PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857. No. 30.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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For the Easton Gazette.

ALETHEIA.

The past is not forgotten—tho' that brow
Breathe not the memories of departed years;
I know thine eye will sometimes droop and swim,
Tho' I may never gaze upon thy tears;
That round thy day path, tho' it share it not,
Will throng the loved and absent unforgot.

Tho' cold, impassive, that MEMNONIC brow,
Through which the inner thought ne'er steals to light,
I know that like the fabled statue's strain
Which rose o'er Egypt at the wane of night,
Thy face will beam with thought when none may see,
And glow with feeling unobserved by me.

Enough that in thy breast Faith's vestal lamp
Burns with a fadeless lustre evermore;
Bathing in holy light each treasured thing
Which thou and I both called our own of yore—
That looks and tones long past are with thee yet,
And clouds and sunbursts thou canst not forget!

Enough that when at morn and evening hour
Thy form is bowed in holy, silent, prayer,
Mine will be whispered in the ear of Heaven
With those fond names remembered, uttered, there—
And God invoked to guide with heavenly ray
The lonely wanderer on his devious way.

Enough when floats the pallid moon at night
Far up mid drifting clouds in yon deep sky,
That thou wilt gaze upon the distant orb,
Recalling years of pleasure, long gone by;
And pray when musing o'er life's changes here,
That may we share a holier, happier, sphere!

* * *

For the Easton Gazette.

THE BACHELOR.

To ——

I am well aware, good farmer,
That you SEEK no gentle charmer;
And I know your field of corn is,
Of more worth than six ATTORNEYS.

Now, I feel a tender flutter,
When I see your golden butter,
Thro' the town, come slowly wending,
Borne by thrifty Joy, unbending.

And 'tis then, a thought will ramble
In my brain, and MEO'NT SCRAMBLE,
Thinking, dear, of you and others,
Of your cruel bachelor brothers—

Thinking, why you love the jingle,
Of your keys, and keeping single;
Thinking, why your tidy houses
Are devoid of gentle FROWSES.

No kind HELPS, to thrill with pleasure,
Manly bosoms, without measure—
No bright eyes with love-light beaming!
Fairy forms in beauty teeming!

Thinking why you shun your neighbors,
Nor applaud their honest labors,
Never listen to the baby,
When he calls you "UNKER," nasby.

But you treat his darling prattle,
As you do your lowing cattle.
And the little girl so lovely,
Answer ne'er, or answer coldly.

July 24, 1857. MARY.

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE BALLOON.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

A great many curious and facetious things have been told of Æronauts, and their aerial carriages, yclept balloons. A balloon making a decent one or near people who have never seen such a flying machine, unquestionably looks a leetle supernatural-like, and no doubt, makes the hair rise about as sudden as "bread-stuff," semi-occasionally.

The Pennsylvanians are great on ballooning, that state having produced about a baker's dozen of aerial experimentalists, whose performances have been attended with no disaster, some pecuniary advantage—to the æronaut—and considerable addition to the general stock of science. Some years ago, a balloonist, named West, made several voyages to the upper regions from the town of Lancaster, Lancaster county, Pa. About the same period, a Dutch farmer from the interior of New York State, Dutch as sourkrout, took it into his head to pay a visit to some of his equally Dutch frents, in the aforesaid Lancaster county. Nick Morgan was the old farmer's name—simple and honest was he as the day was long—with not two consecutive ideas beyond the daily routine of his farm: a railroad and locomotive he had never seen, and as to the matter of balloons, they were altogether contrivances that he never dreamed or heard of. Mounted upon his old sorrel mare, with a few rolls of clothes and a clean shirt or two in his saddle bags, old Nick started on his tour to Pennsylvania.

The vrow had preceded old Nick some days in his visit; and he bustled to join her.

Jogging along slowly and unsuspectingly, not far from his journey's end, the old farmer and the old mare were crawling up the slope of a little hill, when a voice brawled out—

"Hurry on old man! I want to pitch my grapnel into that hill side hurry, hurry!"

