the hour when he spurned her, a dishonest thing from his feet, even when she was pleading for the love and protection of one who with hellish heart had wrought her ruin; should she in that dire moment of crowded miseries strike a poinard to his heart——'

'She would nobly do her duty!' cried I, excited to madness by the painful picture.

'Would you aid her in removing all the proof of crime?' continued the 'mask,' 'would you assist that poor girl to place beneath the dark earth all that was earthly of her defiler?

'I would!' 'If thou art she, lead on. I am ready; ay, ready to do more! Would that MY hand instead of thine had sent the recreant's soul to its hissing home! I love the now better than before.—True, thou hast been dishonored, but thou art avenged?'

'But too hasty, sir,' said she; let me sketch you one picture, before I call on you for action. Again I will suppose you have an only sister, I will suppose her, with your full knowledge and consent, to have given her affections and her hand to one whom you believe to be noble, manly and in every way calculated to make her know the true bliss of existence. She loves him, even OVER the bounds of this world's adoration; watches for his smile as the flower beaten down by the rain waits for the sunshine; sighs and droops when the clouds of sorrow cast their shadows over him; joys when his hopes brighten; ministers to every comfort and seems a being as closely bound to him as light is to the diamond. Suppose that he to whom you have entrusted her, the inermost heart-jewel of yourself, the bright corner of your domestic fire side; imagine that he should grow cold and unmindful of her peace; that his love for her should fade; that her smile should fall upon him cold as a torch light on a funeral pall; that her voice should no longer be music to his ear, that he should seek for other smiles, and give to other ears the words which were alone her due; when you saw her drooping, fading, *dying* beneath the shadow of his neglect, what would you do?'

'Slay him! by the HAND which made me! I would slay him as a dog thst had bitten or a serpent that had stung me!'

Even as I spoke, I thought of my own deserted wife, and conscience took a pull at the halliards' of my own heart, and wrung it to the very core. I felt as if I could have given a world, had it been mine to give, if I could be placed along side the couch of my lonely bride; and I vowed in my soul never to grieve her again, should I return unharmed from the dreadful scenes of that night.

'Lady,' said I, 'if your first tale be, as I feel it is true; if you have slain him who wrought your ruin and have chosen me to aid you in your dreadful task I pray you hasten the deed. Let there be no delay.'

'Then follow me!' said she, 'you need not follow far.'

She led me own a few steps, into what I supposed to be another room, here she bade me to pause, and calm myself. I must acknowledge I felt greatly agitated, but mustering all my self possession and presence of mind, I prepared to cast aside the veil, at her bidding, and determined not to shrink from the horrible duty which lay before me.

She lifted the veil from my head. A blaze of light forced me to close my eyes; and then I dared not open them. Imagination painted a scene before me which I feared to gaze upon. At last shame unclosed my eyelids, and I gazed around. . . . Surprise stunned me.

It could not be!—*yet so it was!* I stood within my own bed room! The stranger raised her mask. My wife's large black eyes looked sorrowfully out upon me; she cast the long tresses of glossy hair from her head, and there appeared her own soft curling ringlets playing about her neck. She had fallen upon this plan to punish me for seeking pleasure at a time when she by reason of sickness and suffering could not enjoy it with me. She had indeed taught me a lesson of conjugal fidelity.

My own volante had driven me at full speed over half the city! I had been led through a back gate and traversed a part of my house which I had never before entered; and all through the contrivance of my witch of a wife. Borrowed jewels had disguised her hands; she had spoken in an altered voice beneath her mask; and I had actually fallen in love with my own wife!

What a fix for a married man to be in!

LINES.

Now listless o'er life's sullen tide
My bark of life floats idly on;
Youth's incense laden breeze has died,
And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

While sadness round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean-future lies.

And must this be! My soul, arouse!
See through the passing clouds of ill
How Fame's proud phaos brightly glows
And gilds thy drooping pennant still.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide—
Spread to ambition's freshening gale;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
While glory's breathings swell thy sail.

EXTRAORDINARY WILL.

A short time since the will of John Hedges was proved in doctors' common. The following is a verbatim copy of this extraordinary, and we believe unparalleled document:—

"The fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother,
Because I foresaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for their share,
Which I nowise intended,
Till their manners are mended,
And or that, God knows, there's no sign.
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
Of which witness my hand,
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot;
And I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother—John Hedges."

Contradiction of Proverbs.—'The more the merrier.' Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

'Nothing but has an end.' Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.

'Money is a great comfort.' Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

'The world is a long journey.' Not so; the sun goes over it every day.

'A friend is best found in adversity. Not so; for then there is none to be found.

'The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor.' Not so; the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

Avoid a person that's all jaw. Remember the more a person talks the less he knows. It's your lean geese that's always cackling—not the fat one's. Recollect this, and avoid men that's got the gift of the "gab," as you would those that had the gift of measles.

