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NO GOD.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave His name,
How swells the deep and vengeful son,
Along his billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opens his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread-fruit bending to its lord,
In yon far island glade;
The winged seeds that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye:
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

CLAREMONT, N. H., July 25th, 1857.

AN ASCENT TO MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that I have been for a brief space sojourning with my good cousin, C., in Claremont, N. H., a most beautiful manufacturing and farming town on the banks of the far famed Connecticut. On the opposite side of the river in the town of Windsor, Vt., about six miles distant, towards the north-west, stands Mt. Ascutney, the ascent of which forms the subject of my sketch. It raises its mighty head on high, and seems like a sentinel fixed at his post and keeping everlasting watch over the smiling valley at his feet. Old Ascutney has more influence over the people living around him, than all the gods and godess' the world ever conceived to dwell either in, or to walk on earth. When he hides his lofty head in cloud, it is as though some cloud rested like an incubus upon the minds of all beholders far and near. No matter how blithe the waking, the brow soon wears the look of care, when Ascutney is seen yet to slumber in his "night cap," a sure forerunner of a storm. If a man in Claremont contemplates building, the first question asked by wife and children is, "can we see Ascutney from our new house," and as he answers, does anticipation rise or sink.

Mt. Ascutney is 3109 feet from the river; from the sea level it rises 3406. It stands in a region, probably as beautiful and cultivated as any in the world—the famous valley in the Connecticut. Hence the view from its summit must be as well beautiful as grand. From Mt. Washington, a peake of the White Mountains, the sight is grand, sublime and impressive—but lacking to my eye, any element of beauty. There are not the green fields, the various hues of ripening and growing grain, the still meandering river, or the placed pond as seen from Ascutney, but a limitless wilderness, and peak after peak stretching on as far as the eye could reach—but to overjaunt.

During the whole week, we have been looking out for a fine day. At last on Saturday, though the sky and the mountain itself were covered with clouds, trusting to the burning rays of a Summer Sun to drive away and scatter them, off we went. Our party consisted of Mrs. C., the excellent lady of my host; Mrs. M., a very pleasant engaging lady residing in the village; Mr. C., son of the lady first mentioned, who being the only gentleman in the party, was our Jehu, *commandant du voyage*, provider, guide and staff generally—lastly your correspondent, for whose benefit, modesty aside, this excursion was more especially planned. All four of us were packed into a convenient carriage, together with sundry indispensables for mountain travel. Seeing a flask of fragrant Orporto, peeping out from a basket, Mr. C. remarked, that we might "get high," even if we failed of reaching the proposed height. A pleasant ride of about nine miles, brought us to the north side of the mountain, and the point for commencing the ascent. The horses were placed in comfortable quarters, and we began our days work. We ladies, I must say, were rather a weakly trio.—Mrs. C. somewhat advanced in years, and never robust, Mrs. M. hardly equal in strength to the average of Northern ladies, and myself who have lived all my days where an eminence not so high as an ant hill can be seen, in any direction. However we plucked up courage, and started on, having a walk of three miles in prospect, all the way up, up, up, and being now half past ten o'clock. To speak truly, we found the logs and rocks along the path exceedingly convenient, and took advantage of every chance for resting. When we had, in the opinion of our guide, Mr. C., sat long enough, we would hear his cheerful voice, calling out "come ladies!" when on we started again.

