EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

As autumn has again, in the revolution of the seasons, come, it is meet that every agriculturist should set himself earnestly to work to fulfil those obligations of duty which it may impose; and while he may be thus engaged, let him *see*, that whatever he may have done, shall be *well done* and *done in season*, as he may rest assured, that success in his calling very materially depends upon the observance of these rules. In preparing his grounds for his fall grain, he should spare no pains to have it *deeply* ploughed; to see that there be no balks left untouched, and that it be thoroughly pulverised by either the drag or roller, and harrow. Although we are not of the creed of those who believe, that *pulverization* possesses the power of a panacea to make sterile soils produce luxuriant crops, we are free to confess, that we do *believe* it will make any, whether poor or rich, yield in a greatly augmented ratio, and this will be the more readily conceded by the thinking farmer, when he reflects that in the *atmosphere*, the *rain*, and the *snow*, are to be found most, if not all of the elements of fertility, and that by having his grounds in a state the best adapted to attract and appropriate these elements to their uses, the better chance will he stand of being profited by these fruitful sources of enrichment. Again, by deep tilth and minute subdivision of the soil, the roots of the plants have a bed prepared, which instead of offering any impediment to their embedding themselves beyond the reach of frosts—beyond the influence of sudden freezings and thawings—encourages their expansion, and increases the pasture on which they feed.

With this introduction, we will turn our attention to see what should first claim our notice,

ON THE FARM.

Preparation of the Wheat ground.—In addition to what we have already said upon this subject, we will remark that the sooner ground intended for wheat shall be ploughed and put in order for the reception of the seed, the better chance will there be of the crop being a good one, as the ground once ready and in good tilth, the farmer may choose his own time for sowing — And we would wish to impress this fact upon the mind of the wheat grower,—that *wet lands* are not adapted to the successful growing of the wheat crop, as they never fail to exert a pernicious influence upon the plants in the alternations of the weather during winter and early spring, and that it is impossible that healthful vegetation can be carried on, where the roots of the plants during those periods, are buried in masses of mud and water. Besides good ploughing and fine tilth, it is essential that wheat fields should be secured by judiciously arranged water-furrows, at intervals of some sixteen feet apart, so constructed, and so levelled, as that the water, which may fall, will speedily pass off, and be conducted to leading drains around the field, of sufficient depth and descent to receive and convey it away. It would be better that *fields* abounding in a *superabundance* of *moisture* should be blind-drained; but as there is not now time left for such labor, the next best plan is, to do as we have advised above, provide them amply with sufficient furrows.

Should the ground allotted to wheat, not have *lime* or *marl* naturally present in it, the wheat grower should be sure to put at least ten bushels to the acre on it, and, if possible, add as much ashes to the lime, as both are necessary ingredients in the constitution of the straw and grain—and will not only tend to prevent the lodging of the former, but to promote the fructification of the latter.

It may be said that the present price of wheat will not justify the trouble and expense we have marked out. True, the *price* is low, but in proportion to its depression, so should it be the object of the farmer to increase the ratio of product, in order, that, in the saving of the wages of labor, he may find his remuneration.

Selection of Seed.—Too much care cannot be taken, in the choice of varieties, to select those which combine the qualities of early maturity, good flouring properties, and resistance of the fly; nor should less care be observed in procuring the best and cleanest seed which can be obtained; it should be plump, heavy, and free from all extraneous matters, so that in sowing it, the earth may not be filled with weeds also.

Preparation of, and putting in the Seed. To prevent smut, all seed wheat should be well washed in clean water, so that all the lighter grains, and the seeds of weeds, may be skimmed off. To ensure this, the wheat should be put into a hogshead, in small quantities at a time; kept stirred, so that the impure grains, and extraneous matters may be floated to the top. This process should be continued until all such are removed, and the water, which should be drawn off and replenished occasionally, ceases to be collored by the operation.—After this has been affected, let a brine be made of salt, or ley of ashes, sufficiently strong to bear an *egg*, cover the seed wheat with it, and let it soak for twelve hours, then drain off the soak, spread the wheat on a floor, sprinkle slaked lime, or ashes, over it and stir up the mass, so as to coat each grain with the substance used. When this is done, the seed will be ready for sowing. No more wheat must be taken out of the soak than can be sown each day, and care should be taken to plough it in as sown, not more than about *three inches deep*. The *harrow* and *roller* should follow the plough. Seed thus prepared and put in, will, besides being exempt from *smut*, come up quicker, grow more rapidly, and, of consequence, obtain a much better series of roots before winter, than would such as may be sown without preparation and therefore be better able to withstand the effects of frosts and thaws.

