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WILLIAM D. COOKE,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 116

SELECT POETRY.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

All things love and join in pairs;
Lovely the spring appears—
And crosses flower and plain;
There's a gentle-fond inclination
Round some other to be twining,
Lives through Nature's whole domain.

In the young man's love arrayed,
Wandereth the longing maid,
Buried in her thrilling dream;
Offering love, while love she woos,
Yieldeth she, but yet subdueth,
Loves, and is beloved again.

All that people heath and grove,
Or hill clouds or valleys rove,
Flit and flutter pair by pair;
E'en the grapes, which singly wither,
Fondly lend themselves together,
And the trees their altars are.

Simplest floweret on the green,
In another's dew-drops seen,
Lovingly their glances fly;
There's a mate to every blossom,
Every weed takes to its bosom
Some beloved companion.

Love sheds pleasure everywhere,
Love is breathed from the air,
As a bride the earth is dressed;
But alas! I wander lonely,
Till a maiden, and ox only,
Takes me to her lip and breast.

SELECTED STORY.

From the National Magazine.

A DEER HUNT IN A "DUG-OUT."

The long-tailed deer, one of the smallest of the deer kind, is found principally in wooded countries; but its favorite haunts are not in the leafy timber of the great forests, but in the park-like openings that occur in many parts of the Rocky Mountain valleys. Sometimes whole tracts of country are met with in these regions whose surface exhibits a pleasing variety of woodland and prairie; sloping hills appear with coppices upon their crests and along their sides. Among these natural groves may be seen troops of the long-tailed deer, browsing along the delicacies of the hills, and by their elegant attitudes and graceful movements, adding to the beauty of the landscape.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of hunting the long-tailed deer. I was on my way across the Rocky Mountains to Fort Vancouver, when circumstances rendered it necessary that I should stop for some days at a trading-post on one of the branches of the Columbia. I was, in fact, detained, waiting for a party of fur-traders with whom I was to travel, and who required some time to gear their pack in readiness. The trading-post was a small place, with miserable accommodations, having scarcely room enough in its two or three wretched log-cabins to lodge half the company that happened at the time to chime its hospitable. As my business was simply to wait for my traveling companions I was of course almost to death in such a place; and it was not long before I began to meditate a hasty expedition. My servant Dick, a *bois brun*, or half-breed, and a first-rate hunter, suggested an idea which seemed to promise plenty of sport and venison,—a hunt to take place by night. I readily gave my consent, as I saw in the proposal the chance of enjoying a very sport. It was to be a fire-hunt; but not as is usually practiced among the backwoods-men, by trying a torch through the woods. Our torches were to float upon the water, while we were, snugly seated beside it; in other words, we would carry our torch in a canoe, and, floating down stream, would shoot the deer that happened to be upon the banks drinking or cooling themselves in the water. I had heard of the plan, but had never practiced it, although it was obvious of doing so. Dick had often killed by it in this way, and therefore knew all about it. It was agreed, then, that we should try the experiment.

During the next day Dick and I proceeded in our preparations without anything to any one. It was our design to keep our night-hunt a secret, lest we might be unsuccessful, and get laughed at for our pains. On the other hand, should we succeed in killing a goodly number of long-tails, it would be enough to let it be known how we managed matters. We had little difficulty in keeping our designs to ourselves. Every one was busy with his own affairs, and took no heed of our maneuvers. Our chief difficulty lay in procuring lead; but for the consideration of a few loads of powder, we at length borrowed an old canoe that belonged to one of the Flathead Indians—a sort of hang-on of the post. This canoe was a large log of the cotton-wood, (*Populus canadensis*) rudely hollowed out by means of an axe, and slightly rounded at the ends to produce the canoe-shape. It was that species of watercraft commonly known throughout Western America as a "dug-out," a phrase which explains itself. It was both old and rickety, but, after a short inspection, Dick declared it would do "fastest."

Our next move was to prepare our torch. For this we had to make an excursion to the neighboring hills, where we found the very material we wanted—the dry knots of the pitch pine tree (*Pinus rigida*). A large segment of birch-bark was then sought for and obtained, and our implements were completed. At twilight all was ready, and, stepping into our dug-out, we paddled silently down stream. As soon as we had got out of the neighborhood of the post we

lighted our torch. This was placed in a large frying-pan out upon the bow, and was in reality rather a fire of me-knots than a torch. It blazed up brightly, throwing a glare over the surface of the stream, and reflecting in red light every object upon both banks. We, on the other hand, were completely hidden from view by means of the birch-bark screen, which stood up between us and the torch.

