

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

O. N. WORDEN, J. R. CORNELIUS & E. SMITH.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY AND NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1857.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843...WHOLE NO., 869.

AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER, on the Death of his Child.

[The Boston Traveller states that Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, at more than one period of his life, dined with the Muses. In 1825, he had the misfortune to lose a son, three years of age, named CASPAR, represented to have possessed singular attractiveness of mind and character even at that early age. On that occasion, Mr. Webster enclosed the following touching and thoughtful lines in a letter to his wife.]

My son! thou wast my heart's delight,
The morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn thou hast retired to slumber bright,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knees, my eye
And kissed thee laughing, and with care weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff, on which my years shall lean,
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,
But thou art in thy tomb before me.

Thou rest'st to me no final rest,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son!
And stand'st in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor passed,
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, springs't to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph! I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And oh! let thy prayer for those be given
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel! thou art safe in heaven;
No prayer for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayer for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son! my father! guide me there.

THE CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6, 1857.

Common School Improvement.

We regret that our columns are not sufficiently ample to include more matter devoted to the great cause, in which a former Editor of this paper is now wholly absorbed as Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools for this State.

The Citizen of Smithport, McKean Co., 24th ult., gives an account of a meeting of the County Teachers' Institute, and states that "the attendance of Mr. Hickok, State Superintendent of Schools, gave much of interest and usefulness to the session. It seemed as though he always had words fitly chosen and well adapted for any point or occasion for which he was called. His very happy and pertinent remarks upon Composition and Declaration, were well received, and we can not but hope that they may inspire many of our teachers to do more for themselves than heretofore.

Mr. Hickok gave two lectures on the School Law, and its workings, to large audiences."

A most complimentary address to Mr. H. from Miss C. Calkins, and his reply, are given in full in the same paper.

We have also received a pamphlet, containing the address of James D. Dunlop Esq. and Hon. Henry C. Hickok, at the opening of the new East Ward Public School Building in Erie City.

These are among many proofs which meet our eye, that Mr. Hickok is working for the cause, and we trust is cheered by the universal approbation attending his labors.

What is said on both Sides.

We copy from the Kansas Herald of Freedom, a paper that is exerting a most important influence in securing the blessings of freedom in that beautiful Territory:

"A letter from Nebraska city states that there are a very large number of free State men from the Northern States, who are stopping at various points along the border, in that Territory, waiting the opening of spring, when they design to come to Kansas, and locate on claims. We have also information from Western Iowa, stating that large numbers have located temporarily there with the same view."

The Leavenworth Herald, under the head of "What is the South Doing?" urges and importunes the South to hurry forward a heavy emigration in the spring. Unless it is done, and by thousands, says the Herald, Kansas will be abolished. It adds:

"We have thus far been able to crush out the fell spirit of abolitionism, or rather keep it down, in Kansas. But we can not continue to do so, while the Northern fanatics continue to flood the Territory with their dupes, unless we are sustained by Constitutional and State rights men, from every section of the Union. The abolitionists have changed their mode of warfare. Instead, perhaps, of trying to carry their measures by force, they will try to outnumber us in population. Well, we can beat them in this, if our friends will only do their duty. What is the South doing?"

HUMBOLDT.—Bayard Taylor recently called upon "this greatest living man," and finds his mind, at the age of eighty-seven years, as sound and vigorous as ever. Humboldt expressed great regret at the death of Col. Fremont, but added that the immense vote he received was a most cheering sign. With regard to Mr. Buchanan, he said, "I had occasion to speak of his Ostend Manifesto Letter, not long since, in a letter which has been published, and I could not characterize its spirit by any milder term than savage."

Officers in the Senate.

Speakers—DAVID TAGGART, North'd.

Chief Clerk—Geo. W. Hamersley, Germantown.

Assistant—Judson Holcomb, Bradford.

Transcribers—Lucius Rogers, Warren;

D. W. Leeds, Womelsdorf; John H. Wells, Greene.

Sergeant at Arms—Joseph R. Smith, Indiana.