There is to be found about two-thirds up the ascent, a beautiful crystal rill, called the "Spring," where all parties allow a liberal time for repose and refreshment, of which last, the egg shells, lemon peel, crusts, &c., scattered about are a sufficient evidence.—Toward this haven of rest, all weary pedestrians look forward with eager eye, and the principal question asked, after the first half hour's walk is, "are we near the spring?"—forgetting that two miles is quite a walk on level ground, to say nothing of that distance, ascending through bushes and over logs and rocks. Many were the disappointments, and many the weary sighs, when the near approach to the "spring" was announced, and a step farther disclosed the sad truth, "that we were not, but only to be!" there. In fact this famous spot seemed like a mythological wonder of old, to recede as we approached. At last as all pilgrimages must and do come to an end, the two miles were accomplished, and we sat around a most beautiful gushing fountain of pure cold water. Mr. C. soon opened his knapsack, and sundry packets, which yielded their contents before as hungry a set of travellers as ever earned an appetite. Our rations were disiributed, after which was placed very speedily beside each a cup of delightful lemonade, tempered with the contents of the above mentioned flask.—Lemonade is considered by good judges to be injurious in its primitive state for heated pedestrians—hence the addition! I believe our chaperon was in possession of something stronger than water which he reserved for emergencies. I do not wish to tell tales, but I suspect there must have been several very critical moments during the march, as this same bottle was carried home bottom up! We had neither first course nor desert for our repast, but hunger assisted at the feast and furnished her accustomed relish. A half hour thus spent refreshed our wearied bodies, and made us feel fully equal to the remaining rough and rocky mile of the journey—on, on, on, up, up, up, it was for more than an hour. I must confess I required and received more assistance from Mr. C. than both the other ladies, who moved on as smoothly as possible. I consoled myself with thinking that it was their native country, and they ought to be more used to it than I. The top was at length reached, after many a hard pull and difficult clamber, when such a view as burst upon our sight I never saw before and may never again. It was inexpressibly magnificent, to look down from a point 3100 feet high! Mr. C. and Mrs. M. had been up before but to Mrs. C. and myself the sight had the additional charm of novelty. The pen refuses its office as I would attempt to convey an idea of the many beauties which on every hand had met the eye. Facing the east at our very feet, the noble Connecticut moved her slow length along, amid verdant meadows, and skirted on either side by majestic elms. Here and there, the hills or cliffs would come down on both sides, seeming to meet and form an impassible barrier; on beyond again would appear the winding stream, glancing in the sunshine or shadowed by clouds ever and anon served to make it more "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."—Beyond the river, a little south of east, lay the lovely village of Claremont, whence we had that morning set out, surrounded by hills which though they seemed from our elevation but as mole hills, yet I know from experience to be quite formidable. Farther on arose the highlands which divided the Connecticut and Merrimac river valley's. Almost at our feet northwardly was Windsor—one of the oldest towns in this quarter—once quite celebrated for the intelligence and refinement of its inhabitants—recently the seat of an extensive manufactory of fire-arms, of which they lately furnished large quantities to England. Still up the river, were little rustic villages and hamlets innumerable. On clear days, Norwich, Vt., and Hanover, N. H., are plainly seen about twenty miles distant, situated on either side of the Connecticut, and seeming to lie hand in hand. The former is the seat of Norwich University, a flourishing institution, where physical exercises are provided for by military drill. The latter contains Dartmouth College, sufficiently well known everywhere. Although I might point out the objects of interest in sight I should be utterly unable to impart to any degree an idea of the real grandeur of the scene. None but those who have stood on mountain tops can form adequate conceptions of the picture spread out below us—even from the fullest and most exuberant description. In giving my impression of things and places, of course I am indebted to my companions for the items of information here recorded. But alas, as all things beautiful must come to an end, I was awakened from the most delicious of reveries by a call to tea, by "mine host" which he with his customary thoughtfulness for physical comfort, had provided, while our thoughts were in the clouds.—Though the sun and air were warm, yet, the hot decoction was far from disagreeable. While we tarried, an hour slipt by and the time arrived when we must depart for lower regions and the abodes of common mortals. A couple of hours of jumping, scrambling, and sometimes tumbling, brought us safely to the foot of Mt. Ascutney, at 6 o'clock—seven hours and a half from the time of starting. A few minutes sufficed to seat us snugly in the carriage, and off we went at a rapid rate for home, thankful there were other modes of locomotion, besides that which our exhausted systems could have furnished. Thus ended our trip, of which I shall carry to my home such pleasing reminiscences, and let me advise you, Mr. Editor, if ever you travel Northward not to neglect a visit to old Ascutney. A word now for Claremont, where I have been most delightfully entertained and have enjoyed myself exceedingly for the last few weeks. This is a charming village on an elevated place, intersected by sugar river, a rapid little stream, from whose banks lined with factories and work shops, arises the busy hum of ceaseless industry. The numerous beautiful views which I have obtained from hills around have filled my mind with delightful pictures and images, which will there remain forever in lines of light. Besides many beautiful private residences, ornamental to the village and evidence of the fine taste of their occupants, Trinity Church stands pre-eminent in beauty and appropriateness to the sacred object for which it was designed. I have seen many costly edifices in city and country, but never have I beheld one so consonant to my taste and feelings. I could not but exclaim, "this is none other but the house of God." In admiration of the church, let me not forget he who administers at its altar, the Bishop of N. H. For depth of learning and the readiness with which he has it at his command, is unsurpassed. In character combining with rare felicity, the *suaviter in modo*, with the *fortiter ire*—by calm dignity of demeanor, a "goodly presence," and engaging social qualities, he alike excites awe, commands respect and inspires love in all with whom he has intercourse. His estimable lady comes not at all short of him in those qualities which adorn and distinguish persons in her station—and I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance her generous or graceful hospitality and unvarying kindness towards myself.

