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RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

RYE AND GREEN CROPS.

Some persons have made experiments on light lands by raising a crop of rye, and raising a green crop to turn in for manure the same season, and thus keep the land in good condition without any other manure; and we have heard of several cases that have proved successful so long as they have been practised, which is three or four years. In this way there is but little labor, and the crop of rye is profitable. It is well to carry out experiments, and see how far this system will succeed, though we doubt not there would be an advantage in a rotation of crops, by sometimes taking off a crop of clover, and in other seasons, ploughing in a crop of rye, the last of May or the first of June, and taking off a crop of corn, beans, potatoes, turnips, beets or carrots.

Messrs. P. & F. Richardson, of Newtown, who are intelligent farmers diligently engaged in improvements, have been making experiments in taking off a crop of rye and ploughing in a green crop the same season. The soil was a light loam in tolerable condition. For three years in succession they took off a crop of summer rye, and then turned in the stubble and sowed buckwheat, which was turned under in the fall for manure. A middling crop of rye was obtained each year, and a good green crop was also produced to enrich the soil.

In the fall of the third year, winter rye was sown after the green crop was ploughed in, and the next season there was a very good crop of rye, larger than the preceding crops of summer rye. Winter rye was sown again after a crop of buckwheat was ploughed in. This year, the fifth of the experiment, we saw the rye when well grown; it was tall, and good heads had formed, and promised a good crop but for the lack of plants. The crop will probably be only middling this season, or perhaps less, owing to a want of plants. Whether this thinness in the grain is owing to a want of fertility in the soil cannot be ascertained, but from the good growth we should suppose that the deficiency is owing to some other cause.

On this land is a young orchard and the trees are in a very flourishing condition. If this plan can be pursued and a crop of rye obtained annually, and the orchard kept in a vigorous condition, it will be a profitable system, while much manure is wanted to improve other parts of the farm.

This farm has a southern exposure, and is protected by woods on the north, but peach trees were more injured here last wintern than on a northern exposure, in the same section. It is a fine soil for fruit trees in general, as well as for various purposes of cultivation. The peach is tender, and suffers much from our cold winters, and it will only do well on favored locations.

Bost. Cultivator.

GARDEN VEGETABLES.

While the attention of the farmer cannot be too strongly urged to the formation of a good vegetable garden, our object here is not so much to remind him of the garden generally, as of the cultivation of some three or four plants, which are frequently missing in the farmer's garden. The first of these is the *Rhubarb*, or pie-plant. This no man should be without, as it is easily cultivated, comes into use when fruits or other vegetables are scarce, and its acid, when cooked, is most grateful and healthy. A few shoots cut from the roots, and planted in rich ground, some four feet apart, will in a short time, furnish stems (the part used,) for a family. To use it, take the stem of the leaf, strip it, cut it in thin slices transversely, and bake it in paste as you would apples. It requires more sugar than the apple, but in flavor is far superior.

Another plant too much neglected is the *Lima Bean*. This bean is rather tender for our climate, and if planted too early, sometimes rots in the ground or is killed by the frost. The ground on which these beans are planted should be made rich and deep with fine mould, and the poles should be placed at the time of planting. They should be planted as soon as the ground is warm enough to secure germination, which, with us, is usually about the middle or last of May. The vines usually grow until arrested by the frost, consequently all the beans will not be matured. The Lima bean is far the best of the beans used as food, and is equally good, used green or dry. Those who are fond of *succatash*, or green corn and beans, for the winter's use, will raise them, and when wanted, soak in soft water over night; then put into the water for boiling, cold, and boiled till tender, with the prepared corn, and a piece of salted pork.