Assistant—Wm. P. Brady, Clinton.

Door Keeper—James Frohore, Philad.

Assistants—Daniel Neyhart, Union; E. B. Lytle, Harrisburg.

Messenger—S. B. Hamilton, Fayette.

Assistant—John E. Blaine, Allegheny.

[Mr. HAMERSLEY, Clerk, and Capt. BRADY, Sergeant at Arms, were elected unanimously—a well deserved compliment to their experience, assiduity, and superior fitness. All the others were elected by a strict party vote of 18 to 15.]

OFFICERS IN THE HOUSE.

Speakers—J. LAWRENCE GETZ, Berks.

Chief Clerk—Jacob Ziegler, Butler.

Assistant—Wm. L. Picking, York.

Transcribers—George Shads; James M. Kenna; John A. Magee, Perry; Evans R. Brady, J. Johnson; and Isaac W. Moore.

Sergeant at Arms—Jacob Glassinger, (and 4 Assistants.)

Door Keeper—Jacob Coleman, Berks, (and 1 Assistant.)

Messenger—John Leisenring, North'd.

STATE TREASURER.—There was a quorum in both Houses on the day appointed for the election of a State Treasurer; but the Democrats, by a factions course, refused to go into an election, fearing that the eleven independent Democrats who refused to vote for Forney, and who they had so abused, might not be relied on. But the law says, "a State Treasurer shall be elected annually," and as Mr. Magraw, the present incumbent, says he will not serve unless re-elected, the 12th of this month it is understood will be fixed upon for an election. Mr. Magraw is a candidate for re-election. Col. Stifer having absolutely refused being a candidate, Gideon J. Ball of Erie, it is supposed will receive the Opposition votes. How the eleven bolting Democrats will vote on this question, is not certainly known, but as Mr. Magraw is admitted on all hands to be a respectable officer, there is nothing but the persuasion of the eleven to hinder his success.

The 35 Senators and 13 officers of the Senate of Pennsylvania, and 100 Members and 9 of the officers of the House, are reported in the line of occupations, as follows:

41 are farmers, 31 are lawyers, 12 are merchants, 11 are editors and printers, 9 are physicians or druggists, 9 call themselves gentlemen, 5 are carpenters and builders, 3 are lumbermen, 3 are tailors, 2 Surveyors 2 bricklayers, and 16 other occupations are represented by a single person.

The Legislature are pretty well disposed towards the Printers, this year—for the Speaker of the House, 5 others of its Members, the Chief Clerk of both Senate and House, and 3 Transcribers, are of the "ancient and honorable" fraternity of Printers and Editors.

PRESTON S. BROOKS was 37 years old, and leaves a wife and four children. He had just received a letter from his wife stating that it would be the last she could write before her confinement. His funeral was attended in the usual forms of a Congressman. Mr. Waldo, Chaplain of the House, preached a sermon from the text, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," in which he made no allusion whatever to the deceased. Mr. Savage, of Tenn. (Dem.) spoke in the House of Brooks as worthy of a "second Thermopylae," and said his attack upon Sumner would bear down his name with honor to the latest posterity! His ill-timed and brutal speech disgusted most of his hearers, and inflamed much of the feeling which would have otherwise subsided with its author.—It is now stated that Brooks' assault was urged and encouraged by a cabal of South Carolina members, more than by his own inclination.

Burlingame told us at Williamsport that the great weakness of the whites at the South lay in the fact that they had more "Officers" than "Soldiers"—like a half dozen "clucks" strutting around one poor chicken! This view is confirmed by a synopsis which a curious Yankee made out of the titles claimed by the enrolled Delegates of slaveholding nabobs at the mass meeting called "Southern Commercial Convention," recently assembled in Savannah, Ga. There were (according to their own confession) 60 Governors, 110 Generals, 415 Colonels, 320 Doctors, 500 Honorables, 230 Majors, 250 Captains, 104 Esquires and High Privates.....total 1989—no "common people" or "greasy mechanics" among them!