Yours, &c. C.

From the Baltimore American.

THE INCREASE OF CRIME

The alarming increase of crime in our country is a fact which fills the heart of the moralist with pain, and causes every reflecting man to ask himself whether after all human government is to prove a melancholy failure? Governments are instituted for the protection of persons and of property, but when life is no longer safe and property is the prey of the marauder, acting singly or in regularly organized bands, to what purpose is the government maintained? And in which of the thirty-one States of this Union can we say that either life or property is secure, in which of them is the majesty of the law respected, in which of them does punishment follow the perpetration of crime? The telegraph column in every daily paper is but a list of outrages and villainies—from one quarter we hear of a bank robbery," from another of a seduction in high life—this community has been aroused by a red-handed murder followed by suicide, and that has punished a gang of counterfeiters by the merciless and bloody code of Judge Lynch—rapes, arsons, shooting, stabbings, mob hanging, all these are of daily occurrence and succeed each other as rapidly as in an index to a new edition of Russell on Crimes. The universal credit which was given by the press to the extraordinary story that "a man and two boys" had been distributing poison losenges in Cincinnati, as mere amateurs in assination, proves mournfully enough the familiarity which the public mind has acquired with atrocities the most diabolical and an ingenious gentleman in New York, according to the Commercial Advertiser, found in it corroboration of a theory he had previously constructed that there exists in the United States an order, similar to that of the Thugs in India, united togther by secret oath of fellowship whose object is the destruction of their fellow-being by any and all agencies. That the professional burglars, robbers and counterfeiters throughout the country are a Fremasonry, with St. Gilhs' Greek for a language of business intercourse, and grips and signs as mutal recognition, we think was plainly enough manifested in the case of an Italian, recently arrested in New York city for the murder of a policeman; since in the possession of this man, a foreigner, newly arrived in America and but little acquainted with the English tongue, was found a book, in which all the haunts of crime were carefully written down from New York to New Orleans, a sort of Villain's Vade-Mecum and Complete Counterfeiter's Companion, rivaling in the extent and accuracy of its information the celebrated Hand-Books of Murray and Appleton.—To what does all tend? Is society to be resolved back again into a state of nature and the only law that is recognized to be the law of the strongest? Is each man to assume his own protection against wrong as best he may, is civilization to go for naught? Then indeed has evil triumphed over good and matter over mind, and Bacon, Locke, Montesquieu, D'Aguesseau, Franklin having lived and written in vain.

