Southern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY.

THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

A COMPLAINT BY AN OLD FOGY.

For pity sake can no one hit
On some new theme for conversation:
Something to let us rest a bit
From this eternal botheration
About the eastern question, and
Its various probable solutions;
Something to rid us out of hand
Of the one topic now—the Roosh'ns?

This topic haunts me day and night,
No single hour goes by without it;
The milkman comes before it's light,
And tells the household all about it.
I ring the bell, the servant brings
Hot water for the morn's ablutions,
Then through the keyhole loudly sings,
"Sir, have you heard about the Roosh'ns?"

Enraged, I down to breakfast sit,
There lies [I'm it's most constant reader]
The Times—I dare not open it,
I know the subject of the leader.
A knock comes—I am told it is
A man collecting contributions;
For whom! "The wives and families
Of those who've gone to fight the Roosh'ns."

I go to town, and want to know
If funds are up, and how to rate 'em;
I'm answered, "Well, I think they're low—
But have you read the *ultimatum*?"
I try again. I ask, "How fare
The ministerial resolutions
On the reform bill." "Eh, oh, they're
Postponed 'till we've thrash'd the Rooshn's."

I go into an inn to dine,
The waiter comes all prime and smirky,
And says their poultry's good and fine,
The Czar has not attacked his Turkey.
In the next box I overhear
A talk of Austrians and of Prooshn's;
I'm pleased, another topic's here:
No, 'tis but "will they help the Rooshn's?"

The question haunts me every way,
Even the boy that sweeps my office—
Young rascal—asked t'other day
To tell him who Prince Menschikoff is.
In reading-rooms nought else is read;
In scientific institutions
Science is set aside—instead,
Folks lecture now about the Roosh'ns.

I cannot sleep a wink all night,
I feel that I am daily sinking;
I've lost my health and appetite—
The worry's driven me to drinking.
I feel that soon I shall be free
From all these daily persecutions;
An inquest soon will sit on me:
The verdict 'bored to death by Roosh'ns."

SELECTED STORY.

From Peterson's Magazine.

THE PROMISED KISS.

BY A. L. OATIS.

Livingston Amory, a young artist in search of the beautiful, found himself, one warm afternoon in July, on Higbee's beach, which is about an hour's ride from the fashionable bathing place at Cape May, and is famous for its brilliant pebbles of all colors, particularly for one, which is called the Cape May diamond.

As he reclined lazily on the sand enjoying the breeze from the bay, and the sailing of the fish-hawks, his thoughts were interrupted by the eager tone of some children's voices who alighted from a Jersey wagon, and commenced an active search for diamonds. Among them he perceived a little girl, whom he knew, and who always attracted the artist's eye by her grace, whether on the green, or at the hops, or in the rough waves playing like a baby mermaid. Her name was Leonora Revillo. She was a lithe little maiden of nine years, with glorious large dark eyes, and pretty rosy lips.

The children passed Amory without observing him, so eager were they in their search, and they were soon out of sight; but hardly an hour elapsed, before he again heard their exulting little voices as they approached, after having met with signal good fortune. Gaining for the first time some idea of the value of the spoil, he glanced carelessly among the pebbles at his feet, and saw almost immediately one of the largest diamonds ever found there. Upon examination it proved to be perfectly free from flaws, and of a delicate pinkish tinge, that, combined with its pretty egg-like shape, made it really beautiful. While he was still admiring it, he heard one of the children say:

"Father will call you Dull Eyes, to-day, Leonora, and me Bright Eyes, for I have found three and you not one."

"And I seven," "and I five," "and I four," cried numerous voices.

"Oh, Leonora, for shame! You never find the pretty things. You are always looking after fish-hawks, or sand-pups, or soils, and hav'nt found one diamond, for the ring father promised you."

Leonora's face expressed shame and vexation, sufficient for a disappointed California gold hunter. She began eagerly looking round her, a very pretty picture of impatience and disappointed ambition.

Amory called the children to him and showed them his diamond, asking to whom he should give it, supposing the children would, with one voice, suggest the unfortunate Leonora. On the contrary there were shrill cries of "me," "give it to me." "No, no, to me!" Leonora being older and somewhat more bashful than the other children, restrained her impatience to become owner of the stone, and only once faintly said,

"I should like it."

"Would you like to have it?" he ask.

