Dav. McLaughlin

The Oregon Statesman.

VOL. 8. NO. 28. SALEM, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1858. WHOLE NO. 392.

The Oregon Statesman.

ASAHEL BUSH, Proprietor and Editor.

TERMS.—Published weekly, at five dollars per annum, if not paid within six months; four dollars per annum, if paid within six months; three dollars per annum, if paid in advance. One dollar additional will be charged for each year payment is neglected.

No paper will be discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISING.—One square, (twelve lines or less) three insertions, $5 00; for every additional insertion, $1 00.

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In this paper are published the laws, resolutions and treaties of the United States, and the laws and resolutions of the Territory of Oregon, by authority.

A Woman's Question.

BY MISS PROCTOR.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine.
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus: but thou—oh, surely thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear—
The words would come too late!
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all.

The Republican Sam of Life.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Humbug is an empty dream:
Though awhile our humbug slumbers,
Things are not just what they seem.

Humbug's real, humbug's earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of its soul.

Losing spoils is all our sorrow,
Office is our end and way;
Humbugs dead, will rise to-morrow,
More deceptive than to-day!

Lives of humbugs all remind us
We can make them most sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Big ones on the sands of time.

Humbugs which, perhaps, another,
Crawling down the solemn main,
Black Kayen'd and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may crawl up again.

Let us then be up and hatching
Humbugs fit for any fate—
Kansas humbugs bravely matching,
Learn to hatch, and brood, and wait.

Old Hunx on a Beautiful Mantuamaker.

Beneath this mound of verdant sward,
Sleeps one whom Cambridge youths adored.
Sweet girl! she's gone to heaven:—although
Her life was only sew and sew.—*Boston Post.*

Old Hunx on a Casus Belli.

Prentice has tried how aptly and well he
Could rattle his jokes on poor *Monsieur Belly!*
But an older French gentleman seems the more fit
And natural butt of Prentice's wit.
"For"—says old Hunx, whose tongue there's no curb on—
"Hasn't Prentice for years, been a butt of *Old Bourbon?*"—*Ib.*

A Fish Story.—The Nashville Union is responsible for the following: When over in East Tennessee lately, George Harris told us a story which we don't believe. It ran thus: A man in Greene county was fond of whiskey. He went to the still house in his neighborhood, and had his jug filled with the critter. Between his residence and the still-house a mill pond "intervened;" which, of course, he had to cross. Before reaching the pond, he had exhausted the jug; and was,—well, say, *tight*. He held on to the jug, however. In crossing the pond he fell in, jug and all. He got out, but the jug sank in the pond. In course of time the man joined the temperance socity. One day he went to the same pond to fish. Soon he found his hook fast. After much effort, he drew the attachment to shore and it was his *jug*! Wonderful to tell, this hook was fast inside the jug! He couldn't get it out, and so broke the jug.—Still more wonderful to tell, *a cat fish* filled the jug. George Harris thinks that the cat-fish had entered the jug and could not get out. He grew till he filled the jug, and grew its exact shape, square stern and all! We told Harris that we didn't believe this story, and he offered to produce the broken pieces of the jug, provided we would go with him to Greene county; which we declined.

A New Conqueror.—A couple of fools got into a fight on one of the wharves in Boston, but before they had a chance to injure each other, a very sensible fellow.—a clerk in one of the stores—elbowed his way through the crowd and flung a handful of flour into the face and eyes of the enraged combatants. The battle ceased very suddenly, and the parties, as soon as they recovered their sight, showed some fine specimens of tall walking, amid roars of laughter from the spectators. This is the best Boston notion out yet. That clerk should be created Lieutenant of the Police. They quell mobs in Rusia by playing the fire engines upon them.

The Mysterious Stranger.

It was about ten years since the extensive forgeries of one Hasbrook created a great deal of excitement in State Street, Boston, Mass.

The fellow was an adroit rogue and when the officers were sure they had him, he quietly slipped away and could not be discovered.

