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John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

MUSIC OF SHOP AND FARM LABOR.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

The banging of the hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirring of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continuous boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
These sounds of honest industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard stick,
The tinkling of the scale,
The whistling of the needle
(Where no bright cheek turns pale,)
The humming of the cooking stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call—
These sounds of active industry
I love—I love them all

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along;
The hustle of the market-man,
As he hies him to the town;
The halloo from the tree-top,
As the ripen'd fruit comes down;
The busy sound of threshers,
That clean the ripen'd grain;
The gleaner's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the herdsman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of pleasant industry
I love—I love them all.

Oh, there's a good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor to the day-time,
And sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit,
As dew revives the flowers.
Then say not that Jehovah
Gave labor as a doom;
No!—'tis the richest mercy
From the cradle to the tomb.
Then let us still be doing,
What'er we find to do,
With a cheerful, hopeful spirit,
And free hand strong and true.

WITH A BOTTLE OF CIDER.

Old friend, accept this bottle—
Your mouth then open wider,
First to imbibe, then to exclaim,
By George! what glorious cider.

Perhaps some fair young damsel,
Whose looks have ne'er belied her,
Will not object to take a swig,
When you are down be cider.

And if she thus indulges,
You may have to guide her;
But she will say it's owing to
The stuff which is in-cider.

Miscellaneous.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

BY EMERSON BENNET.

In the spring of 1794, while Gen. Wayne, in command of the northwestern army, occupying Fort Grenville, which he had constructed the preceding winter, the news was brought to him, that a party of, Pottawattanies had surprised and destroyed the block-house of a small settlement not far distant, and massacred all the inmates except a girl, whom they had taken prisoner, and were then supposed to be conducting her to their village. This female, Miss Eggleston, was the daughter of an officer of some note, who was a friend of Gen. Wayne, and he determined to save her if it was in his power. At this time he had some one or two little bands of heroic scouts attached to his division, and he knew if a rescue could be effected at all, the men to entrust with that important enterprise could be found among them and them only.

Now it so happened that a small party of these scouts was at that moment in the fort, having come in the night previous with important information, and were preparing to set off immediately. Sending for one of the most daring of these, Robert McClellan, by name, who, though not their regular leader, sometimes acted in that capacity when his commander was absent, the General briefly informed him of what had taken place, and asked him if he thought there was any hope of Miss Eggleston being rescued.

"I can't say as to that, Gineral," replied the scout, "but this I will say, that if it kin be done, I kin do it."

"How many men do you want?" asked Wayne.

"How big is the party, Gineral?" inquired the other.

"From the report, I should judge there were thirty of them."

"Then it won't do for us to make a regular stand up fight on't, Gineral, unless we have the captain and all others along; and as they won't be in afore to-morrow, of then, I recken its best to operate by circumnavigation, and the two that's here with me—Hickman an Hart—well be jest as good for that there as a dozen more. Only put me where I kin git on their trail, and of the red niggers arn't too far ahead, I'll soon fetch a good report of them, of I don't of the young woman."

"But you must bring a good account of her," responded Wayne, in a positive tone. "It is to save her that I send you; for she is a daughter of my friend, and her life and rescue are above price."

"Then we will save her, Gineral," replied the scout; "that is, of the butchering varmints only save her themselves until we git whar she ar."

General Wayne give McClellan some further instructions, and bade him set out immediately. The scout returned to his temporary quarters in the fort, and informing his comrades what was required of them, they at once set about preparing for their new adventure: and in less than half an hour the three were treading the mazes of the great dark forest, which streached away unbrokenly for many a long league before them.

With long and rapid strides—McClellan, the fleetest footed hunter of his time, in the lead—they got over some twenty miles of ground, and reached the ruins of the block house where the massacre had taken place, just as the sun was setting. There was light enough to find the broad trail of the retreating Indians; and with no unnecessary delay, they set out upon it, and advanced some two or three miles further, when the gathering darkness compelled them to encamp, and to postpone further operations until morning.

The night passed off without disturbance; and at dawn of day they arose and resumed their journey. Ere the sun had set, they had travelled far upon the trail of their foes in a northerly direction.

