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Select Poetry.

THE DEAD BOY.

His little chair is vacant now,
His playthings put away,
The beauty of his cherub brow
Is vanished where he lay.
The music of his young delight
Is hushed forever more;
The sunny face that gleamed so bright
Has faded from the door.
Yet still we listen through the night
To hear his breathing sweet,
And with the moon's awakening light
His kiss we turn to meet.
And through the live-long day we sigh
To catch his beaming smile,
And see that form go bounding by,
So beautiful and white.

In vain, in vain, a shadow lies
Where sunbeams used to fall;
The morning wind alone complains,
When his dear name we call.
The echoes of his step are dead,
And glad and smile are gone—
And now we know that he is dead,
And we are left alone.
But in each word that fans our cheek
His own sweet breath is there;
And angel lips in whispers speak
To comfort our despair.
And every star that burns above
His own bright message gives,
Our souls to that where all we love
Our boy forever lives.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK, OR THE TEMPTATION.

William Carter arose from a bed of fever and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and windy, such a night as December frequently brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind found its way through many a crack and crevice in the rickety cottage, but he might have slept, if his mind had been at ease. His wife was a delicate woman, tall and slender, and she lay all night, moaning with pain, and shivering with cold.

William arose, and having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the winds were in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance, the tops of the mountains were all white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day, so he turned with a heavy step, and entered his cheerless dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale, suffering mother rose from her restless couch, to prepare the morning meal. A cup of groat prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and sorrow, the food of care, had done their worst; and he had driven them forth from their pleasant home, which he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in this miserable abode. They were Christians, and they had hitherto borne up under the crushing weight of their afflictions, with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffered patiently, knowing that those afflictions are but for a moment, and the glory that shall be revealed, eternal.

It had long been William Carter's practice to assemble his family in the morning, to hear the blessed truths of inspiration, and to bow before the mercy-seat of heaven. That morning, the children seated themselves as usual, and Mrs. Carter brought forth the Bible, and laid it before her husband. Moving it away, he said, "I cannot read or pray. I have no voice, and what is not in faith is sin," and rising, he seated himself at the table. The children looked up with astonishment.

"What is the matter, father?" said little Alice, pressing close to his chair.
"Why don't you ask God for our daily bread?"
A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek, as she took her place with her family around her scanty board.
"Why can't we have some bread and butter?" said little James, a child six years old, pushing away the potatoes all the time.

An expression of agony passed over the father's face. A torrent of bitter feelings were rushing through his heart—murmurings against Providence—reproaches at his heart—unbelief in God.
"Why should my children want for bread, while others have enough and to spare?" he exclaimed. "Have I not labored honestly, but where is the blessing which God has promised to them that trust in him? The man who, by extortion and violence, has taken away our rights, lives in plenty and ease, while I and mine must pass with hunger and cold."
"Do not strain the justice and the wisdom of God," said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears, and looking tenderly on her husband. Our Heavenly Father will not suffer us to be tempted or afflicted beyond what we are able to bear."

"Dear! I would bear anything but this. I can bear toil, humiliation and want myself, but I cannot see my children pine for bread, and you shivering in this miserable hovel; your sufferings will drive me mad."
The wife rose from her place, and approaching her husband she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his burning brow. "William," she said, "turn not away from the promises of God—lead not up the evil fountain of consolation which remain to us; while we have a home and a meal as good as this, let us not be unthankful. Our Master had not where to lay his head."

"It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs, rather—for myself I do not care—who is cankering my heart, and maddening my brain. If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands, and with my own arm avenging my cause."
"Let me not see you thus, my husband. Throw not away faith, with its memory of past blessings, and its hopes for the future. We have received good at the hand of the Lord—many times has he made our cup of blessings to overflow; and shall we murmur, and blindly accuse His justice; if He suffer the tempter to beat upon our heads? Oh! beware that evil thoughts spring not up in your heart. Sin will bring sorrow less bearable than those of poverty. Think not so bitterly of our wrongs. Vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay. Let us, like our Divine Teacher, who suffered wrong infinitely greater than ours, forgive—and pity our enemies."