LOTTERIES, however disguised, are deceptive and demoralizing, and the publication of their Advancements is said to be a penitentiary offence; yet we see that saving signs. With regard to Mr. Buchanan, he said, "I had occasion to speak of his Ostend Manifesto Letter, not long since, in a letter which has been published, and I could not characterize its spirit by any milder term than savage."

Unpublished Incident in the Life of CAPT. SAM. BRADY.

About thirty miles below the present city of Pittsburg, stood a fort, known as Fort M'Intosh. It was built by a revolutionary gentleman of that name, in the summer of 1778. It was one of a line of forts, which was intended to guard the people who lived south of the Ohio river, from the incursions of the savages to the northward. This fort was one of the favorite resorts of the great Indian spy and hunter, Captain Samuel Brady, although his usual headquarters was Pittsburg, then consisting of a rude fort and a score or two of rough frontier tenements.

On the 21st day of August, 1779, Brady set out, from M'Intosh, for Pittsburg. He had with him two of his trusty and well-tried followers. These were not attached to the regular army, as he was, but were scouts and spies, who had been with him upon an expedition. They were Thomas Bevington and Benjamin Biggs. Brady resolved to follow the northern bank of the Ohio. Biggs objected to this, upon the ground, as Brady well knew, that the woods were swarming with savages. Brady, however, had resolved to travel by the old Indian path, and having once made up his mind, no consideration could deter him from carrying out his determination. Bevington had such implicit faith in his ability to lead, that he never thought of questioning his will.

Quite a discussion arose between Biggs and his captain, at the mouth of Beaver river, about a mile above the fort, and where they must cross the Ohio, if they continued upon the northern side. Biggs finally yielded his objections, and they crossed Beaver, and proceeded with the habitual caution of woodsmen who fully understand their business. They had started early, and by rapid traveling they had reached, ere noon came, the last piece of bottom land on the north side of the river just below what is known as the Narrows. Upon this bottom a pioneer, more daring than most others, had built a cabin, and opened a small spot of cleared land. He had planted it in corn, and it gave promise of a most abundant harvest. But as they approached the edge of the clearing, just outside of the fence, Brady discovered "Indian signs," as he called them. His companions discovered them almost as quick as he, and at once, in low tones, communicated to each other the necessity for a keen watch. They slowly trailed them along the side of the fence toward the house, whose situation they well knew, until they stood upon the brow of the bluff bank which overlooked it. A sight of the most terrible description met their eyes. The cabin lay a mass of smouldering ruin, from whence a dull blue smoke arose in the sunshine. They observed closely every thing about it. Brady knew it was customary for the Indians, after they had fired a settler's cabin, if there was no immediate danger, to retire to the woods close at hand and watch for the approach of any member of the family who might chance to be absent when they made the descent. Not knowing but that they were even then lying close by, he left Bevington to watch the ruins, lying under cover, whilst he proceeded to the northward, and Biggs southward, to make discoveries. Both were to return to Bevington, if they found no Indians. If they came across the perpetrators, and they were too numerous to be attacked regularly, Brady declared it to be his purpose to have one fire at them, and that should be the signal for both of his followers to make the best of their way to fort.

All this rapidly transpired, and with Brady to decide, was to act. As he stole cautiously 'round to the northern side of the enclosure, he heard a voice, in the distance, singing. He listened keenly, and soon discovered from its intonations, that it was a white man's. He passed rapidly in the direction whence the sound came. As it approached, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a large tree. Presently a white man, riding a fine horse, came slowly down the path. The form was that of Albert Gray, the stalwart, brave, devil-may-care settler, who had built him a home miles away from the fort, where no one would dare to take a family, except himself. Brady wore, as he almost always did, the Indian garb, and had war paint upon his face. He knew that if he showed himself upon the path, Gray would shoot taking him to be an Indian. He therefore suffered Gray quietly to approach his lurking place. When the time came, he sprang forward ere the settler could have time to prepare, drew his tomahawk, and seizing him, dragged him from his horse. As he did so, he whispered to him: "I am Captain Brady, for God's sake be quiet!"