On clover-leys and *grass-swards*, the seed should be *harrowed* instead of being ploughed in, as it is desirous not to disturb the sod, which should be permitted to remain, rot, and form food for the plants.

Time of sowing.—With regard to this matter, there cannot be said to be any general rule applicable to all circumstances of climate and locality. It should however be an object with every wheat grower to get his seed in sufficiently early, to enable the plants to form their roots, before their growth is arrested by the frost. The danger to be apprehended from the fly, when sown early, deters many from sowing until late; but we do think that there is more to fear from the injury of *frost*, when sown late, than from the *fly* when sown early. Taking all things into consideration, we are clearly of opinion, that every farmer should *begin* sufficiently early in September, to be enabled to *finish* by the *first of October*, or at the farthest by the 10th of that month.

Of Liming.—Where it may not be convenient to lime, or ash, at the time of sowing, the operation may be delayed until winter, when the lime may be put on while the earth is covered with frozen snow. Some of the best and most experienced wheat growers in Pennsylvania prefer this latter mode of liming.

Having spoken of the necessity of using *lime* and *ashes*, in connection with the culture of wheat, we may be indulged with further observing, that where there may be any dificiency in the natural fertility of the soil, the cheapest as well as the best manure that could be used would be *Guano*, in the proportion of from 150 to 300 lbs. to the acre, to be mixed with about ten times that quantity of mould and one bushel of plaster. The whole to be well mixed together sown broadcast, and lightly harrowed in at the time of sowing the grain. If not convenient to apply it at that time, it would do to sow it any time during winter on the snow, or in spring, from the first to the last of March.

Of the procurement of Seed.—We have no doubt that great benefit results from a *change* of seed, and that, in the economy of vegetable matter, it is indispensable to prevent deterioration of quality. The finest white flint we ever saw was four barrels we procured from Genessee, New York.—We sowed it on a red clay, and the first product bore a pretty fair resemblance to the parent stock; but the product from that, the succeeding year, presented a sad evidence of change, having in two seasons almost lost its identity of character.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—We are among those who believe that when a man sows wheat, he should give to the earth a sufficient quantity of seed to occupy the soil with wheat plants, to the exclusion of grass and weeds: therefore we have always advocated the sowing of plenty of seed.—On grounds worthy of being cultivated in Wheat, less than 2 bushels of seed per acre never should be sown, and under peculiar circumstances of soil and exposure, we should not hesitate to sow from 2½ to 3 bushels per acre.

As we have spoken of *Guano*, it may not be amiss to point out what we conceive would make a very excellent *substitute*, where that article cannot readily be obtained. Take two bushels of Ground Bones; two bushels of ashes, ten bushels of rich Loam or mould, 1 bushel of Plaster, 2 bushels of Salt, and 20 gallons of Urine; mix the whole together well; let the mass remain for a few days, when it will be fit to sow. The quantity here named, is intended for an acre, and would we have no doubt, tend to increase the yield thirty three per cent in the crop of wheat, besides greatly improving the succeeding crops of any rotation, which might follow, and leaving the ground in a meliorated condition.

Rye.—This grain, if not already sown, should be put in as early this month as possible, and with a view of providing pasture in early spring for the inlamb ewes it would be well to give it a sufficient fertilizing top-dressing, should the ground not be in good heart. From experience we are prepared to say, that the eating down Rye in *early* spring does not materially, if at all, interfere with the product of grain.

Preparation of the Seed.—We would advise that seed Rye be submitted to a similar soak as that recommended for wheat, as should it answer no other end, it would facilitate germination, and cause the plants to grow off vigorously and encourage the formation of roots, and thus prevent what is termed winter killing. The ground allotted to Rye should be ploughed and harrowed with care; the seed should be ploughed in about three inches in depth when the ground should be harrowed, and afterwards rolled—nor would we consider our work well done unless we sowed a few bushels of lime and ashes to the acre, say 5 of each, unless the soil had been previously limed or ashed.