The *Horse Radish* is a plant richly deserving a place in the farmer's garden, though too often, through carelessness, it is allowed, when once introduced, to spread where it is not wanted, and in some instances to become a nuisance. There is no need of this, as the radish is as easily confined to its proper allotment in the garden, as the potatoe or artichoke. It is propagated by setts, or by taking the crown of the plant, with a few inches of root, and burying it in deep rich soil to the depth of 8 or 10 inches. If the sett is split into two or three parts, retaining a part of the crown on each, the plant may be increased more rapidly. Before planted, the ground should be dug and manured to the depth of 18 inches or two feet. The plants may be set in the spring or fall; but perhaps as good a way as any, is to put out the sets at the time of gathering the roots, and if desirable, in the same places. The leaves make one of the earliest and best greens, and the roots, grated and bottled with good vinegar, make it good, when used in moderation, with either boiled or baked meats.

The *Tomato*, though now much more common than formerly, is still not to be found in many farmer's gardens, where it would certainly, if the mandates of imperious fashion are in any degree heeded. The tomato, though found in its greatest perfection in southern latitudes, can, with a little attention, be grown in most of our gardens, and furnish for months a wholesome and to many a most agreeable article of food. Few like the tomato, at first, but the taste soon becomes not only reconciled to it, but is much pleased with it. A rich, stiff loam is the best soil for the tomato. A good way is to sow the seed in a hot bed in April, and transplant when danger from frost is passed. The plants should be four feet apart in rich good ground, and the vines should be supported by a frame work of some kind, or brush, as the fruit will be better than if left on the ground. There are several varieties of the tomato, but the large red for the table or preserving, and the cherry tomato, for pickling, are perhaps the best. They are used in various ways; eaten in vinegar as cucumbers, made into soups, into toasts, baked in pie, but perhaps the greatest use is in tomato sauce, which is highly esteemed.

There can be no doubt that our farmers might at a little expense, greatly enlarge their list of valuable garden esculents; and in so doing materially decrease their annual expenses, while they are at the same time adding to their comforts.

Alb. Cultivator.

Cultivation of the Cucumber.—I will state a fact relative to the cultivation of cucumbers, which came under my observation, and which is worthy to be known. I shall at least give a further trial myself of its reality, though I cannot conceive there is a doubt remaining on the subject. Last Spring a friend of mine and myself were planting cucumbers at the same time. I was planting mine, as is usual in gardens, by mixing a small portion of stable manure with the earth, and raising the hill an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Observing it, he jocosely remarked, "Let me show you how to raise cucumbers." Never having much luck in raising them, I cheerfully agreed with his proposition. He commenced by making holes in the earth, at the distance intended for the hills, that would hold about a peck—he then filled them with dry leached ashes, covering the ashes with a very small quantity of earth. The seeds were then planted on a level with the surface of the ground. I was willing to see the experiment tried, but had no expectation of any thing but a loss labor and soil. But imagine my astonishment, (notwithstanding a drier season never was known, and almost a universal failure of all garden vegetables) when I behold the vines remarkably thrifty, and as fine a crop of cucumbers as any one need wish to raise; and they continued to bear for a very long time—unusually so, in fact. I will not philosophise or moralize on this subject, but say to all, try it—and instead of throwing your ashes in a useless heap to stumble over near your door, put them to their proper use, and reap your rich reward.

Ohio Farmer.

Poisoned Sheep—a Remedy.—Many sheep usually die in the spring, when first turned from their winter quarters, by eating poison—*laurel*, or "*lamb-kill*," as it is popularly called. This is generally fatal, to the animal partaking it, unless its effects be speedily counteracted, and this can be effectually accomplished only in one way. As soon as you find your sheep begins to fail, hasten to the forest and gather a handful of the small twigs of *white ash*—place them in a pipkin or common kettle, after having bruised them well, and suffer them to boil for an hour—This done, decant the decoction or extract, and administer two spoonsful to each sheep. Lambs require *less*. If administered within 24 hours from the time of partaking the poison, it will ordinarily effect a cure.

