



RURAL ECONOMY.

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

The way to Economize Manure.

If a bushel of plaster were added to, and thoroughly mixed with every 20 loads of manure, which may be applied to light sandy lands, we should have fewer complaints that such lands are "hungry" and will not hold manure. We should have fewer complaints of our ears of corn not being filled out with grain. As the decomposition of the manure takes place, the more nutritive parts of it—the fertilizing gases—from their native volatility, ascend, and if the soil in which the manure may have been placed is porous, as is the case with the above described lands, as a necessary consequence, such fertilizing gases escape through the pores of the earth into the air, and are lost to the field wherein they were generated. But, if before we apply our manure to such lands, we were to take the precaution to incorporate with it the above prescribed quantity of plaster, the ammonia, as it may be formed by the decomposition or rotting of the manure, from its affinity for the sulphuric acid, which forms an important part of plaster, would unite with it, and form the sulphate of ammonia, a substance not volatile, nor liable to be given out, except when acted upon by certain degrees of heat, air, moisture, and the power of absorption possessed by plants, through the voltaic action of their roots. Hence it is, if we incorporate plaster with manure before ploughing it in, we give *fixidity* to the enriching gases, and thus retain them in the earth, until consumed by the plants in the course of their feeding; we will thereby impart, to a certain extent, to sandy lands, the retentive powers, owing to their physical consistency, peculiar to clayey soils; and will be thus enabled to give comparative permanency to our applications of fertilizers to our lands.

ABOUT TURNIPS, &c.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, in an interesting article on the Turnip Culture, estimates the cost of his crop at six cents per bushel. This would appear to be a low estimate when we consider the value of the article for feeding; but if by throwing our individual experience into common stock, we can acquire information enabling us to produce the crop at a lower rate than that above noticed, all may be benefited.

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that gypsum applied to the ground before broken up for turnips, at the rate of two bushels per acre, will make a very decided difference in the crop. This result has been noticed under different circumstances and on different soils. After a thorough preparation of the ground, the manure from the poultry house will be found to be the best application, except Guano, which appears to have some peculiar constituent property adapted to the growth of turnips, and on this account is a more economical manure than any other. I am informed that in Ireland, where so much depends on the success of the crop, the use of all other manure has been abandoned, and guano alone relied on.

On the 21st of last July, I applied Patagon's guano at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre in my corn, which were four feet apart, covering the guano slightly with the plow. On the ridge thus formed the top turnip seed was drilled; the corn kept the ground shaded, and prevented the growth of weeds; consequently no culture was needed. After the corn was cut in September, the turnips grew luxuriantly and produced the finest crop I ever raised; while some intermediate rows that were planted without any guano, were not worth the trouble of going over to pull the turnips.

In this experiment of cultivating turnips among corn, there was no extra ground used, and all the culture and plowing saved, the only expense being the guano, which cost two and a half cents per bushel for the crop produced!

Southern Vegetable Diet.—We can have vegetables the year round and with so little labor, that it is a matter of wonder to a provident man that an independent citizen is content with so small a variety. The cabbage tribe will give us boiled vegetables from the first of May to the first of January, even if we could not grow the cabbage heads; we then have the turnip, until April or May. We can have the sweet potatoe from January to January, when there are pumpkins, parsnips, and winter squashes, for winter squashes for summer; turnip tops, spinach, and parsnips for spring. What living

for we of the south! But fruits in their season are not to be forgotten. Strawberries, from 15th of April to 15th of May; then Chickasaw plums until first or middle of June; figs, then raspberries; nutmeg peaches; soon after early York, early Tiltonson, and other peaches; June apples, Early Catherine, Jargonelle, and others appear. A family can have fruit from the tree and the vine from the middle of April to the first of January, without resorting to hot-house culture.

Notwithstanding these varied gifts of God to us, we still continue to gormandize meat; and for this simple reason, we are accustomed to it and will not try another plan.

Southern Cultivator.

Orchards.—If not already done, the trees in orchards should be treated to a coat of soft soap, sulphur and salt, mixed in the proportion of one gallon of sulphur, and one quart of salt. Where there may be moss on trees, or the bark rough and dead in appearance, the trees should be scraped before the mixture is applied. And if it is a "long time ago" since your orchard was manured, you will greatly improve your trees, as well as the fruit they bear, by harrowing in a moderate quantity of compost of six parts of marsh mud, ditch scrapings, or wood mould, one part bone earth, and one part ashes. The mass to be well mixed together, and spread under each tree as far as the limbs may extend, or as far as you may suppose the roots reach. The tree, to bear fruit fine and fair, stands just as much in need of food, as does the man who labors from gray morn to the setting sun. And things that have life require to be fed, to preserve them in vigorous health and usefulness.