Quantity of Seed to the acre.—A bushel of Rye should always be sown to the acre. In the selection care should be observed to get the best seed that can be obtained, and if possible that which was grown at some distance from your own neighborhood.

Timothy Meadows.—Every farmer should consider himself bound to provide his farm with a good timothy meadow, & if he contemplates setting one this season, the sooner the better it be done. To expect a luxuriant crop of this grass from a poor field is as unreasonable as to expect a cold-blooded horse to stand a fore mile heat. Therefore he who may desire a good crop of timothy must provide the plants the means of feeding well. Besides Lime or marl and ashes, there must be a generous supply of barn yard or other nutritive manures. The ground should, if possible undergo two good ploughings; the first should be done deeply; when after being thoroughly harrowed, a dressing of say 20 double horse cart loads of manure, per acre, should be spread thereon, to be ploughed in about three inches deep; then harrow, sow the seed, and harrow it in lightly with a light harrow, around the teeth of which a grapevine has been twisted to prevent the seed from being covered too deeply, and finish by rolling the ground. This latter process besides bringing the earth into immediate contact with the seed thereby urging forward its germination, compresses the earth and presents to the scythe a smooth surface for the operation of cutting. If lime or potash be not already present in the soil, a few bushels of ashes and lime, per acre, should be spread on the field any time during winter when the ground is sufficiently firm to resist poaching.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—Custom has prescribed two gallons as the quantity of seed per acre; but we prefer to sow *three gallons* to the acre.

Timothy meadows already set.—To ensure a good crop of grass next year, you should some time this fall harrow your meadow, then topdress it with a compost made of say 5 cart loads of rich mould, 10 bushels of ashes and 10 of lime or marl to the acre; mix these well together; sow the compost broadcast over your meadow and roll the ground.

Garlic.—He who may have a garlicky field should forthwith plough it up about 4 inches deep, so as to bring the roots of this pest to the surface to be wilted and killed by the sun. During late fall & winter so as to give the frost a chance of killing the garlic, give it two more ploughings, and next year put it in *corn*,—should that crop be well tended, we think the destruction of the garlic will have been effected.

Cornstalks.—there seems to be a very general opinion prevailing that the grass crop has proved a short one. If this opinion is well founded, it may be well for farmers to be looking ahead to secure a supply of winter feed for their stock. In looking around in search of an article to make up the deficiency of the hay crop, we can think of no surer resource than is to be found in the *corn-stalks*. If these are cut up at the roots and well preserved, they make a most relishable and nutritious food and if cut with a stalk cutter and salted as fed out, will prove as good as clover hay for the cattle. Let us impress this fact upon our agricultural brethren—☞*No farmer need have short commons for his stock who will cure his cornstalks properly and judiciously feed them out.* If steamed with the addition of meal or bran, they make a mess for milch-cows not only nutritious but highly encouraging to the secretion of milk.

Sprouting.—If your fields or fence corners abound in sprouts or bushes, go to work with a resolute determination and cut them down. The believers in lunar influence say that this kind of work should be done in the wane of the moon—but we say go ahead and cut them down when you can without regard to the position of the moon.

Draining and Ditching.—The season is propitious for this kind of labor, and of a certainty every farmer who may have a field needing it should strain a point to have it drained, as no soil which may be in the condition of *mortar* can produce good crops or sweet grass.

Turnips.—Keep them clean of weeds. If they are still small, run your harrow through them,—it is the cheapest and most effective mode of cultivating them.

Orchards.—If you have no crop in your orchards, you will fiind it to your advantage to turn your hogs in to eat up the falling fruit and thereby destroy myriads of insects.

Budding and Inoculation.—This is a favorable season for these operations and should be attended to.

Salting of Stock.—Give all your stock salt regularly twice a week.

Sheep.—In a trough at all times accessible to your Sheep, provide a mixture of *Salt and tar*. In licking the Salt they will smear their noses with the tar, and thus ensure themselves from attacks from the fly which otherwise would breed worms in their heads—recollect,—prevention is better than cure.