It is not our purpose to follow them in the detail. Suffice it to say that near the close of the second day, they had reached a point beyond which the trail forked, and it became necessary to make a careful examination, in order to determine which party had taken the prisoner with them. To the best of their judgment the whole number of Indians was not less than thirty; but they were not equally divided at the point of separation, as was evident from one trail being larger than the other. They soon satisfied themselves that the girl had been taken with the smaller party, and this was a pleasing discovery, as it gave them a hope of being successful in her rescue.

This decided, they pushed on rapidly till night, and then encamped; and at the close of the third day, just as the night was setting in, they came within sight of the camp fires of their foes. Waiting two or three hours, until the darkness favored them, they carefully proceeded to reconnoitre the Indian camp, which was in a pleasant, heavily wooded valley, through which flowed a tributary of the Wabash. Advancing stealthily under cover of the bushes, they beheld six Indians carelessly disposed around the fire; three of them apparently asleep, and the others conversing in very low tones, but occasionally laughing, and totally unsuspicious of danger. A little apart, and bound to a tree, was a captive—a young and beautiful woman—whose now pale and dejected features spoke the despair of her heart, and combined with her disheveled hair and torn garments, rendered her an object of pity even to men hardened to almost every sense of suffering and distress.

Having fully ascertained the number and position of the enemy, and the fact that the prisoner they had come to rescue was still alive, the scouts drew back to a safe distance and held a whispered consultation as to the manner of their future procedure.

"I don't exactly like either of your plans," said McClellan, who had quietly listened to the propositions of the other. "It's our business to get the gal away—that's the Gineral's orders; and the way we can do that best is this way. Now, instead of tryin' to steal that gang, one of you must creep up and cut the gal's cords, and start her off towards us as easy as you kin; but if there's an alarm, tell her to break for the nearest thicket, and we'll stand between her and harm. I don't think there'll be any trouble about us coming out all right, for we've fought bigger odds afore to-day, without the vantage of surprise, and we've licked 'em too."

After some discussion the plan of McClellan was adopted as the best, and Hart was selected to enter the camp and release the girl—the others to pour in their fire in case of alarm, which would be likely to throw the Indians into confusion and give our friends so much the advantage—while the girl would be almost certain to escape, which was what they now sought, rather than the lives of the savages.

Having thus arranged the matter, they kept perfectly quiet and silent for some two or three hours longer, and then began the execution of their scheme. The fire, which the Indians had fed while astir, had now gone to mere embers, but this only the better served McClelland's idea, as it would render Hart less liable to be seen on his approach to the prisoner.

Some quarter of an hour more was spent in arranging everything for perfect action, and getting into position, which they usually did in that stealthy and quiet manner peculiar to men of their profession. Then leaving his two companions where there fire would be sure to be effective, Hart as cautiously and stealthily drew back, and glided round to the captive. He reached her without causing any alarm, but found her fast asleep, sitting on the ground, her back braced against the tree to which she was bound. To awake and warn her, and assure her that her deliverance was at hand, without causing her to start and cry out and so arouse her captors, was a delicate task. He began, however, by whispering in her ear, and so continued, till she gradually awoke, and heard and comprehended his words, when her rare presence of mind came to his aid, and he was greatly rejoiced at her reply—

"I understand you—I thank you—God bless you, whoever you are! Have no fear, I will do as you bid me."

"Then come as soon as I cut your cords," whispered Hart, in reply, "git up and follow me, but don't make a bit of noise; and if the Injuns happen to rouse, don't git skeered, but run for the nearest thicket, and leave me and my comrades to settle them."

He then cut her bonds, and quietly, but with trembling eagerness, she arose to comply with his directions; but the very first step forward, her long corded and benumbed limbs partially giving way under her, she stumbled on a dry branch, which snapped beneath her feet.

Instantly one of the Indians nearest the tree, started up into a sitting posture, when Hart, feeling himself called upon to act, suddenly presented the rifle at the breast of his foe, and lodged the contents in his body. As he fell back, the scout with a yell of triumph and defiance, bounded over him to attack the next, the whole party being aroused and alarmed. Snapping his pistol at the breast of the second, and finding it to miss fire, Hart struck out with a tomahawk, but stumbled at the same moment, and missing the warrior, who was in the act of rising, fell heavily against him. The latter staggered, and was really much alarmed and confused; but comprehending, withal, that he had an enemy within his reach, he quickly grappled him, whipped out his knife and plunged it several times into his body. He was in the very act of doing this, in fact, when a ball from the rifle of McClellan entered his brain, and he fell dead over the expiring form of Hart—Hickman at the same instant shooting down another—for, with loud and terrifying yells; both had rushed upon them at the same moment with their unfortunate companion.

