

**Corvallis Gazette.**  
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# The Corvallis Gazette.

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**Corvallis Gazette.**  
**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  

W	M	S	M	S	M	Y
1 Mon	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00	18 00
2 "	2 00	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00	20 00
3 "	3 00	7 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00
4 "	4 00	9 00	13 00	18 00	25 00	30 00
5 Col.	5 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00
6 "	6 00	12 00	18 00	25 00	30 00	35 00
7 "	7 00	14 00	20 00	28 00	35 00	40 00
8 "	8 00	16 00	22 00	30 00	38 00	45 00
9 "	9 00	18 00	25 00	35 00	45 00	50 00
10 "	10 00	20 00	28 00	40 00	50 00	55 00
11 "	11 00	22 00	30 00	45 00	55 00	60 00
12 "	12 00	24 00	32 00	50 00	60 00	65 00

Notices in Local Column, 20 cents per line, each insertion.  
 Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines, nonpareil measure, \$2 50 for first, and \$1 for each subsequent insertion. IN ADVANCE.  
 Legal advertisements charged as transient, and must be paid for upon expiration. No charge for publisher's affidavit of publication, or for advertisement on liberal terms.  
 Professional Cards, 1 square, \$12 per annum.  
 All notices and advertisements intended for publication should be handed in by noon on Wednesday.

**CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
**M. S. WOODCOCK,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, OPP. WOODCOCK & BALDWIN'S Hardware store.  
 Special attention given to Collections, Foreclosure of Mortgages, Real Estate cases, Probate and Bond matters.  
 Will also buy and sell City Property and Farm Lands, on reasonable terms.  
 March 29, 1879. 16-12yl

**F. A. CHENOWETH,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 OFFICE, Corner of Monroe and Second streets. 16-11f

**J. W. RAYBURN,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 OFFICE—On Monroe street, between Second and Third. 16-11f  
 Special attention given to the Collection of Notes and Accounts. 16-11f

**JAMES A. YANTIS,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State. Special attention given to matters in Probate. Collections will receive prompt and careful attention. Office in the Court House. 16-11f

**DR. F. A. VINCENT,**  
 DENTIST.  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 OFFICE IN FISHER'S BRICK—OVER Max. Friendly's New Store. All the latest improvements. Everything new and complete. All work warranted. Please give me a call. 16-33f

**G. R. FARRA, M. D.**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-29f

**J. R. BRYSON,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
 All business will receive prompt attention.

**COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.**  
 Corvallis, July 14, 1879. 16-29f

**NEW TIN SHOP.**  
**J. K. Webber, Pro.,**  
 MAIN ST. - CORVALLIS.

**STOVES AND TINWARE.**  
 All Kinds.  
 All work warranted and at reduced rates. 12-13f

**W. C. CRAWFORD,**  
 DEALER IN—  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS,**  
 JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE, etc. Also,  
 Musical Instruments &c  
 Repairing done at the most reasonable rates, and all work warranted. 14-50f  
 Corvallis, Dec. 13, 1877.

**GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO.,**  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 DEALERS IN—  
**Drugs, Paints, MEDICINES,**  
**CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS,**  
**OILS, GLASS AND PUTTY,**  
**PURE WINES AND LIQUORS**  
 —FOR MEDICINAL USE.—  
 And also the very best assortment of  
**Lamps and Wall Paper**  
 ever brought to this place.  
 AGENTS FOR THE  
**AVERILL CHEMICAL P. INT.**  
 SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER.  
 Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. 16-12f

**The Breakwater at Cape Foulweather,**  
 Is a necessity and owing to an increased demand for  
**GOODS IN OUR LINE,**  
 WE HAVE THE PLEASURE OF STATING THAT WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

Ever brought to this market, and our motto, in the future, as it has been in the past, shall be **SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES,** thus enabling the Farmers of Benton County to buy Goods 25 per cent. less than ever before.