Weeds.—Cut all down you can find, and to prevent their seeds from annoying you next year, place them in heaps and burn them as soon as dry.

Fences.—Look to your *fences*; have them thoroughly repaired; recollect that as the pastures get short in the fall stock get restless from hunger and look out for *weak* panels in the corn fields: therefore, if you would be on the safe side, have all your fences well secured against such incursions.

Tools, Implements and Gearing.—Examine every thing of this kind that you have, if any need repair, have them repaired, and if not required for use have them carefully put away under cover, where they will be secure from the weather as from thieves.

Planting out Orchards.—Although it is too early for this work, it is full time that you should be thinking of preparing any ground or lot that you may design for this purpose this fall. No orchard should be planted out on any ground which may not have been *twice* ploughed; therefore if you intend planting out an orchard this fall, the sooner you subject your ground to the first ploughing the better. Let it be a *deep and thorough one*, and see that it is afterwards well harrowed and rolled, and if the land be poor see that it be manured with compost consisting of well rotted manure or virgin mould from the woods, and lime.

FLIRTING WITH THE GIRLS.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

"It will never do, Jedediah, said my uncle Obed Allen to my youngest brother, "it will never do—this flirting with all the young girls, and trifling with their guileless affections!"

My brother Jedediah was a handsome young fellow. He had a fine person, when his Sunday cloths were on—a clear, black eye, and red cheeks. He wore a pair of whiskers at eighteen. During his vacations our village girls were all in a tumult all were anxious to have the honor of his attentions—and many an eye has closed with a tear under its lid, after waiting the whole evening at the window, with the expection of seing Jedediah ride up to the horse block. He saw their sly glances at him, as he stood of a Sunday in the gallery at Church, and led the choir.—He knew that they thought him handsome—that he was admired, and he was fool enough to be flattered by such things. His vanity grew at last to be his ruling passion: and he thought the party tedious where all the eyes in the room were not directed towards him.

He spent his vacations wholly with the girls: riding with one, walking with another, and "setting up" with another. He made declaration in a garland of flowers, and expressed his adoration to every bright eye in the village with a boquet of the sweetest and freshest rosebuds he could gather. As long as their admiration had the charm of novelty, he was all devotion but when that was gone, he flew away like a surfeited bee, to some fresher flower.

At the time Obed addressed him as I have stated, we were sitting at the breakfast table. Jedediah had just returned from a walk among the hills with Isabel Johnson, one of the sweetest girls of our village. As he came into the room, he snapt the dew out of his whiskers with high glee, and sung out at the top of his voice:

"I say, Absalom, that Bell Johnson is not to be sneezed at of a damp day. She's a real cauliflower. What a foot she's got! Didst ever see her dance, uncle Obed?—You'd think her the shadow of a gossamer she's so light. Ah, Absalom, my boy, such a tramp as we have had! Such flowers as we gathered! Faith, every time she trod her little hoof upon the violets, there came up such a cloud of perfume, you would have thought Madam Flora was lighting up every one of her incense burning altars. But hark ye! We stopped awhile upon the brink of the ledge on old Chesnut Hill, and looked upon the water as it tumbled over the mill-dam. Bell gazed at it, as if she saw ten thousand little naiads dancing minuets upon the bubbles.

While she was looking, I took her little paw *so*—then I squeezed it gently, *so*—and whispered in her year *so* But, uncle Obed, *mum's* the word—Bell and I know who's who."

It was then uncle Obed spoke. "It won't do, Jedediah," said he and his voice chocked with emotion as he spoke; "it won't do I say! All this may be 'strawberries and cream' to such a crazy pate as yours. It may be fun to win the heart of such an innocent thing as Bell Johnson, just to throw it away again, like a worthless orange, after you have squeezed all the juice out. But, mark my words, Jedediah. I have seen more days than you, and observed somewhat of the ways by which providence brings its righteous ends about. Justice is sure of foot, Jedediah, though slow—mark that. And for every idle word and deed of yours, there will be a day of account here or elsewhere. It is true I have seen some precious scoundrels in my day die quietly in their beds, who deserved to die, at the end of the halter. And the preachers says, 'there is one event to all both the righteous and the wicked.' But observe, my pretty fellow, I never knew a graceless rogue that trifled with a woman's affections, who did not, ever after find a bitter curse in his cup. Judgment follows hard upon such misdeeds. I believe there is a special woe denounced upon the wretch—and he might as well attempt to fly into the regions of infinite space, as to try to escape it.