The old sorrel mare pricked up her ears, and old Nick's pouched out considerably, and he screwed and twisted them behind and before, right, left and down below, yet nothing could he see, when still louder and more stentorian than before, came the same awful voice—

"Come, come, old codger, hang you, ride on, I say or I'll pitch square into you."

The old man was bewildered, alarmed, and terrified. He reined up the old mare, and the poor old critter as terrified as her master trembled like a leaf. Old Nick's eyes fairly hung in every direction but upward—but not a ghost of a thing could he see save the hill on which he stood transfixed, and a few stumps close by.

To the old stumps, West the Æronaut—who was some hundreds of feet in the air just over the Dutchman, wished to fasten his grapling iron, and stop his balloon; as night was approaching, and no better place could be found, then and there West was extremely anxious to alight. But the old fellow and his horse materially interfered with this arrangement. Time was everything just then, the Æronaut did not wish to hook up the traveller, nor lose his own balloon, so getting vexed at the Dutchman's delay, down West trows his grapnel, attached to many fathoms of strong rope, but which proving a little too short, just lit upon the hind quarter of the old sorrel, hooked the Dutchman's coat tail and clamped the back part of the saddle as tight as wax.—At this critical juncture a puff of wind bounced the balloon upward, and lifted the mare clean and clear off her hind legs, and but for the girth parting, the poor quadruped, Dutchman and all, might have been carried off. The old mare turned up her eye just as the girth of the saddle broke, and spying the great balloon over her head, she bolted as if the veritable old Nick was after her.

Poor Nick Morgan! his coat tail came out by the roots, and he and the saddle were pitched and hauld forty rods down the hill, where with the breath knocked out of his body, the poor old man lay stretched out, like a spread eagle.

"There, you infernal old donkey, you," bawled the Æronaut, as he was sailing away "there you are, cuss you I knew it."

Old Nick revived in time to hear this malediction, and got one glimpse at the flying machine, when up he bounced, and after this his mare went ten miles an hour.

On, on he splunged, until not two ounces of vital air filled his breathing apparatus; over the fence of his relative's ground Nick flew, and up the lane he travelled, bursting into the house, foamed, fumed and cut up such wondrous didoes, that his wife and friends believed he had gone stark mad.

Exhausted quite, the poor fellow threw himself down upon the bed, and to all the combined efforts of his friends, the tongue of Nick Morgan refused to operate and unravel the mystery. At length his vrow essayed.

"Nicholas, vat ish de matter mit you?—Uph, speak, and tell your vife vot de matter ish, umph?"

No reply, but turning his head over and looking at his wife and friends with all the subdued tenderness of a dying calf, the old fellow offered up a heavy doleful groan.

"Nicholas! mine tere hushbant, vat ish de matter umph?"

Another look, and a dreadful groan.

"Nicholas, vy don't you tell me vat's de matter?"

The old man rose up a little, stared around caught hold of his wife's arm to satisfy himself that she was really flesh and blood, then in a voice betokening the deep solemnity of his feeling he spake.

"I've seen—seen—I—I've seen him!"

The friends all huddled around, the old vrow leaned over the bed, and, with a voice of extreme anxiety asked.

"Seen him?—who vos it vot you seed?"

"I—I've seen him!.'

"Who?" cried all the friends.

"Der di-vil!"

"Der di-vil?" echoed the whole group of listeners.

"Yaas!" an oh? mine soul *vot a pig pig he carries on his shoulders.*

WISH FOR NO MAN'S WEALTH.