Liquid Manure for Grapes.—The Ohio Cultivator says, that a grape vine at a hotel in that State, but three years old, has climbed to the second story, and has extended its branches round the corners of the building to a distance of twenty or thirty feet, nearly the whole being full of the clusters of fruit. The only unusual treatment it has received, was a watering every day with dish water and occasionally with soap suds. Working Farmer.

Many persons suppose that the best way to prevent moths from getting into woolen or furs, is occasionally through the summer to hang these articles in the sun and rain. This is a great mistake, as it by such exposure that the moths are most likely to get into them. On the contrary, in the spring, when the season is over for furs and woolens, they should be well shaken and brush-d, and then wrapped up tightly in linen, laying among them lumps of camphor; handfuls of fresh hops; cedar shavings, and above all fat pine wood shavings, all of which are preventives to moth; the camphor is by far the best for furs. All woolens, &c. should be kept during the summer unopened, in dark dry places, such as drawers or large chests. Cedar presses are preferable to all others, for keeping cloths or other articles. Hair trunks rarely fail to introduce moths. The month of June is the best time to put away flannels.

THE RESCUED DRUNKARD.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Knock! knock! knock! It was again the familiar night warning. A season of disease, especially fatal to the working people of the town, kept me constantly at work; and, well or ill, willing or not, I must be ready at their call. I sprang from my warm bed, and lifting up the window sash, called out, "Who's there?"

"You must come directly, sir, to No. 6, Smith's Yard, and see a child that lies very ill; it's a neighbor's bairn, sir."

"Very well; I shall be there presently," was my reply, and I shut down the window.

Throwing on my clothes hastily, and a cloak over all, I hastened out, and proceeded to the house indicated. It was a cold winter's morning, about five o'clock. The bitter wind, laden with sleet, caught me at the street corner, and made me draw my cloak closer around me. The factory bells were already ringing, and here and there the huge castles of factories were lit up, and poured a thousand streams of light into the darkness. The streets were astir with the factory workers—men, women, and little girls, who clung along in patterns through the wet snow which sprinkled the ground. Poor children, thus early inured to the hard lot of toil! What a pitiable fate was theirs! But tinkling through the air went the impudent bells of the factories, and away they must go. Were they warmly clad? Were they fed? Were they rested—thus early astir, and exposed to the elements? But I stifled my thoughts, and hastened on.

I found the house without difficulty. It was situated in a yard where I had often before been in the course of the last three months, called thither by the duties of my profession. Typhus fever in its worst forms had recently been a constant visitor there. It was in the heart of an ill-drained, filthy neighborhood, exclusively inhabited by working people. The gut-

ters lay close by the doors, they did not run, but were stagnant for months together. In such a place the remedies provided by medicine have but little avail. The prison held in solution by the surrounding air baffles the most skillful treatment, and death is almost invariably the victor in the contest. Half the children born in this district, I was assured by men of long experience, perished under four years old; and the lives of those who survived were sickly, joyless, and miserable. Life with them was only a long and painful dying.

I found my little patient in the death-throe. It was a case of croup of the worst kind. The house was comfortless in the extreme. A few red cinders in the grate struggled for life—a cold fire, more cheerless even than none at all. The furniture of the room into which I was ushered, consisted of drawers sadly out of repair, a deal safe, three or four rickety chairs, and the miserable trundle on which the dying child lay. A wooden flight of stairs led to a sleeping apartment above—of the furniture of which one might form an idea from this, the "best" apartment. The mother of the child held an infant of a few weeks old at her breast; she was crying bitterly, for the sad truth was not to be concealed from her. She was dressed in a poor garment, patched in many places, yet she was clean; the few articles in the apartment, however miserable in other respects, being also as clean as water and scouring could make them. The floor, too, was clean and fresh sanded. By whatever means, then, misery had fallen upon this humble household, it did not, at first sight, appear to be the woman's fault; the evidences of her domestic industry were obvious. There was a dismal poverty; that was only too apparent.

My interest in the poor woman's fortunes was excited by what I saw, and, after administering some medicine from a packet which I carried with me for immediate use on such occasions, I inquired how she lived.