Some have wondered why sheep eat this plant, as their *instinct* is generally competent to lead them aright in their selection. I have supposed that their eagerness for succulent food is the principal cause, and more especially as they are seldom known to partake of it at any other season of the year. *Maine Cultivator.*

For Candles.—Take 2 lbs. of alum for every 10 lbs. of tallow; dissolve it in water before the tallow is put in, and then melt the tallow in the allum water with frequent stirring, and it will clarify and harden the tallow so as to make a most beautiful candle.

THE STOLEN COLLAR.
From the Note Book of a Barrister.

BY J. MIDDLETON.

It was during the spring assizes for the county of ——, in the year 18—, that I gathered the incidents of the following little story; plain and simple as they are, I lay them before the reader, and should he feel one half the interest in their perusal that I did in their development, his trouble will be well repaid. They form a dark and mournful chapter in the history of a woman's life.

Scarce had I taken possession of my lodgings, on the evening of the commission-day, before my clerk ushered into my room a gentleman, whom he announced as Mr. Isleworth, solicitor. He was a middle sized, marchent man, of about twenty-five or thirty years of age, with light auburn hair, florid complexion, and clear blue eyes, and his appearance was in every respect too feminine to merit the admiration of a stranger; but there was a manliness in his manner, a firmness in his step, and a deep and powerful intonation in his voice, that commanded respect and elicited attention. After the usual complimentary salutation, I handed him a chair, which he at once accepted. We were seated directly opposite each other, and in such a position that I had an opportunity of observing the slightest alteration in his countenance.

"I call upon you, Mr. ——," said the stranger, drawing from his pocket a packet of papers, "with a brief for the defence of an unfortunate prisoner."

"What is the charge?" inquired I, interrupting him.

"I shall not be intruding upon your time," replied the stranger eagerly, "I will tell you the whole story—it is brief, very brief." I nodded assent.

"The prisoner," he exclaimed, "is a young lady of about twenty-three years of age, and the eldest of a highly respectable widow lady, residing in this city; not a word—not a breath of suspicion was ever heard against any of the family, until this unfortunate occurrence; and, oh! sir, I am sure there is not a pretence for this serious charge; yet such are the circumstances of the case, that I know not how to meet it."

"It is unfortunate, but we must not despair," exclaimed I, observing the intensity of Mr. Isleworth's feelings.

"I would fain hope, but dare not," replied he; "and I think sir, you will have good reason to be afraid, when I have related to you the facts." After a moment's pause, he continued his narrative; from which, together with an occasional glance at the statements in my brief, I was enabled to gather a pretty correct outline of the case.

Miss Marian Merton, (the prisoner,) was, as the solicitor stated, the eldest daughter of a respectable widow lady, then residing in ——, in easy, if not affluent circumstances, and mixing in the highest circle of society.

It appeared that a few weeks previous to this time, Miss M—— had one day been engaged in making several purchases at one of the many fancy bazaars in the town. On leaving the bazaar, and proceeding towards her own home, scarcely had she arrived at the end of the first street, before she was overtaken by the proprietor, and charged with having stolen a lace collar from the counter. She was immediately conducted back again to the bazaar, her bag was examined, and the collar found secreted therein. An assistant also spoke distinctly to having seen her take up the collar and place it in her bag. The proprietor was naturally a cold, calculating, mercenary man, and aggravated this time by repeated larcenies, which had been almost daily committed in his establishment, without detection, he had no regard to Miss Merton's protestations of innocence, respectability of character, heart-rending supplications, or bitter tears—all were alike unavailing. The result was, that the unfortunate girl was taken before the magistrate, and there, being unable to account for the collar being found in her possession, she was committed for trial.

These were the plain and simple facts, and how difficult were they to rebut! Would the jury believe the story of Miss Merton? Would they believe that she knew not how the collar had been placed in her bag? or, in fact, that she was not aware of its being there? These appeared to be the only questions worthy of consideration. I folded up the brief, placed it on the table, and for the first time since the commencement of the narrative, turned to look upon the face of the speaker. He was changed, strangely changed. His cheeks were deadly pale, his lips livid, his eyes wild and staring, and his whole frame appeared trembling under the influence of some strong internal emotion.