Gray, with the instinctive feeling of one who knew there was danger, and with that vivid presence of mind which characterizes those acquainted with frontier life, ceased at once to struggle. The horse had been started by the sudden onslaught, and sprang to one side. Ere he had time to leap forward, Brady had caught him by the bridle. His loud snorting threatened to arouse any one who was near. The Cap-

tain soon soothed the frightened animal into quiet.

Gray now hurriedly asked Brady what the danger was? The strong, vigorous spy, turned away his face, unable to answer him. The settler's already excited fears, were thus turned into realities. The newly formed look like an aspen leaf, with emotion—tears fell as large drops of water over his bronzed face. Brady permitted the indulgence for a moment, whilst he led the horse into a thicket close at hand and tied him. When he returned, Gray had sunk to the earth, and great tremulous convulsions writhed over him. Brady quietly touched him and said, "Come." He at once arose, and had gone but a few yards until every trace of emotion had apparently vanished. He was no longer the bereaved husband and father—he was the sturdy, well-trained hunter, whose ear and eye were acutely alive to every sight or sound, the waving of a leaf or the crackling of the smallest twig.

He desired to proceed directly towards the house, but Brady objected to this, and they passed down toward the river bank. As they proceeded, they saw from the tracks of horses and moccasin prints upon the plain where the earth was moist, that the party was quite a numerous one. After thoroughly examining every cover and possible place of concealment, they passed on to the southward and came back in that direction to the spot where Bevington stood sentry. When they reached him, they found that Biggs had not returned. In a few minutes, he came. He reported that the trail was large and broad, the Indians had taken no pains to conceal their tracks—they simply had struck back into the country, so as to avoid coming in contact with the spies whom they supposed to be lingering along the river.

The whole four now went down to the cabin, and carefully examined the ruins. After a long and minute search, Brady declared, in an authoritative manner, that none of the inmates had been consumed. This announcement at once dispelled the most harrowing fears of Gray. As soon as all that could be discovered had been ascertained, each one of the party proposed some course of action. One desired to go to Pittsburg and obtain assistance—another thought it best to return to M'Intosh and get some volunteers there—Brady listened patiently to both these propositions, but arose quickly after talking a moment apart with Biggs, and said, "Come."

Gray and Bevington obeyed at once, nor did Biggs object. Brady struck the trail and began pursuit in that tremendous rapid manner for which he was so famous. It was evident that if the savages were overtaken, it could only be done by the utmost exertion. They were some hours ahead and from the number of their horses must be nearly all mounted. Brady felt that if they were not overtaken that night, pursuit would be utterly futile. It was evident that this band had been south of the Ohio, and plundered the houses of the settlers. They had pounced upon the family of Gray upon their return.

When the pursuit began, it must have been two o'clock; at least two hours had been consumed by the spies in making the necessary exploration about the house, ere they approached it, and in examining the ruins. Not a word was said upon the route by any one. Their leader kept steadily in advance. Occasionally he would diverge from the track, but only to take it up again a mile or so in advance. The Captain's intimate knowledge of the topography of the country, enabled him to anticipate what points they would make. Thus he gained rapidly upon them by proceeding more nearly in a straight line toward the point at which they aimed to cross Beaver river.

At last, convinced from the general direction in which the trail led, that he could divine with absolute certainty the spot where they would find that stream, he abandoned it and struck boldly across the country. The accuracy of his judgment was vindicated by the fact, that from an elevated crest of a long line of hills, he saw the Indians with their victims just disappearing up a ravine on the opposite side of the Beaver. He counted them as they slowly filed away under the rays of the declining sun. There were thirteen warriors, eight of whom were mounted—another woman, besides Gray's wife, was in the cavalcade, and two children besides his—in all, five children.

The odds seemed fearful to Biggs and Bevington, although Brady made no comments. The moment they had passed out of sight, Brady again pushed forward with unflinching energy, nor did his followers hesitate. There was not a man among them whose muscles were not tense and rigid as whipcord, from exercise and training, from hardship and exposure. Gray's whole form seemed to dilate into twice its natural size at the sight of his wife and children. Terrible was the vengeance he swore.