We also have in connection a large stock of  
**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,**  
 Privately by Mr. Sheppard, at a Large Bankrupt Sale in San Francisco, at 50 cents on the dollar, which will be kept separate from our regular stock, and will extend the same bargains to customers who will give us a call. As a sample of our prices, we will sell

**Shoes from 25c to \$2.**  
**Boots from \$1 to \$3 50.**  
**Hats from 25 to \$1 75.**  
**Buck Gloves, 50 cents.**  
**Silk Handkerchiefs 38c.**  
**Grass Cloth 8 cents.**  
**Kid Gloves, 75 cents to \$1.**  
 Don't forget the place, one door south of the post office.

**Sheppard, Jaycox & Co.**  
 Corvallis, May 7, 1879. 17-19m

**CORVALLIS Livery, Feed**  
 ...AND...  
**SALE STABLE.**  
 Main St., Corvallis, Oregon.

**SOL KING, - Propr.**  
**GOOD TEAMS**  
 At Low Rates.  
 My stables are first-class in every respect, and competent and obliging hostlers always ready to serve the public.  
**REASONABLE CHARGES FOR BIRE.**  
 Particular attention Paid to Boarding Horses.  
 ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND HACKS FOR FUNERALS  
 Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16-1yl

**LANDS! FARMS! HOMES!**  
 I HAVE FARMS, (Improved and unimproved,) STORES and MILL PROPERTY, very desirable,  
**FOR SALE.**  
 These lands are cheap.  
 Also claims in unsurveyed tracts for sale.  
 Soldiers of the late rebellion who have, under the Soldiers' Homestead Act, located and made final proof on less than 160 acres, can dispose of the balance to me.  
 Write (with stamps to prepay postage).  
 R. A. BENSELL,  
 Newport, Benton county, Oregon. 16-22f

**Woodcock & Baldwin**  
 (Successors to J. R. Bayley & Co.)  
**KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE** old stand a large and complete stock of  
**Heavy and Shelf Hardware,**  
**IRON, STEEL, TOOLS, STOVES, RANGES, ETC.**  
 Manufactured and Home Made  
**Tin and Copper Ware, Pumps, Pipe, Etc.**  
 A good Tinner constantly on hand, and all Job Work neatly and quickly done.  
 Also agents for Knapp, Burrall & Co. for the sale of the best and latest improved  
**FARM MACHINERY,**  
 of all kinds, together with a full assortment of Agricultural Implements.  
 Sole Agents for the celebrated  
**ST. LOUIS CHARTER OAK STOVES**  
 the BEST IN THE WORLD. Also the Norman Range, and many other patterns, in all sizes and styles.  
 Particular attention paid to Farmers' wants, and the supplying extras for Farm Machinery, and all information as to such articles, furnished cheerfully, on application.  
 No pains will be spared to furnish our customers with the best goods in market, in our line, and at the lowest prices.  
 Our motto shall be, prompt and fair dealing with all. Call and examine our stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
**WOODCOCK & BALDWIN,**  
 Corvallis, May 12, 1879. 14-41f

**Barium Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F.**  
 Meets on Tuesday evening of each week, in their hall, in Fisher's brick, second story. Members of the order in good standing invited to attend. By order of N. G.

**JOHN S. BAKER, PRO.**  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 HAVING BOUGHT THE ABOVE MARKET and fixtures, and permanently located in Corvallis, I will keep constantly on hand the choicest cuts of  
**BEEF, PORK, MUTTON AND VEAL.**  
 Special attention to making extra Bologna Sausage.  
 Being a practical butcher, with large experience in business, I flatter myself that I can give satisfaction to customers. Please call and give me a trial. JOHN S. BAKER.  
 Dec. 6th, 1878. 16-49f

**ROBERT N. BAKER.**  
**Fashionable Tailor,**  
 FORMERLY OF ALBANY, WHERE HE has given his patrons perfect satisfaction, has determined to locate in Corvallis, where he hopes to be favored with a share of the public patronage. All work warranted, when made under his supervision. Repairing and cleaning promptly attended to.  
 Corvallis, Nov. 28, 1878. 15-48f