As soon as we were fairly under way, I yielded up the paddle. Dick, who now assigned to himself the double office of guiding the dug-out and keeping the torch trimmed. I was to look to the shooting; placing my trusty rifle across my thighs, but alternately scanning both banks as we glided along. I shall never forget the romantic effect which was produced upon my mind during that wild excursion. The scenery of the river upon which we had launched our craft was an atlas of a picturesque character. Under the tangle of the pine-wood—its trees and rocks studded with a vermilion hue, while the rippling flood below ran like molten gold—the effect was heightened to a degree of sublimity which could not have failed to impress the dullest imagination. It was the autumn season, too, and the foliage, which had not yet commenced falling, had assumed those rich varied tints so characteristic of the American *sylvia*—various hues of green and golden, and yellow and deep red, here exhibited upon the luxuriant frondage that lined the banks of the stream, and here and there dropped like embroidered curtains down to the water's edge. It was a scene of that wild beauty, that picturesque sublimity, which carries one to the contemplation of its Creator.

"Yonder!" muttered a voice that roused me from my reverie. It was Dick who spoke; and, in the dark shadow of the birch-bark, I could see one of his arms extended and pointing to the light bank. My eyes followed the direction indicated; they soon rested upon two small objects that from the darker background of the foliage appeared bright and luminous. These objects were round, and close to each other; and at a glance I knew them to be the eyes of some animal, reflecting the light of our torch. My companion whispered me that they were the eyes of a deer. I took sight with my rifle, aiming as nearly as I could midway between the luminous spots. I pulled trigger, and my true piece cracked like a whip. The report was not loud enough to drown the noises that came along from the shore. There was a rustling of leaves, followed by a plunge, as if somebody falling in the water. Dick turned the head of the dug-out, and paddled her up to the bank. The torch, blazing brightly, lit up the scene ahead of us, and our eyes were gratified by the sight of a fine buck, that had fallen dead into the river. He was about being drawn into the eddy of the current; but Dick prevented this, and, seizing him by the antlers, soon deposited him safely in the bottom of the dug-out.

Our craft was once more headed down stream, and we scrutinized every winding of the banks in search of another pair of gleaming eyes. In less than half an hour these appeared, and we succeeded in killing a second long-tail—a doe—and dragged her also into the boat. Shortly after, a third was knocked over, which we found standing out in the river upon a small point of sand. This proved to be a young spike-buck, his horns not having as yet branched off into antlers. About a quarter of a mile further down a fourth deer was shot, and missed, the dug-out having grazed suddenly against a rock just as I was pulling trigger, thus rendering my aim unsteady.

I need hardly say that this sport was extremely exciting; and we had got many miles from the post, without thinking either of the distance or the fact that we should be under the disagreeable necessity of paddling the old Flathead's canoe every inch of the way back again. Down stream it was all plain sailing; and Dick's duty was light enough as it consisted merely in keeping the dug-out head foremost in the middle of the river. The current ran at the rate of three miles an hour, and therefore drifted us along with sufficient rapidity.

The first thing that suggested a return to either of us was the fact that our pine-knots had run out; Dick had just piled the last of them in the frying-pan. At this moment a noise sounded in our ears that caused us some feelings of alarm; it was the noise of falling water. It was not new to us, for, since leaving the post, we had passed the mouths of several small streams that debouched into the one upon which we were, in most cases over a jumble of rocks, thus forming a series of noisy rapids. But that which we now heard was directly ahead of us, and must, thought we, be a rapid or fall of the stream itself; moreover, it appeared louder than any we had hitherto passed.

We lost but little time in conjectures. The first impulse of my companion, upon catching the sound, was to stop the progress of the dug-out, which in a few seconds he succeeded in doing; but by this time our torch had shown us that there was a sharp turning in the river, with a long reach of smooth water below. The canoe, therefore, could not be in our stream, but in some tributary that fell into it near the bend. On seeing this, Dick turned his paddle, and permitted the dug-out once more to float with the current. The next moment we passed the mouth of a good sized creek, whose water, having just leaped a fall of several feet, ran into the river, covered with white froth and bubbles. We could see the fall at a little distance through the branches of the trees; and, as we swept on,

its foaming sheet reflected the light of our torch like shining metal.