There were now three unwounded Indians to two whites, and had the former known of their advantage, the day might have been their own; but they were surprised, alarmed and half paralyzed with thought that they were attacked by overwhelming numbers; and before they had done they had time to recover their senses the smaller weapons of our heroes had done their work upon two more of them, the sixth one making his escape with a yell of terror. The skirmish, from first to last, scarcely exceeded a minute; and probably no regular battle in the world showed such a proportion of the killed to the number engaged in so short a time.

It was a dearly won contest to our two surviving friends, and sad and gloomy were their feelings as they lifted their poor comrade from beneath his foe, and listened to their irregular breathings which were soon to cease in death. The girl, who had not fled far, now returned and joined them in their grief, for she felt that the poor fellow had fallen in her rescue and defence. An hour later, the dying man expiring in the arms of McClellan, rousing a little at the very last moment, and speaking a few words faintly:

"Good Bye, boys," said he, "and remember me whenever and wherever you see the red niggers."

"We'll do that, Hart, rest assured," replied McClellan, in an unsteady tone, and over his remains the two hardy scouts swore undying revenge against their savage foes.

Drawing the fair girl apart from the bloody scene, and assuring her that they were as ready to yield their lives in her defense as the one who had fallen, they gave a blanket, and pursuaded her to lie down and get what rest she could, that she might be prepared for a long journey homeward, which they would commence on the morrow. Then scalping their slain, taking whatever they considered of any value, they sat down by their dead comrade, and passed the night beside him, rehearsing tales of adventure, in which he had taken part, and renewed their oaths of vengeance against the whole Indian race.

At daylight the following morning, they dug a rude grave with their hatchets and knives, and having shown their final respect to their late companion, by interring his remains as well as circumstances would permit, they set out on their return to the fort, which they eventually reached in safety, and where they delivered their rescued captive into the hands of General Wayne.

It may interest the reader to know that this same young lady, so providentially preserved at the general massacre of her friends and so gallantly rescued at the expense of the life of one of those brave heroes of the wilderness—subsequently became the wife of an officer under Wayne, and the mother of one who now holds a distinguished position in the councils of the nation.

Aaron Burr.

Randall, in his life of Jefferson, thus describes Burr:

"Burr possessed much cunning and much penetration of a particular kind; but, like most wholly unprincipled men, he overrated the power of evil. He believed every man and woman had their easy price. He therefore relied on personal appliances, and petty intrigue and finessing, to attain objects wholly beyond the reach of such means. He baited mousetraps, expecting to catch elephants in them.—His life-long history is an exemplification of of this trait of mind, and it is a life-long roll of failures. In every great crisis of his career we find him with intense cunning in his look, and mystery in his rapid movements, setting his little traps. But he was always just wise enough to be out generalled when he came in contact with a wise man; he was always just artful enough to beat himself. Without any attempts to be cunning, and by mere force of his abilities, and a straightforward life, he might have been far more successful. He loved intrigue for its own sake. There was a fascination in it which blinded his judgment. He was ready to embark in it, and was sanguine of success, where a man of less astuteness but without his taste for plotting, would have foreseen the certainty of defeat. It takes another trait to complete the character of a rash and ready conspirator. He was proverbially insensible to danger. He was willing to risk his life to carry out the most paltry amour. He was willing to risk it a thousand times in any desperate effort for fortune and power, rather than glide along smoothly in the current of a common success. When we consider his peculiar character, and weigh testimony adduced at his subsequent trial, which was not impeached, or even rendered the subject of a just suspicion, little doubt seems to remain that he contemplated a dismemberment of the Union as a direct result of his enterprize, or rather as a contingent result, which was to follow, if success crowned the first branch of the undertaking.

He was a Stranger to Her.

Those who are termed "simble-minded people," adopt a curiously innocent mode of expression occasionally, which comes so near art, at times, as to render its simplicity doubtful.