Under such a state of things, we can fancy the tide of emigration that will set to our shores of all the scoundrels of the world, seeking the United States as the Promised Land of the pick-pocket, and as the chosen home of lawlessness and rapine. The privileges of Alsatia and Whitefriars, revived upon a more magnificent scale in this land of liberty, would doubtless attract hither the children of every clime who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of villainy. Perhaps, indeed, under the influence of such a stimulus to diabolism, the grosser and more vulgar forms of violence would disappear, and the bludgeon and the pistol be laid aside as unworthy of so advancing a stage of human depravity. There might be such a thing as refinement in the arts of wickedness, and it might prove true of such studies what the Latin poet has told us of the liberal sciences—

Ingennas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

We might have murderers more accomplished than Borgia and poisoners more suitable than Brinvilliers. Murder might indeed come to be considered, as in Dequincey's essay, as one of the fine arts, and autobiography be written in spirit of the famous London cutpurse, who narrates that the first time he ever had the good fortune to meet the celebrated Barrington, they shook hands in the pocket of an alderman who was gazing in the front window of a print-shop in the Strand.

But not to indulge in pleasantry upon a subject so serious and so alarming, we may profitably inquire into the causes of this universal prevalence of crime. Why is it that homicides are so frequent that they have ceased to startle us? Why it is that the standard of moral integrity has been so much lowered that a defalcation is looked upon almost as a venial offence? To the latter question the moralist will reply with truth that the increase in luxury and the extravagant scale of private expenditure in our large cities have done much to sap the principles of public virtue. For the personal violence with which the land is filled, various reasons will be assigned by different persons. One will attribute it to the practice of wearing concealed deadly weapons, which public opinions sanction in defiance of law. Another will say that intemperance is the frightful cause of nine-tenths of the takings of human life, that the character has been undermined by the habitual use of intoxicating liquors in a large majority of the homicides, and that no hope of amendment need be cherished until a reform in this respect has been wrought about.—Both will be right to a certain extent and yet neither will have gone deep enough beneath the surface to recognize the true philosphy of the evil. What is most wanted as a corrective to the fearful disorders of the day is a stricter administraton of public justice on the part of courts and juries. So difficult has it become to obtain a verdict of guilty in a case of murder, that the vindictive man frequently estimates the expense of acquittal before drawing the steel or sending the bullet into the heart of his victim. It has arrived at a cool computation of dollars and cents—so much in fees to lawyers, and one is licensed to glut his vengeace or to accomplish his hellish purposes as he will. The natural result of this has been to unsettle the whole frame-work of society. When a deed of more than usual barbarity has been committed, communities are unwilling to rely upon the doubtful expiation of it through the forms of legal justice, and taking the law into their own hands have punished the criminal upon the spot. Sometimes this is done upon direct, and sometimes upon circumstantial, too often, alas! upon insufficient evidence.—Such an outrage upon the law has never failed to re-act upon society itself, demoralizing the actors in it and fitting them for the commission of any violence which an unhealthy public sentiment may demand. Restore to us an independent judiciary, let jurors appreciate the grave responsibilities of their position and remember that leniency to crime is cruelty to the public, and the tone of opinion in the masses of our people will regulate the carrying of deadly weapons, social order will be restored, and the law will be again respected.

From the Philadelphia Daily News.

THE AMERICAN CAUSE.

There are those in both the Loco Foco and Black Republican parties, with whom the wish is father to the thought, that flatter themselves that the American Party is dead. Vain delusion. "The cause that nerved the patriot still nerves the patriot son." The American Party is as great, as vigorous, and as powerful as ever—

——"bold, invincible and true,—
Like some brave monarch of the fallen wood
It stands alone to battle with the storm!
Fierce malice pierced it with its lightning lance,
It budded forth anew: the hail stone beat
Upon its leaves, yet melted as they fell,
And straight became a fertilizing shower;
And factions' whirlwind wrenched it in its wrath,
But faster, firmer struck its mighty root
Into the deep, rich soil, and now it stands
Young titan of the forest."