We had scarcely passed this point when my attention was attracted by a pair of fiery orbs that glistened out of some low bushes upon the left bank of the river. I saw that they were the eyes of some animal, but what kind of animal I could not guess. I knew they were not the eyes of a deer. Their peculiar scintillation, their lesser size, the wide space between them—all convinced me they were not deer's eyes. Moreover, they moved at times as if the head of the animal was carried about in irregular circles. This is never the case with the eyes of the deer, which either pass hurriedly from point to point, or remain with a fixed and steadfast gaze. I knew, therefore, it was no deer; but no matter what it was some wild creature, and all are alike the game of the prairie-hunter. I took aim, and pulled trigger. While doing so I heard the voice of my companion warning me, as I thought, not to fire. I wondered at this admonition, but it was then too late to heed it; for I had been uttered almost simultaneously with the report of my rifle.

I first looked to the bank to witness the effect of my shot. To my great surprise, the eyes were still there, gleaming from the bushes as brightly as ever! Had I missed my aim? It is true the voice of my companion had somewhat disconcerted me; but I still believed that my bullet must have sped truly, as it had been delivered with a good aim. As I turned to Dick for an explanation, a new sound fell upon my ears that explained all, at the same time causing me no slight feeling of alarm. It was a sound not unlike that, sometimes uttered by terrified swine, but still louder and more threatening. I knew it well—I knew it was the snort of the grizzly bear.

Of all American animals the grizzly bear is the most to be dreaded. Armed or unarmed, man is no match for him, and even the courageous hunter of these parts shuns the encounter. This was why my companion had admonished me not to fire. I thought I had missed; it was not so. My bullet had hit and stung the fierce brute to madness; and a quick cracking among the bushes, was immediately followed by a heavy plunge; the bear was in the water.

"God! heavens, he's after us!" Dick in accents of alarm, at the same time propelling the dug-out with all his might. It proved true enough that the bear was after us, and the very first plunge had brought his nose almost up to the side of the canoe. However, a few well-directed strokes of the paddle set us in quick motion, and we were soon gliding down stream, followed by the enraged animal, that every now and then uttered some of his fierce snorts.

What rendered our situation a terrible one was, that we could not now see the bear, nor tell how far he might be from us. All to the rear of the canoe was a pitchy darkness in consequence of the screen of birch-bark. No object could be distinguished in that direction, and it was only by hearing him that we could tell he was still some yards off. The snorts, however, were more or less distinct. I heard amid the varying roar of the water—and sometimes they seemed as if the snout from which they proceeded was close up to our stern. We knew that if he once laid his paw upon the canoe, we should either be sunk or compelled to ten out and swim for it. We knew, moreover, that such an event would be certain death to one of us at least. I need hardly affirm that my companion used his paddle with all the energy of despair. I assisted him as much as was in my power with the butt-end of my gun, which was empty; on account of the hurry and darkness I had not attempted to reload it.

We had shot down stream for a hundred yards or so, and were about congratulating ourselves on the prospect of an escape from the bear, when a new object of dread presented itself to our terrified imaginations. The object was the sound of falling water; but not as before, coming from some tributary stream. No, it was a fall of the river upon which we were floating, and evidently only a short distance below us! We were, in fact, within less than one hundred yards of it. Our excitement in consequence of being pursued by the bear, as well as the fact that the snout of the cascade above still filled our ears, had prevented us from perceiving this new danger until we had approached it.

A shout of terror and warning from my companion seemed to pierce the ears of one I had myself uttered. Both of us understood the peril of our situation, and both, without speaking another word, set about attempting to stop the boat. We paddled with all our strength—he with the oar, while I used the butt of my rifle. We had succeeded in bringing her to a sort of equilibrium, and were in hopes of being able to force her to the bank, when all at once we heard a heavy object strike against the stern. At the same moment the bow rose up into the air, and a number of the burning pine-knots fell back into the bottom of the canoe. They still continued to blaze; and their light now fell toward the stern, showed us a fearful object. The bear had seized hold of the dug-out, and his fierce head and long curving claws were visible over the edge. Although the little craft danced about upon the water, and was likely to be turned keel upward, the animal showed no intention of relaxing its hold; but, on the contrary, seemed every moment mounting higher in the canoe.