We heard of a young married couple—from the country of course—who recently attended an exhibition of "Dissolving Views." The bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish looking city gent, who happened to occupy the same seat with the twain. During the exhibition, the audience part of the hall being already obscured, by some accident the light was entirely extinguished. Pending its recovery which occupied some little time, the city gentleman (perhaps accidentally) gently pressed the hand of the bride, who wts too much alarmed to offer resistance. This bold was followed by a holder, certainly not accidental, for the city Lothario absolutely kissed the bride! This was too much, and the young wife resolved to tell her husband, which she did, when the following whispering colloquy took place:

"John."

"What?"

"This feller here's kissing me."

"Well," said John, who was a little shy of the citizen, "tell him to quit."

"No, John, you tell him."

"Tell him yourself."

"No, John, I don't like to; you tell him.—*The gentleman's a perfect stranger to me!*

☞ A fat man enters the following grievance: "I am a fat man, and require room. I had to travel by diligence from Macon, in France. I sent the rascally garcon from the hotel, to book two places for me, and paid for them. When I came to the office to take my place, I found they had booked one seat inside and one out!"

☞ An old fellow being visited by his past he assured him he could not be a good Christian unless he took up his daily cross; whereat he caught up his wife and began lugging her round the room.

☞ The Commerce of Lake Erie this season, thus far, exceeds that of any previous year, and it is believed that the close of navigation will show an increase of at least one-third in the flour and grain, receipts over those of any former year.

☞ We understand there is a family in this city who are lineal descendants of John Rodgers, who suffered martyrdom by being burnt at the stake at Smithfield, England, in 1855—the 14th generation.—*Madison (Ia.,) Cor.*

☞ A man has been arrested in Newport, Ohio, for robbing his wife of several hundred dollars, which she had accumulated by hard labor. He was committed for trial.

☞ The avenues in the mammoth cave, thus far discovered, number two hundred and seventy-five, and their aggregate length is estimated at one hundred miles.

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to walk or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know,
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine, 'tis bright! come dark, 'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first not second beat;
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodged in his breast.
Tho' humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit down to die,
The bread they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as fine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creatures wrong,
So merrily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear;
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fine—their words inspire,
Their deeds give courage high,
About their knees the children run,
Or climb they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
No'er finds the journey long,
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

THE YOUNG WIFE.

Young wife, I talked to your husband in my last letter, and I now address you. I told him that you have a claim on his time and society. There are qualifications of this claim which concern you particularly, and so I speak to you about them. Your husband labors all day—every day—and during the walking hours between the conclusion of his labor at night and its commencement in the morning, he must have recreation of some kind, and here comes in your duty.

If you do not make his home pleasant, so that the fulfilment of his duty to you shall be a sweet pleasure to him, you cannot hope for much of his company. What his nature craves it will have—must have. He cannot be a slave all the time—a slave to his work by day, and a slave to you by night. He must have hours of freedom; and happy are you if, of his own choice, he take the enjoyment you offer in the place of anything which the outside world has to give.—I suppose there are few men, who, when their work is over, end their supper eaten, do not have a desire to go down town "to meet a man" or visit "the post office." There is a natural desire in every heart to have every day, an hour of social freedom—a few minutes, at least, of walk in the open air, and contact with the minds of other men. This is entirely a natural and necessary thing; and you should encourage rather than seek to prevent it, unless your husband is inclined to visit low places, and associate with bad companions.

Precisely here is a dangerous point for both husband and wife. The wife has been alone during the day, and thinks that her husband ought to spend the whole evening with her.—The husband has been confined to his labor, and longs for an hour of freedom, in whatever direction his feet may choose to wander. Perhaps wife thinks he has no business to wander at all, and that his custom is to wander too widely and too long. She complains, and becomes exacting. She cannot bear to have her husband out of her sight for a moment after he quits his work. Now, if there be anything in all this world that will make a husband hate his wife, it is a constant attempt on her part to monopolize all his leisure time and all his society, to curtail his freedom, and a tendency to be forever fretting his ears with the statement that "she is nothing", of course, that he "does not care anything about about "her," and that he dislikes his home. Treatment like this will just as certainly rouse all the perverseness of a man's nature as a spark will ignite gunpowder. Injustice and inconsiderateness will not go down, especially when administered by a man's companion. He knows that he loves his home, and and that he needs and has a right to a certain amount of his time away from home; and if he be treated as if he possessed no such necessity and right, he will soon learn to be all that his wife represents him to be. I tell you that a man wants very careful handling. You must remember that he can owe no duty to you which does not involve a duty from you. You have the charge of the home, and if you expect him to spend a portion, or all of his evening in it, you must make it attractive. If you expect a man, as a matter of duty, to give any considerable amount of time to your society, daily, through a long series of years, you are to see that that society is worth something to him. Where are your accomplishments? Where are your books? Where are your subjects of conversation?