It was ascertained that a passage had been engaged in the British steamer for a person about whom some mystery hung. A watch for this individual was set, but several days before the steamer was appointed to sail, Hasbrook slipped away, so that he could not be the mysterious passenger, or he had abandoned his flight to Europe.

About this time, tired of the dust and din of the city, I started for a tour to the East. I missed the steamer Admiral, which went direct to Eastport, but determined not to be balked, I took the cars for Portland. Proceeding thence by the steamer Governor, arrived there on Saturday morning.

I intended to stay in the city of pine boards for a few days, but as it was hot, and having made the acquaintance of a very agreeable gentleman, who was going to take the stage for Eastport that night, I determined to accompany him.

We were roused from our beds at twelve o'clock, midnight, to take the early stage. It was no great hardship, for the nights were cool and the days hot. In the stage we found two passengers who had already appropriated the back seat, and my friend and I bestowed ourselves on the forward seat.—It was so dark we could not make out our fellow passenger, one of whom had enveloped himself in a great cloak, and seemed to be asleep. The other was quite communicative, and we three were soon on excellent terms.

We talked politics, lumber and crops, till daylight began to appear, when the stage was invaded by an army of musquitoes, who threatened to suck all the blood out of our veins.

"We must fight or die, Bosty," said my friend slapping vigorously about him.

"Never mind, Filly, I have a dozen cigars. We will show them no quarter."

My friend's name was Raymond, but we got in the way of calling each other by the name of the city from which we came. I had abreviated the name of Quaker City into a very familiar and loving cognomen, and Filly, in revenge called me Bosty.

Raymond was a right down good fellow, one of the best companions in the world for a journey. I had casually made his acquaintance on board the Governor, and we had ever since hung together like brothers.

I passed the cigars to the party.

"No," said the man in the cloak, rather gruffly.

"Won't you smoke?"

"No."

Our lumber friend would smoke, and in a moment we were all three in full blast.—The man in the cloak sneezed.

"Is smoke offensive to you?" asked Filly.

"No."

He seemed to have a supreme contempt for musquitoes, for on his face and hand we could see them busily engaged at their bloody work, which he had suffered to proceed whithout even taking the trouble to brush them off. He was a strange being, whoever he was. He would answer no questions. Filly took a malicious delight in annoying him—but he only answered yes or no, or by a nod. He was certainly a very mysterious passenger, and we would have given all our old boots to know about him.

Our onslaught on the musquitoes was successful. The smoke drove them out and we were once more at peace.

The stage stopped for breakfast, but our mysterious companion was not to be tempted from his corner.

"Will you have breakfast?"

"No."

As the day advanced the mystery grew more deep and profound. The day was hot but the stranger kept his cloak on, and still kept his face as much concealed as possible. On our arrival at Cherryfield, where we were to dine, he still remained in his corner.

"Thundering strange, isn't it, Bosty? Is he crazy?"

"Perhaps so."

"He will starve to death."

"Very likely."

"Perhaps he has no money."

"Perhaps not."

"I will offer to pay for his dinner."

"Filly, I have an idea," I observed, after he had failed in his attempt.

"Hold on to it, Bosty."

"About this man."

"What?"

"He is a rogue."

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"I'll bet five dollars it is Hasbrook, the forger."

"Very likely."

"I am almost certain.

"On the whole, I don't think it is," said Filly.

"I will bet five dollars on it."

"Done," said he, and we shook hands on it.

After dinner, and while we were enjoying the pleasant part of the journey, through the woods of Maine, the mysterious passenger was still mysterious. We could get nothing out of him. In vain Filly questioned him.

"Do you know Hasbrook, the forger?" asked he.

"No."

"Never saw him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

I was sure that he was Hasbrook, the forger, and was sure of winning the bet with Filly.

The stranger settled back and made no reply.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when we reached Easport, and then, for the first time since leaving Bangor, I believe the suspicious individual got out of the stage.—When the stage drove up to the hotel, we noticed several persons in the bar room, and two men were standing on the steps where we alighted.