Our peril was now extreme. We knew it, and the knowledge half paralyzed us. Both of us had started up, and for some moments half-sat, half-crouched, uncertain how to act. Should

we use the paddles, and get the canoe ashore, it would only be to throw ourselves into the jaws of the bear. On the other hand, we could not remain as we were, for in a few seconds we should be drifted over the falls; and how high these were we knew not. We had never heard of them; they might be fifty feet—they might be a hundred. High enough they were, no doubt, to precipitate us into eternity. The prospect was appalling, and our thoughts ran rapidly. Quick action was required. I could think of no other than to lean sternward, and strike at the bear with my clubbed rifle. At the same time I called upon my companion to paddle for the shore. We preferred, under all circumstances, risking the chances of a land-encounter with our grizzly antagonist.

I had succeeded in keeping the bear out of the canoe by several well-planted blows upon the snout; and Dick was equally successful in forcing the dug-out nearer to the bank, when a sharp crack reached my ears, followed by a terrified cry from my companion. I glanced suddenly round to ascertain the cause of these demonstrations. Dick held in his hands a short round stick, which I recognized as the shaft of the paddle. The blade had snapped off, and was floating away on the surface.

We were now helpless. The *manège* of the canoe was no longer possible. Over the falls she must go! We thought of leaping out, but it was too late. We were almost upon the edge, and the black current that bore our craft along would have carried our bodies with like velocity. We could not make a dozen strokes before we should be swept to the brink; it was too late. We both saw this; and each knew the feelings of the other, for we felt alike. Neither spoke; but, crouching down and holding the gunwales of the canoe, we awaited the awful moment. The bear seemed to have some apprehension as well; for, instead of continuing his endeavors to climb into the canoe, he contented himself with floundering to the stern, evidently under some alarm. The torch still blazed, and the canoe was catching fire; perhaps this it was that alarmed the bear. The last circumstances gave us at the moment but little concern; the greater danger eclipsed the less. We had hardly noticed it when we felt that we were going over. The canoe shot outward as if propelled by some propulsive force; then came a loud crash, as though we had dropped upon a hard rock. Water, and spray, and froth were dashed over our bodies; and the next moment, to our surprise as well as delight, we felt ourselves still alive, and seated in the canoe, which was floating gently in still smooth water. It was quite dark for the torch had been extinguished; but even in the darkness we could perceive the bear swimming and floundering near the boat. To our great satisfaction, we saw him heading for the shore, and widening the distance between himself and us with all the haste he could make. The unexpected precipitation over the falls had cooled his courage, if not his hostility.

Dick and I headed the canoe, now half full of water, for the opposite bank, which we contrived to reach by using the rifle and our hands for paddles. Here we made the little vessel fast to a tree, intending to leave it there as a refuge, and not by any possibility get it back over the fall. Having hung our game out of reach of the wolves, we turned our faces up stream, and, after a long and wearisome walk, succeeded in getting back to the post. Next morning a party went down for the venison with the intention also of carrying the canoe back over the fall. The craft, however, was found to be so much injured that it would not hang together during the portage, and was therefore abandoned. This was no pleasant matter to me, for it afterward cost me a considerable sum before I could square with the old Flathead for a worthless dug-out.

A LARGE THROAT.—The Morning Star, published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the South, who expended a large fortune in money, land, negroes, every thing, in a course of intemperance and profligacy.

As he had just paid a last year's grog bill of \$800, one day, he was walking in the streets leisurely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called out to him to come over.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just take a look down my throat."

"I don't discover anything, sir," said the Doctor, after looking very carefully.

"You don't," said he, "why that's strange: will you be kind enough, sir, to give another look?"

"Really, sir," said the doctor, after a second look. "I don't see anything."

"No? why, doctor, there's a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes, gone down there."

Irish Will.—"Please your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tom, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident," remarked Capt. Charles Hall.

"By accident," continued the postilion. "I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my aim, all on his own accord."

"The game keeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Oh! don't you put faith in what that man says," says Tom Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how. He told me the other day, yer lordship was not fit to fill the chair of justice as a jack ass!"

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Killiskiddy, "indeed! and what did you say?"

"Please yer lordship, I said yer lordship was."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

ENGLISH LADIES.