"This cannot be the effect of youthful sympathy," I muttered to myself involuntarily; "there is something more—it may be *friendship*, or perhaps"—but before I had time to finish the sentence, Mr. Isleworth, as though he had penetrated the nature of my thoughts, exclaimed—

"Pardon me, sir—have I made myself clearly understood? I am agitated; but the truth is, I have long been on terms of friendship with the family."

"Then I can very readily account for your agitation, and sympathize with your distress, Mr. Isleworth."

"It is hard, sir, to see so young a girl—so amiable—so lovely—in such a position."

"There are few men, I apprehend, who would not feel as you do under such circumstances."

A deep sigh was the only answer to my remark.

"And you have not the slightest doubt of the prisoner's innocence?" I again ventured to ask after a few moments pause.

"Doubt! Innocence! No, no—I would stake my life on her innocence, but," continued he, fixing his bright, penetrating eyes on my face, "why do you ask? Can it be possible! Yes. You doubt!"

"Pardon me sir—I would not ask any thing that might in the slighest degree wound your feelings; but you are well aware, Mr. Isleworth, an every day experience at the bar, teaches the most humane and generous man to doubt on matters of this kind. We there become sceptics, even in spite of our better reason. In this case, however, trusting to your word, I will believe my fair client 'Not Guilty.'"

Mr. Isleworth departed.

The day on which the trial was to take place soon arrived. The prisoner was stirring early, and pacing to and fro within the cold walls of her narrow cell, (now dimly lighted by the first beams of the morning sun;) her appearance could not have failed to have won the admiration, nor her situation to have excited the sympathy of all who beheld her.

Marian Merton was not, perhaps, what one would consider a decidedly pretty girl—her face was too round, and her features too strongly portrayed; but there was something so winning in the expression of her countenance, that charmed without dazzling the spectator—and upon the whole, her *tout ensemble* might with justice be declared to be very pleasing. Her confinement had blanched her cheeks and brow, and there was a melancholy shade thrown over her features, which, notwithstanding her wanted calmness and placidity, too clearly showed the struggle that was going on in her heart.

Marian's first duty on the morning in question, was to pour out her gentle spirit in prayer and supplication. It was a duty she had long been taught to observe—a duty now so peculiarly in accordance with her own lacerated feelings, that she turned to it, perhaps, more readily than ever. True it is, misfortunes sanctify our devotions—every thought, feeling, and desire, seems to undergo a strange refinement beneath their influence.

Scarcely had the Castle clock tolled the hour of eight, when the gaoler, accompanied by a couple of females, was heard approaching the prisoner's apartment. Marian instantly caught the sound; the sound of old familiar voices; voices she had listened to from her earliest childhood! This was too much to bear—a thousand tender memories rushed back upon her thoughts—and sinking down upon a chair, she wept bitterly.

"Marian! dear Marian!" said the mother, pressing her sorrowing daughter warmly to her heart, as the gaoler departed—"Why are you in tears?"

"Mother," replied Marian eagerly, "they are not the tears of guilt."

"No, my child, I know they are not."

"'Tis hard, mother, to be accused of crime—incarcerated in a dull, dreary, prison house—dragged forth before an assembled multitude, there to meet the scornful look, to hear the withering, half suppressed taunt of an idle throng; and, perhaps, mother, after all, to be convicted unjustly."

"Convicted! No, Marian. They will not, they cannot convict you."

"Alas, my dear mother," replied Marian, with a deep sigh, "all do not know me as well as you. Marian Merton can have no claim on the sympathies of those who are this day to be her judges. Yet, mother, methinks I could bear all—even conviction—but—" and Marian again burst into tears.

"Well, my poor child!"

"How will you bear it, mother? and you my sweet sister? oh! think—think, they will brand me as a *thief*—your daughter's *thief*."