The stranger to my astonishment, then walked up to Filly, as he got out, and slapped him on the shoulder. The stranger spoke then.

"Mr. Hasbrook, I arrest you," said he.

"Eh?" and Filly started back.

The two men who were standing on the steps, immediately laid hands on my jolly friend.

"Hasbrook, is it?"

In a moment more they had handcuffed him.

"Found a tongue at last," inquired Filly.

"My name is Eastbrook. I am a member of Boston police," said the man in the cloak.

"You are a shrewd fellow; but he that holds his tongue tells no secrets."

"That's a fact."

"You have been snuffing me all the way then. Why did you not get out when we did?"

"I did while you were at your meals.—The driver knew me, so I did not suffer."

"Bosty," said Hasbrook, turning to me, "you have lost your bet."

I was confounded at his impudence and handed him five dollars.

Was it possible that I had been intimate for several days with Hasbrook, the forger?

He was taken to Boston, per Admiral, by the three officers, two of whom had come by boat, and the other had been our mysterious passenger. It was supposed he meant to take the steamer at Halifax, and was proceeding this way. He was a good fellow, and I was sorry for him. He served out his time in the State Prison.

Woman's Rights—Male Attire.—The Democratic Advocate relates an incident which occurred in Lewiston, Me., this week. A young man who had been boarding at one of the first hotels in that town since the middle of April, was discovered on Sunday last to be a woman. She had occupied a room with a Mr. Ward, who came to Lewiston with her. The landlord of the house let the parties off, upon their promising to separate from each other; but on Tuesday it was found that they were cohabiting together in the town of Greene. An officer was despatched to the place; the parties were arrested, tried before a justice, bound over, and for want of bail committed to the jail in Auburn. At the examination it was proved that Ward was a married man and the father of a family.

The New Haven News of the 2d inst. says a young lady of this city, by the name of Higgins, of respectable connections, who had a desire to see the sights of New York, had her hair cut and trimmed, and dressed herself yesterday in male attire, and went to West Haven to take the cars for Gotham, where, in company with some of her companions, she hoped to enjoy the glorious Fourth. He was informed, however, of her intentions, and arrived at the depot just as she was stepping on board of the train, and prevented her from carrying out her plans.

Curious Well.—We learn from several reliable gentlmen that Mr. Baugh, residing near Strong river, in Smith county, about a month ago was boring for water in the piney woods, and when he had bored about forty feet, "a mighty rushing wind" came out of the hole, which continued for several days. He quit boring and waited to see what would come of it. He placed a bottle over the hole, and the wind makes a noise which can be heard a mile. It "blows" about a week at a time, and then it begins to "suck in," which continues for about the same time and then blows again. So far, no diminution of its force has been discovered. It has attracted many persons to see it, and as yet none can tell "whence the wind cometh, or whither it goeth." It is truly strange, and we should be glad to hear the opinions of the learned as to its cause. —*Vicksburg Sun.*

☞ A woman about thirty-six years of age, named Caroline Fredrica Fatrine Schewartiz, has been arrested in Chicago, on a charge, laid in Buffalo, of poisoning a man with whom she was living as wife. She is a woman of good education, and appears to possess a history tinctured with romance.—She states that her father held the rank of Major General under the Duke of Baden-Baden; that for four years she rode by his side, arrayed in the warlike habiliments of the other sex, in which unwomanly character she visited Russia, Algiers, and many other places, and terminated her career of soldier by getting married and coming to America, some ten years ago.

"Couldn't Afford It."—Some months since, on the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, a beggar had taken his stand, and day after day asked alms of all who passed. A gentleman, who was engaged in superintending the construction of a new building, thought the beggar looked like an able-bodied man, and went over and asked him if he would not like to work, and offered him a dollar a day. To his surprise the beggar replied—"I couldn't afford to work for that price." "Why not?" "Because, I average a dollar and a half a day here, begging, and I can't afford to lose the half dollar."

☞ A romantic young lady fell the other day into the river and came very near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her.