"We live but poorly, sir," she said; "no wages have come into the house this week; and you see," glancing at the infant in her arms, "that we have just had another little mouth to fill."

"Then your husband—"

"Alas!" she said, "I have a husband; and yet he is not a husband," and she hung down her head and wept.

"Is he in work?" I inquired.

"Work enough, and well paid, for that part of it; but, sir, you see, he was sadly fallen off in his ways since we were married. He has become unsteady—careless of his home and family—in short, sir, a drunkard!"

The confession cost her a painful effort; and I was almost sorry for having extracted it; but she proceeded with her story:

"When we were first married, I thought myself the happiest of women. He was kind, affectionate, and steady. I did my best to make things comfortable, and think I succeeded. We were not always in the poor-house you see now, sir; we had as snug and tidy a little home as is to be found in all—; but every bit of furnishing has gone now, except what you see. He has taken away one thing after another, and sold them for drink; and I, for I could not help it, had to pawn my clothes for bread for my children! Mine has become a hard and bitter lot; and what can a poor woman do, when tied to a man who has ceased to love her, ceased to think of her, and cares only to gratify his craving for drink? Formerly, when he came home from his work, the house was made comfortable for him; and oh! how I rejoiced at the sound of his coming step! There was very music in it! But now the sound of his tread makes me shudder; I listen for it as before, but it is in dread. I hear the unsteady step, and my soul sinks within me. That dear little boy, how he loved his father! He clambered about him, and romped and played with him, and the father felt a proud joy in his young son. But that joy, too, was poisoned by the growth of the new craving for drink which set in upon him, and I even feared that the father began to grudge the food that was necessary to nourish the little thing; as it limited the means of self indulgence. All is a dreary blank now!"

I found that the poor child had been called up one cold, raw night, to let the father in, while the mother, unable to rise, was confined to bed by her new-born infant. A severe cold was caught, which soon assumed the form of croup, and death fixed his relentless talons on the doomed child. That father—how much had he to answer for! and, did a spark of fatherly feeling yet remain in him, how horridly shocked must he be, when finding the shocking result of his own sinful conduct!

I left the house, giving the poor woman such comfort as the circumstances would permit; and truth to say, they were extremely slender. But I resolved in my own mind to have an interview with the man himself, and to point out to him the consequences of his conduct.

A few hours after, when the morning light had dawned, I returned to the house. The child had breathed its last a few min-

utes before I entered. The mother, almost heart-broken, was stunned with grief, and tears were all her utterance. A man, bowed down and haggard, sat by the fire, the picture of wretchedness. He started up when I entered, and made to the door, but I stood before him and said, "I should like to have a word with you before you go. You are, I presume, the father of that child?"

"I am, sir," he replied.

"And you are aware of the cause of its death?" He hung down his head and sobbed.

"I do not wish to speak severely to you, my friend, at such a time; but you must take this as a special and solemn warning to yourself—one sent, I hope, by Providence, to withdraw you from the guilty course you are now pursuing, which must inevitably end in utter ruin and misery to yourself, your wife, and your children."

"I know it, sir," he gasped. "I know it! But I have been intoxicated—mad—and cruel to my family in the extreme. I feel it all now; I see the horrid guiltiness of my course, and I have vowed never to drink again. I have sworn it over the body of my poor child, whose love I had begun to forget, whose comfort I had lately altogether neglected; and you will see, sir, I shall persevere in my determination."

"I am glad to hear it," I said; "abandon wholly this practice you have given yourself up to. Do not even taste, for the first drop does the mischief; and I shall be most glad to learn that you have become restored to usefulness as a member of society, and to the renewed love and respect of your wife and children."

"I faithfully promise," he said, and seized my hand and pressed it; "I shall swear to you, if that be necessary."

"Quite unnecessary," I replied, "the resolution that cannot be kept without an oath, will not be kept with one;" and then left.

Several months passed, and, being much occupied, the circumstances had almost passed from my mind, until one morning a visitor called to inquire for his account, and gave his name, which I at once remembered as the occupant of the cottage of Smith's Yard. I had some difficulty in recognizing him again; he was clean, healthy-looking, and well dressed; a change seemed to have come over the entire man.