"I have tried hard to learn that lesson before, and I thought, when my trials were upon me, that I had succeeded. I know it would be wrong—this angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at times to stifle in my heart, but it will not die. It figures there, poisoning and polluting all within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen up like a black cloud, hiding the face of my Heavenly Father, and I have felt as if deserted by God and man."

"God sometimes hides his face and suffers us to walk

in our own strength, that he may know how weak we are, and feel the corruption of our hearts; but He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; therefore let us seek earnestly for his presence, and for grace to help us in this time of need."

William burst into tears. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinful anger and murmuring. The spirits of other days were returning—the divine was triumphing over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of little children casting all their cares on His mighty arm, and committing the future to His wise direction. That humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the presence of the King of kings; and they rose up, with peace and resignation in their hearts.

A storm was evidently coming on. Already the snow began to fall, but there was not wood enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor, and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least pick up the limbs which were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. He could not forget the home at other days, and the shed full of wood all day ready for the fire, which he had been forced to leave; but he brushed away that thought, and he turned to the door, and as he stepped out, he saw a large pocket-book, half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of joy darted through his heart. Seizing it, he turned his face from the wind to examine the contents. There was a roll of bank bills, and he carefully unrolled and counted them—twelve—twenty—fifteen in all five hundred.

His first impulse was to secure the money and throw the pocket-book away. He saw nothing clearly but the money before him—he thought of nothing but the blessings which it would bring to his poor family. Was it not his own? he had found it—had not Heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants? an answer to his prayers? How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife—his patient, uncomplaining wife—and for his little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want—whose merry smiles were changed to the anxious look of care. Thus he reasoned, but conscience whispered, "beware! suffer not the love of gold to make a plague spot on thy heart! This money is not thine, and Satan may have permitted it as a snare to thy soul—God may have permitted it as a trial of thy faith."

But perhaps, he thought, I can not find the owner—Then it will be mine—honestly mine; and with the hope that it might contain no evidence of ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Moral, condemn him not harshly for this wish—sin not in his judgment on the heart of that erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps they own had been no better. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner's name fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant with whom, in days past, William had been acquainted. What a death blow was this to his wild hopes! The vision of home comforts which had blessed him for a moment, as if-mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground, he stood for a moment, gasping with grief.

"Temple! deceive!" he exclaimed, "why am I thus mocked and tantalized?" and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up, and stepping into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, he seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fiercer conflict in his bosom. The love of gold, not for its own sake but for the sake of the good which it might do to him and his, was contending with long established principles of justice and rectitude.

"This man is rich," the tempter whispered, "he will never miss this sum, nor know the want of it; and Oh! the good which it would do thy shivering wife and his poor children! Is it not a godsend, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?"
"It is not thine! It is not thine!" said conscience—
"Stain not thy hands with dishonest gain. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better that thy children perish before thy eyes, than that their father be a robber."

He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow were all unheeded, but when he rose up, the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful, and he had started, remembering the purposes for his neighbor's house, where he obtained a small lot of wood and a team to haul it home.

That night after the children were all in bed, William produced the pocket-book, unrolled the bank bills before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it, hid beneath the snow.
"What shall I do with it?" she said.
"Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience."
"I knew it would be thus. When that dark temptation was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and to approve the right."
"But William how will you get it to him? You have no horse, you have no money, and it will not do to risk it in a letter."
"I have thought of that," said William, rising and going to the window. "The storm is over, and to-morrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Carter. It is but fifteen miles; I will start early and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage."

The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise, William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new-fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing, but he pressed resolutely on, and soon reached the house of Mr. Carter. He ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to his inquiry if Mr. Carter was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would be home at two o'clock.

William cast a glance upon the threshold and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own commonplace home, but he was cold and weary, and his own compassions were moved, and he was glad to be seated anywhere by a fire, so he said to the servant, "I have important business with Mr. Carter, and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns."

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him into the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had already commenced. There was baking, boiling and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of an epicure. It was torture for a man faint with hunger, to sit there with a delicious smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve and stimulating the demands of the stomach almost beyond endurance.