"Impossible," said her papa.

"Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in the neighborhood?"

"Dear me, no—it was the Newfoundland dog."

Look out for the Nigger.—The following story is current in Virginia: The Baptists were baptising some converts; they finished by baptising an old negro slave. The parson, not thinking as much of his soul as the white portion of his converts let him drop and made his own way to the shore.—The negro, blowing and puffing, reached the shore, and sitting on a stump, remarked: "That some gentleman's nigger would be killed by sich foolishness yet."

☞ It was Cobbett who said—and he told the truth, too—that woman is never so amiable as when she is useful; and, as for beauty, though a man may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand in their love like seeing them at work, engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.

☞ A wag who had been thrown from his boat into the water in the Irlondequoit bay, near Rochester, beseeched his rescuers to be careful in hauling him in. He was so earnest in his beseechings that he was asked of what he was so anxious "to be careful." "Why," said he, "be careful about wetting my shirt collar."

A Visit to the Hermitage.

A correspondent who has recently visited the Hermitage, the home of Gen. Jackson, gives the following account of some of the curiosities he saw:

Prominent among the curiosities was a wooden pitcher, both on account of the artistic skill displayed and the celebrity of the tree from which the wood was procured.—It was made of wood from the elm tree under which William Penn made the celebrated Indian treaty. The pitcher was made and presented by the coopers of Philadelphia; and, although it is not larger than a common cream-jug, it contains seven hundred and fifty staves. The hoops, lid and handle are of silver; the bottom is a magnifying glass, by looking through which one is enabled to see the joints, which are invisible to the naked eye. We will next notice "Old Hickory." This is a double cup, that is, two cups with one bottom, so that when one is turned up, the other is turned down. It is, as its name implies, of hickory; and what is most singular about, has a natural handle. It is simply a block about one foot in length, with both ends hollowed, and was cut on Long Island, from a hickory sprout, the parent stem of which was severed by a a cannon ball in the war of the Revolution. The next things we will mention are a calumet of stone, presented by some Indian chief whose name we have forgotten; a bayonet with a large root grown around it, found near the battle ground below New Orleans; the cup and saucer out of which General Washington drank his last tea, and a small piece of candle found in the tent of Lord Cornwallis when he surrended to General Washington and closed the revolutionary struggle. The last named article was given to General Jackson with the request that he would light it on each Fourth of July. Mrs. Jackson remarked that they had failed to do this for several years, owing to its shortness. We will not forget to mention that we saw the gold medal presented by Congress to General Jackson, for his gallant and successful defence of New Orleans. Also, the handsome silver rose presented by the ladies of Charleston, South Carolina.—This is to be disposed of in the same way that the golden snuff box was, according to the General's will. Besides these, and many other things, that we do not now remember, were the portraits of several persons—among them, two of the General, one of his wife, and one of each of his adopted son and his wife.

Dry Printing.—The following is from a late number of the London Mining Journal:

"A new paper has been made with prepared albumen from the residue of the beet root after distillation and the manufacture of sugar, which has been patented by the inventor, Dr. Collyer. The great peculiarity of this paper is, that it can be printed on without "wetting." The impressions which we have seen worked off by steam power of one of the most extensively circulated illustrated periodicals, exhibit a sharpness of outline which was equal to the impressions that were being taken on the damped paper. The same results took place with lithographic, steel and copper engraving. The surface of the paper is smooth, compact, and vellumy. The prepared albumen can be used in the manufacture of paper in from 20 per cent. or as high as 80, dispensing with the use of the same amount of rags.—It has a great advantage over glycerine, as it is less than half the expense, and forms a component part of the paper itself. The prepared albumen carries its sizing properties, which enables the manufacturer to dispense with the use of resin or animal size.—It has been adopted by her Majesty's Government in the manufacture of cartridge cases at the Royal Paper Factory, Woolwich. We are of opinion that Dr. Collyer's patent material will become a most important feature in the future manufacture of paper. We believe a company is in contemplation."