"I wish I had his money," said a young hearty looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so his wished many a youth better than him, who devotes so much time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, bringing in its train cares and anxieties, from which they are free, keeping out of sight those bodily ills which luxury breeds, all the mental horrors of *ennui* and satiety, the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which 'tis gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment; for in too literal a sense it is true, that "it's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." Wish for no man's money. The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love by day and night encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul-like, listen for the death tick in your chamber: your shoes have value in men's eyes, only when you tread in them. The smiles which wealth can purchase greet you—living; and tears, that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have to eat, to drink to wear, enough? then you have all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases pain and aches, and imparis his health thereby. What if his raiment be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes over mingled with his envy. Let us, then, labor and be strong, in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich, while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise.—*Merchant's Magazine.*

THE MOTHER.—Despite not by mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its bloom. It may be autumn, yea, winter, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone—when the chill and coldness of the world come withering to our heart—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

The first bale of cotton was picked in Dallas county, Ala., on the 21st ult.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.—The Cincinnati papers record the death of Mrs. Mary Gano, one of the original settlers, and the mother and grandmother of many of the leading citizens of that city. We copy the following interesting facts:—

Mrs. Gano—then Miss Goforth—arrived in this State in company with twenty-eight others, in 1788. The little colony established itself first at Columbia, below the mouth of the Little Miami. At that time the present site of Cincinnati was a dense forest, only inhabited by wild beasts and rarely penetrated by the aborigines. When this little company of pioneers came, they brought with them their furniture and farming utensils, their rifles and ammunition, and a small stock of grains and vegetable seeds. They had come from Pittsburg in flatboats.

This was the foundation of the great, powerful and enlightened community, second to none in the world in all the elements of intellectual prosperity and civilization, which has grown up between the two Miamis, where, eighty years ago a powerful Indian confederacy held undisputed sway. The feeble colony of which Mrs G. then a timid girl, was a member, had been compelled to fight its way down the river, on the banks of which the menacing savages were constantly appearing with hostile demonstrations. Several of the settlers had been wounded, and they were happy, indeed, when they arrived at Columbia, which was a military outpost of the United States. Her proudest recollections, upon which she delighted to dwell to the very latest hours of her life, were of her dining at the same table with Generals Washington and Lafayette, at her father's house, in New York. Her descriptions of these great men were beautifully distinct, graphic and inspiring. Her father, Judge Goforth, was the first judge appointed in the Northwest. He received his commission from George Washington. She lived on to see the fifth generation of her descendants, and died in New York, her native place, while on a visit there, after residing in this city for 68 years.

A TABLE OF KINDRED AND AFFINITY.

Wherein whosoever are related, are forbidden in Holy Scripture to marry together.

A Man may not marry his	A Woman may not marry her
1 Grand mother	1 Grand father
2 Grandfather's wife	2 Daughter's husband
3 Wife's grand mother	3 Husband's grandfather
4 Father's sister	4 Father's brother
5 Mother's sister	5 Mother's brother
6 Father's brother's wife	6 Father's sister's husband
7 Mother's brother's wife	7 Mother's sister's husband
8 Wife's father's sister	8 Husband's father's brother
9 Wife's mother's sister	9 Husband's mother's brother
10 Mother	10 Father
11 Step mother	11 Step-Father
12 Wife's mother	12 Husband's father
13 Daughter	13 Son
14 Wife's daughter	14 Husband's son
15 Son's wife	15 Daughter's husband
16 Sister	16 Brother
17 Wife's sister	17 Husband's brother
18 Brother's wife	18 Sister's husband
19 Son's daughter	19 Son's son
20 Daughter's daughter	20 Daughter's son
21 Son's son's wife	21 Son's daughter's husband
22 Daughter's son's wife	22 Daughter's daughter's husband
23 Wife's son's daughter	23 Husband's son's son
24 Wife's daughter's daughter	24 Husband's daughter's son
25 Brother's daughter	25 Brother's son
26 Sister's daughter	26 Sister's son
27 Brother's son's wife	27 Brother's daughter's husband
28 Sister's son's wife	28 Sister's daughter's husband
29 Wife's brother's daughter	29 Husband's brother's son
30 Wife's sister's daughter	30 Husband's sister's son

Let the reader observe (attentively) that the man is forbidden to marry any woman in his wife's family, who stands in the same relationship, with those whom he is forbidden to marry of his own blood and family—and that the woman is (in like manner) forbidden to marry any man in her husband's family who stands in the same relationship with those she is forbidden to marry of her own blood and family.