The following is from Mr. Holcomb's address before the Maryland Agricultural Society:

As showing the interest English ladies take in Agriculture, I cannot but relate a casual interview I chanced to have with an English lady, in going up in the Express train from London to York. Her husband had bought a book at the stand as we were about starting, and remarked to her that "it was one of her favorite American Authors—Hawthorn." I casually observed, "I was pleased to see young American authors found admirers with English ladies," when the conversation turned on books and authors. But I said to myself pretty soon, "this is a literary lady—probably her husband is an Editor or Reviewer, and she handles the 'scissors' for him; at all events, I must retreat from this discussion about authors, modern poets, and poetry. What should a farmer know critically of such things. If I was only in those fields—if the conversation could be made to turn on crops or cattle, then I should feel quite at home." I finally pointed out a field of wheat, and remarked it was very fine. The lady, carefully observing it, said:—"Sir, I think it is too thin—a common fault this season, as the seedling was late;" "those drills," she added, turning to her husband for his confirmation, "cannot be more than ten inches apart, and you see, sir, the ground is not completely covered—twelve, and eleven inches is now preferred for the width of drills, and two bushels of seed to the acre will then entirely cover the ground, on good land, so you can hardly discover the drills."

If the Goddess of Ceres had appeared with her sheaf, or her cornucopia, I could not have been taken more by surprise. A lady descending on the width of wheat drills and the quantity of seed!

"I will try her again," said I, "this may be a chance shot," and remarked in reference to a field of ploughed ground we were passing, that it broke up in great lumps, and could hardly be put in good till. "We have much clay land like this," she replied, "and formerly it was difficult to cultivate it in a tillage crop, but since the introduction of Crosskill's Patent Clod Crusher, they will make the most beautiful till on these lands, and which are now regarded as among our best wheat lands."

The conversation turned on cattle; she spoke of the best breeds of Cows for the pair, (the Ayrshires and Devons), told me where the best cheese was made—Cheshire—the best butter—Ireland—where the best milk-maids were to be found—Wales. "Oh!" said I, "I was mistaken; this charming intelligent woman, acting so natural and unaffected, dressed so neat, and so very plain, must be a farmer's wife, and what a helpmate she has in her? She is not an extravagant wife either, nor an ornament about her—yes, a single bracelet clasps a fair, rounded arm—that's all." The train stopped at York; no sooner had my travelling companions stepped upon the platform, that I noticed they were surrounded by half a dozen servants—men and maids—the men in full dozers. It turned out to be Sir John and Lady H——. This gentleman, I learned, was one of the largest landed proprietors in Berkshire, and his lady the daughter of a Nobleman, a Peeress in her own right; but her title added nothing to her, she was a noble woman without it.

CHILDREN AND SERVANTS.

A WORD FOR MOTHERS.—"Come along, Ally, come along. It's not this way I'll be stopping for you, so come along!" and Mary Macarty, the little, delicate child she was leading by the hand.

The child thus accosted, slacked its pace for a moment to look into her face, pitifully, then hurried on. Soon the little feet faltered again, and again the sharp voice said,

"Come along, I say!"

At the same time little Ally's arm was pulled harshly, and she was almost dragging her along the street. It was late in the morning, and the sun's rays were beating upon them furiously. With the parol she held, Mary shaded herself; but the child had no protection.

"Hush, Ally, hush!" and the little arm received another pull, and the mouth a blow; for the child had commenced crying.

Pretty little Ally's face was now bathed in tears, and the blue eyes looked to Mary's so pleadingly.

"Please, Mamy, take Ally; Ally tired," sobbed the little pleader.

But Mary's heart was not touched; and with another hearty pull she hurried her along. The child wept harder than ever, and the little feet almost refused to move. Still Mary lifted her not, but dragged her along.

"And sure, it's a troublesome child you are!" said Mary, as she half lifted, and half threw the child up the steps, as she reached home. "I'll beat you now, if you don't hush!" and a slight blow testified the truth of what she uttered.

Frightened, the child hushed crying aloud, but his sobs were heard long after it had been laid down to sleep in its little bed, where it usually took its morning nap. Mary was soon before her, where a friend waited to talk with her. She was over her pet with the child, and when its mother returned, had hardly ceased speaking of the pleasant walk she and little Ally just taken.

"I wonder, James, what makes Ally moan and start so in her sleep; this morning! I am truly troubled about her, 'tis so unusual."

