THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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AGRICULTURAL.

FARMERS' WORK FOR OCTOBER.

On the Farm.

This is the month, as every good Farmer knows, in which all our energies should be put forth, for besides saving that which we have already made, much must be done to lay the ground work of next year's crops; and with a view of bringing its appropriate labors to the notice of our readers, we will endeavor briefly to detail them.

Fall Ploughing.

As opportunity presents itself, all stiff, clayey grounds intended for spring culture, should be ploughed up this and the ensuing month. By ploughing 7 inches deep and taking furrows 9 inches wide, the furrows will be laid at an angle of about 45 degrees, the best possible position at which ground can be laid to receive the greatest amount of benefits from the fertilizing effects of winter frosts and snows. Grounds thus treated are always infinitely better suited to the purposes of spring culture than if left untouched. But besides the advantages arising from the mellowing effects of the weather, much less work will have to be done in the spring when *time* is valuable.

Gathering of Corn.

If your corn is sufficiently hardened, it should be got in the latter end of this month; by so doing you save much from the ravages of crows and those animals that prey upon the cornfields, and in addition to this you are enabled to turn your *stock* into your corn fields at a time before vegetation is destroyed, and thus by the time winter comes on they are put in good condition to enter upon the rigors of that inclement and pinching season of the year, a thing that every husbandman should have an eye to; for if at the commencement of the foddering season they be in good plight, the probability of their going through that trying period will be infinitely greater.

Gathering and Curing Fodder and Tops.

No time should be lost in gathering your blades and tops, and recollect that as soon as they are *dry* they should be brought in from the field and placed out of the weather. By protecting them from rain, you add greatly to their intrinsic value as provender, besides rendering them much more palatable for your stock of all kinds.

Gathering and Preserving Potatoes.

As soon as your potatoes are fit for digging, take them up, and be sure to put them away with as little exposure to the sun as possible, and care should be taken to bruise them as little as possible.

Turneps.

By stirring the earth around your turneps early this month, you will add much to their growth and increase their product.

Beets, Parsnips and Carrots.

These roots should all be taken up and put away this month.

Pumpkins.

As your Pumpkins ripen; gather them and put them away in a dry warm room.—It is important that they be housed before being exposed to the frost of the field.

Buckwheat.

As you cut your Buckwheat put it into sheaves,—these must be set up in the field, and after a day or two bring them in and thresh them out immediately. The sooner this latter work is done the better, as the grain will thresh off much easier and with a great deal less loss. After your straw is threshed stack it away carefully, taking the precaution to salt each layer of it. If you do so, in mid-winter, when your provender is most wanted, it will afford you an excellent resource for your milch cows, as they will eat it with avidity, and to which it will prove a highly nutritious food if it has been properly cured.

Wheat and Rye.

Those who have not sown their wheat and rye should get it in as early as possible; but no one should think of sowing either without first steeping the seed in strong *brine* or *ley*, and rolling it in *lime* or *ashes*.

Hogs.

As soon as the range in which your hogs may be running ceases to be a pasture, put them up, and if you design commencing feeding with pumpkins, boil them, as by so doing you not only render them more nutritious by concentrating the saccharine matter, but by destroying the vegetable acid, you deprive them of the power of scouring your hogs, a thing always to be avoided if possible. Once a week while your hogs are fattening, throw either rotten wood or charcoal in to them. Either will correct the acidity upon their stomachs, and keep them to their appetites.

Corn Husks and Shucks.

These should be stacked away with alternate layers of hay and straw, and be well sprinkled with salt. By taking this precaution you will find that their value as winter food will be greatly enhanced, and that your cattle will eat them as readily as they do their hay, and if they be not so nutritious, they will be found to be good, strong, substantial winter food.

Towards the latter end of this month put away your cabbages: be sure to do it before the frost injures them, and they will keep much better.—*Farmer and Gardner.*

CIDER.

We have been kindly favored by an English gentleman with the following process for making this article in his country which will undoubtedly be followed with success in this.