A man and his wife are one, and by those sacred laws, God shews us that he so considers them. Hence all such marriages are considered *incest*, and fearful sin in His sight.

DEATH FROM A SINGULAR CAUSE.—Mr. C. C. Cooley, a contractor in Colt's pistol factory at Hartford, Conn., died on Monday from the effects of having an eyetooth extracted three weeks previously. The Hartford Times says:

"The tooth was properly extracted, and nothing remarkable occurred at the time: but soon after the operation was performed Mr. C.'s jaw and face continued to swell until the inflamation had extended to his head and throat, when his nervous system became so much affected that delirium set in and continued, with but slight intermission, up to the time of his death. All the remedies prescribed to reduce the inflammation and remove the delirium proved ineffectual. He could take no food or nourishment of any amount for seventy days previous to his death, and sank away gradually from mere physical exhaustion until within some forty-eight hours previous to his death, when the mortification took place, commencing in the affected portion of the jaw and extending to his throat; and thus forever ended his sufferings. The physicians who attended him, we understand, have remarked that they never before during their extended practice met with a precisely similar case, nor one that so completely baffled their skill."

DEATH OF "WILD CAT," THE FAMOUS SEMINOLE WARRIOR.—A letter to the San Antonio Texan, dated Laredo, Texas, May 25, says:

"You have doubtless learned before this reaches you, that "Wild Cat," the Seminole chief, who gave the United States so much trouble in Florida, is dead. He, with forty of his people, fell victims to the small pox."

For the Easton Gazette.

PENCIL DOTTINGS.

BY PIONEER.

TOUR OF THE HUDSON.

On the upper deck of a splendid steamer, we separated in my last "Dotting," in which I have bidden you "adieu," for some time—and in which we were gazing upon the most magnificent scenery in the world. The grandeur and sublimity of the Hudson cannot be surpassed, in fact equalled by any other river on the face of the globe.—The castles on the Rhine, as represented by travellers, must certainly add wonderfully to the appearance; yet, it has not the stupendous scenery of our noble stream.—In sitting under the cool shadow of the awning spread over our heads, to protect us from the rays of the sun, pouring down—with my eyes wide open, taking in all that I could, of the matchless scenery, that was slowly passing by us, and feeling entranced with pleasure, at the glorious prospect of landscapes that the brush of the greatest artist could never equal, or perfectly portray. I was not a little surprised, to notice persons that had never witnessed it before, or but rarely I am sure, quietly perusing their ridiculous novels; whilst others were *feasting* upon the morning news, and never once heeding the splendor which surrounded us, and in which the Great Master had so charmingly portrayed, for the wondering gaze of all; for the pleasure of all his creatures, but especially for thinking man, whom "He has created in his own likeness"—the golden clouds that swept in fleecy lightness, athwart the deep blue arch of heaven—the silvery mist, that hung lightly over the mountain top, and robed its majestic form in beauty—the pleasing foliage of variagated shades of green that clothed its sides, sparkling with the dew-drop, and other beatiful objects. These were subjects at that time worthy the particular contemplation of every one. Many persons though simply entertain the ambition to have it in their power to say, "I have seen this charming scenery, these great wonders," when in reality they have neither seen or appreciated. It is the way with the world; people cross the ocean to visit Italy and come back none the wiser. They will travel up to our stupendous and world-astonished Niagara, to wonder, "if a great mill couldn't be established there, an establishment for spunging cloths, or vats for tanning leather." The presence of the Deity they feel not, nor hear not, in the mighty plunge, and thundering roar of the cataract.