Just as the sun set, the spies forded the stream and began to ascend the ravine. It was evident that the Indians intended to camp for the night some distance up a small creek or run, which debouches into Beaver River, about three miles from the

location of Fort M'Intosh, and two below the ravine. The spot, owing to the peculiar form of the tongue of the land lying west of the Beaver, at which they expected to encamp, was full ten miles from that fort. Here there was a spring, so deftly and cunningly situated in a deep dell, and so densely enclosed with thick mountain pines, that there was little danger of discovery. Even they might light a fire and it could not be seen one hundred yards.

The proceedings of their leader, which would have been totally inexplicable to all others, were partially, if not fully, understood by his followers; at least, they did not hesitate or question him. When dark came, Brady pushed forward with as much apparent certainty as he had done during the day. So rapid was his progress, that the Indians had but just kindled their fire and cooked their meal, when their mortal foe, whose presence they dreaded as much as that of the small pox, stood upon a huge rock looking down upon them. His party had been left a short distance in the rear, at a convenient spot, whilst he went forward to reconnoitre. There they remained impatiently for three mortal hours. They discussed in low tones the extreme disparity of the force—the propriety of going to M'Intosh to get assistance. But all agreed that if Brady ordered them to attack, success was certain.

However impatient they were, he returned at last. He described to them how the women and children lay within the centre of a crescent formed by the savages as they slept. Their guns were stacked upon the right, and most of their tomahawks. The arms were not more than fifteen feet from them. He had crawled within fifty feet of them, when the snortings of the horses, occasioned by the approach of a wild beast, had aroused a number of the savages from their light slumbers, and he had been compelled to lie quiet for more than an hour until they slept again. He then told them that he would attack them. It was impossible to use fire arms. They must depend solely upon the knife and tomahawk. The knife must be placed in the left hand and the tomahawk in the right. To Biggs, he assigned the duty of securing their arms. He was to begin the work of slaughter upon the right, Gray upon the left, and Bevington in the centre.

After each fairly understood the duty assigned him, the slow, difficult, hazardous approach began. They continued upon their feet until they had got within one hundred yards of the foe, and then lay down upon their bellies and began the work of writhing themselves forward like a serpent approaching a victim. They at last reached the very verge of the line, each man was at his post, save Biggs, who had the farthest to go. Just as he passed Brady's position, a twig cracked roughly under the weight of his body, and a huge savage, who lay within the reach of Gray's tomahawk, slowly sat up as if startled into this posture by the sound. After rolling his eyes, he again lay down and all was still.

Full fifteen minutes passed ere Biggs moved; then he slowly went on. When he reached his place, a very slow hissing sound indicated that he was ready, Brady in turn reiterated the sound as a signal to Gray and Bevington to begin. This they did in the most deliberate manner. No nervousness was permissible then. They slowly felt for the heart of each savage they were to stab, and then plunged the knife. The tomahawk was not to be used unless the knife proved inefficient. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night as they cautiously felt and stabbed, unless it might be that one who was feeling would bear the stroke of the other's knife and the groan of the victim whom the other had slain. Thus the work proceeded. Six of the savages were slain. One of them had not been killed outright by the stab of Gray. He sprang to his feet, but as he arose to about his watery, the tomahawk finished what the knife had begun. He staggered and fell heavily forward, over one who had not yet been reached. He in turn started up, but Brady was too quick, his knife reached his heart and the tomahawk his brain almost at the same instant. All were slain by the three spies, except one. He started to flee, but a rifle shot by Biggs closed his career.

The women and children, alarmed by the contest, fled wildly to the woods; but when all had grown still and they were called, they returned, recognizing amid their fright the tones of their own people. The whole party took up their march for M'Intosh at once. About sunrise next morning, the sentries of the fort were surprised to see the cavalcade of horses, men, women and children, approaching the fort. When they recognized Brady, they at once admitted him and the whole party.

In the relation of the circumstances afterward, Bevington claimed to have killed three and Gray three. Thus Brady, who claimed nothing, must have slain at least six, whilst the other two slew as many. The thirteenth, Biggs shot.