"Oh, yes, very much, indeed."

"Well, will you give me a kiss for it?"

"Oh, yes, a great many of them."

"Stop," said he, gravely, "I only ask for one, but you promise me that."

"Yes," and she held out her hand for the stone, her eyes dancing with joy.

"And will you pay me when I demand payment?"

"I will pay you now."

"No, no, thank you, I had rather have the pleasure of anticipation. Will you not promise to pay me that kiss, when I shall demand it, upon condition of receiving this stone now?"

"Oh, yes, I promise," and though those cherry lips, pouting with the long suspense, looked sufficiently tempting. Amory gave her the diamond, without taking its price, and saw her run off in triumph, surrounded by her companions.

The romantic idea which suggested this bargain served as food for Amory's imagination, till he had painted a little sketch called "The Promised Kiss," representing a youth of about his own years, eighteen, kneeling to receive a touch on the forehead, from a rather Madonno-like, having preposterously large eyes, who bent gracefully over him. After this picture, which he soon learned to think unbearable, was destroyed, all remembrance of the promised kiss faded from his mind, till it was recalled many years afterward.

The interim was spent by him in Europe, where the young experimenter in colors, became came a handsome man, of whose artistic skill fame began to whisper wonderful stories.

Leonora Revillo grew only more perfectly lovely as woman's charms were added to her childish beauty, and she was the bell at Newport the happy summer that saw her nineteenth birth-day.

One evening, as she was listlessly submitting her luxuriant, dark curls to the skill of the delighted hair dresser, her friend, Martha Wyndham, came dancing into the room, and whispered,

"Set your cap to-night, and set it becomingly, for there is a new arrival among the beaux, a *very* handsome millionaire! He is to be at the ball to-night."

"Who is he?" asked Leonora.

"A Mr. Somerton from the South, I believe. I do like Southerners."

"You had better set *your* cap then."

"Oh, I shall, assuredly. Don't you see this love of a peach blossom dress? Is it not becoming? What are you going to wear? This pure white—this cloud of a dress? It is charming! and the work on it looks like strings and clusters of pearls. But only those snow-berries in your hair—common things—do wear your silver ornaments."

But the snow-berries matched the dress, and Leonora looked like a very innocent Venus, clothed in mist, with froth-beads still clinging to her, as, with her soft, dark eyes full of pleasure, her lips that were usually prone to repose, breaking into a smile, and her motion the very expression of a dreamy joy, she took her place in the dance.

She was introduced to Mr. Somerton, and danced the second set with him, well pleased to find the new arrival a very agreeable man, besides being a very handsome one, with earnest blue eyes, and a golden moustache.

A few dances together at balls, some strolls (though in a crowd) by moonlight, some rides on horseback, and several rainy days spent indoors together, made the acquaintance speed rapidly. Indeed, Leonora knew that Mr. Somerton loved her, though she had given no name to the bliss, which in her own heart made its new found home.

Several ladies and gentlemen received an invitation, one afternoon, from a resident of the place, to come to his house and decide upon the merits of a picture which had just arrived from Europe, painted by an American artist—Mr. Livingston Amory. Leonora and Mr. Somerton were among the invited. Standing with many others before the picture, they gazed at it in silence till Leonora turned away with tears streaming from her eyes. It represented Cleopatra parting from Anthony. Among all the admiring remarks made upon the picture, there was but one that would have satisfied the artist. When Somerton asked in a low tone why the picture so distressed her, she replied,

"I forgot it was a picture."

"Is Cleopatra so great a favorité with you, that you weep over her sorrows?"

"Cleopatra's grief is so expressed in that painting, that I cannot *help* feeling with her. Why did I never pity her before?"

On the way home, Leonora and Mr. Somerton wandered in the summer twilight, quite out of the town, and in a pleasant green lane, up which the glowing evening star shone, the vows they exchanged were heard by none but themselves.

That evening after tea, the merits of the picture were still further discussed, and some remarks made concerning the speedy return of the artist to his native land. Leonora had entirely forgotten the kiss she had once promised this artist, though still wore as a seal the stone he had given her. It was in its original state, except that at the large end it was polished just sufficiently to receive her initials in a pretty lozenge. A band of gold around it and three small gold chains attaching it to her watch-guard, made it one of the very prettiest of those little toys ladies call their "charms."