"Oh, don't be frightened, Alice; I dare say nothing is the matter. Come now, lunch is ready. Ally will soon waken as well as ever, I dare say;" and so saying they left the sleeping child.

But all that day Ally seemed not well; and ere her usual time for retiring came, she was fast asleep in her mother's arms. Now, more than ever alarmed, the mother called a physician. He pronounced the child ill, very ill, with some disease of the brain. The usual questions were put. "Had the child been exposed to the hot sun?" "Had she been over excited, or troubled, or hurt in any way?"

"No, indeed; no such harm had come to her child," answered the mother, unhesitatingly; and "No, no! surely no!" answered Mary.

Once the mother asked, looking anxiously and earnestly at Mary, if they had not been out late that morning in their walk, or if Ally had not been hurried home?

"And sure, Mrs. do you think I would allow harm to your child? Do I not love her as I would my own flesh and blood? And do you think I would not take care of her?"

The mother was silenced. Surely, Mary would not deceive her. But all night long the little sufferer had no rest. Two days she lingered thus, then the pure spirit winged its way to Heaven.

Deep grief was in that household. Their only child, their cherished one had gone from them. Henceforth she was theirs only in another world. Mary kept well her secret. The parents never knew the wrong she had done them—never knew that but for her the child might still have slept upon their hearts.

Mothers, look well to this matter. Leave not your children too much, even to the best of servants. They are not their children—they cannot feel for them, or have patience with them as we have; and do not even our sometimes fail us! Must we then expect more for hire! I suffer them to be most in your sight—for else you know not what evil may come upon them.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE WAY TO WORK IT.

Mr. Drew, the Editor of the *Maine Cultivator*, published at Hallowell, in that State, gives the following account of his own husbandry.—His farm is not a very extensive one, but his net income from it is greater than that of some of our farmers, who almost starve on their three or four hundred acres. No investment would yield more at this time than a Market Farm convenient to our Southern cities.

The Editor actually cultivates but a single acre of land, but that he does cultivate, and makes it yield all that land can yield. Not so very plain, must be a farmer's wife, and what a helpmate she has in her? She is not an extravagant wife either, nor an ornament about her—yes, a single bracelet clasps a fair, rounded arm—that's all." The train stopped at York; no sooner had my travelling companions stepped upon the platform, that I noticed they were surrounded by half a dozen servants—men and maids—the men in full dozers. It turned out to be Sir John and Lady H——. This gentleman, I learned, was one of the largest landed proprietors in Berkshire, and his lady the daughter of a Nobleman, a Peeress in her own right; but her title added nothing to her, she was a noble woman without it.

either a shovel full of old rotten hog manure, or as much night manure as will not over stimulate the crop. From this third of an acre, he has raised on the average for years, over thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides a little pig corn for the hogs in the fall of the year. This is as much corn as he needs in his family, besides a sufficient surplus for fattening one large and two small hogs. From the same land, he ordinarily obtains some two or three hundred pumpkins, which serve important purposes in the family, besides being an excellent article for boiling up with the hog's potatoes, giving a cow &c. From the same land too, he has generally obtained all the dry white beans he has needed in his family to go with his pork—which he raises by the avails of his land, without purchasing of others. The fodder is carefully cut and cured, and helps as a subsistence for the cow. So much for one third of an acre.

A small portion of land is set apart for the cultivation of onions. Ordinarily, he has raised from fifty to seventy five bushels on a bed; say half a dozen rods square. These he sells, on an average, at one dollar per bushel—say \$60 per year. This purchases his flour and rye at common prices. So that from the first third of an acre, and in an onion bed, he raises all his bread—brown and white.

On two other large beds, he grows generally about fifty bushels of Mangel Wurzel and carrots. These are for the cow's winter provender. They more than pay for themselves in the milk and butter—to say nothing of the saving of hay and other provender. With very little hay, together with the fodder and roots, a good cow—and he finds it economy always to keep the best—may be kept through the winter.

Potatoes for summer and autumn use, are planted on the margins, and wherever there is a vacant chance for a hill, and a department is expressly devoted to them large enough to raise all that are wanted for the table, and enough to spare for the hogs, &c.

So far as relates to bread, butter, pork, and he might add, poultry.