Pretty Women.—A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a poem written in rare curls and choice calico, and good principles. Her words flow round the ear like music, birds of paradise, or the chime of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose her truest attractions, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint heart. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find fire side boquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, light and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in divinity, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven.

Tinkering with Coin.—We are informed by the Chief of Police, that for the past year some shrewd scamp has been in the habit of filing the edges of twenty-dollar pieces, so as to lighten their weight about two dollars each. The work is admirably well done, and would escape ordinary scrutiny, too well done for a Chinaman, and the conclusion is, that some dextrous artificer is employed in it. Every method has been adopted to detect the operator that ingenuity could devise, but thus far without effect, nor is it even guessed which part of the State claims the honor of his presence.

Old Times in Boston.—The Boston Gazette of July 18, 1758, contained the following:

"Just imported from Africa, and to be sold on board the brig Jouney, Wm. Ellery Commander, A Number of likely *negro boys and girls* from 12 to 14 years of Age; Inquire of said Ellery, on board said Brig where constant attendance is given.

Note.—The above Slaves have all had the Small Pox. Treasurer's Notes, and New England Rum will be taken as pay."

Facts are Stubborn Things.—It is not denied that almost every American woman is more or less troubled with these diseases called uterine, and the medical profession have admitted their inability to effect a cure. They all, however, generally unite in admitting the complete success of Marshall's uterine catholicon, in all such cases. These facts being undoubted, every sufferer should make a trial of this medicine, and secure health. The cost of five bottles is not as much as is charged by physicians for a week's attendance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Yamhill County Agricultural Fair.

The Executive committee of the Yamhill Agricultural society, hereby announce that the annual fair of said society will be be held at Lafayette, in said county, on the Saturday in October next.

The committee announce the following premiums for the year A. D., 1858.

Horses.

1st best stallion, bridle worth $5,00,
2d " " diploma,
1st best span geldings or mares, 1 pair checklines, $5,00,
2d best span geldings or mares, diploma,
1st best saddle horse, 1 halter worth $3,00,
2d " " " diploma,
1st best brood mare, 1 bridle worth $4,00,
2d " " " diploma,
1st best 2 year old horse colt, 1 halter worth $3,00,
2d best 2 year old horse colt, diploma,
1st best yearling horse colt, 1 halter worth $3,00,
2d best yearling horse colt, diploma,
1st best sucking horse colt, 1 halter worth $3,00,
2d best sucking horse colt, diploma,
1st best 2 year old mare colt, halter worth $3,00,
2d best 2 year old mare colt, diploma,
1st best 1 year old mare colt, halter worth $3,00,
2d best 1 year old mare colt, halter worth $3,00,
2d best 1 year old mare colt, diploma,

Cattle.

1st best bull, silver cup worth $5,00,
2d " " diploma,
1st best 2 year old bull, 1 set German silver table spoons, $3,00,
2d best 2 year old bull, diploma,
1st best yearling bull, 1 set g. s. table spoons worth $3,00,
2d best sucking bull calf, (not over 8 months old,) 1 set g. s. table spoons worth $3,00,
2d best sucking bull calf, (not over 8 months old,) diploma,
1st best cow, silver cup worth $5,00,
2d " " diploma,
1st best 2 year old heifer, 1 set g. s. table spoons worth $3,00,
2d best 2 year old heifer, diploma,
1st best yearling heifer, 1 set of g. s. table spoons worth $3,00,
2d best yearling heifer, diploma,
1st best heifer calf, (not over 8 months old) 1 set g. s. table spoons worth $3,00,
2d best heifer calf, (not over 8 months old,) diploma,

Sheep.

1st best buck for wool, 1 set of g. s. tea spoons, worth $3,00,
2d best buck for wool, diploma,
1st best buck for mutton, 1 set g. s. tea spoons worth $3,00,
2d best buck for mutton, diploma
1st best two ewes for wool, 1 pair of wool sheers worth $2,00,
2d best two for wool, diploma,
1st best 2 ewes for mutton, 1 butcher knife worth $2,00,
2d best 2 ewes for mutton, diploma,

Ladies' Department.