**Grain Storage!**  
**A Word to Farmers.**  
 HAVING PURCHASED THE COMMODITY warehouse of Messrs. King and Bell, and thoroughly overhauled the same, I am now ready to receive grain for storage at the reduced rate of 4 cts. per Bushel.  
 I am also prepared to keep Extra, White Wheat, separate from other lots, thereby enabling me to SELL AT A PREMIUM. Also prepared to pay the  
**Highest Market Price.**  
 for wheat, and would most respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. T. J. BLAIR.  
 Corvallis, Aug. 1, 1878. 15-52f

**ALLEN & WOODWARD,**  
**Druggists and Apothecaries,**  
 P. O. BUILDING, CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 Have a complete stock of  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, ETC., ETC.**  
 School Books - Stationery, &c.

**FRESH GOODS**  
 —AT THE—  
**BAZAR OF FASHIONS**  
 Mrs. E. A. KNIGHT.  
 CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
 Has just received from San Francisco, the largest and Best Stock of  
**Millinery Goods, Dress Trimmings, Etc.**  
 Ever brought to Corvallis, which I will sell at prices that defy competition.  
 Agency for Messrs. Deacon's reliable Patterns. 25p16-17f

**Melancholy and High Spirits.**  
 (San Francisco Bulletin.)  
 Since the days of the melancholy Dane there has been a great preponderance of low-spirited men in the world. Hypochondria is a disease of civilization. It cannot be said to be a feature of savage life. It is true the Maylay runs a muck. But he is half civilized. Moreover, his craze is not so much from depression of spirits as from a desperate exaltation. It is not easy to understand all the phases of savage life. The more familiar phases indicate a joyous people. The savage of the tropics has few cares. Nothing seems to him more ridiculous than the thoughtfulness and earnestness of civilized people. In his estimation they are slaves to conventional usages. Why should they be forever at work? Why should they go through life carrying tremendous burdens all their days, when it is easy enough to recline under a cocoanut tree and let the fruit drop down as from an opening heaven? What is all this enigma of store clothes, laces, broadcloth and gloomy houses from which the sun is shut as if it were an enemy? Is there to be no freedom from care in the world? Just as these men have accumulated their millions, they die. They could have lived happily without their millions; lived lives of dreamy indolence without a thought for the morrow, and lived longer by many years than the average duration of civilized life. Then as to the food of civilized races. There are no dyspeptics among savages. The sun and the free air of heaven work wonders upon him. He can eat food which would kill a white man, and that without inconvenience. At the same time his roast pig in plantain leaves, cooked by means of hot stones in the bottom of a hole in the ground, may be a dish fit to feast the gods.

Melancholy is the disease of civilization. In its mildest form it is simply low spirits, depression, undue anxiety touching trivial matters. There is the harassing desire to supply the long list of artificial wants which civilization has created. And the worst phase of all is that civilization goes on creating these wants. It cheapens many commodities, but it inserts new desires and creates new articles which a long time only the wealthy few can attain. The ideal standard of living for thousands is to attain as many luxuries as the rich possess. In nine cases out of ten the attainment of great wealth has been made at too great cost. It has involved loss of health, and the utter capacity to enjoy it. What is chiefly to be noted is the absence of high spirits among the mass of the people. Civilization ought to bring more joyousness of life. The trouble, perhaps, is that the very manner of living is too complex. There are too many secrets, too many burdens, and consequently, too many anxieties. The insane asylums fill rapidly. Too many die at just that period when they have got ready to live. They break down just past the period of middle life, when the faculties are all ripened and the individual ought to be at his best.