But let us take up this question separately: How shall a wife make her home pleasant and her society attractive? This is a short question, but a full answer would make a book. I can only touch a few points. In the first place, she should never indulge in fault finding. If a man has learned to expect that he will invariably be found fault with by his wife on his return home, and that the burden of her words will be complaint, he has absolutely no pleasure to anticipate and none to enjoy. There is but one alternative for a husband in such a case—either to steel himself against complaints, or be harrowed up by them, and made snappish and waspish. They never produce a good effect under any circumstances whatever. There should always be a pleasant word and look ready for him who returns from the toils of the day, wearied with earning the necessaries of the family. If a pretty pair of slippers lie before the fire, ready for his feet, so much the better.

Then, again, the desire to be pleasing in person should never leave a wife for a day. The husband who comes home at night, and finds his wife dressed to receive him—dressed neatly and tastefully, because she wishes to be pleasant to his eye—cannot, unless he be a brute, neglect her, or slight her graceful pains taking. It is a compliment to him. It displays a desire to maintain the charms which first attracted him, and to keep intact the silken bonds which her tasteful girlhood had fastened to his fancy.

I have seen things managed very differently from this. I have known an undressed head of "horrid hair" worn all day long, because nobody but the husband would see it. I have seen breakfast dresses with sugar plantations on them of very respectable size, and most disagreeable stickiness. In short, I have seen slatterns, whose kiss would not tempt the hungriest hermit that ever forswore women and was sorry for it. I have seen them with neither collar nor zone, with a person which did not possess a single charm to a husband with his eyes open, and in his right mind. This is all wrong young wife, for there is no being in this world for whom it is so much for your interest to dress as for your husband. Your happiness depends much on your retaining not only the esteem of your husband, but his admiration.—He should see no greater neatness, and no more taste in material and fitness, in any woman's dress than in yours; and there is no individual in the world before whom you should appear with more thorough tidiness of person than your husband. If you are careless in this particular, you absolutely throw away some of the strongest and most charming influences which you possess. What is true of your person is also true of your house. If your house be disorderly, if dust cover the table, and invite the critical finger to write your proper title; if the furniture look as if it were tossed into a room from a cart; if your table-cloth have a more intimate acquaintance with gravy than with soap, and from cellar to garret there be no order, do you blame a husband for not wanting to sit down and spend his evening with you? I should blame him, of course, on general principles, but as all men are not so sensible as I am, I should charitably entertain all proper excuses.

Still again, have you anything to talk about—anything better than scandal—with which to interest and refresh his weary mind? I believe in the interchange of caresses, as I have told you before, but kisses are only the spice of life. You cannot always sit on your husband's knee, for in the first place it would tire him, and in the second place, he would get sick of it. You should be one with your husband, but never in the shape of a parasite. He should be able to see growth in your soul, independent of him; and whenever he truly feels that he has received from you a stimulus to progress and to goodness, you have refreshed him, and made a great advance into his heart.

He should see that you really have a strong desire to make him happy, and to retain forever the warmest place in his respect, his admiration and his affection. Enter into all his plans with interest. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his experiences, that there is one heart that never misconstrues him, that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances; and that in all weariness of body and soul there is one warm pillow for his head, beneath which a heart is beating with the same unvarying truth and affection, through all gladness and sadness, as the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of its rhythm by shine or shower. A husband who has such a wife as this, has little temptation to spend much time away from home. He *cannot* stay away long at a time. He may "meet a man," but the man will not long detain him from his wife. He may go to "the post office," but he will not call upon the friend's wife on the way. He can do better. The great danger is that he will love his home too well—that he will neither be willing to have you visit your aunts and cousins, nor, without a groan, accept an invitation to tea at your neighbor's.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

PLANTING WHEAT IN HILLS—SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

ROCHESTER, FULTON CO., IND., July 27, 1858.