1st best quilt, 1 set g. s. tea spoons worth $1,50,

All other articles of best quality in this department will receive a diploma,

The best quality of grain, fruit, and all other products of the farm will receive a diploma.

All entries must be made before the hour of exhibition.

Fair to commence at one o'clock, P. M.

Judges on Horses—W. G. Buffum, T. J. Shadden, James Kelty.

Judges on Cattle—S. Hussey, M. Crawford, F. B. Martin.

Judges on Sheep—Jo. Watt, B. E. Steward, R. C. Kinney.

Judges on Ladies Department—W. Breyman, H. H. Snow, Morris Wolfe.

By order of the Executive Committee.

MORRIS WOLFE, Sec'y.

Home, Sept. 11, 1858.

Mr. Bush—I send you two ears of corn of my raising; the seed of this corn I planted last year on the old farm in N. Y., that I was raised on, the first of June. This year I planted this corn here on the 20th of May and it was ripe the first of this month. The grain of this ear I think is larger than it was grown in New York, but the ear is considerably smaller. Perhaps it will do better after it becomes acclimated to this country. Yours truly,

P. O'REILLY.

The specimens of corn sent us with the above note, are as fine as any we have seen in Oregon. It is of the eight rows, early species, common to New York and New England.

The Duke of Rispernon was a man of much eccentricity, and remarkable for absence of mind. It was he who inquired whether the king's dog went on foot to the chase. When he was told that Cicero spoke with great eloquence, he inquired whether he studied with the Jesuits. A lady having informed him that she had no children, he asked whether her mother ever had any, or whether the defect ran in the family.

The Best Judge.—A lady said to her husband in Jerrold's presence:

"My dear, you certainly want some new trousers."

"No, I think not," said the husband.

"Well," Jerold interposed, "I think the lady who always wears them ought to know."

☞ An Irishman in Jackson, Michigan, was lately escorted home by the republicans with a band of music for supporting the know nothing ticket at an election.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Several Irishmen were lately escorted home with brickbats for not voting the plug ugly ticket at Louisville.

☞ The new Usury law of Pennsylvania as passed by the last Legislature and approved by the Governor, went into effect on the 1st inst. By this law, says the Inquirer, money can be borrowed and loaned, according to the terms agreed upon by the parties. There is no restriction with regard to the rate.

☞ The papers say that there is on exhibition at Milwaukie, Wis., a horse, eight years old, well built and active, with a living snake, about three inches long, constantly in motion, in the pupil of his eye. The color of this is somewhat whiter than the other, but the sight of the eye, though imperfect, is not destroyed.

A Word to Farmers.

"There," said a friend of ours a few days since, while we were walking over his farm together, "you see that I am well situated for a farm: there is my tillage land on that mellow and fine ridge, the low land near the woods is just what I want for a pasture, and that level field across the road is my mowing; everything is divided off just as I want it."

Yes, yes, mowing, tillage and pasturing all divided out—well, we are quite sorry for it, and told our friend so at the time, who no doubt thought us self-conceited, or in ill humor. Kind reader, you may depend upon it, we were neither, as you shall see when we explain. Our friend in selecting portions of his farm for certain purposes—the raising of different crops—committed a very great blunder, and the worst of it is, thousands do the same. Now, the fact is, and we must all learn its truth sooner or later, or never arrive at the perfection of good farmers, that every rod of earth on a farm should in turn be tillage, mowing, and pasturing, and during the change, treated as such. The idea of dividing a farm off into mowing, etc., should be done away with, and the quicker the better. We should commence a regular system of rotation in crops. In Scotland, the system of alternating crops has been fully tested, and is universally practiced. No man would be considered capable of conducting a farm who should pursue any other method; they have reduced it to a science, and can inform you what rotation is necessary on the different soils. Besides, the fact of its being tested there by actual experiment, every farmer in this country may easily satisfy himself of its utility by a little practice, and every one may see the reasonableness of the measure who will consent to examine it. That the rains will penetrate more readily grounds which have been loosened by the plow and pulverized by tillage, than the closely matted hard wiry sward, all can see; and that grass will grow better in clean, well prepared ground, than the hard trodden pasture, is equally clear. The grass roots and vegetable matter are a support and assistance to tillage crops. Never, then, if you believe a word we say, never divide your farm permanently into tillage, etc., any more than you would divide your family, making one eat corn, another wheat, another rye, and another potatoes. Give all a fair chance, and they will give you in return until your heart shall dance for joy.—*Southern Home stead.*