From that hour to this, the spring is called the "Bloody Run." and the small run is called "Brady's Spring." Few, even of the most curious of the people living in the neighborhood, know aught of the circumstances which conferred these names;

names which will be preserved by tradition for ever. Thus ended one of the very many hand-to-hand fights which the great Spy had with the savages. His history is fuller of daring incident, sanguinary, close, hard contest, perilous explorations and adventures escapes, than that of either of the Hetzels, or Boone or Keaton. He saw more service than any of them, and his name was known as a bye-word of terror among the Indian tribes, from the Saskatchewan to Lake Michigan.

A CURE FOR SCARLET FEVER.—A correspondent of the New York Times says the following is a very simple and efficacious remedy for the terrible soreness and ulceration of the mouth and throat in aggravated cases of scarlet fever: "Take equal quantities of honey and sweet oil, both should be pure—say one tea spoonful; beat it on a sheet of glazed letter paper over a spirit or fluid lamp, and give the patient at frequent intervals, a small quantity, as cold as it can be taken. It can do no harm, and has in some cases, where the collection of mucus in the throat and mouth almost produced suffocation, saved the patient's life."

GROWING OLD.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balm for every pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are wiser, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again!

MISS ANN TIGHEIT is said to be the oldest female known in history.—Boston News.
Palaw: she ain't near as old as Aunt Diluvian.—Syracuse Journal.
Both old, to be sure. But didn't Ann Tigheit precede them?
Yes, but we think Mrs. Ann T. Terior was ahead of Ann Terior.—Daily Sun.
Your vision is clouded, Mr. Sen. Was not Mrs. P. Mary the first of all?—Reading Journal.

A BERRY DAY.—The first Tuesday of the present month was the busiest day we have seen in America. The public square was literally jammed. About one hundred negroes were sold on that day. A gang of twenty belonging to the estate of Ja's Barlow, brought 14,565 dollars, being an average of \$748, 32. A gang of 10 were also sold, at an average of \$800, each. Col. M'Rain was the auctioneer.—Americus (Ga.) Republican, Jan. 11.

WESTMORELAND.—Both organs of the Democracy of Westmoreland county sustain the course pursued by Gen. Foster, and his colleagues, in refusing to support Col. Forney. The Argus gives the Pennsylvania significantly to understand that the party in Westmoreland is opposed to Col. Forney, and the Republican says that the delegation from that county have the thanks of their constituents for the course they have pursued.

Citizens of Erie City are petitioning Congress for a grant of \$20,000 to construct a Monument to Com. Oliver Hazard Perry, in their Cemetery.

There is a Presbyterian church, in Northampton county, Va., composed entirely of ladies, twenty-two in number.

THE FARM---

The Garden---The Orchard.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Practical Directions---No. 4.

CABBAGE AND SOUR KROUT.

Almost every person knows how to raise Cabbage, but some may, perhaps, like to know the German way of making Sour-KROUT. So here it is.

Take the best and most solid heads of Cabbage you have, and after cutting off their stalks and removing their loose outer-leaves, and washing off the heads clean, cut them through the centre into four halves and after cutting out the heart or core, draw the flat-side of each half backwards and forwards over your KROUT-cutting machine or knife placed over a clean basin or tub until it is all out fine. Then take your KROUT-barrel or vessel—which should be very clean and sweet—and put about a peck of your cut-cabbage into your vessel and strew a handful of salt, either coarse or fine, over it, and pound it down with a Stomper or clean, heavy, smooth-faced piece of wood until the juice rises on it. And then put in another layer of cut-cabbage and a handful of salt and pound it down solid as before, and so on until your vessel is nearly full, if you have so much cabbage. Then cover your kROUT with a clean wooden lid, small enough to go inside of your vessel, and put a clean stone that will weigh from 30 to 50 pounds on the top of this lid and place your vessel in dry cellar or other place until it has worked or fermented and formed a liquor to cover it, and when so kept covered and in a cool place it will remain good for a

year or two or even longer if desired. If it do not form such a liquor in the course of two or three weeks, it will be necessary to pour a little water over it to effect this. Your kROUT will be fit for use as soon as it has fermented and turned sour. And then if you squeeze the juice out of it and boil it with some pickled pork for about an hour and a half, and then put in some peeled potatoes and boil the whole about half an hour longer, you will have a fair specimen of what is called "a good dish Pennsylvania Sour-KROUT"—an article that no one need turn up his nose at, though I have seen some do it.