Through the *Tribune*, as, coming to the notice of the greatest number of readers, I wish to present the following matter of vast importance in regard to the cultivation of wheat.

I planted last Fall five rows of wheat, with spaces between different rows, of three feet, two feet, and eighteen inches; this was kept clean with the hoe, and the product is as follows: average number of stalks from each seed, nearly thirty-two; number of grains to the head, seventy-two to one hundred.

Thus, if we count less that really grew, say thirty stalks from each grain of seed, and seventy-two the fewest number of grains found in any one head, we get at the rate of over two thousand fold, and from that to three thousand two hundred, counting the highest yield.—From the year 1845 to 1855, the average of wheat in this and parts of the adjoining counties, according to my record, was less than twenty bushels to the acre, the very best being thirty three bushels. Indian corn sown broadcast, at the rate of from one to two bushels, will yield a larger average, but when planted in our usual way produces from thirty to one hundred bushels per acre.

My object in writing this is to bring the facts to the notice of agriculturalists, and to induce as many as possible to try the experiment on as much land as they are willing to experiment with. I hope those wishing to test the matter will get the wheat in before the last of August. I lay off the ground two feet each way, and put four grains to each hill, and keep clean till next harvest. It must be put in early—no matter how soon after harvest. This will give thirty stalks to the square foot, and 104,080,600 grains to the acre; which, allowing 898,560 grains to the bushel, gives nearly one hundred and sixteen bushels to the acre.—This estimate is a correct one, based upon actual facts, and, although it looks like a wild calculation, will, I think, prove so nearly correct as to help to reform our present slovenly and extravagant mode of wheat culture. The quantity of seed required to plant an acre is only a trifle over five pounds, if put in as above described. Where my wheat stood in rows, three feet apart, when ripe the heads appeared nearly as thick together as in a field of broadcast wheat, and instead of being from two to three inches in length, were from six to seven.

CHAS. BRACKETT.

All About Tomatoes.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skin; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt; strain them thoroughly, to remove the seeds. Then to every two quarts, add three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little cayenne pepper, with a little salt. Boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle. Add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing tightly. Keep always in a cool place.

TO PICKLE TOMATOES.—Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most receipt books direct. Let them lie in strong brime three or four days. Then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions, and pieces of horse-radish; then pour on the vinegar, (cold,) which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them in the cellar for a full month before using.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice green tomatoes and put them over the fire, with cold vinegar and spices, let them boil five minutes. Put them in jars, and they will remain good for several weeks.

BOILED TOMATOES.—Take ripe tomatoes of good size, scald them to remove the skin, then cut them in slices half an inch thick, and boil them over a hot fire in a gridiron. Use butter, pepper and salt on them, and they will be excellent.

GREEN TOMATO PIE.—Slice the tomatoes, thin a layer of them on a paste lined pie plate, then cover them with half a teacupfull of sugar, and the pulp and grated rind of a lemon. Cover with paste and bake one hour.

☞ Does your razor take hold well?" asked an agonizing sufferer of the tonsorial operator. "Yes," was the reply, "It takes hold first rate, but don't let go worth a cent."

☞ The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing extensive whalebone hoops to prevent a recurrence in [illegible]

On the Change of Seed.

A writer on Scotch Agriculture, treating of barley says:

"The desire to change seed is not now so general as formerly, indeed some districts rarely do it. There are, undoubtedly, facts showing the beneficial effects of changing seed; but where the condition of the land is maintained, and the crops properly ripened, the necessity of the change of seed may be doubted. On one farm in Mid-Lothian, the same barley has been raised without change for forty years, and in favorable seasons this grain has reached the extraordinary weight of 60lbs. per bushel."—It is our opinion, that when the land is well tilled and manured, the seed good to begin with, seasonably sown, harvested, and taken care of, there is no advantage, as a general thing, but rather a disadvantage resulting from the changing of field and garden seeds, whether grains, beans, peas, bulbs or roots. Propagate from the best, is the maxim always to be heeded.—Barley that weighs 60 lbs. per bushel will make stronger and more vigorous plants than that weighing but 50 lbs. "Like begets like," is an old and true maxim.

Hence, let the farmer go through his wheat field and select the largest and best filled heads for seed, and continue this for a series of years, and he will thus essentially increase the yield per acre. So of maize, oats and rye. The farmer should select his seed corn in this way, and never from the crib, for in the latter case, it may have heated and thus impaired its vitality or even destroyed it entirely.