Deep Cultivation.—Æsop narrates the following fable: a husbandman dying was desirous that his two sons should continue his business. He called them to his bedside and thus addressed them: "My farm and its treasures I bequeath to you as your only patrimony. I charge you never to sell it, for somewhere in the ground, within a foot of the surface, there are treasures buried." The sons concluded that he talked of money that was hidden there: so, after their father's death, with unwearied dilligence they carefully dug over every inch of the farm. The treasure they expected to find was not there, but the ground being well stirred and loosened, brought forth so bountifully that it proved a real treasure. Few farmers are aware that underneath the visible acres lie others equally valuable. The man who does not improve his property to its utmost capacity, is slothful in a moral sense, if not in physical. That the products and profits of the best American farms can be doubled by deep cultivation, judicious rotation and high manuring, is unquestionable. If the *best* American farms can thus be increased in profit, how much greater the proportion on the thousands of poor acres. A little farm well tilled is both more pleasant and profitable than a great farm carelessly run over. Labor and industry well applied to agriculture seldom fail of a reward.

What can be Done on one Acre of Ground.—The editor of the Maine *Cultivator* published, a few days ago, his management of one acre of ground, from which is gathered the following result:

One third of an acre of corn usually produced thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides some refuse. This quantity was sufficient for family use and for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same ground he obtained two or three hundred pumpkins, and his family supply of beans. From the same bed of six rods square he usually obtained about sixty bushels of onions; these he sold at one dollar per bushel, and with the amount purchased his flour. Thus from one-third of an acre and his onion bed, he obtained his bread stuffs. The rest of the ground was appropriated to the use of vegetables for summer and winter use—potatoes, beets, parsnips, cabbage, green corn, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c., with fifty or sixty bushels of beets and carrots for winter food for cow. Then he had flower garden, also raspberries, currants and gooseberries, in great variety, and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach and quince trees.

A Hint.—It is well known by all haymakers, that the soles of boots or shoes, in the hot dry weather during haying, become smooth as glass, and full as uncertain for a foothold, as well as dangerous on the top of a load, or in ascending and descending the mows. Now, to remedy this evil, I take the soles from a pair of cast off rubber shoes, and tack them to the bottom of my boots. Since this has been my practice, I have at all times known where to find my feet when I put them down. A capital hint, and we commend it to our readers.—*Maine Farmer.*

Cure for Founder.—A farmer earnestly recommends for the cure of founder in horses the administration, two or three times a week, of a handful of sunflower seed, mixed with the feed of the horse. It is a relief to a cold, or cough, and we should fear no harm and expect some good from the trial of this remedy for founders.—*Iowa Farmer.*

Bottling Gooseberries and Currants.—An approved successful method of preserving these fruits for winter use, at Cincinnati, is so simple that anybody can avail himself of it: Pick the fruit at midday when perfectly dry, and put into glass bottles, without removing stems, and with no accompaniment; cork and seal tight with wax; and bury in dry sand, top downwards. That's all. Fruit thus treated comes out in winter sound and unimpaired in flavor.

Cheese Mites.—It is said that a cheese painted over with melted suet, so as to form a thin coat over the outside, never has mites.

BY AUTHORITY.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

AN ACT making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending the thirtieth June, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby, appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the support of the army for the year ending the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine:

For expenses of recruiting, transportation of recruits, three months' extra pay to non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates on re-enlistment, one hundred and ten thousand dollars.