About a week after the visit to the picture, a rumor was circulated through the ball-room, that Mr. Amory would arrive, or had arrived, in Newport that very evening. While Leonora was leaning on the arm of Mr. Somerton, she expressed a strong wish to see the artist who had known how to awake with such power the deepest feelings of the heart. Mr. Somerton was silent, so silent that Leonora stole a glance at his face, and blushed as she imagined she read jealousy there. It was flattering to her, perhaps, but unworthy of her lover. She wished heartily for the immediate presence of the artist, that she might show Mr. Somerton how little he had to fear. At this instant a waiter handed her a note.

Astonished at its arrival at such a time, she drew her lover to the window recess, near which lights were placed, and entirely unconscious of his closely watchful eyes, she proceeded to open and read the following note:

"Do you remember receiving from a young artist a stone, worthless in itself, but to him a 'pearl of great price?' He has not forgotten the promise you made on receiving it, nor can he forego the fulfilment of that promise."

For more than an hour, had he gazed with ever increasing admiration on your peerless beauty, ere he recognized in you the very lovely child who once captivated his boyish fancy.—This recognition was aided by learning your name, and observing that you wore a pearl-like pebble, which, notwithstanding its beautiful setting, he knew to be the one of so great import to him. As you doubtless remember the bargain, and cannot avoid paying so just a debt, he will find some opportunity this evening of receiving his due.

Indignant amazement flushed Leonora's brow, and returning to Mr. Somerton, she would have hastily handed the note to him, had she not been struck with the keenness of his glance.—It looked like distrust, and she despised the feeling. Haughtily withdrawing her half extended hand, containing the note, she requested her lover to lead her from the room, and left him at the foot of the staircase without saying a word.

In her own room she reflected upon her present position. The promise was vividly revealed to her mind, and honesty demanded just payment of the debt she had incurred. Nevertheless it could not be done—it was an impossibility. Besides, should she even overcome her own reluctance, ought she not to tell Mr. Somerton all about it, and would not this occasion a quarrel? She determined to find some mode of eluding the penalty, and finally wrote the following note, sending it to Mr. Amory with the pebble, by the waiter who had brought his to her.

"I return the stone which I find too costly for me to purchase. The price you asked was a trifle at the time. Was it generous to demand it now when circumstances makes it no longer so."

In ten minutes an answer was returned, accompanied by the stone.

"Return me what was mine, precisely as it was when you received it, or I claim the payment of your debt, and should you refuse to see me this evening one-half hour from now in the arbor, I will remind you of your promise, when, perhaps, its fulfilment may not be so agreeable as I should now try to make it."

"Despicable creature," cried Leonora, despairingly—then, with sudden resolve, throwing around her a white crape shawl she hastened to the ball-room, and found her lover awaiting her at the door. He glanced uneasily at her pale cheek, whispered—

"You are not well. Let us go to the garden. You will feel better for resting in the arbor, after the close air of this room."

"Yes, come. I have something to tell you. But no—let us walk on the piazza, I can tell you best there."

Bending that he might catch every word, he heard from Leonora the whole story, and then promised the blushing, trembling girl that if she chose he would be present, yet not interfere with the accomplishment of what her conscience represented as a duty.

She thanked him gratefully, and they proceeded at once to the arbor, as it wanted but a few minutes of the appointed time. Arrrived there, Leonora began to have serious fears for her lover, should the dreaded artist be in an angry mood.

"Only do one thing more for me," she pleaded, "stand behind the grape-vine. Come if I call, but for my sake keep quiet if I do not."

Somerton promised, and before withdrawing her hold upon his arm, Leonora leaned her head against it, and pressed fervently that beloved protection. Somerton being concealed, five minutes of most disagreeable suspense followed.—Then steps were heard approaching, and a man muffled in a cloak, so that even his face was concealed, stood before Leonora.

She gazed fearfully at the tall apparition, and asked in an almost inaudible voice—

"Are you Mr. Amory?"

"I am."

"I am ready to redeem my deeply lamented promise," she faultered, then from terror and distress, feeling herself fainting, she gasped Mr. Somerton's name, as her eyes closed, and instantly felt herself folded in supporting arms, while a voice she loved called her every endearing name, and she felt that the hated fulfilment of her promise was not demanded of her.—Slowly recovering she looked anxiously around for the artist. The cloak was enfolding her, and yet no person was visible but Mr. Somerton.