The two hours passed away slowly, but Mr. Carter at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared to step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath his feet, and he shrank, as he caught a full length view of himself in a mirror, which extended almost from the

ceiling to the floor. Mr. Carter motioned him to a chair, and he seated himself on the edge, fearful lest he should soil the crimson velvet cushion.
"Have you business with me, sir?" said the gentleman, in an impatient tone.
"Yes, sir," said William, producing the pocket-book, and handing it to him. "I found this yesterday, and, as it bears your name, I have brought it to you."
"Ah! then you found my pocket-book! I am glad to see it again—which I never expected to do." He carefully examined it. "All right," he said; "and I'm obliged to you for returning it, for it contains some valuable papers, and I've carefully placed it in its pocket."
William had no more to say. He arose and with no farther evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

"I am sorry that you did not give that poor man something, father," said a fair girl as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. "Did you notice how pale he looked and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?"
"Did he not, I did not notice it. I would have given him a fifty dollar bill if I had thought of it. But he gave me now."
"But, father, you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear that he is very poor."
"Yes, I had some dealings with him years ago—when I built the Charlotte, he had something to do with supplying the rigging, and now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm."
"How far did it come this cold morning, to bring you that pocket-book?"
"He lives in B—, he must have come fifteen or twenty miles. I ought indeed to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet."

Here the dinner bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room. Mr. Carter was not a selfish or a cold-hearted man, but he was not observant of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds must have been few, but for the gentle promptings of his daughter Mary. She, good-girl, had a quick eye, as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and she would be the blessing which fell on her young head—many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he would never have thought, but for her suggestions.

But while the rich man was enjoying his plentiful repast, William Carter, with sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice have demanded recompense for his time and trouble; but even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something whispered, "You were a fool. That man scarcely thanks you for restoring what he would never have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years."

Resolutely putting down the evil thoughts, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and pressed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he was seized by the way-gate sickness. He covered his eyes with his hands, and he thought of his wife and children at home, would have crept aside and lain down upon the snow to die. Fortunately a man came along with a sleigh, and he arose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him in and brought him within a mile of his own door.

It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and threw himself upon his bed. His overtaxed physical system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium of a violent fever. Then did the poor wife feel "that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her," but her faith failed not. As earthly hope faded away, brighter and brighter grew the hope of eternity; and as she watched day after day by the sufferer's couch, balm to his burning brow, and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say, "though He slay me yet will I trust Him." Oh, blessed sustaining power of faith and Heaven! Cling to thy faith, poor woman! Make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now He is preparing thy reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay down on his downy pillow? Were there no remorseful thoughts when he remembered the careless set of injustice of which he had been guilty? Like Ahurarna, he could not sleep, for God troubled him, and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him; and he resolved to go himself, and see what he could do for his poor friend, that would mostly benefit him and quiet his own conscience.

It was the fifth day of Wm. Carter's sickness, and the physician said, that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his hand and gazing anxiously at his sunken features and half-shut eyes. The children with sad faces and noiseless step, crept around the room. There was a rap at the door—it was opened, and a gentleman entered. Mr. Carter looked with surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinctions of human society. In the presence of that power, before which the rich and the poor, the mighty and the weak, alike bow, man feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but advancing to the bed, he gazed long and earnestly on the aching features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheeks; then turning away he threw himself into a chair and wept with uncontrolled emotion. This, as the reader may have guessed, was Mr. Carter. He came into the neighborhood, and inquired for William Carter, and had been told of his sickness, and its probable cause. The good woman where he stopped, had a warm heart, and a noble temper, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence, in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to wall fifteen miles, and to return without even a dinner.

Mr. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said, "Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again," and before she had time to express her gratitude or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William was better. The crisis had passed—the fever was gone, but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that nurse procured he might have been dead.
He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of a week he was sitting, supported by pillows, in a large arm-chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed, "There comes the stranger who gave me the purse."
A minute more and he entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hand and said earnestly, "Thank Heaven that you are alive—that you will live! If you had died, I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some amends for the injustice of which I was guilty," and he placed a folded paper in his hand. "There," he continued, "when you

are able, read that. Do not thank me. It is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear."
When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed made out to himself, of his old home and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearing of the father and mother a deep and holy joy mingled with thankfulness, and trust in God.
I need not pursue my story farther, nor tell of the happy reuniting in their former home, nor how in after days, William Carter often gathered his grand-children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptation, and taught them that they who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

What's the Matter.