"Would you like a late English paper?" asked Digby of an intelligent Englishman, whom he met in a coffee-house. "No, I thank you," replied the gentleman, "I find your Whig papers are *about the same thing.*"—*Boston Post.*

An old lady lately put on her specks' and taking up the village newspaper, the first phrase which caught her eyes was the heading of a political article which read: "Illinois moving!" "Bless my soul!" said the good old dame, "I hope it won't move on my son William's farm, on the border of Indiana!"

REPUDIATING NATIVISM.—The Native American organ of Pittsburg, lately edited by R. White Middleton, Esq., has changed its character, shedding its coat, its editor and its Nativist character, at the same time. It is now issued by new owners as the "Spirit of the Age," without the adjunct.—"*American Republican.*"

Very Likely.—The Richmond Star declares 'death's Door' to be the mouth of a whiskey bottle. No doubt many a poor fellow finds his way out thro' that opening.

'I feel too lazy to work,' said a loafer, 'and I have no time to play. I think I'll go to bed and split the difference.'

SAFETY VALVE.—The mouth of an infuriated ignoramus, by which the steam goes off without doing harm.

COL. CROCKETT IN A QUANDARY.

"I never but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real general quandary. It was during my electioneering campaign for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods, so particularly pestered by politics, that I forgot my rifle. Any one may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his inventive faculties, I guess. It chanced, as I was strolling along, considering deep in Congressionals, the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree, the entrance being more than 40 feet from the ground. I mounted the tree, but soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went feet foremost, to see if I could not draw them out with my toes. I hung on to the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped and down I went more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that black hole, and there I found myself hip deep in a family of bears.

I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greased part of a rainbow as to get back, the hole being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a real genuine, regular quandary. If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement; and if they did hear me, the story would ruin my election as they were a quantity too cute to vote for a man who had ventured into a place that he could'nt get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after the election, I heard a fumbling and grumbling over my head, and looking up I saw the old bear coming down, stern foremost upon me. My motto is always "go ahead!" and as soon as she had lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buckhorn hafted penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward—I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did. She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

LITERARY DEBATING SOCIETY.

A small room lighted by three penny candles, with four and twenty young men sitting around a table. The President raps his hammer on the table and speaks.

President.—Gentlemen of the Universal Eagle-wind Intellectual Debatin' Society, the president begs leave to renounce himself in the cheer. The question for debate is; "Which is the most nourishin' to the human race, greens or taturs?

Mr. Brown has the floor.

Mr. Brown.—Mr. President, I argues taturs. Decidedly, taturs! Dont we know Alexander the Great fit his most scrumptuous battles arter eaten' a peck of taturs? Did'nt Napoleon Bonaparte eat a bushel o'taturs afore he fit his last battle with St. Helena on the prarie west of the Alleghany mountains? Therefore I induce the fact that taturs is the most nourishin'! Let Mr. Smith shifficate that if he can! [*Sits down in a heat.*]

Mr. Smith.—Mr. President, the gentleman says taturs—I says greens! What was it that gave such delightful moments of rural ease to Mary Queen of Scots, when she was put in prison by George III. for not reading the Bible? History answers—*greens!*

Where would General Washington bin' afore the battle of Waterloo, without a pot of boiled greens? Ask history! What is that made Bob Tyler sich a poet? Ask his father, and he, sir, his father, will answer—greens! Mr. President I have done.

President.—Gentlemen of the Universal Eagle-winged Intellectual Debatin' Society, I puts the question to the vote. Which is the most nourishin' to the human race, greens or taturs?

15 voices greens.
8 voices taturs.
1 voice *both.*

President.—Here's a division. I have the casting vote. I say that greens and taturs is both the most nourishin' to the human race!

Gentlemen the question for next Monday evening is—"What becomes of a tadpole's tail when he turns to a frog?"

This meeting is adjourned.

From the Baltimore Sun.

FURTHER POST OFFICE REMINISCENCES.

On the 13th May, 1775, Congress adopted the following rates of postage:—Not exceeding 60 miles, 5½d; upwards of 60, and not exceeding 100, 8d; 100 and not exceeding 200, 10½d; from 200 to 300, 1s 1d; 300 to 400, 1s 4d; 400 to 500, 1s 6½d; 500 to 600, 1s 9d; 600 to 700, 2s; 700 to 800, 2s 2½d; 800 to 900, 2s 5d; 900 to 1050, 2s 8d—double and treble letters in proportion, to be paid in lawful money of the American Colony. The following notice was published.

"*Annapolis Constitutional Post Office,*
December 5, 1775.