"I have kept my promise, sir," were his first words. "I have not tasted one drop of intoxicating drink since that sad morning, and with God's help shall never taste another drop while I live. I have found the good consequences in my restored self-respect, in restored health and strength, in the restored enjoyment of my home and family. I have taken a cottage in a clean and healthy part of the town; for, do you know, sir, my craving for stimulants stuck by me so long as I breathed the air of that filthy court. Who knows how many drunkards these unwholesome courts and yards of our town annually make? I am now a teetotaler, and formerly a member of an association just formed for improving the health of the town. None can join so zealously in such good causes as those who have suffered from the evils they are intended to cure; and I trust I am not the least zealous among the members of these movements."

I expressed my cordial delight at learning the radical cure that had been made in his case, encouraged him to proceed, and settled the business about which he had called.

I afterwards watched his progress, and had frequent occasions to meet him as a fellow laborer in the excellent movements in which he had so heartily joined; and to this day, I believe, he is at work—a useful, industrious, and generally respected member of the society amidst which he lives.

Thus Providence sent its warning in time. Would that all the dispensations of God were thus turned to profit, and made as fruitful in good consequences.

A Most Extraordinary Leap.—or rather extraordinary leaps—were made on Friday evening last, by a sorrel mare, the property of Mr. Wm. Zimmerman. A lad of about twelve years of age, a son of Mr. Edward Hughes, was riding the animal to water, when, being bitten by a dog, she shied and ran; her first noble performance was leaping over a wagon loaded with manure, which she cleared at a bound; then taking up the road to Berryman's mines, she turned, ran down the railroad to where a bridge crosses the Wolf creek; here she paused, gathered her energies, jumped and passed entirely over the bridge, which was not planked, making a clear leap of 27 feet by actual measurement. This feat was performed in the presence of several witnesses, and there cannot possibly be any mistake about it. She must have either cleared the bridge, gone through it, or have lighted on a single plank less than a foot wide; and if she had lighted on this plank the leap would have been 22 feet. She touched nowhere, however, covering the whole distance of 27 feet.

Pottsville Mirror Journal.

Speech of Mr. Badger, On Mr. Foote's proposition to divide California.

IN SENATE, Friday, August 2.

MR. BADGER. I do not propose, Mr. President, to add an obituary notice to those that have been already delivered in the chamber upon the late bill for the admission of California, and for other purposes, nor to enter at all into the investigation as to the mode of treatment pursued with it, or to inquire whether its untimely death is really to be attributed to the mistaken administration of remedies by its friends, or to the infusion of poisonous matter into it by its enemies; but, as the yeas and nays have been called for upon the amendment, and have been ordered by the Senate, and as I shall give a vote upon the amendment contrary to my individual wishes and opinion, often expressed in conversation with my friends, I desire to bring to the consideration of the Senate, as briefly as I can, and yet so that they may be distinctly understood, the reasons which will govern me in giving that vote.

The present amendment, Mr. President, if I understand it aright, proposes to take from California, which this bill will admit as a State, a certain portion of the territory included within the boundaries established for that State by herself. Now, sir, I wish, in the first place, to say that, for myself, I much prefer California, if admitted at all, admitted with the whole extent of boundary which she claims. I prefer it because, if we are to have a free State upon the Pacific, without any arrangement of compromise or compensation, it is far better to have one than two free States there; and, although I know that if California be admitted as a State, with unutilized dimensions, it is competent for Congress, with the consent of that State, at any time to establish another within her limits, and though I think it very probable, at no distant day, that that result will be produced, yet, sir, it is obvious, at least it seems obvious to my mind, that, by admitting California with a portion of territory cut off as proposed by this bill, we shall invite, encourage, and at once precipitate upon ourselves the establishment of a northern free State upon the Pacific.

But further, Mr. President, I am not desirous of adding to the number of these States, whether the addition be of free or of slaveholding States. I look upon it as a great calamity, that the country should be placed in a situation which makes it necessary that other States shall be admitted into the Union. I think the value of a place in this Union is in the inverse ratio of the number of States that compose it; the smaller the number the greater the honor, the power, the influence, the relative strength in the Union of the different members that compose it; and, if my own wishes could prevail, there should never be another State added to it from this day forth to the end of time.