"Marian," exclaimed the widow, proudly raising her trembling form, "who shall dare to brand Marian Merton as a thief? No, no, I will not think it. Do not despair, my sweet child; but hope, Marian—hope, Mr. Isleworth——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marian, suddenly interrupting her mother, "did he bid you tell me to hope—did he say there was any chance of my being acquitted?"

"Alas! no, Marian! but I am quite sure Mr. Isleworth cannot think you guilty."

"He does not; but then, mother, he has long been our friend. He and I were children together, companions, playmates, and oh! he knows me too well to harbor even a suspicion of my guilt. Besides, he is so kind and tender hearted—so—"

A warning from the gaoler, who had remained on the outside of the door, here reminded the widow that she must now retire. Again taking Marian in her arms, she pushed back her long, dark ringlets, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon her cheek. "God bless you, my dear child!" exclaimed she, releasing herself from her daughter's embrace, "God bless you!"

For a moment the sisters were clasped in each other's arms; their eyes met, their lips moved, but the grief of their young heart's was too deep for words.

The court was crowded with spectators, and every avenue approaching thereto was rendered almost impassable. The majority appeared drawn together for one purpose—to witness the trial of poor Marian Merton.

No sooner had I taken my place at the bar, than the unfortunate girl was led into the dock; there was a simultaneous pressing forward among the crowd, every one seeming anxious to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. Not a word, scarcely a breath could be heard, while the clerk of the court read over the indictment. Marian, in a calm, subdued voice, pleaded "not guilty."

The case for the prosecution was opened by one of my most valued friends of the long robe, and it is but justice to him to state, that the clear and impartial manner in which he detailed the circumstances to the jury, was alike creditable to his head and heart. There was no attempt on his part at any exaggeration of facts—no speculation on motives—no clothing of trifles "light and insignificant," with an air of serious and grave importance. The first witness called, was the owner of the property alleged to have been stolen. He was a tall, dark complexioned man, with small ferret like eyes—long black hair, falling in a profusion of curls upon his shoulders—and the general expression of his features was that of careless indifference to every thing but the one object he had in view. There was scarcely an eye in court, save his own, that did not look with something like pity on the unfortunate girl; and more than this, we will venture to say, there was scarcely a heart that did not secretly wish she might be acquitted. His evidence was delivered in a firm, determined manner, every little fact and circumstance being spoken to with a degree of certainty which at once rendered futile every attempt at cross-examination. Each important particular was strongly corroborated by his expedient assistant, who appeared even determined to outdo his master in *violent swearing*. I had but one hope—one resource—I went at once to the jury, and after a long and labored address, was in the act of closing up my brief almost in despair, intending as a last effort to call the witness to character, when Mr. Isleworth, who had been seated close behind me from the commencement of the trial, pushed a small note into my hand. It was to this effect—that he had just received a letter from a gentleman in court, who had arrived in the city only that morning, stating that he would be able to give such evidence as would in all probability exculpate the prisoner.

I hesitated not a moment. He was almost instantly on the box; it was a bold and dangerous step, and one could only be justified by the pressing extremity of the case. My witness, it appeared on the examination, was a commercial traveller who had long been in the habit of transacting business with the prosecutor. He distinctly remembered having been in the bazaar on the afternoon when the robbery was alleged to have taken place—he spoke also to having seen the prisoner in the bazaar at the same time—and, what was most important of all, that he had noticed the assistant, who had given evidence against her, himself place the collar in her bag during the time she was engaged in the examination of other articles. The effect which this startling information created may readily be imagined by any one at all accustomed to the excitement of a court of justice. The visible alteration in the countenances of the jurymen at once convinced me that it was unnecessary to carry the case farther. Contented, therefore, with the impression already created, I left the prisoner in their hands. The result proved I was right in doing so. Marian Merton was acquitted.