The fight for our country has just commenced. Let those who seek to propitiate Foreign influence delude themselves as they may, the American cause is onward and upward. *Americanism* is no new principle. Its prototype "was with the children in the Read Sea; with Armodus and Aristogiton in expelling the thirty tyrants from Athens; with Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon; with Cato at Rome; with Cicero againt Cataline, and for the Republic; with the dagger of Brutus in slaying the tyrant Cæsar; with the bold Barons at Runymede, when they obtained Magna Charta from King John; with Luther, Calvin and Knox; with Latimer and Cranmor, when burned at the stake; with the Pilgrims, when they landed on Plymouth Rock; with the patriots of '76 at Lexington and Bunker Hill; with Patrick Henry, "the forest born Demosthenes," when he exclaimed, 'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the first his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example—if this be treason, make the most of it;, with Jefferson and the signers of the Declation of Independence, and with Washington at Monmouth, Trenton, and Yorktown."—The principle that Americans shall rule America may be traced to the earliest period of history, and will live and grow when those who now for party purpose clamor against it are sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. The very minons, and particularly their own off-spring, born and reared here, of foreign lands—naturalized by Loco Foco and Black republican leaders—that swell their numbers, will yet cry out to Americans for the redress of violated rights and immunities.

The evils of unrestricted foreign imigration, and the manufacture of American citizens out of raw foreigners, who know naught and care less, of our institutions must be remedied, or the American Republic will become the most corrupt government on the face of the earth. It is fast tending that way, and the leading cause is that Loco Foco officeholders are annually driving multiplied thousands of this foreign element to the polls to aid them in their death struggle for office and the spoils.—The issue between Americanism and Foreignism has yet to be met—that great battle has yet to be fought—and the *time* of its settlements is all that distinguishes between the catridge box and the ballot-box as the instrumentality to defeat Foreignism as a distinctive element in our American politics. The assertion may look bold to those who think lightly of foreign emigration and suffrage, but the future is before us in which its truth or falsity will be realised. And we venture to predict that, during the next twelve months, the sensible and patriotic portion of the so-called Democracy, especially in the South, foreseeing the consequences which we apprehend from the above named elements under Buchanan, will unite with the American party and make an united effort ror 1860, to free the country from the curses of these elements.

It is vain, therefore, to affect to regrad Americanism as at an end; for we happen to know, as all intelligent men must know, that the rising generation is thoroughly American, and that at this very moment—

"Around the mainmast of the ship of State,
Where waves the glorious banner of the Free,
A steady band close in devotedly,
Their watchword JUSTICE, their endeavor Right,
And graven deep on each devoted heart,
AMERICANS MUST RULE AMERICA."

The remembrance of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

OSAWAKEE, Jefferson co., (K. T.)
7 mo. 21st, 1857.

The sale of the Delaware trust lands is now going on at this place. The attendance is large and composes a motley group consisting of squatters, speculators, sharpers and gamblers. Twenty of the latter named persons' tables can be counted at one sight, and I presume from the large attendance at them that the squatters are loosing a large portion of their money; have heard a number of them express themselves as being "*dead broke*," and of all the places in the world should consider Kansas the worst place to be caught in that unpleasant predicament.

The sale will continue a month and so far every quarter section has been taken up; when the improvements made have not been sufficient an additional twenty-five cents per acre is added to the appraisement. Squatters' rights to claims are ranging at various prices, depending entirely on the necessities of the squatter and the shrewdness of the speculator.

Horse stealing appears to be a large item of business with some. Scores of them disappearing every night—but one arrest has yet been made.

I suppose ere this the proclamation of Gov. Walker to the people of Leavenworth has reached you as also intelligence of his appearance before that place at the head of 500 U. S. Dragoons, in consequence of the citizens of that town having adopted a city charter and provided election of city officers; the troops are encamped near the town, nothing has been done, everything is quiet, and in all probability will remain so, and the Governor like the King of France with his twenty thousand men will have marched up the hill and down again. It is generally thought that he has made this more to restore himself in the good opinion of the ultra democratic Southern press who have not been pleased with his firmness in recommending the submitting the vote on the constitution to the whole people.