But we are now, gentle reader at the foot of the pier, about a mile below West Point, and over our heads, some two hundred feet high, an elegant Hotel rests, securely on a projecting ledge of rock, for the accomodation of visiters and kept in splendid order. Hundreds are rushing from the steamer, along the pier, to the omnibuses and carriages, awaiting to take them up to the little town. "Will you have a carriage, sir?" No, not if you were to pay me handsomely for the ride. I have feet, thank God, and limbs, that can be put to a better purpose, and eyes and a soul that will not brook being caged in a miserable omnibus.

An easy ascent, up a smooth and winding road, take us to the Hotel; here we will rest for a short time, after partaking of a glass of iced lemonade, or else a "mint-julip;" (but suit your own fancy)—and here we will look around us a little. Great God!—pardon me, the exclamation bursts from me every moment; I feel my heart bursting, and the soul within me involuntarily whispers His praise. What an indefatigabe grandeur is below us and around us—what a halo of scenery, in looking up and down the river' Barks, with canvass swelling to the breeze, skiming lightly over the water. Our palace-boat, dashing splendidly along, like a racer, and making the hills and mountains echo and re-echo with the shrill note of her steam-whistle. 'Tis folly to attempt this picture, no brush or pen can sketch it.

After resting for a short time, and enjoying the bewitching charm of the locality, we walked leasurely along the road, which takes you to West Point. It has a very easy ascent, being made, and running smoothly along the side of the river's bank, where the rocks are frequently excavated, or hewn down. The carol of birds, was delightful, that sweet morning, well repaying us for the walk. The bright little flower that thronged our pathway, and the fine variety of forest trees of richest folage, were well worthy our contemplation. But still more beautiful was the cascade, that came leaping down from a considerable height, like a chain of embossed silver, deliciously contrasting with the dark rich green of velvety moss and foliage. A rustic bridge is thrown over the little stream which this cascade forms, and which, after flowing past a short distance, makes other beautiful leaps, until it reaches the Hudson. After a really charming walk, strolling slowly along the bright romantic highway—a highway in reality—and enjoying everything with a zest that the body in the omnibus never can, since he has not an idea beyond a glass of brandy and water, we finally in very good time for dinner, reached the pretty little town, and the splendid Institution of West Point. If you have a young friend at the school you may naturally seek him out first thing, which your humble "Pioneer" did, and looking up pleasant quarters and good cheer, we had a very pleasant and merry time together. A fine, large and splendidly furnished Hotel stands on the opposite side of the parade grounds, on the edge of the very high bank, sloping several hundred feet, a steep declivity, to the blue waters below. Here L. and myself spent several happy hours, mirroring the past, chatting merrily of the present, and speculating on the future. After dinner, we started out, with our young friend as guide, to inspect everything to be seen, or worth seeing, in the place, and the following is the result of our inspection, and hasty and imperfect dottings:

We begin with the main building of the Institue, and were first taken up stairs, to the Gallery of Fine Arts. This is a large hall, appropriated to the productions of that beautiful branch of study. Here you witness landscapes, portraits, busts, fancy pieces, mathematical or topographical sketches, &c. Many of these pieces were executed with much skill, and displayed considerable talent. The walls were gracefully hung with these paintings, in neat and tasty frames.

We next descended to the "fencing room," where the young men are taught that graceful and useful science, but missed the hour when they take their lessons, a practical and healthy exercise. They are taught in large classes, in two opposing ranks, and parry and thrust at the command of the master. The best fencers are selected every day, as antagonists for battles, which carries a spirit of rivalry in the hearts of all.

We visited the riding department or school. The cadets are instructed in this branch, in the perfect management of a horse—how to ride with grace and security, becoming perfect jockeys; how to leap a five bared gate if necessary, nor jostled in the least in the saddle; how to dash at an object and wheel at a seconds command. These are exploits, highly useful to the soldier-dragoon.

We are standing now, upon the minor parade ground, where the "officers of the day" drill their platoons. This is very interesting, the young soldiers seem very perfect in the art, and go through their exercises with much grace and precision. Their muskets rattle with a bang, like one, on the ground, and their bayonets glisten above their heads as suddenly, and with as much precision and beauty. At the word of command every *man* steps with beautiful accuracy to the measured notes of music, and wheels into line, performing the varied evolutions, in excellent order.