This absence of high spirits is also fatal to wit. It is not likely that there will be an utter extinction of witty people. But they at times become so scarce that the poorest apology for wit is accepted in default of something better. A writer quoted in the *Nineteenth Century* holds the following opinion:  
 There is now no fun in the world. We have, and an abundance of grim humor, which evokes anything but mirth. Nothing would astonish us in the Midway Inn so much as a peal of laughter. A great writer (though it must be confessed scarcely an amusing one), who has recently reached his journey's end, used to describe his animal spirits depreciatingly, as being at the best but vegetable spirits. And that is now the way with us all. When Charles Dickens died, it was confidently stated in a great literary journal that his loss, so far from affecting "the gaiety of nations," would scarcely be felt at all; the power of rousing tears and laughter being (I suppose the writer thought) so very common. That prophecy has by no means been fulfilled. But what is far worse than this, being no humorous writers amongst us, the faculty of appreciating even the old ones is dying out. There is no such thing as high spirits anywhere.

The melancholy of the educated English is the topic of a leading article in the same publication. There are hints of over-education. It is said that when an Indian comes in contact with our civilization he is a sadder man. This may be the result of a contact with the vices of civilization. The wits of the world have been men and women of high spirits. Dickens, Thackeray, and the circle of English wits who flourished a few years ago, were notably men of great buoyancy of spirit. They had found the secret zest of life. People will go night after night to a Negro minstrel performance, not so

much for the music, which is generally good, as for the jokes and repartees of the end men. They take the medicine of laughter as a heart-ease. The apostle of laughter is now wanted in the world—the witty man who can drive away the first symptoms of insanity, and who can keep a multitude of overburdened hearts from breaking. No doubt he will be considered an irreligious fellow, and one to be lightly esteemed by solid people. Just now one may count up all the English-speaking wits of the world on his fingers. The best of them have the world at their beck and call. A witty dramatization in the hands of a good actor will run at a single theater a hundred nights. It will be just as fresh for the next place, as so keep its place on the stage for years. The actor makes a fortune more certainly than he would as an owner of the best gold mine. The writer of a dozen witty stanzas becomes famous all over the world. The fever patient does not more certainly need quinine than does a joyless people need the medicine of the man of wit. Therefore, let him come and not stand on the order of his coming.

**New Burial of Sir John Moore.**  
 Not a drum was heard, because the drummer was not feeling very well and asked to be excused, nor a funeral note of any kind, as his corpse to the ramparts he hurried; not a single, solitary son-of-a-gun of a soldier discharged his brass shot or the grave where the remains of the late Mr. Moore were deposited. The farewell-shot business was omitted on account of the scarcity of ammunition. We buried him darkly at dead of night, and did the best job we could for him under the circumstances. He could not sorrow, because he could not pick or shovel in the entire neighborhood, and were obliged to turn the sod with our bayonets, which by the way, was the first thing that had been done by said bayonets since we had been drafted. We did all this by the struggling moonbeams' misty light, and the lantern dimly burning, with just about half enough oil in it, and a strip of an old flannel undershirt for a Wick. Few and short were the prayers we said, the chaplain being home on a furlough, and no one within forty miles to take his place. We spoke not a word of sorrow, our time being somewhat limited, as the enemy was not far distant, and advancing with gigantic strides. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed, and smoothed down his lonely pillow with a canteen, that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, and we far away on the billow; but not too far, however, as the enemy outnumbered us about seven to one. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, and wonder where they get another flask filled with the same, and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, knowing of course, that he is in no condition to defend himself; but he'll little reck if they let him sleep in a grave where a Briton has laid him, and not bother him to get up and take out a burial permit, or ask him to pay ground rent. We wish here to correct the impression that slowly and sadly we laid him down from the field of his fame fresh and gory. We did no such thing. The corpse was washed and put in good shape, and we defy any man to show that there was a drop of gore about him. It is true that we carved not a line and raised not a stone, because there was no stone-mason handy to do the job at reasonable figures. About this time we heard the distant and random gun that the foe was suddenly firing, so we adjourned the funeral, left the deceased representative, and made ourselves scarce in that vicinity.