Under the head of "Sketches of Character in the Pine Woods of Florida," a correspondent furnishes the New York Spirit of the Times with some exceedingly rich anecdotes. Here's one:
A postman was once traveling through Alabama, when water was not the most abundant article, when he discovered a specimen of a one male cat-fish—as some of the good citizens of North Carolina use for purposes of emigration, when they are necessitated to seek new locations, in consequence of a supply of material for the manufacture of rat-falling in the old homestead. Every appearance indicated a camp for the night, though the only person moving was a "right chunk" of a boy, who was evidently in trouble. The inside of the cart gave a constant strain of baby magic, and a succession of groans, indicated deep distress. This, and the grief of the boy, aroused the kind sympathy of the traveler, and he rode up, and inquired if anything was the matter.
"Is anything the matter?" replied the boy—"I should think there was. Do you see that old fellow lying there, drunk as thunder—that's Dad! Do you hear them groanings—that's the old woman; get the eggs like plazes! Brother John he's gone off in the woods to play poker for the male with an entire stranger. Sister Sal has gone scooting through the bushes with a half-bred Injan, and I—if I know what they are up to; and do you hear that baby? don't he go it with a looseness?—well he does that—and he's in a bad fix at that, and it is a mile to water, and there ain't the first drop of licker in the jug; ain't that matter enough? Won't you light a cigar?—Dad'll get sober, and Sal will be back arter a bit. Dared' if this ain't moving through. Is any thing the matter?—shouldn't I think there was much, uh-haw. Give us a chew of tobacco, will you stranger."

Golden Rules of Life.

All the six and the exercise in the universe, and the most liberal table, but only suffice to maintain human stamina, if we neglect other co-operatives—namely, the observance of the laws of abstinence, and those of ordinary gratification. We rise with a headache, and set about puzzling ourselves to know the cause. We then recollect that we had a hard day's jog, or that we fasted over breakfast, or that we ate up very late; at all events, we incline to find out the fault, and then we call ourselves fools for falling into it. Now, this is an occurrence happening almost every day; and these are the points that run away with the best portion of our life. Let us find out what we are doing wrong, and let us only the black will cover his cheek, when he thinks of the egregious errors he has unknowingly committed—unknowingly, because he never occurred to him that they were errors, until the effects followed that betrayed the cause. All our sickness and ailments, had a brief life, mainly depend upon ourselves. There are thousands who practice errors day after day, and whose prevailing thought is, that everything which is agreeable and pleasant cannot be harmful. The slothful man loves his bed, the top of his drink, because it throws him into an exhilarating and exquisite mood; the gourmand makes his stomach his god; and the sensualist thinks his delight imperishable. So we go on, and at last we stumble and break down. We then begin to reflect, and the truth strikes us in the face how much we are to blame.

The Better Feeling of Man Triumphant.

We have remarked some of the roughest specimens of humanity, no better than through this city, we ever cast eyes upon in our life before. The other day, while standing at the Exchange, our attention was called to one of the very hardest looking customers, just arrived "by the fatness, from California, after evidently a long residence in El Dorado. He and those with him were bearded like porcupines. He was then listening to the jabber of a native who had hired him a mule, and on seeing his bargainer, was remonstrating to get a dollar or two more. "Look you here, Amster," said he "I paid you the half-start your boots; I am a man of few words; but if I see one mistake that male ain't ready packed, there will be one sigger about those diggings." He drew a revolver from his belt, looked at the cap, and turning round, looked savage defiance at everybody. At that instant a lady on a mule, and two beautiful little girls, on their way to California, were trying to pass the blocked up thoroughfare. His eyes met the appealing gaze of the mother. In an instant his whole countenance was changed. He doffed his hat to the lady, backed the mule, Amster and all, and with a sweep of his arm, called the attention of his comrades: "Back boys," said he, "make way for the lady," the way was cleared, the lady passed. Our stalwart friend stood and gazed after them for a minute or two, and as he turned round, we could perceive his face suffused with tears: on wiping them he perceived we were regarding him closely—"I have been away from home sir," said he in a faltering voice "for two years—that woman and the little faces of those children, remembered me of my family. God bless my girls and their mother!" So shaking himself, as it were, he returned his revolver to his belt, and in a mild voice, said to the native, "Come, Amster, as soon as you can, my friend, get that mule ready, and you shall have what you ask." He walked away. Nature, nature, said we, how unaccountably you soften the human heart! we never would have accused that savage looking man of sentiment. We also walked away to our office, and "made a note of it."—Panama Echo.