For pay of the army, three million five hundred and ninety-one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four dollars.

For commutation of officers' subsistence, nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty cents: *Provided*, That the superintendent of the military academy, while serving as such by appointment of the President shall have the local rank, the pay and allowances of a Colonel of Engineers: that the commandant of the corps of cadets at the military academy while serving as such as by appointment of the President shall have the local rank, the pay and allowances of a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, and besides his other duties, shall be charged with the duty of instructor in the tactics of the three arms at said academy; and that the senior assistant instructor in each of the arms of service, viz: of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, shall severally receive the pay and allowances of the assistant professor of mathematics.

For commutation of forage for officers' horses, one hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-eight dollars.

For payments to discharged soldiers for clothing not drawn, fifty thousand dollars.

For payments in lieu of clothing for officers' servants, thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety dollars.

For subsistence in kind, one million three hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars and sixty-five cents.

For clothing for the army, camp, and garrison equipage, one million and sixty-two thousand, seven hundred and two dollars and ninety-nine cents.

For the regular supplies of the quartermaster's department, consisting of fuel for the officers, enlisted men, guards, hospitals, storehouse, and offices; of forage in kind for the horses, mules, and oxen, of the quartermaster's department at the several posts and stations, and with the armies in the field; for the horses of the two regiments of dragoons, the two regiments of cavalry, the regiment of mounted riflemen, the companies of light artillery, and such companies of infantry as may be mounted, and for the authorized number of officers' horses when serving in the field and at the outposts, including bedding for the animals; of straw for soldiers' bedding, and of stationery, including company and other blank books for the army, certificates for discharged soldiers, blank forms for the pay and quartermasters' department; and for the printing of division and department orders, army regulations, and reports, one million seven hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.

For the incidental expenses of the quartermasters' department, consisting of postage on letters and packets received and sent by the officers of the army on public service; expenses of courts martial and courts of inquiry, including the additional compensation of judge advocates, recorders, members, and witnesses, while on that service, under the act of March sixteenth, eighteen hundred and two; extra pay to soldiers employed under the direction of the quartermaster's department, in the erection of barracks, quarters, storehouses, and hospitals; in the construction of roads, and on other constant labor, for periods of not less than ten days, under the acts of March second, eighteen hundred and nineteen, and August fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, including those employed as clerks at division and department headquarters; expenses of expresses to and from the frontier posts and armies in the field; of escorts to paymasters and other disbursing officers, and to trains, where military escorts cannot be furnished; expenses of the interment of officers killed in action, or who die when on duty in the field, or at the posts on the frontiers, and of non-commissioned officers and soldiers; authorizing office furniture; hire of laborers in the quartermaster's department; compensation of forage and wagonmasters, authorized by the act of July fifth, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight; for the apprehension of deserters, and the expenses incident to their pursuit; the following expenditures required for the two regiments of dragoons, the two regiments of cavalry, the regiment of mounted riflemen, and such companies of infantry as may be mounted, viz: the purchase of portable forges, blacksmiths' and shoeing tools, horse and mule shoes and nails, iron and steel for shoeing, hire of veterinary, and shoeing the horses of those corps, five hundred thousand dollars.

For constructing barracks and other buildings at posts which it may be necessary to occupy during the year; and for repairing, altering, and enlarging buildings at the established posts, including hire or commutation of quarters for officers on military duty; hire of quarters for troops, of storehouses for the safe keeping of military stores, and grounds for summer cantonments; and for temporary frontiers stations, seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

For the repairs of the barracks at Baton Rogue, Louisiana, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War.

For mileage or the allowance made to officers of the army for the transportation of themselves and their baggage, when traveling on duty without troops, escorts, or supplies, one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

For transportation of the army, including the baggage of the troops when moving either by land or water, of clothing, camp and garrison equipage from the depot at Philadelphia to the several posts and army depots; of horse equipments and of subsistence from the places of purchase and from the places of delivery under contract, to

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