Ex-Gov. Ransom of Michigan, and formerly of Vermont, has been nominated by the democratic convention at Lecompton, for Congress. It is said by some that he is in favor of a free state, but I am inclined to think it is intended to catch free state votes. Marcus J. Parrott has been nominated for the same office by the Topeka convention, and as each party hold their election in different months, Congress will again have to decide who will be the member elect.

The evidence in the murder case at the late municipal election in Leavenworth city has been concluded. Haller has been returned to prison at the fort to await the fall term of court. Mitchell has been released on bail to appear at the same time.

It has been and still continues very warm and dry The thermometer stood here in the shade on the 18th, at one hundred and nine degrees (109°) K.

P. S.—Since writing the above the Sheriff has made a descent on the gambling establishments, carrying off the roulette tables and the proprietors thereof. The proprietor of one of the pharo banks got wind of the affair the night previous and made his escape, taking off with him 1500 dollars as the nett proceeds of the concern.

The *chuck-a-luck* tables (or as the proprietors style them, in calling to the crowd: "This is the place to get your money back," but which means the reverse when correctly translated,) made good their escape with their box and dice in their pockets. K.

MEASURES OF DISTANCE IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—MESSRS. EDITORS—It is presumed that every one who has arrived at years of maturity, is familiar with distances as reckoned in this country by our standard tables of long measure, yet few comparatively know that distances or spaces called by the same name in other countries, differ considerably in ther relative length from those of our own, which are the same as those of England. In Europe scarcely one if any other state or kingdom, reckon their distance the same as England. At the present time when there is so much and so frequent intercourse between this country and other parts of the globe, it seems to be necessary that a more correct knowledge of this subject should be had, in order that we may read understandingly the numerous and almost daily publications in which the distance of other countries are spoken of. The following table, taken from good authority, shows the length of the modern mile, and also the league of various countries, and their relation to the English statue miles:

	Yards.	Statue. Miles.
Modern Roman mile,	1,628	.925
English statue mile,	1,760	1.000
Tuscan mile,	1,808	1.027
Ancient Scotish mile,	1,984	1.127
Irish mile,	2.240	1.273
French posting league,	4,263	2.422
Spanish judicial league,	4,635	2.634
Portugal league,	6.760	3 841
German short mile,	6,859	3.897
Flanders league,	6,864	3.900
Spanish common league,	7,416	4.214
Prussian mile,	8,237	4.680
Danish mile,	8,244	4.804
Dantzic mile,	8,475	4.815
Hungarian mile,	9,113	5.178
Swiss mile,	9,153	5.201
German long mile,	10,126	5.753
Hanovaerian mile,	11.559	6.568
Swedish mile,	11,700	6.648
Arabian mile,	2,148	
Persian parasang,	6,068	
Rusian werst,	1,117	
Turkish berri,	1,826	
English geographical mile, about,	2,025	
Geogr'l league of England & France,	6,075	
German geographical mile,	8,100	

The distance, as calculated in any country when given in yards, can readilybe reduced to miles by dividing the given number of yards by 1760, the number of yards in the statue mile. C. T ALVORD *Wilmington, Vt.*

Gibbon truly said that the best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

From the American Agriculturist.

THE GANG PLOW.

This impelement we regard as a very useful one upon every farm. But though manufactured in various forms for several years past, they are still far from being in general use. This has resolted in part from an ignorance of their utility, and in part from defects in their construction.—Probably the main reason for their not being more widely diffused is in the fact that no person has held a monopoly of their claims into notice. This is the case with many of the most useful implements, while inferior articles have met with extraordinary sales, owing to the energy, ingenuity, and sometimes impudence of the manufacturers.