Then the rest of the land is devoted to too many things to mention here—beets—parsnips

—cabbage—turnips—green beans—peas—green corn—cucumbers—melons—squashes, summer and winter sorts, &c.—besides fruits and flowers of various kinds—grapes, raspberries, currants, white, red and yellow; English and common gooseberries—and a few choice apple, plum, cherry, peach and quince trees. All this from a single acre, which he cultivates mostly with his own hands.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

An interesting lecture on this topic was delivered on the evening of the 20th of October, in San Francisco, by Rev. WILLIAM SPEER. Mr. SPEER spoke only of the southern part of the Chinese Empire, the part he had visited. The mountains are cold and barren. No extensive forests are seen, but only here and there a shrub. No fences—the only partitions are dykes of earth thrown up, intersected by footpaths to water the rice-fields. These dykes, some of which are well paved, constitute the only means of communication. The produce of the country is carried in boats upon the rivers and canals, or swung on poles on the shoulders of coolies. No wheeled vehicles. The rich travel in sedan chairs, carried along the dykes, or in boats. No solitary dwellings dot the country, as in Christian lands, but the people gather in villages for mutual protection from thieves and robbers. Rice, the principal grain, and chief article of food, is sown broadcast, on fields cultivated by a rude plow, drawn by an animal resembling our ox. The fields are flooded, and the young plant is transplanted in rows, harvested by an instrument like our sickle, and thrashed or trampled out at the granary. Our farming machine has been known in China for centuries. It was carried to Holland, then to Scotland, and then to the United States. Rice is usually boiled, sometimes ground into flour. A liquor is distilled from it, much used at meals.

Wheat is raised in the north of China, and sent below for sale to foreigners. Hemp is cultivated extensively, and made into fabrics. Cotton is raised also to a great extent. The sugar-cane is widely cultivated, also the sweet potato, ginger root, oranges, lemons, limes, dates, grapes, and a great variety of vegetables and fruits—many of which might be introduced successfully into California.

Tea and silk are the two most important products. Tea is cultivated in almost every part of China, the coarsest in the Southern part, and the best in the region called the Mohie hills. The soil best adapted is on elevated localities, formed of disintegrated granite and sandstone. It is difficult to transplant it. It has been carried to England in glass boxes, hermetically sealed up, so as to allow the light, but no air to enter or escape.

The gardens of the Chinese are laid out with great taste and beauty. In them bloom the choicest flowers, Lotus, Goffanium, night blooming Cereus, Camellia, etc. Shaded walks, arbors, artificial lakes, and small temples, hung with tinkling bells, diversify and lend interest to the scene.

Mr. SPEER concluded with some remarks upon the benefit which Chinese industry and ingenuity might confer upon this country; and what benefits in turn they would receive from our science, art, and religion.—*Pacific, San Francisco.*

RANCID BUTTER.—The Echo du Monde Savant says: A farmer in the vicinity of Brussels, having succeeded in removing the bad smell and taste of some butter, by mixing it with chloride of lime, he was encouraged by this experiment, and he has restored to butter, the taste and odor of which were insupportable, all the sweetness of fresh butter. This operation is extremely simple and practicable by all. It consists in simply working the butter in a sufficient quantity of water, in which from 25 to 30 drops of chloride of lime have been added to every two pounds of butter. After having mixed it until all its parts are in contact with the water, it may be left in it for an hour or two, afterwards withdrawn and worked again in clear water. The chloride of lime having nothing injurious in it, can with safety be augmented; but after having varied the experiment, it was found that from 25 to 30 drops to every two pounds of butter, was sufficient.

Another method of restoring sweetness and flavor to rancid butter, said to be very effectual by those who have tried it, is to put it into a churn with new milk and work it till the old rancidity is removed, after which it is to be taken from the churn, worked and salted afresh.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—The New Haven (Ct.) Palladium says: We are able to record another case of the complete cure of erysipelas by the simple application of the raw cranberries pounded fine. The patient was a young lady, one side of whose face had become so much swollen and inflamed that the eye had become closed, and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and after several changes the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and in the course of a couple of days every vestige of the disease had disappeared. The case occurred in the family of one of the editors of the Palladium, and we can therefore vouch for its truth.

TAR FOR SHEEP.—It is preventive of disease in sheep. It feeds four or five gallons of it to each 100 sheep during the year, and occasionally applies a little tar to the nose of each sheep, during the warm season. This plan of feeding is to mix the tar with salt, by scattering the salt in a narrow trough and pouring the tar upon it, when the sheep eat it readily.