The buildings of the Institute at West Point, were built and arranged, in very good taste. There is but little architectural display, yet they have a pleasing effect, and possess an air of durability and neatness.—There are a good many of these buildings, chiefly arranged with an eye to convenience, tall and lengthy structures; some entirely used as residences for the cadets, and others as schools, divided into sections or apartments. The dwellings of the officers of the army, and the masters of the institution, are in another part of the town, beautifully located along the banks of the river, and partially bounding on one side, the grand parade ground. Their houses are in excellent taste, with charming yards and gardens surrounding them.

The splendid parade ground which I have mentioned, I must now give you a brief description of. It lies in the centre or near about, of the magnificent table-land, on which West Point is located. This table land of nature's forming, rests in the midst of hills and mountain cones, several hundred feet above the sparkling waters of the majestic Hudson; rising above its blue surface, a gigantic mass of rock, with rich soil covering it, and covered with foliage and soft green sward. The ground has been cleared of every imperfection, and made smooth, level, and beautiful as a bowling green, where the young dragoons can exercise their horses, in the many feats of horsemanship, and the infantry hasten to the skirmish or go through the exciting drill. In different parts of the ground, batteries are established, entrenchments thrown up; and in their sham battles, these are to be stormed and taken, if they can. It is a beautiful and a proud moment, when our young soldiers, the future representatives of our great country, the heroic defenders of our fire-sides, her honor, her flag—dressed in their neat and handsome uniform, come prancing on their noble steets, as dragoons, or marching with measured foot-step, as infantry; or with elegant brass guns as "flying artillery," making the earth tremble, as they roll and dash along, over the magnificent plateau, and forming into battle array, for their own edification and the amusement of spectators, engaging in harmless skirmishes and battles. The "hanging walks," winding along the sides of the river bank, which bound the plateau, are grand beyond everything. At various points neat monuments have been erected, to the memory of the lamented and distinguished dead. A very handsome one rests on a rocky point, overlooking the Hudson, and standing many hundred feet above—I think it was erected to the celebrated "Pulaski." From here, you gaze upon the most sublime scenery in the world. A little farther along the names and dates of battles, and by whom fought and won, are neatly cut in the solid rock. We have reached the pine tree where Washington knelt in Revolutionary times, times that "tried men's souls," and petitioned Heaven, in behalf of his suffering country. This is a spot, adored by every lover of this Union, our great and much beloved America! You almost fancy that the spirit of the great "Patriot," is still hovering around this glorious place, once the keystone to liberty. The tree has been nearly cut away by the millions, seeking to possess a twig, a chip, or a scrap of bark, as a memento of the past, and of that great and wonderful, and good man. [June 20.

IMPERTINENT LETTERS.—It is stated that President Buchanan is greatly annoyed by the receipt of innumerable letters addressed him, soliciting money on all sorts of pretexts, in sums from $20 to $3.000. He lately received a letter from a young man in Virginia, with the modest request for the sum of $900, stating that he was very poor, and greatly in love with a young lady to whom he was engaged, and who he was bound to marry, but that he could not do so without the assistance of a loan of $900, and he appealed to the President, as the father of the republic, to assist him in his distress! Many letters of same ridiculous character are received, exciting the mirth of the Prrsident, but which, of course, receive no notice.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

SEED WHEAT.

There are a great many methods of preparing seed wheat for sowing, but the following is perhaps the best, as the grain may remain in the solution several weeks, if necessary, without any detriment to its germinating powers.

Wash the grain thoroughly, rubbing it hard, and changing the water several times. Then making a strong pickle by dissolving nearly or quite as much salt in water as you can. Some say make the pickle strong enough to bear up an egg or potato. Put the wheat into the pickle; and the oats, if any, and the light kernels of wheat will swim, and must be taken off. Let the wheat remain twenty-four hours or longer in the pickle, then turn off the water, and add slaked lime to the wheat till it is dry enough to sow. Some use strong wood ashes instead of lime."