"How is it?" "has he gone?"

"My cruel deception is at an end," said her lover, "I entreat you to listen to my justification. One, whose malice I now know how to appreciate, told me to beware, that I had not yet had an opportunity of seeing your real character—that you were, in short, a heartless flirt, to whom each new admirer was welcome, and who kept faith with none. I had no right to doubt you. Can you ever forgive me?" A pleasant smile, and gentle pressure, assured him of Leonora's leniency. Still she did not understand the matter.

"I hope you and that hateful artist are not the same person," she said; "his name was Amory."

"So was mine my dearest. I changed it just before leaving England, as a maternal uncle left me a very handsome fortune upon condition that I should take his name, and though I consented to bear it in my every day character, I will never have my artist's name any but my own. Writers have a 'nomme de plume,' why should not I have a nomme de brush? If you have forgiven me, dearest, tell me which you will consent to bear?"

"Leonora, your promise to Mr. Amory is yet unfulfilled."

"Since Mr. Amory has not come to claim it I am absolved from that detestable promise."

"Why do you still hate poor Mr. Amory?—Has he not proved himself a self-denying individual? Yes, Leonora, though I had your promise, and though my love has been deep and warm as ever lover's was, you know that I have never even touched my lips to the lips of those dear fingers, I have not dared to ask it. Yet this evening the yearning tenderness of my heart toward you, made me feel that I was denying myself too great a privilege. I was about to tell you so as you stood by the window after waltzing, when my pretended friend whispered his warning, and the fiendish resolve entered my mind to try you; to see how sacred you considered a positive promise, to know how flattery would effect you, and also to discover whether you would use concealment toward me.—You stood the test nobly, my Leonora. Can you forgive me? Remember that I have one excuse to give in palliation of my fault—it was not a long premeditated scheme, but a sudden impulse to which I gave way, under provocation, for my jealousy was roused, and besides, I thought it was time I had that kiss. Oh! Leonora, Prove that I am forgiven. Freely give Mr. Amory his due.

'Not to Mr. Amory, but to Mr. Somerton,' persisted Leonora, as she permitted the last named favored individual to take both principal and interest of the debt.

"Leonora, you have uttered sweet words, that the Artist Amory thrilled to hear. It was HIS love you won. Had you known how his heart beat when you were gazing at his picture, and turned weeping from it, you would have pitied him. Oh, you must love the name of Amory, which now indeed shall be made one of never-dying fame!"

"Never, never so well as Somerton!" and thus finding he could lead the usually timid girl, to give utterance to words which made music in his heart, he never omitted an opportunity of praising Mr. Amory. Mr. Somerton being instantly quoted as the only pattern of manly excellence, and Mr. Amory's cruel conduct remaining forever unforgiven.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Southern Cultivator.

FIRE-FANGED MANURE.

The season of the year has arrived when stable manure is prone to fire-fang—a chemical change that lessens its value from 50 to 60 per cent. To prevent such a loss is an object of much importance in farm economy, and we will endeavor to explain the subject in a way that will render it plain to all interested in providing food for plants.

Few are ignorant of the fact that a mass of dung thrown from a stable, and particularly that from horses and mules, is apt *to heat*, and sometimes it proceeds to spontaneous combustion. This heating is not injurious, if only moderate in degree, for it always precedes, and attends fermentation, whether vinous or putrefactive. The latter is what the skilful farmer desires to increase the solubility of manure; for Nature *rots* vegetable and animal substances to prepare their elements for reorganization in the cells of living, growing plants. Fire-fanging is a peculiar chemical operation analagous to burning wood into coal, or charring hay and straw by imperfect combustion. It not only checks putrefactive fermentation in a manure heap, but drives off in a gaseous state all the nitrogen and ammonia it may contain. Half burnt dung and straw, (fire-fanged manure) refuses to ferment, rot, or dissolve for the nourishment of crops, for a long time after it is buried in tilled ground. Hence, it is not too much to say that a farmer who allows his dung-heaps to fire-fang really loses nearly three-quarters of the value of the same, and often more than that.