A gardner for several years pursued a similar course with his beans, selecting only the longest pods for seed, and by so doing greatly increased the yield, as every year produced a relatively larger proportion of long pods, were filled.

Hence it being true, that good qualities are transmissible not less than bad ones. It is of the first importance that you have good seed.—Having made sure of this, there is no necessity for changing seed, incurring the danger of introducing foul seed into your grounds. Would that farmers and gardeners might practice these hints and save their own seed, as indicated, rather than use the gleanings, as is too often done, especially with garden products.

Of the common Scotch barley, the variety called Chevelier is best, having produced 70 bushels per acre, 60 lbs per bushel.

The Next Year's Wheat Fields.

Farmers have had a pretty severe lesson this season, in consequences, a part of which were purely providential and beyond human control or foresight, and consequently past crying about: but another part—and we leave it to careful and honest people to say, each for themselves, in how much—was the direct and palpable result of natural and reasonable effects following a mismanagement which is inexcusable, or worse than that. It has often been demonstrated that thorough farming not only pays better in all seasons, but is far safer in extreme ones, that seems strange that people who can so ill afford it will continue to throw away hard labor in half doing their work, where they get no pay. How is the land for the fall sewing? Is it in clover or in rich fallow, ready to take in the seed and hold it like a generous mother, and bear it up in a liberal crop? or will it "have to do" a poor starved field that is of no use even to pray over, and from which nothing short of a miracle will bring you the seed again! Faith is a good thing, but in farming particularly, you cannot get along without that other grace of Good Works, and this latter well laid out will wonderfully strengthen your faith when it ultimates in fruition. Better have one acre of land got in right and in season, than five acres half done. The first will pay double, the last will not half pay, or not at all, and leave you feeling like a very much abused individual besides. Some men will make money on five acres, while others will not make a decent living on a hundred.

Ohio Cultivator.

RETURNED MORMONS AT NEBRASKA CITY.—On the 28th of July a large number of the company of 200 Mormons who received passpors and protection from Gov. Cumming last May, reached Nebraska City on their return to the States. They left Salt Lake City on the 14th of May, and spent twenty days at Fort Kearney. They were under the care of Capt. Smith. The Nebraska City *News* says:

"We are informed by one of their number who has resided in Salt Lake City during the last four years, that there are large numbers in the city and throughout the Territory, who have for a long time manifested great anxiety to leave the country, but have been compelled by Brigham and his satellites to remain. They express great gratitude to Gov. Cumming, and to the Government of the United States, for their deliverance. They represent the times as being very hard in Utah. Men are paid very poor wages, and are robbed and plundered of scanty earnings by those in authority. Men employed upon the public works are fed upon dry bread, and when complaining of their hard fare, are told by Young, Kimball, and the other Mormon leaders, that there are plenty of streams of water in the vicinity. The most abject and slavish servitude is prevalent among the lower classes. Thousands who came out in hand-carts would be glad to return in wheel barrows."

☞ The tongue of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double barrelled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is souped up, as we say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue in another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It catches them in this way; the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue, then, of the humming bird, is not merely one instrument, but it contains together—two pumps, two spoons, and a pair of tongues.

DOCTOR—"Well how did your wife manage her shower-bath, deacon?" Deacon—"She had real good luck. Madame Moody told her how she managed. She said she had a large oiled cap, with a cape to it, like a fireman's that came all over he shoulders, and—" Doctor—"She's a fool for her pains; that's not the way." Deacon—"So my wife thought." Doctor—"Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope."—Deacon—"Oh, no, doctor, she used an umbrella." Doctor—"What! used an umbrella?—Zounds! What good did the shower-bath do her?" Deacon—"She said she felt better.—Her clothes wasn't wet a mite. She sat undhr the umbrella for half an hour, till all the water had tricked off, and said 'twas cool and delightful, and just like a little shower in the summer."

☞ Perpetual motion is a woman's tongue when she is talking about her baby.

☞ Flowers that are always falling off are bachelor's buttons, according to Diogenes.

Odds and Ends.

☞ The man who "saw the joke," it is said, used a spy-glass.

☞ What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room?—An Israe*lite*.