It may be well enough, however, to say here, that the surest way of raising fine Cabbage plants for planting, is to sow your seed in a box having a depth of some five or six inches of good garden ground, and place the box in a sunny position against your fence or house and two or more feet above the ground, for such elevated growing Cabbage-plants are very rarely if ever disturbed by the Cabbage fly or other insects. After your plants are transplanted into your garden or outlot, an occasional sprinkling of some ground plaster over and under them, when the dew is on your plants, will effectually prevent the ravages of the Cabbage-fly or bug and also of the Cutworm, much better than either ashes or lime.

ONIONS.

The best soil for Onions is a moist and sandy one, in a sunny position, for the Onion plant requires much heat and moisture. Hence, on the farm, a sunny spot where the soil and sand have been washed down from the higher grounds, will suit very well. The best manure for this crop are well-rotted cow and hog dung, the scrapings of the hen-house, wood ashes, fine charcoal, and soot; and it should be liberally supplied if the ground be poor, for the Onion needs a decidedly rich soil. But, as its growth does not materially impoverish the soil, it may be raised to advantage upon the same piece of ground for several successive years, and for any length of time, with proper manuring.

The Onions should be planted in rows, about ten inches apart, and in hills about the same distance apart in the row, and about an inch deep in the ground. Six or seven seeds or onions should be put into each hill, for onions will grow freely in clusters or bunches, and yield a better crop than when set or planted singly, as they, in growing, crowd each other up out of the soil, and thus obtain both for their bodies and their roots the warm and invigorating rays of the sun. In hoeing the crop, the ground should, for the same reason, be hoed from instead of to the onions, so that the onion, when full grown, may stand nearly above ground. After the crop is pretty well above ground, it will be advantageous to trample the ground down hard between the rows and bunches, as this will expose the onions still more fully to the heat of the sun.

AGRICULTURE.

Barley without Beards.

It is even so. A variety of barley has been discovered in the gulches of the Himalayan Mountains, entirely free from those annoying and poisonous beards attached to all our common varieties. The undersized obtained 7 grains of this new variety three years ago, and being much pleased with its general appearance and productiveness, has spared no pains to multiply this small quantity as fast as the Shanghai and other birds would allow.

Its merits for grinding or malting have not been tested, and the quantity is now too small to squander in that way, when every tiller of the soil, who sees it, is anxious to have a few grains, not doubting it will prove a valuable acquisition. I have a sufficient, however, to furnish all persons interested, who will be likely to see this notice, with one head each, containing 20 to 60 grains. Send me your address, on a stamped envelope and I will enclose a head, and send it back by return mail, with printed instructions for cultivating in a way to insure a large return from a small quantity of seed. Should this new variety be found to answer all the purposes of the common barley, a few years will suffice to drive the "Barley Beards" from the country.

Should any person desire more than the one head, I will send a package of 700 to 800 grains securely enveloped, by mail post paid, for 25 cts. accompanied with a few heads to prove the fact of its being beardless.

Address, I. W. BRIGGS,

West Macedon, Wayne county, N. Y.
[We have received a few heads of the above, and placed them in the hands of Messrs. Jacob Gundy, and Joseph M. Nesbit, for trial.—Ed. CHRONICLE.]

CHEAP DYE.—Chestnut bark boiled in water, in an iron vessel, makes a kind of stone color more permanent for either cotton or woolen goods than some expensive dyes. Dip the goods in a solution of copper and alum, in water, then in the dye; stir constantly until the color is deep enough, and dry before washing.

Feeding cornstalks to horses, afflicted with the "hooves," is said sometimes to effect a cure.