How one can best prevent this excess of heating is the point now to be considered. It is done simply by spreading the manure over a greater surface so thin as not to heat at all, nor ferment, but thicker or thinner according to the weather and the nature of the manure. To adopt the language of farmers, some excrements are of a more heating nature than others; and no one rule will apply to every condition and composition of the dung-heap. It should not, however, be long exposed to the open air, rain, and sunshine, but be covered over with loam, clay, or vegetable mould. In this state Scotch farmers call their dung-heaps "pies;" the covering of earth being the upper-crust, and one of clay or leaf-mould being the under-crust. The right management of these "pies" is quite as difficult as the management of a coal-pit, or burning brick-kiln. All air must not be excluded, for that would arrest decomposition. To learn the condition of the mass, the farmer sticks a stake into it, which being drawn out, he learns from the steam, gases and temperature of the air that issue how his pie is baking. If the heat is too great, the heap should be forked over immediately to cool it, as you would separate the sticks in a burning brushheap; or you may cover it deeper and closer to exclude air as you would close the draft in a coalpit, a lime or brick-kiln. If water is convenient, make stake holes into the heap and pour water into them just enough to put out the latent fire below.

To avoid all loss and labor of this kind, we prefer to haul most of our manure in a raw, unfermented state, into the field, spread and plow it in at once, and let it rot in the soil. This course is not always practicable, and the dung has to be preserved in some form for future use. To have it rot, and at the same time decompose a good deal of corn-stalks, straw and forest leaves, mixed therewith, and lose nothing of its volatile elements, is the end to be aimed at.

D. Lee.

COTTON--MODE OF CULTIVATION.

The position is taken, that the cotton plant is not easily suited in soil and climate, and that "the best cotton lands are of a deep, rich, soft mould—a medium between the spongy and sandy." According to my way of thinking, cotton grows and yields according to fertility on almost all soils in this latitude. No one would say, the orange is not easily suited, because it requires climate. I have seen cotton doing as well as could be expected on the red clay and sandy flats of Carolina and upon the stiff, hard bottoms of the bayous in your State. The best cotton lands I ever saw, are as stiff and as hard as most clays get to be; it is true, though, before the summer is over, the plowed land is as light as an ash bank, but after the winter rains, it is again hard to plow, and where not plowed, it is hard all the year, except when wet. I object to such sayings, though only practical as to soiling lands. I object to the quantity of seed sown; I have sown twenty-three crops, and have never yet used one bushel per acre, and have planted crops with a half bushel per acre. I am very particular to put my land in good order, open very shallow, and more by pressing on the earth than plowing. I either step-drop seed, eight to twelve in a place, or drill seed very thinly. My reason is, I can save a bushel per acre and have every seed sound, not injured in the least. A thin stand is less subject to die out; will stand the cold mornings best, and the land is easier cultivated, as the stand is easier thinned. I cover with a heavy block, more by compressing earth to the seed then by covering with earth. This leaves the land in fine condition for the plow or the hoe.

Other matters in which I differ with many: plowing lands in the water, with the expectation that winter freezes will pulverize the earth. I would ask those who have tried it, their experience. In 1840 or '41 I had about one-half of a field plowed in the fall; next spring, when bedding up, I discovered, whenever the plow came to the plowed land, it always tended out of the land, and the plowman invariably declared it was difficult to keep the plow in the earth, the land was so hard. Is this according to reason? At the North, where there are freezes, or a freeze all winter, the land is mellowed the depth of the freeze—not much rain, or it falls on frozen earth. In latitude 30 to 33 degrees, our freezes are few and far between, not over an inch or so, followed by torrents of rain, which dissolves a portion of the soil, washes other portions, and followed by dry weather, when the land having run together and bakes about as hard as land gets to be. I ask for examination, and I think no more plowing will be done before March than is necessary to the planting of corn and oats. I prefer doing as much plowing after winter rains have passed as is possible.

Yours, with respect, M. W. Philips.

[*Southern Organ.*]

From the Southern Cultivator.

"RESCUE GRASS"--CERATOCHLOA BREVIARISTATA.