Republican Aristocrats.

The class of gentry known in this country as Aristocrats, is thus described in Hout's Merchant's Magazine: "Twenty years ago, this one butchered, and that one made candles; another sold cheese and butter; a fourth carried on a distillery; another was a contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say aloud. For often you shall find that these things worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year.
Death brings division of property; and it brings new financiers: the young gentleman takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a moneyed rank, it is not hereditary—it is accessible to all: three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up; a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children again to labor.
The father grubs and grows rich; his children strut, and hee the money; their children inherit the pride and go to shillash poverty; their children, reinvigorated by fresh plian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again. This society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory; sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new trees and fresh garbure."

Agricultural.

LEAVE NOT THE PLOW.

BY A. BETTING.
Leave not the plow, my noble lady—
Leave not the humble plow!
Although the furrow never yields
A chafed for your lover,
Though there may never find you there
To speak your name in praise,
Nor yet sing your mighty deeds
In shouting-laps of air.
Leave not the plow, my honest lady—
Leave not the trusty plow!
O, leave it not, although it cost
Hard hand and weary brow;
Although the fruits for which you toil,
But look like that bright one,
For which so many dig and die,
On California's slope.
Bend not the knee, my noble lady,
At any man's behest;
Bend a slave, but nobly rule
The passions in your breast.
And never leave the plow, my lady—
Leave not the worthy plow!
'Twill ever give you all you need—
True happiness—I trust.

Tanks for Soap Suds.

In connection with every sink or wash-room, there should be a large and permanent tank for the preservation of the rich and fruitifying liquid called "soap suds." Probably the best tank for this purpose that has ever been invented, (the egg-shaped, cemented one, for composting.) The size, of course, of this receptacle, must be graduated by the size of the establishment it is designed to accommodate, but its position should be near where the suds with which it is to be supplied is to be obtained. In the first place a large excavation is to be made, and walled up with small stones, embedded in plastic clay mortar, a rough coating of which should be applied to the surface; preparatory to the application of the final and outside coating of cement. This should be put on in three successive coats, time being allowed for the first coat to harden before the application of the second, and the second before the third. It is scarcely possible to make the walls or coating too strong and substantial, as the process of throwing in the materials, and raking them out through the season will necessarily expose it to severe trials, and as a breach, however slight, would abridge its usefulness and efficiency in a very essential degree, and its repair subject one to inconvenience and expense.
In the spring, as soon as the air becomes mild, throw into the tank a small load of muck from the mould, leaves and rich loam, and conduct on the wash from the sink and the wash-house. In two weeks, supply another lot—any absorbent and decomposable matter will answer, and so on through the season—cleaning out the receptacle as soon as it becomes full, and stacking the rich and fermenting mass in your compost shed, where it should remain covered with gypsum and pulverized charcoal while the tank is being again filled up.
In this way a very important addition will be made to your manure, and the article then given up to corn and cereal grains. For garden purposes it is unsurpassed, probably, by any stimulant that can be applied. It is also excellent for top-dressing grass-lands. In autumn fill in with soil materials, and cover the surface over with boards and soil, allowing from six to eight bushels of pulverized charcoal, four bushels of gypsum, and ten pounds of sulphuric acid, to every three cords of compost, and clean out early in the spring.—Germantown Telegraph.

Preserving Corn from Worms.

