

THE DEMOCRAT.

MONTROSE, APRIL 6, 1852.

SACRIFICIAL CALL.

Preparing Seed Corn.

A very good thing we find in the *Journal of Agriculture*, respecting the preparation of seed corn before it is planted, and it is all the better and more reliable because it is the result of an experiment—an experiment which, we are confident many of our readers will try for themselves. Says the correspondent of that Journal—

In October, 1850, I turned over a piece of green sward. In the spring I manured it highly with green manure from the barn yard, ploughed it about the usual depth, and harrowed it thoroughly. I then marked the rows north and south for ploughing, three and a half feet apart, by drawing a chain.

My seed was steeped six hours in a solution of chloride of lime, and I dropped three in a hill—the hills eighteen inches apart in the rows. In each hill was dropped a small handful of compost, made of plaster, unleached ashes, and horse manure—say two and a half bushels of plaster, three of horse manure, and eight of ashes. The horse manure was taken dry and pulverized, and mixed with the other ingredients in a dry state, and applied in that condition. The corn was covered one inch deep.

The corn came up quickly and grew with great vigor, and I had an excellent crop, estimated at eighty bushels to the acre.

To determine the value of chloride of lime and the compost applied to the hill, I planted two rows through the middle of the field with the same seed and in the same manure, with the omission of the soaking and compost. The difference was visible at a glance, through the season; and on harvesting and weighing the produce on the adjacent rows, I found that the rows planted with dry corn and without the compost, yielded fifty-seven pounds less to the row than the other—making a difference in sixty-four rows—one and a half acres—or 364 lbs. or fifty-two bushels, or about thirty-five bushels to the acre. I should add also, that besides the great difference in the quantity, the corn from the steeped seed, manured with compost, is vastly worth more than the other.

HAY AND LIGHT WOOLLED SHEEP.—The manufacturers and their agents have desired the farmers to hold out to fine sheep, telling them that the time would come when they could make the proper difference; but most people think they have waited long enough, and show a determination as quickly as possible to get a kind of sheep that will yield them a better profit. This is not strange, where we take into consideration the relative profits of coarse and fine wool. Take, for instance, a flock of fine woolled sheep, that eat but 2-3 lbs. of wool, and some will not do even that, but assuming the average to be 2-3 lbs., and that of the hardy gummy merino, so much in fashion at the present time, which cut from 4-12 to 5 lbs. per head, and is about the fine to sell for 44 cents, which is about the present price, and the coarser kind to sell for 40 cents, here would be a difference of 59 cents per head in favor of the coarse kind. Now the question is, what are we to expect in future? Will the manufacturers continue to pay almost as much for grain and dirt, as they have heretofore done? If so, they will find every year a great increase of it on their hands, for it is a notorious fact that the kind of bucks now most in demand, are such—at least, many of them—that their wool would lose from 30 to 50 per cent. in cleansing. The demand for sheep of this description is fast increasing, and will command a far greater price than the finer varieties. In proof of this, I would state, that lambs of this grade, from which to raise a flock, consisting of ewes, and some rams have lately been sold in this vicinity for \$2 per head, when the finer kinds would hardly bring half the money. Our neighbors in Vermont, with a foresight which seems natural to them, have long been breeding the heavier kinds of sheep, and in many instances have succeeded in attaining a great weight of fleece, many stocks sheaving 6 lbs. per head. Now, if in that state, where sheep farms can be bought from \$3 to \$10 per acre, they cannot afford to grow the finer and lighter grades of wool, how can we here, where land is from \$25 to \$40 per acre! People are beginning to look to their true interest, and will not continue a business that will scarcely pay the expense of keeping and attendance, loss &c.

Many who kept large flocks of sheep in this country (Washington) have quit the business, and gone into the dairy business, which is much more profitable, for when cows are rightly managed, it is not uncommon to realize from \$30 to \$40 per head. Almost any kind of business will pay better than growing wool at 2-3 lbs. per fleece. Potatoes are now being raised in large quantities, and although they may not yield half of what they formerly did, yet with the increased facilities for getting them to market, they are one of the most profitable crops grown. Flax is also becoming a most profitable business—the quantity sown is annually increasing, and when those newly invented machines for dressing without rotting, shall come into general use, the cultivation of it will probably be increased.