Messrs. Editors—Your kind favor of the 11th inst. is before me, and, in answer, I have to say that the history of my famous "Rescue Grass" is soon told. The seeds were sent to my father-in-law (the late Maj. James Smith, of Macon, Ga.,) about 5 years ago. He received about a tea-spoon full and had them planted in his garden in the spring. The chickens scratched them up and over the bed, and, as they did not germinate, the family thought they were lost or destroyed; but in the early part of September following they came up, and the grass grew so rapidly and was so luxuriant it attracted the attention of all who saw it. From this the seeds were saved and have been cultivated by the family ever since. There was no name or description on the paper in which the seed were enclosed. Last year when the grass was in seed I gave specimens to Dr. Hugh Neisler (the best Botanist here) to ascertain its true name and nativity, He could neither define or locate it. We then sent them to Dr. Torrey, of New-York, who wrote him its Botanical name, native place and properties. He said its Botanical name is Ceratochloa Breviaristata: English. "Short awn Horn Grass"—that it is a native of the Pacific coast, in Russian America—that it is a distinct variety—that it has the largest seed of any known specimen of grass—that, if climatized, it would be very valuable for grazing stock, for making hay and for enriching exhausted fields. We have now about 40 acres in this grass, from which I expect to raise seed enough to supply such as may wish to cultivate it, with a peck each, which is plenty for a start. This grass, followed with our corn-field pea, can reclaim every old field in the South—can make them produce as well as they ever did, and that for ages to come. They can give us all the manure our fields require, and pay us richly to use them besides. In fine, they can make the South the Eden of the world.

This grass has the following extraordinary properties, which places it far ahead of any other known variety:

1st. It has the largest grain of any known species of grass, being nearly as large as wheat.

2d. It will grow (on very rich ground) from three to four feet high.

3d. It is never injured by cold—no freeze hurts it.

4th. It is never troubled by insects of any kind.

5th. It is never injured or retarded in growing by heavy rains, overflows or ordinary drouth.

6th. It grows as fast as Millet or Lucerne.

7th. It is as nutritious as Barley, and stock are as fond of it as they are of that.

8th. It will keep horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats hogs, and poultry fat, throughout the winter and spring, from November to June.

9th. It will then (the stock being withdrawn, and the ground being rich) yield from four to six tons of excellent hay per acre.

10th. It saves corn and fodder being fed away to stock during the winter and spring.

11th. It completely protects fields from washing rains.

12th. It enables farmers to have an abundance of rich milk, cream and butter, with fat beef, mutton, kid, pork, turkey, and chickens for their table.

13th. It will (if followed by our corn-field pea) give to farmers the cheapest, the surest, and the most paying plan to reclaim worn out fields, and refertilize those not yet so, which the ingenuity of man can devise.

14th. It will sow its own seeds after the first time, without expense or trouble, thereby reproducing itself through its seeds on the same ground an infinitum.

15th. It does not spread or take possession of a field, so as to be difficult to get rid, but can be effectually destroyed at any stage before the seed ripen and fall out, by being plowed up, or under.

This grass, having the above enumerated properties, will be found, by all who cultivate it, far superior to any other species ever introduced, or which can be introduced, for the climate and soil of the South. I shall be prepared by July next, to furnish seed of this valuable grass to all who desire to cultivate it. My price is $5 per peck, which is as much as is necessary to begin with; it being distinctly understood that in every instance where the party is not satisfied (after giving it a fair trial) the price shall be returned.

Your obedient servant,

B. V. Iverson.

N. B.—Messrs. D. B. Plumb & Co., of Augusta, are authorised to obtain names of persons who may wish to procure seed, which will ensure their getting them.

B. V. I.

P. S.—I called it "Rescue Grass" before I found out its correct name.

Columbus, Ga., March, 1854.

BENEFIT OF DITCHING.

About one year ago I bought 120 acres of land, for $400. There was at least $350 worth of improvement on it. The reason I bought it so cheap was, it was so wet that the former owner could not make a living on it. He told the neighbors that it was too wet to raise grass. He said if he would sow clean timothy seed on it, in two years it will turn to wild grass.—Well, last spring I went to work and cut a ditch large enough to drain it decently. Some of the time I worked in the water to the top of my boots, and that not a little of time, for I cut the ditch in the lowest of the ground. The consequence was the water had a chance to run off, and my ground was fit to plow about as soon as my neighbor's *dry land*. I planted six acres of corn on the part I ditched; and from that six acres, I took off 400 bushels of shelled corn that was good and sound. This proves to my satisfaction that our low, wet lands when well ditched, are our best lands. I would say to one and all of those for whose benefit I write, hold up your heads, "For in due season you shall reap, if ye faint not"—in ditching. Do not back out at the noise of a few frogs; just go to work and dig a good ditch, and drain the water off from them, and they will soon be missing.