Do not take the apples off the trees till they are fully ripe. Gather them in dry weather, and place them in heaps under cover. Leave them in these heaps till they sweat, or some of them are getting rotten. Then grind them. The pulp should be placed in clean tubs, and not pressed under two days at least. It should be turned once or twice during this time, both to prevent its heating and to imbibe air. When pressed, strain the liquor and put it into a vat, a pipe or hogshead with one head out, and a cock about six inches from the bottom, is the proper vessel. To each hogshead of liquor, put a wine glass and a half of sweet spirits of nitre. This is to check fermentation. When the cap or crust which rises to the top begins to crack or break, which will be in about 24 hours, rack it off into a clean vessel, and be very careful that none of the lees get into it. Place the bung very loosely in the cask, or if it be inclined to work much, place a shingle over the bung with a small weight on it. If not,—it may be bunged down, leaving only a vent peg very loosely put in. In eight days from this it should be carefully racked off again, and in fifteen days racked off once more, and then put into the cellar. Before each racking the vessel into which it is put should be well fumigated with sulphur, by plunging in burning matches, made of linen or paper dipped into melted brimstone, and sprinkled with Caraway and also Lavender seeds, if they can be procured, and some powdered alum. Means must be taken to keep the smoke in the vessels as long as possible, and to put in the cider while it is there.

The vessels should also be well scalded with hot water, and then rinsed out with cold, before it is used. If a cask is tainted the cider is lost. The great secret in making good cider is to stop the fermentation as quickly as possible; and the process does it most effectually: Cider may be colored, if it be desired, with burnt sugar, and it may also be made to sparkle by putting a little powdered white rosin in the pulp or pomice while pressing.

Maine Farmer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1830, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps admire his work of the previous evening.

Mendez with a careless air approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise on his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin: but the exprssion was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

'Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turnd at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

'Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" methought he—he who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez my dear pupil, was it you?"

'No senor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

'Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez.

'It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

'This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen;" observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant." "Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

'Yes, Master,' said the boy with timidtiy.

'And have you done so?"

'Yes, master."

'Speak, then; who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I'll make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trowsers without replying.

'Ah, you don't choose to answer me," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

'No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

'That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

'No one but me, I swear to you master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

'Listen to me," pursued Murillo, "I wish to know who has sketched this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes with the lash. You hear—I have said it; now go and grind the colors; and you, gentlemen, to work."

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which during the day was so cheerful and animated, was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy whose sable hue harmonize with the surroundtng darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leant against an easel. "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock. any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again, not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

'Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master—slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced," and seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

'Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creature of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed; "a soft shade here—now the mouth.—Yes, there! it opens—those eyes head!—what delicacy! Oh my beautiful ———" and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot that he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was oblierated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when on suddenly turning round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him?

Sebastian never once dreampt of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed, for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a fragrant crime Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo having, with a gesture of the hand imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave who stood like a statute before him.

'Who is your master, Sebastian?"

'You," replied the boy in a voice scarcely audible.

'I mean your drawing master," said Murillo.

'You, senor," again replied the trembling slave.

'It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

'But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

'And you have done better than listen; you have profitted by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration.—"Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment, or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the reward gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

'A reward, senor," cried the pupils in a breath.

'That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

'Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez,

'Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

'No," said Gonzalo, "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

'Speak Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant you any request you may make. Speak, then, do not be afraid."

'Oh master, if I dared—"and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half opened lips of the boy, and his sparkling eyes some devouring thought within which timidy prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favor for him to demand.

'Come, take courage," said Murillo, gaily.

'The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, half aloud, "I would risk something; ask your freedom, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!"

'And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer aple to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

'Your pencil," shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart, the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, gone more than paint—I have made a painter.

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the caurches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also at St. Anne, admirably done a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit.

A man named Death, still a resident of this state, formerly lived in this city. Over the door of his store, was the sign Rectified Whiskey,' and directly under that, his name Absalom Death. An old lady from the country, with her son, a hearty lad was one day wending her way through the street in a waggon, when his sign caught her eye.

Stop! Rectified Whiskey, *Absolute Death*. Thats a fact! Johny let me get out, there is one honest man in Cincinati, I want to see what he looks like."—*Cin. News.*

A western man being asked the number of inhabitants in the town where he lived —some Babylon, Troy, or Palmyra, which was a wilderness five years ago—answered, "why, about 5000 when I left, but I have been absent nearly a month, probably 8000 now.

Some years ago a noted warrior of the Pottawattomie tribe presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, as one of the chief men of the village, observing with the customary simplicity of the Indians, that he was very good friend to the Americans, and concluding with a request for a dram of whiskey. The agent replied, that it was not his practice to give whiskey to *good* men—that good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it when voluntarily offered. That it was *bad* Indian, only who demanded whiskey. 'Then,' replied the Indian quickly, in broken English, 'me d—r rascal.'

"Here you little rascal, walk up and account for yourself—where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Don't you know better than that? Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"