"Leave off these wicked ways, then, Jedediah, if you would prosper—if you would live, to lie down without dreaming of fire and brimstone, or would die without hearing the wail of a broken hearted one knelling in your ears. But let this motto be your guide when you go among the sweet innocent flowers whom God had raised up here:

"*Never excite expectations you do not intend to gratify!*"

Here uncle Obed's voice grew husky.—He took a long and deep draught from his mug of cider, and then rose from the table and walked out of the room.

As he closed the door behind him, Jedediah drew a long breath, looked at me half mad and half ashamed, and then contemptuously, whistled—*Whew.*

My foolish brother continued to flirt with Isabel until her whole being was locked up in his. Her friends cautioned her in vain—she was blind to the suggestions even of her better judgment. At length when he had completely triumped over her gentle heart, he left her and sought some other sweet flower to blight as he had done this.

Isabel bore his coldness awhile with apparent indifference. But the lustre gradually left her eye her cheeks grew pale and thin, and her fine red lips to a death-like purple hue. She complained to none. She murmured nothing against him. Her friends observed that she mingled more with the pious and less with the gay. It was evident, however, that the machinery of her existence was gradually running down; and every day was expected to bring some story of her sickness or death. At length she almost shunned society, and spent her time when the weather would permit, in wandering among the hills and forests.

One evening, of a pleasant day which she had spent away from home in this manner, her parents observed that she did not return at her usual hour. They became alarmed, and rousing a party of their neighbors, they went in pursuit of her.—They travelled the forest and thicket for a long while in vain. They shouted her name through the deep glens, and blew their horn from the top of the hills. But echo alone replied.

At length, about midnight, one of the party, on his return, discovered her on the edge of a high ledge of rock, seated at the foot of an old beach, which hung far above the precipice. He called on her as soon as he discovered her. She returned no answer. He thought she might be asleep, and he clambered up the rocks to where she sat. He called again and louder, but she answered not. Then he touched her shoulder and gently shook her, and started back with horror. *She was dead*—cold and stiff; though, as she sat, she looked more like one enjoying a quiet slumber. Her left arm rested on the trunk of the tree, and the fingers of her right hand were laid upon the letters of my brother's name, cut in the smooth bark. It seemed as if she had been trying to trace them out in the dark. Doubtless such was the fact, and that her broken spirit had passed away while busied in this strange but natural effort.

She was buried in the village church yard the next day without any parade.—But the story of her life and death became one of the traditions of the place, and the stranger may hear it told by any one of the villagers, should he chance to ask whose neat white monument it is which stands in the corner of the yard, with a strangely quaint device sculptured upon it. Our school master had been a rejected lover of Isabel's, and he procured the artist who executed the monument to grave upon it an emblem of his own devising. It consisted simply of her name, in beautiful German capitals under which there was a drooping lily, in full bloom, around whose stock a small adder had coiled himself, his head thrust into the cup of the flower, as if he was sucking away the life juice of the lovely plant. This was her only epitaph. No one who knew her story could be at a loss as to the design.

My brother was absent when she died. When he returned and heard the story of her death, he showed some signs of emotion. For several days he kept aloof from society; you could read remorse in his eye, and at times there was a twitching of the muscles of his face, as if he felt the gnawing of, 'the worm which never dies."

But it soon wore off, and he became as gay as ever. He mingled with his usual lightness in all the frolics of the village.—He smiled as sweetly as ever upon our *belles*, and alas, poor human nature, they returned them as sweetly as ever.

I must confess that I thought sometimes of my uncle Obed's warnings, and looked for some dreadful fulfilment of the deceivers curse. I felt a foreboding that a judgment would come. It did come.

After he had graduated he studied law and established himself in an adjoining county, in his profession. He had fine talents for the bar, and rose rapidly in the esteem of the public. Several years rolled away, and at the age of twenty-nine he found himself wealthy and of high reputation. He still remained, however as reckless and wild in his intercourse with society, mingling in all its gayest circles.