In the spring of 1847, we plowed up one acre in a corner of a six acre meadow, which had been several years in grass, and the whole of which was much infested with cut-worms and the yellow wire worm. The acre was plowed with corn, and totally destroyed by the worms. Late the ensuing fall the whole field was manured and sown over smoothly; the spring of 1848 the whole was sown with barley, which was very much injured by the worms—in many places entirely destroyed. In September, it was sown with wheat with the same result as with the barley. In the spring of 1850, we manured it well with fresh barn yard manure, turned under, harrowed and marked three feet and a half apart by two and a half and planted corn, four grains in a hill, the first of June. It came up in five to seven days, and is a very promising piece, as farward as any planted the middle of May.
The seed was soaked in a decoction of a pound of tobacco in four gallons of water. There were plenty of worms in the ground, as I found in planting and hoeing; but they would not touch the tobacco soaked corn, while there was not a single weed to be found; and indeed they did not make a benefit in destroying the grass and weeds. The field was kept clear of everything but corn, as it well could be. At first hoeing I observed a large mullen plant, the leaves of which were eaten through like a riddle; and upon digging around it I found over twenty cut worms.—Albany Cultivator.

Rhubarb, or Pie Plant.

One of the most useful plants for the kitchen garden, is the rhubarb or pie plant, as it is commonly called. It is easily produced—comes in early in the season, when both green and ripe fruit are scarce, and makes a most healthy and palatable dish, either stewed with sugar, or made into pies and tarts—for the latter it is fully equal, if not superior, to green gooseberries.
To raise it in perfection, trench a piece of ground about two feet deep, turning in the strongest manure to be had, at the rate of a barrow full to every square yard. Set the plants two feet apart, and you will have stalks as thick as your arm, and so tender as scarcely to sustain their own weight. It is the greatest feeder of all kitchen garden plants, and this is the reason why we see the great bulk of what is sold in the markets, small, tough and flavorless—the plants are starved.
A good plantation of rhubarb near a city, where powerful manure are to be had in abundance, would be the most profitable articles of culture. It is already cheap, but considering the quality, very dear, and if really good well-grown rhubarb I were offered, it would drive all the poor stuff out of market—make it more generally used, and be very gratifying to the consumers.—Mother's Rural Farmer.

Making Butter.

It is a well known fact that butter made while cows are fed, is of a much whiter and less agreeable color, than when they are put to pasture. To remedy this defect in its appearance, the yolk of egg, well beaten and thoroughly mixed with the cream before churning, is, I think, the most efficacious means in use. As to quantity, say one yolk to about six quarts of good, thick cream. This, besides giving the rich and golden color so much desired, adds a finer flavor, is a much easier and certainly more a very wholesome manner than the juice of curries, and many other means resorted to. And furthermore, I would add, perhaps, for the benefit of some, and especially of dairymen, that I have lately adopted the plan of churning my cream perfectly sweet, and then mixing the buttermilk with the milk to make cheese, before curdling, in which method, I think, there is a great saving.—Farmer.

PREMIUMS AND REGULATIONS

ERIE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

OFFICERS FOR 1851.
President—Hon. JOHN BRAWLEY.
Vice Presidents—JAMES SWEET,
WILLIAM HINSHOP.
Recording Secretary—JAS. D. DUNLAP.
Corresponding do. ROBERT COCHRAN.
Treasurer—JUDAH C. STILNER.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
GEORGE A. ELLIOTT, C. BROWN, JR.,
A. W. HERRICK, ROBERT SWEET,
STEPHEN C. LEE, WALTER CHESTER,
HENRY GIBSON, ANTHONY SARTER,
JOHN W. McLANE, RICHARD EVANS,
JAMES McARD, SCOTT JACKSON,
W. F. MARVEL, PHILIP QUINNAN,
MOSES C. GIBSON, JAMES MILLS,
MATTHEW S. LYLE, JOHN DEWEY, JR.,
C. LEE, JOHN S. CLARK,
MARTIN STROG, W. W. EATON,
J. B. CALVERT, FREDERICK CHITWELL,
THOMAS WILSON, Wm. KYLE,
M. W. CAUGHEY, N. W. KISSILL,
MINOR MURPHY, ARTHUR KIRKPATRICK,
GEO. STRAUBER, S. C. STROGGER.

CONSTITUTION.