"Notice is hereby given, that the Northward and southward mails arrive at this office every Friday at 2 o'clock, and return the same day at six; and on every Monday a rider leaves the town for Baltimore, and returns on Tuesday for the Northern mail.

The Constitutional office having been instituted by the Congress, for the security and ready conveyance of letters and all kinds of intelligence through this Continent, and as the same has been attended with great expense, it is not doubted that all well-wishers *to the present laudable opposition in America*, will promote the same by sending, and procuring to be sent, all letters, packages, &c., to the Constitutional office.

WILLIAM WETCROFT,
Postmaster."

"*Parliamentary Post Prohibited—In Provincial Convention, Annapolis December* 11, 1775:

"Resolved, That the Parliamentary Post be not permitted or suffered to travel in or pass through the Province, with any mail, packages or letters; and the several committees of observation are requested and directed to see this Resolution strictly observed and executed."

And so faithfully did the said committees perform this part of their duty, that on the 25th day of December, 14 days after the passage of the resolution, all post offices "*under the crown*" were discontinued. Truly, these Maryland "rebels" were a most persevering set of fellows.

In 1787, Congress passed a law reducing the rates of postage twenty-five per cent.

January, 1790.—The Postmaster General, in his report to Congress, says that the receipts of his Department, for the two previous years, have been about $25,000 per annum; he recommends a reduction of the rates of postage as the means of improving its revenues—suggests that the postage between Savannah, Geo., and New York should be sixteen cents. Twenty different contracts for carrying the mails—and P. M. G. says every contractor consults his own interest as to the time of arrival and departure—no regular schedules having been adopted further South than Alexandria.

In 1799, the Postmaster General established a line of stages between Philadelphia and Baltimore. During the first three years it produced a nett profit to the Department of $11,030. During the succeeding two years, the fare of travellers defrayed the expenses of the establishment, saving to the government the whole expense of transporting the mails.

Henry Stouffer carried the mail from Baltimore to Annapolis for $320 per annum.

In 1802, the Postmaster General recommended the establishment of a Government State line from Portland, Me., to Louisville, Georgia at an estimated expense, of $125,000. With a view to obtain as much information as could be derived on this subject, a number of queries were propounded to distinguished and experienced residents of the southern part of the country. In one of these the Postmaster General asks whether a coach, passing every other day on the great line, could calculate on *three passengers a trip.* His correspondent replied that, at first it could not; but *in the course of time*, that numbers could be supplied.

SUCCESSFUL CULTURE OF TURNIPS.

It is a fact, familiar to most farmers, that when the soil is heavy, new cleared land is finely adapted to the raising of the common flat turnip; but that after a few years, this quality seems to disappear, owing chiefly, as is generally supposed, to the ravages of the turnip fly.

A farmer in the western part of this State entirely obviates this difficulty by a very simple experiment. His farm is a heavy fertile soil, and though well adapted to most farm crops, it appeared to be entirely unfitted to the turnip, like all others of a similar character. The successful mode he adopted, is as follows:—After having ploughed and harrowed his ground, and reduced it to a fine tilth, he spreads over the surface several inches of old straw, which is suffered to lie a few weeks. Just before sowing time, it is burned, the surface is harrowed, the seed sown brushed in.—In this way, he uniformily obtains the finest crops. He ascribes his success to the destruction of the insects by fire; but whatever may be the cause, the practice is well worthy of trial by all possessing land of a similar character.—*Albany Cultivator.*

WORTH KNOWING.—At a late meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, among the subjects of conversation was the preservation of peach trees, as by tying a small bundle of tobacco about the trunk, a little above the ground, the drippings from which destroy the worms at the roots; or train oil poured round the trunk, or anthracite coal ashes placed there. Tansy was recommended to be planted round the trees as a preventive against worms. Col. Travers, of New Jersey, was of opinion that the ordinary directions for killing the grubs about the trees are unavailing. Digging and manuring are the only appliances that he has found successful.

The preservation of animal food was next talked about. A new process was described by Col. Clarke; it is to place meat in stout iron vessels and exhaust them of air. Then the mixture of pickle necessary to preserve it is admitted into the vessel, and completely fills up all the pores and openings of the meat. It is said the plan has been adopted extensively for the South American market.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, an excellent agricultural paper, by the way, gives the following directions for improving the culture of cucumbers:

"As soon as there appears several flower buds on a plant, bend the second or third joint or branch below the bloom, fasten it firmly in the ground and cut off the capillary point of the plant. The vegetable speedily takes root, when you separate it from the parent stalk. Proceed thus with the most vigorous plants, and as each root has only to support a few fruits with nourishment, you both save labor and procure a constant succession of cucumbers for a number of months, from one sort, and which are not as likely to degenerate as if they were raised from a variety of seed."

It is said that a cord drawn closely over the loins of a cow will prevent her kicking. It should be placed in front of the udder.

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