In the winter of his 29th year he caught a deadful cold, while on a sleigh ride, which made great inroads upon his health and brought on symptons of consumption. His physicians told him that he could not survive the rigors of another New England winter, & recommended a voyage to Cuba. I went with him as his nurse, and the following winter we spent in Havana.—Here he rapidly regained his health, and as he spoke Spanish as fluently as a Castilian, he mingled a great deal with the Spaniards. His fine person and fascinating manners soon found him a passport to the favor of many a black eyed donna. He seemed perfectly happy while basking in the sunshine of their smiles. But alas, poor fellow, slow-footed justice was about to overtake him.

On some great occasion the Governor General gave a splendid ball at this place.—We were both invited. I was satisfied with looking on the gay scene, but he mingled in all its luxuries.

I observed that he waltzed several times with the beautiful wife of a young Spanish officer of high rank. The last time he handed her a seat he plucked her a moss rosebud from a vase which stood near him, and dropped it into her bosom. Here he stopped and whispered something in her ear, and when she raised her head, I observed that a deep blush was passing over her face, and a smile of peculiar meaning curling her lips. He forgot that the eye of Spanish jealousy knew neither slumber or sleep.

Two days afterwards he was found by the city guard, about daylight, on the pavement in front of this Spaniard's house; a broken guitar lying beside him, and the Spanish dirk sticking in each side, both thrust quite through his heart. • • • • •

I was at no loss to guess whose hand directed the blow. But I thought of Bell Johnson and Obed's warning, and felt that the Spaniard was but an instrument, raised up by ONE who has said "vengeance is mine!"

The sentence was just, and I did not murmur. • • • • • • •

It is more than twenty years since these events occurred. But they are as if they occurred but yesterday; and now when I see a gifted young man, flirting or trifling with the gentle feelings of a lovely girl, a sight too often seen in those degenerate days, I think of Jedediah, and feel tempted to say to him, in the words of my uncle Obed—"Beware how you excite expectations you do not mean to gratify."

EDINBURGH—BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Editorial Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.

EDINBURGH, July 17, 1845.

I had often been told, since I came, to this country, that in Edinburgh I should see the finest city I ever saw. I confess that I did not feel quite sure of this, but it required scarcely more than a single look to show me that it was perfectly true. It is hardly possible to imagine a nobler site for a town than that of Edinburgh, & it is built as nobly. You stand on the edge of the deep gulf which separates the old and the new town and before you on the opposite bank rise the picturesque buildings of the ancient, city—

"Piled deep and massy, close and high"

looking, in their venerable and enduring aspect, as if they were parts of the steep banks on which they stand, an original growth of the rocks, as if, when the rocks crystalised from the waters or cooled from their fusion by fire, they foraned themselves by some freak of nature into this fantastic resemblance of the habitations of men. To the right your eyes rest upon a crag crowned with a grand old castle of the middle ages, on which guards are marching; and near you to the left rises the rocky summit of Calton Hill, with its monuments of the great men of Scotland. Behind you stretch the broad streets of the new town overlooked by massive structures built of the stone of the Edinburgh quarries, which have the look of palaces.

"Streets of palaces and walks of slate,"

form the new town. Not a house of brick or wood exists in Edinburgh; all are constructed of the excellent and lasting stone which the earth supplies almost close to their foundations. High and solid bridges of this material, with broad arches, connect the old town with the new, and cross the deep ravine of the Cowgate in the old town, at the bottom of which you see a street between prodigiously high buildings, swarming with the poorer population of Edinbugh.

From almost any of the eminences of the town you see spread below you its magnificent bay, the Frith of Forth, with its rocky islands, and close to the old town rise the lofty summits Arthur's seat & Salisbury Crags a solitary, silent mountainous district, without habitations or inclosures, grazed by flocks of sheep. To the west flows Leith water in its deep valley, spanned by a noble bridge, and the winds of this chilly climate that strike the stately buildings of the new town, along the cliffs that border this glen, come from the very clouds. Beyond the Frith lie the hills of Fifeshire a glimpse of the Grampian ridges is seen where the Frith contracts in the northwest to a narrow channel, and to the southwest lie the Pentland hills, whose springs supply Edinburgh with water. All around you are places, the names of which are familiar names of history, poetry and romance.

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