☞ When is an author most like a puppy? When he carries his *tale* with him.

☞ The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

☞ A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine.

☞ The lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop!

☞ The shortness of *life* is very often owing to the irregularities of the *liver*.

☞ In what ship have the greatest number of men been wrecked?—*Courtship.*

☞ The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds is called *capital* punishment.

☞ Never ridicule what you cannot comprehend; you thereby betray your own ignorance.

☞ Of what noted poem was Adam an exemplification? "Nothing to wear."

☞ An Irish attorney says: "No printer should publish a death unless apprised of the fact by the party deceased."

☞ A hen's egg was recently found in Lawrence county, Pa., embedded in the sand, thirty feet below the surface.

☞ The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia, was in 1780, and the subscription price was $50 per annum.

☞ A dog was be-smeared with champhene, and then set on fire, in Newark, N. J., on Friday night by a gang of brutal Irishmen.

☞ Don't teach your daughters French and Italian, before they are able to weed a flower-bed.

☞ A lazy fellow lying down on the grass said: "Oh, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

☞ A kiss, says an ingenious author, is like creation, because it is made of nothing and is very good.

☞ Less than an acre of land in St. Paul, that was purchased in 1848 at $125, was sold on the 2d inst., for $10,000.

☞ At Birmingham, England, eight tons of wire per week, are made into hooks and eyes.

A GOOD REGULATION.—All the children who enter the public schools in Washington, D. C., are required to be vaccinated.

☞ The Cooperstown *Freeman's Journal* announces that it has reached its 50th birthday.

☞ Some has discovered that, when a betting man says he'll "take" you, he means that, if he can, he'll "take you in."

☞ Heaven sends good figures. It is only woman's enemy who would tempt her to wear crinoline.

☞ There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend; nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

☞ There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—fine breeding.

☞ The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

☞ Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.

☞ The sheep in the meadow, and the axe in the forest, alike contribute their "chops" for the benefit of man.

☞ The man who never says nothing to nobody, was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

☞ He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

☞ A fellow who chopped off his hand, the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

☞ The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement.

☞ A country mayor promised to attend a meeting, but broke his engagement. When remonstrated with he excused himself by saying that he had been attending another meeting; and then plaintively added "I couldn't come, you know; can't be in two places at once; *I am not amphibious!*

☞ A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor *dumb* animal for *speakin out*."

☞ "Will you please permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another the other day in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was obliged to "vacate." "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine and stand up."

☞ "Do you think you are fit to die?" asked a very zealous christian mother, who went to prayer meetings five times a day, of her poor neglected child. "I don't know," said the little girl, taking hold of her dirty dress with her dirtier fingers and inspecting it. "I guess so, if I ain't too dirty."

☞ "I'm terribly distressed," said a clergyman of indifferent reputation for sincerity, to a rough neighbor, "to hear you swear so." "Oh, don't let that distress you," said the neighbor, "I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, but neither of us mean anything by it."

☞ A very small pattern of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, Tommy, you are a little too big to put in a cradle, and too little to put in a bed."

☞ "You will have to bear the responsibility," said a mother to a bright-eyed young daughter of our acquaintance, who thought of marrying without the mature consideration:—"I expect to bear several [illegible] Fanny."

☞ One day, at a fashionable [illegible] a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some night caps that lay on the ground to bleach.—"That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

☞ The tombstone of a sweet girl, blind from her birth, bears this inscription: "There is no light there." The tomb of a child of three years, has inscribed upon it—"Went in the morning."

CHEAP.—A letter from Burlington, Iowa, predicts that grain, corn, beef, and all provisions will be very cheap this fall. The writer says: "Lots of beef will go from this section, and more especially from Illinois, eastward. The over-labored ox is being treacherously entertained by the owner with corn nubbins and tender prairie grass to fit him for an early trip to New York."

THE MAN WITH A SHAWL NEED NOT APPLY.—We find in the *Gospel (Maine) Banner* the following advertisement:

"I am desirous of securing the services of two male teachers to teach school the coming winter. I take this method, therefore, of making known the fact. If this notice meets the eye of any *man* (I mean physical as well as mental) who is willing to *teach* as well as *keep* school, I should be happy to see him.

"N. B.—No person who wears a *shawl, spectacles*, or *walks* with a *cane* need apply, as sufficient instruction from that class has