But, sir, upon this, as upon every other subject, I desire to act like a practical man, looking at the condition of things in which the country is placed—considering not what is the desirable merely, but what is the practicable; not what would be the best in itself, but what is best relatively, by being a less evil than something else. Hopeless, therefore, entirely hopeless, in the possible accomplishment of what I desire, of having the number of these States fixed—fixed at present and forever—the question which is presented for consideration in this amendment, as affecting this bill, offers, I think, these alternatives: to admit one State upon the Pacific, with a possibility or a probability that another will soon be there, or to admit one State upon the Pacific, with a provision in the very bill for her admission which almost necessarily and certainly draws after it the admission of another. This, Mr. President, is the view which I have taken, both as a southern man as an American—considering both what I would desire for that portion of the country in which I live and from which I come, and what I would desire in that far higher and nobler sense—considering myself a citizen of this great American republic. In either view, I myself prefer, if California is to be admitted, that she should be admitted with the whole of her boundaries—the larger the better for me. But, looking at this matter as a practical man, and in reference to other considerations, I am not disposed to persist in the view of the subject which strikes me as being in itself the best. Southern gentlemen here think that if California is admitted—if California comes into the Union by a separate and independent measure, that admission will be more acceptable to the people of the South, to the southern country generally, if she comes in shorn of her vast size and present dimensions. Well, if so—if any considerable body of people will be pleased by that arrangement—if it will tend to make the southern portion of this Union either better satisfied or less discontented with

whatever may be the issue of the proceedings of this session of Congress—I set no such value upon my own opinion upon that subject, and by no means esteem so highly what seems to me to be on the whole the best, as to refuse to concur in such amendment. Gentlemen have expressed the opinion that the admission of California—the simple admission of California by itself, or the passage of the Wilmot Proviso in a territorial bill—the abolition of slavery or the slave trade in the District of Columbia—one or all—will produce a spirit which will or may lead to forcible resistance in some one or more of the southern States. If they have such an opinion with regard to the effect of the admission of California without a diminution of her size, it affords to them, of course, still higher motive for pressing the reduction now before the Senate. I do not undertake to refer at all to what may be the state of opinion upon that subject in any other portion of this Union than that State one of whose representatives on this floor I am. One or two senators yesterday—I think the senator from Virginia, [Mr. Mason]—without naming North Carolina particularly, by a general description, seemed to include her among those States which have, by some public act, or in some other authentic manner, determined upon resistance to some or all of these measures. Now, repeating what I have had occasion to say heretofore, and what has been several times said by other gentlemen, that I claim no right as a senator here to consider or decide in that character, or as an individual of my State, when or how, or for what reasons, or under what circumstances, or with what measure of resistance, any of the proceedings of this government will be met, I still must say that no gentleman is authorized, by any public action which has taken place in North Carolina, to pronounce that she, in her capacity as a State, or her people as a collective mass of individuals, have at any time resolved or intimated that upon the adoption of any or all of these measures they would resort to any opposition, either directly or indirectly, threatening the dissolution of this Union. I presented last session to the Senate resolutions adopted by the legislature of my State, concerning these slavery questions, and they were printed. I beg the indulgence of the Senate while, in order to make myself understood, I read certain of these resolutions.

3. Resolved, That we view with deep concern and alarm the constant aggressions on the rights of the slaveholder by certain reckless politicians of the North; and that the recent proceedings of Congress on the subject of Slavery are fraught with mischief, well calculated to disturb the peace of our country, and should call forth the earnest and prompt disapprobation of every friend in the Union.

4. Resolved, That the enactment of any law by Congress, which shall abolish slavery or the slave trade in the District of Columbia, or shall directly or indirectly deprive the citizens of any of the States of the right of emigrating with their slave property into any of the Territories of the United States, and of exercising ownership upon the same while in said Territories, will be an act not only of gross injustice and wrong, but the exercise of power contrary to the true meaning and spirit of the constitution, and never contemplated by the framers thereof.

5. Resolved, That while we do not intend hereby to be understood as conceding that Congress has the power under the constitution to enact a law prohibiting slavery in any portion of the Territories of the United States, yet for the sake of preserving the peace and promoting the perpetuity of the Union, we are willing that the basis of the Missouri Compromise should be adopted in reference to the recently acquired Territories of New Mexico and California, by extending the line then agreed upon to the Pacific ocean.

6. Resolved, That we believe the people of North Carolina of all parties are devotedly attached to the Union of the States; that they regard it as a main pillar in the edifice of real independence; the support of tranquility at home, of peace abroad, of safety, of prosperity, and of that very liberty they so highly prize; that they cherish cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, and that they watch for its preservation with jealous anxiety; that they believe it is the duty of their public servants to discountenance whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and to repel indignantly every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

Now, I say that though the legislature of North Carolina have spoken, as they had a right to speak, the feelings and opinions which they entertained and cherished upon these vexed and debated subjects—have spoken them in manly, distinct, and fearless terms—that legisla-