The "gang plow," as its name implies, is simply the arrangement of two, three or more small plows in one frame, or gang, so that two or more furrows may be cut at one movement of the team. *Three* plows are generally set together. In the old form there are three pieces of timber framed together, side by side, and a single plow set into each. A pair of handles is placed upon the frame to guide it, and wheels are arranged to regulate the depth. This form we have used, and would certainly have one of them, if we could get no better, for all light plowing, cross plowing, plowing in seed, &c. We have recently found a better one, however, which we are prepared to recommend as decidedly superior to any thing else of the kind we have yet seen.—We refer to the "Iron Gang Plow". After thoroughly examining its construction, and putting it to the practical test with our own hands, we are so highly pleased with it that we take pleasure in calling special attention to its claims, not so much to benefit the manufacturers as our readers, throughout the inventor, Mr. Hildreth, certainly deserves a "benefit" for the many ingenious improvements he has added to various farm implements during a dozen or twenty years past, especially so, as he seems more intent upon going on improving rather than to stop and reap the benefit of his labor.

The iron gang plow is wholly constructed of iron. The frame which is triangular or three-cornered, is of cast iron, but firmly bound with a heavy wrought iron straps to guard against accidental fracture. This frame is supported by three wheels; one of them running in the furrow, acts as a complete guide, and the implement *requires no holding*. A boy, able to drive the team, can use it as well as a full grown man.—The axle of the forward wheels is attached by a pivot or bolt, so that the plow can be turned around readily. There is a very simple arrangement for raising or lowering each wheel, so that it will cut any depth, or the plows can be raised up in driving from field to field.

The plows are so attached to the frame that upon striking a fast stone a simple bolt will first give way, and thus save the plow. There are several other ingenious and valuable arrangements, showing the skill of the contriver which we have not space to describe minutely. We confess to being unusually pleased with this impliment and its performance, and it will we believe give general satisfaction. It will come in good play upon summer fallow or grass and clover fields turned over to prepare them for wheat. What can be shown directly upon such fields, and the gang plow will do the triple work of stirring ground, covering the seed and turning under the weeds.

As the three plows cut from 25 to 30 inches in width, a single team will go over four to six acres a day unless it is desired to make the final plowing quite deep. This implement is well adapted to plowing in grain sown broadcast. It is also made with a sowing aparatus to scatter the seed in the furrow which is said to work finely, though not having seen this apparatus in operation we can not speak from personal observation. Without the seed sower the implement is sold at $20 to $25. We believe they are not yet on sale generally, and those desiring to make further inquiries will need to address the manufacturers—Hildreth & Charles, Lockport, New York.

THE GENERAL AIMS OF GARDENING IN AUGUST—Are to prevent weeds from growing to seed, to remove and secure crops that are ripe, to keep up a succession of vegetables and fruit for Fall and Winter use, to water copiously whatever the usual drouth make it needful to water, to save all ripe seeds for sowing or planting, to complete the preparation of composts, and to trench, if the ground is not too dry, new squares for the enlargement of the next year's work.—These, with the most careful attention to crops still growing, will make August by no means an idle month, even in the garden.

LIFE.—Life is no speculative venture with those who feel its value and duties.—It has a deeper purpose, and its path becomes distinct and easy in propotion as it is earnestly and faithfully pursued. The rudest or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauty, and a satisfaction.—All ships on the ocean are not steamers or packets, but all freight-bearers, fitted to their tasks, and the smallest shallop nobly fulfills its mission, while it pushes on towards its destined port, nor shifts its course because larger crafts career to other points of the compass. Let man right himself on the Ocean of Time. Let him learn whether he is by nature a shallop or a ship: a coaster or an ocean-crosser; and then freighting himself according to his capacity and the market he should seek, flinging his sail to the breeze, riding with the wind and tide, if they go on his course, but beating resolutely against them if they cross his path.—Having a well-chosen and defined purpose and pursue it faithfully, trusting in God, and all will be well.

Never subject a plant to a rapid change of temperature. Sudden check or sudden excitement are equally injurious.

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