Four months passed away, and I was again in the good old city —— for the summer assizes. I had another brief from my friend Mr. Isleworth, but it was not for the defence of another unfortunate woman. It was now for the prosecution of that wicked assistant, who in attempting to shield himself, cruelly sought to fix his own crimes on a young, virtuous, and unsuspecting girl. Circumstances had lately transpired which left no doubt as to who had long been the real thief in the bazaar—and the time for retribution was at an hand. The assistant was tried, convicted, and sentenced to seven years transportation.

And where now was the persecuted Marian Merton?

I wished, and yet I almost feared to ask. Mr. Isleworth had never named her—he was dispirited, care-worn, and evidently struggling under deep internal suffering—could it be on her account? My heart told me it must be so.

It was the last day of the assizes. Mr. Isleworth had called upon me at my apartment for his papers. Curiosity was too powerful longer to be coerced by the sober dictates of reason.

"Pray, sir," said I, "have you seen Miss Merton lately?"

"Alas! have you not heard?" and the tears started to his upraised eyes—"she is——"

"Not dead!" I exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him, and observing for the first time that he was habited in deep mourning.

"No, sir, not dead!" he replied, bitterly—and then, as though some sudden thought had flashed across his mind, he continued, "but—but—perhaps you would like to see her."

Almost mechanically taking up my hat, I seized his arm, and we rushed into the street. We proceeded for some distance in perfect silence. On arriving at the outskirts of the city, we took the path to a pretty little garden adjoining the highway, and belonging to one of the neatest villas in the neighborhood.

We immediately entered the house, and following the directions of Mr. Isleworth, I walked at once into the dining room; there sat Mrs Merton and her two daughters—but how changed! Poor Marian! She, who had been all calmness and resignation in the hour of misfortune and difficulty, had fallen to the ground in the very moment of her triumph. Overcome by conflicting emotions—oppressed by contending hopes and fears—reason had deserted its throne, and the once lovely and philosophic girl was now a maniac! She who was the light and life of Isleworth's heart—she who had long been destined to be the wife of his bosom, the brightest object of every hope and expectation—there, there she sat, heedless of every thing and every one, almost motionless as a statue!

"Look," said Mr. Isleworth, seizing me by the arm, "she is there, poor girl! I loved her in her beauty—the glory of her womanhood—I love her still; wrecked, ruined as she is." And then flinging his arm fondly round her neck, and looking into her wandering eyes, which flashed at this moment with an almost unearthly light, he continued, "Poor, dear Marian, I will love none other!"

I could bear no more; I saw before me the broken hearted and the maniac; the result of one bad man's wickedness.

Influence of Children.

Of the few instances in which men become pious in advanced life, very many of them are affected through the direct or indirect influence of their children, who have found the pearl of price abroad, and brought it home to their parents.

A little daughter, whose parents were unfriendly to religion, providentially attended a religious meeting, and became interested. The father was displeased. She was desirous of attending the meeting again, but he forbade her. She waited anxiously for the next, and renewed her request. Again she was forbidden. She begged with tears. Excited by that hostility to religion which sometimes overcomes parental love, and renders the parent "without natural affection," the father said to her, "If ever you go to that meeting again, I will turn you out of doors." The daughter, moved with that peculiar emotion in which the soul is at once overwhelmed and aroused to unwonted energy, lifted a meek, glistening eye to her parent, and replied, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." It went to the father's heart—it was irresistible. Parental affection was awakened, a conviction of his unnatural conduct rushed upon him, and with a full and bursting heart he replied, "Go, my daughter; I will never throw another straw in the way of your religion." The consequence was, that the parents soon followed their daughter. Thus did this child become an angel of light and salvation to her parents.

S. S. Advocate.

Live Uprightly.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villian for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a plendid tomb! Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time! a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed; wearied, with tears and sorrows they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over the orb with diversified influence.

Reverence.—Charles the Great used to place his crown upon the Bible; intimating that all honor was due to God.