Article 1.—This Society shall be called "The Erie County Agricultural Society," and its object shall be to promote Agriculture, Horticulture, and Manufacture in the County.
Article 2.—The officers of this Society shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, one Corresponding and one Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee, to be composed of one member from each section of the County. The members belonging to this Society—who, together with the officers, shall constitute a Board of Managers, any five of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article 3.—It shall be the duty of the President, or, in case of his absence, one of the Vice Presidents, to preside at all the meetings of the Society and Board of Managers; and the acting President shall have power to call meetings of the Board of Managers whenever and as often as the interests of the Society may require, or when requested in writing by a majority of the members of the Board of Managers.
Article 4.—The Recording Secretary shall keep a record of the members of the Society and its proceedings; he shall also be Secretary of the Board of Managers, and keep a record of their proceedings, and perform the duties which usually devolve on the Recording Secretary. The Corresponding Secretary shall perform the duties usually required of such officer.

Article 5.—The Treasurer shall receive all the money of the Society, and expend the same on behalf of the Board of Managers, and keep a correct account of the receipts and disbursements, and make a report at each annual meeting of the Society of his affairs as Treasurer; he shall give bonds for the faithful performance of his duties in such penalty and such surety as the Board of Managers may require.
Article 6.—The Board of Managers shall have power to fill all vacancies in the offices of the Society, and the persons thus appointed shall hold their offices until the next annual meeting.

Article 7.—The Society shall hold its annual meeting for the election of officers on the same day and at the same place on which the annual fair shall be held; and there shall be once in each year, at such time and place as the Board of Managers shall direct, a meeting for the discussion of domestic manufactures, and for the exhibition of agricultural and manufactured productions, and articles of Erie county, and for awarding premiums.
Article 8.—The Board of Managers shall have power to enact by-laws, and exercise a general supervision over the operations of the Society, and to see that the by-laws are observed, and to see that the interests and objects of the Society are promoted, and to appoint committees to award premiums, and determine all matters connected therewith—disbursements, and to receive and receive for the Society—hold the annual fair, and make all necessary preparations therefor.

Article 9.—Any person may become a member of this Society by subscribing to its Constitution and paying to the Treasurer one dollar and ten cents before each annual meeting. Any person paying four dollars on admission may become a member for five years. Any person paying ten dollars on admission may become a member for life.
Article 10.—The annual meeting for the election of officers shall be composed of members of the Society, and which time this constitution may be altered or amended by a vote of two thirds of all members present.

Regulations for the Fair for 1851.—Members of the Society, and all who may become such at the time of the show, by the payment of \$1, will be furnished with tickets, which will admit the premium to be shown, and also children under 21 years of age, to the exhibition at all times during the continuance of the Fair.
Single tickets 60 cents, admitting one person, will be ready on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, at the President's office.
Exhibitors are required to become members of the Society, and their articles must be entered at the business office before they are placed within the enclosure. It is expected that every exhibitor will have the articles entered for exhibition before the first day of the enclosure and entered on Wednesday, and must, to insure attention, be on the ground by 9 o'clock Thursday morning, at which time the Fair will be opened to the public. No premium will be paid on articles or animals taken from the grounds before the close of the Exhibition.

On the entry of articles and animals at the business office, cards will be furnished, with the number as entered at the office, to be placed on the articles and animals to be exhibited.
Applications for winter premiums, must send their statements to the Secretary before the first day of January, 1852, and premiums will be awarded on or before the 20th day of February following.
The judges are desired to report themselves at the Secretary's office, on the evening of 9 o'clock on Thursday, when their names will be called and vacancies applied, and then they will enter on their duties.
The judges are requested to make their reports to the Secretary at his office on the ground as early as practicable. By 3 o'clock P. M. on Thursday it is expected the reports will be handed in.

Instructions to Judges.—The judges on animals will have regard to the symmetry, early maturity, size and general characteristics of breeds which they judge. They will make proper allowance for age, feeding, and other circumstances on the character and condition of the animals. They are expressly required not to give encouragement to over-fatted animals. No premiums are to be awarded for bulls, cows, and heifers, which shall appear to have been intended for the butcher; and the object to be to have superior animals for breeding. No person whatever will be allowed to interfere with the judges, during their adjudications.
Fat Cattle.—The judges