Luther Brown.

Paulding, O., Feb. 3, 1854.—[*Democrat.*

MILKING COWS.

To insure the greatest yield of milk from a cow, she should not only be well fed and well tended, but also well mixed. Now it is not every man or every maid, who can squeeze fluid from a cow's udder, that is a good milker.

It is important, in the first place, that a cow's bag should be clean. For this purpose, when the animal is stabled—as they are, or should be during the winter, on all farms, and throughout the year by many—let the whole udder be washed with cold water, and immediately thoroughly dried with a towel. The advantages of this practice to the health of the animal and the healthiness of the milk are great and manifest; and in this way, too, we escape the black sediment of which milk-buyers so constantly complain, and which is nothing else than small particles of manure, brushed from the bag and belly of the cow into the milk pail. The hands of the milkman by this process become washed clean, of necessity; an operation too generally omitted by those who consider themselves neat and careful. The same process obviates, too, the supposed necessity of moistening the teats by milking a fine stream into the hands and washing the teats therewith,—a filthy practice followed by almost all men and too many women.

The udder being now cooled and cleansed, we are ready to begin milking. If the cow be well trained she will now extend backwards her hind leg for your convenience, without a word accompanied with the word of command "*hoist*." They understand what is required of them, and need only at times, a gentle reminder. But it is a singular fact that men who are kind in every other relation of life, as husband, father, neighbor and master—are rough in their treatment of gentle "bossy." If they say "hoist," it is in stentorian tones; and too generally the first intimation of their wishes is conveyed in a striking manner, by the edge of a heavy milking stool. Now a considerable experience among the "milking mothers of the herd" has convinced us that harshness of tone or petty cruelty is not only not productive of good results but is extremely disadvantageous. Many cows, that hold up their milk to a gross milker, will give down freely to one more gentle. And the sack of grain, or other weight across the loins, which is well used to compel the animal to give down, would have been uncalled for if a kind hand had always drawn her milk, or could soon be dispensed with, if gentleness takes hold of the teats.

Now the cow may kick. Well, we have in previous numbers of this journal shown that to return kick for kick is a poor method of converting Mooley from the error of her ways, but she may be completely cured by kindness.

When fairly seated, it is of the utmost consequence that the milking should be done without violence, and as rapidly as possible. Many persons who pride themselves upon their fast milking, jerk the teats violently, and others will cause them to become sore by the pressure of their finger nails. The best milkers scarcely move their elbows, but with the upper portion of the hand grasping and compressing the teat, force the jet of milk by the pressure of the lower fingers.

Whether a cow should be milked before, after, or during feeding is a question of minor importance, and must be decided by circumstances. R. L. Allen, in his excellent work on "domestic animals," recommends, if we rightly remember, that they be milked while feeding, for the reason, that while thus engaged they will more readily let down their milk; but many cows, at other times quiet, will be a little uneasy while eating, and anxious to get not only all that belongs to them, but a share of their neighbor's meal also. For this reason we always milked before feeding that the feed might appear as a reward of merit. Where one has but one or two cows, it is of course a matter of little moment.

In fine, we recommend to those who want much milk and good milk, *kindness* and *cleanliness*.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Grease for Carriage Wheels.—The composition prevents friction to a great extent. Its cost is not comparatively greater than the materials often employed for the purpose; it is not changed by heat, and hence does not liquify and flow away from its proper place:

Black lead pulverized,	50	parts	by weight.
Hog's Lard,	50	"	"
White Soap,	50	"	"
Quicksilver,	5	"	"

Amalgamate well the lard and mercury by rubbing them together for a long time in a mortar; then gradually add the black lead, and lastly the soap, mixing the whole as perfectly as possible.

Forty years ago, three men by hard-work could scarcely manufacture 4,000 small sheets of paper a day, while now they can produce 60,000 in the same time. It has been calculated that if the paper produced yearly by six machines could be put together, the sheet would encircle the world. Nowhere is paper so much used as in the United States. In France, with 35,000,000 of inhabitants only 70,000 are produced yearly, of which one-seventh is for exportation. In England, with 28,000,000 of inhabitants 66,000 tons are produced, while in this country the amonut is nearly as great as in France and England together.

Boil.—A pint and a half of strong sage tea, made very sweet with molasses. Two or three doses is sufficient to effect a cure.