S. W. Cole, Esq., formely editor of the *Yankee Farmer*, in some remarks corroborative of the efficacy of this method, says:

"When a boy, we assisted in sowing some wheat prepared as above; there was not enough to finish the piece, and we got a few quarts more from the same cask, which was sowed on one corner of the piece without preparation. When the grain was growing, we frequently examined it to see whether there was any difference on account of the seed. When the grain was ripe scarcely a smutty head could be found on that from the prepared seed; while that which was sowed without preparation, produced a large quantity of smut. It was perceptible at some distance; and the line between the two could be distinctly traced. On the one kind, there was not more than one smutty head in five hundred, whilst one fourth or one-third of the other was smutty."

It has generally been supposed that a protracted immersion in salt and water would prove fatal to the wheat; but this, it seems, is a merely suppositious conclusion, as Mr. Cole assures us in the article from which the foregoing is extracted, that he has known instances when wheat has been *soaked* fourteen days in strong salt water, and on being sowed grew well. He also mentions another case, which we give in his own words.

"Several bushels of wheat were soaked in water in which there was as much salt as would dissolve; and as there came a storm and overflowed the intervale on which the wheat was to be sowed, remained fourteen days in the pickle, then the pickle was drained off, and the wheat remained in a wet state seven days longer, making twenty-one days that it was exposed to the action of the pickle It was then thought to be too late to sow the wheat, so it was dried and saved till the next spring, then sowed, and it grew well."

The writer concludes by saying:

"There is no doubt that the grain may be kept in a better condition in a strong than in a week pickle, as it will neither vegetate nor decay in a strong pickle."—*New England Farmer.*

Can any of our readeas inform us in relation to the above statement? Many of the salts have proved useful as a steep for wheat, but we are not aware of the facts in relation to common salt stated above.—[ED. *of American Farmer.*

HOW TO RAISE POTATOES.

Messrs. Editors:—I have tried several experiments in raising potatoes, which I wish to communicate for the benefit of such as are inquiring upon the subject.

1. The greatest yield I ever had, the potatoes were cultivated in the following manner: The land was plowed and furrowed for the same; then straw was laid in the furrows instead of manure. The potatoes were cut and dropped about eight inches apart in the same upon the straw. The potatoes were then covered with a plough, about six inches deep. I have sometimas put the straw upon the potatoes; I could see no difference.

2. The second experiment was to sprinkle a handful of coal dust into each hill, either before or after the potatoes were dropped. I have seen a great effect from the use of half a pint of coal dust in the hill. I have never used muck as substitute for coal dust in case the dust could not be had, but I have recommended the practice to farmers, who have used it, they say, successfully. A quart of muck should be used in the hill.

3. My third experiment was to use a mixture of lime, plaster and ashes upon the hill, applied after the first hoeing. Or it applied twice, before and after the first hoeing. I have never applied this compost in the hill, but my neighbors have done it, and say they succeeded better than to apply upon the hill. The compost might be applied to good advantage both ways. I have never known potatoes to rot where coal dust or straw was applied in the hill. The compost might also be used in case the coal or straw dust is used.

One other thing and I have done. The potato itself exhausts the soil but very little, as its elements are derived mainly from the atmosphere—but the potato top exhausts more than any other one vegetable, as its elements are derived more from the soil. Potato tops, then, should all be carefully buried when and where they are dug. If this practice were universally followed, no crop would exhaust the soil less. Let the farmers try the experiment, and write the result for the benefit of others.

J. L. EDGERTON, *in Country Gentleman.*

PENNYROYAL.—It is said that pennyroyal woven into their nests, will perfectly and certainly protect hens from the annoyance of vermin. Some poultry raisers make the nest entirely of this strong scented herb.

The season has commenced at Saratoga, and there have been near 1,000 arrivals already.