THE CANADIAN OR WILD GOOSE.—This interesting bird, though easily domesticated to such a degree that it will breed in its captive state, yet always, or at least for many generations, possesses something of the migrating instinct inherent in the species. They are frequently restless, and disposed to fly at those seasons when the wild geese make their semi-annual journeys. They call to their brethren which happen to pass within sight or hearing; and if the tame ones are driven from flight, (as is done by amputating one wing at the outer joint,) the wild ones not infrequently alight to reconnoitre. If a wild flock is bewildered by having lost their leader, as is sometimes the case, they have been known to be so attracted by domesticated ones of the same species, that they have been easily shot, or even taken alive. Col. Jaques, who keeps this bird in his collection, near Boston, states that flocks of wild geese have several times

alighted near his poultry-yard, and although near a highway, which is constantly travelled, they have sometimes remained for a whole day, no molestation of them being permitted.—*Cultivator.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rum and Politics.

In Conway, New Hampshire, lived an old fellow named Spangle, who was one of the best kind of Democrats, toc-malls, eye-brows and all, and to have intimated in Spangle's hearing that he could for a moment have recommended "aid and comfort" to the opposite party, would have subjected the rash intimator to the danger of a kick at least. It was during the last Presidential campaign that the village occupied a small school house one evening for a political meeting, one of their "great guns" having come up from Concord to help them.

That self-same evening Spangle took a tremendous load of "bricks" into his hat, and unconscious of his inability to bear up under the weight with a clear understanding, he waded off in the direction of the school house. He saw the lighter, and heard the speaker, and the idea that religious services were being performed took so firm a hold upon his mind that he could not refrain from entering. Spangle had a deal of religion in his heart and soul, and he had "spoke in meeting" and always was a warm and ardent in his ejaculatory responses during prayer and exhortation.

When Spangle entered, on the present occasion the speaker had dug the grave of Democracy, and he was just beginning to shovel it into the whole party; but the "bricks" in Spangle's hat had so thumped and jolted his brain, and their dust had dimmed his sight, that he yet erroneously, impression that he was at a religious meeting.

The so-called Democracy of our lands is only fit for the devil and his angels!" thundered the speaker.

"Amen!" responded Spangle, over whose mind the devil had set a sort of quickening influence. Democracy has found its grave!" roared the spouter, in thunder tones.

"God be praised!" ejaculated Spangle, vainly endeavoring to turn his eyes towards where he supposed the ceiling to be.

The speaker didn't understand the joke, so he kept on with his speech, but his audience saw through the matter at once, and as Spangle still continued his fervent heart's-felt responses, they lost most of the political food which was soovishly spread before them.

Spangle still indulges occasionally, but never when there is a Whig meeting to be held in the vicinity any time within a week.—*Caribou Bag.*

The late Judge Peace, of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, was a noted way. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wing of his imagination far into the upper regions, and was seemingly prepared for a high ascent, when the judge struck his rule on the astonished orator. "Hold on, my dear sir—Don't you two or three times exclaiming to the desk two or three times exclaiming to the astonished orator." Hold on, my dear sir—Don't you go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the Court?"

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village Squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental; the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night?—we were not the pretties excellent!" "Why really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the poor chaps was the finest I ever ate."

A FINE EAR FOR MUSIC.—Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, not over a hundred miles from this place, came in contact with a jock, who was making "day hidious" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, turning to Pat, who seemed as much entranced with the song as himself, remarked, "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got a wonderful cold."

SARCASMO.—Did you present your account to the defendant? inquired a lawyer of his client.

"I did sir."

"And what did he say?"

"He told me to go to the devil."

"And what did you do then?"

"Why, then I came to you."

It's a more beautiful, thrilling, and pathetic piece of poetry, we have never heard.

On a log

Sat a frog

Sneezing at his daughter;

Tears he shed

Till his eyes were red,

And then jumped into the water!

A DANCING MASTER, on being cast away on a desolate island, lived six months without any other food than that which he derived from cutting pigeon wings," and stewing them.—Here's a hint worth taking to sea. If learning to dance will prevent you from shuffling off this mortal coil it is the duty of every man and woman to grow wise in cotillions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING.—Ah! said old Mrs. Dusenberry, learning is a great thing. I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and their spring, fall and autumn; I learnt the name of them when I was a little bit of a gal!

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question: Well, my son."

"Why is neighbor Smith's liquor-shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"I can't tell my son."

"Because you can't pass it, said the boy."

"What is the difference between an uncleanly servant, and a chicken? Why, none for one is a fowl domestic, and the other is a domestic fowl."

Why is the man who partakes of minced meat like South Carolina? Because he's got the Pickens.

Why is a man who does not eat, a bad a man who does? Because he is not fit."

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