**Zulu Preparations for Fight.**  
 When a chief is about to fight with another of the tribe, the army doctor, who brings *intzi*, which he bruises, places in a pot, pours water on it, and then squeezes it with his hand, and mixes it with water. The long tail of a large animal, which is known as the *gum*, is placed in the vessel, and is used to sprinkle with. The army forms a semi-circle, and no one speaks; there is perfect silence; for, indeed, when an army is being led out to fight, no one speaks a word; it is an evil day, for men are going to die, and they eat nothing. The doctor sprinkles the whole army, going round to the whole circle. When an army has had this done to it, no one among them may associate with his family at home; if a man breaks this rule, he "kills himself, making his eyes dark"; that is, he has made himself stupid, he has lost his sense, so that when he goes into battle he must surely be killed. On the day when troops are summoned, and assembled at the chief's headquarters, cattle are always slaughtered. The meat first eaten is black, being smeared with a powder made of dried flesh of various animals—leopard, lion, elephant, etc. The Zulus believe by these medicines to impart the fierce and powerful qualities of the different beasts. The whole force partakes of this wonderful meat before going into battle, that they may be brave and not fearful. When the doctor has finished sprinkling the army, the chief comes to the midst of it, and addresses the soldiers, praising the "Amatongo," or spirits of his ancestors. He ends with an admonition to fight as becomes a brave nation; he says—"Troops of our people who conquered so-and-so. I shall hear of your doings. The sun is in the sky; I have this day given the enemy into the hands of such-and-such a regiment, and I direct you to follow. If you do not conquer, you will disgrace yourselves. My father was a brave; he was never known to be a coward. Let the assegais wound you in front, let there be no wound in the back. If I see you coming back conquered, I will kill you; you will find no place for you here at home; I, too, am an enemy if you are cowards." Then there would begin leaping and rattling of spears against their shields; some shouting and making vows, and then the chief dismisses the army.

**The Days of Jackson.**  
 OLD HICKORY'S LAST NIGHT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.  
 When Senator Allen arrived in Washington he found the city filled with strangers who came from all parts of the country to be present at the inauguration of President-elect Van Buren. Among them were a number of leading men from Ohio, and they occupied so much of their newly-elected Senator's time, that it was not until late on the night of the 3d of March that he had an opportunity of speaking informally and freely with his life-long friend, President Jackson. On that night, however, he went to the White House, a Senator of the nation, to see the man who, little more than twenty years before, in the Lynchburg tavern, and laughed over his boyish curiosity, and wondered at his really tongue. Without ceremony, being well known to the attendants, he was shown into the President's bed-chamber, Chief Justice Taney and Senator Forsythe of Georgia, afterward Minister to Spain and Secretary of State, were already in the room, and Jackson himself active, and to a certain extent restless, as usual, stood in the middle of the floor smoking a short corn-cob pipe. He congratulated Allen warmly upon his election to the Senate, and then calling to a young Irishman who acted as body-servant and waiter, turned to his visitors and said:  
 "Gentlemen, I think the occasion will warrant me in breaking over one of my own rules. Let us drink a little Madeira."

The wine was brought. Jackson took a small glassful—it was the first liquor he had been known to touch for seven months—and then, asking his friends to excuse him for a few moments, he finished writing a letter upon which he was engaged, sealed, directed it, and lighting his cob pipe again, took a whiff or two, and stood watching the face of a great, tall, old-fashioned clock, which stood in the corner. It was five minutes before midnight, five minutes before the beginning of the day upon which Andrew Jackson would cease to be President of the United States. Slowly the minute hand moved round the dial. The silence in the room became almost painful. It was broken by the clear, sharp bell of the clock striking the last hour of a day which had gone forever. Then Jackson, starting suddenly and looking towards his friends, said, with a quick, nervous laugh:  
 "Gentlemen, I am no longer President of the United States, but as good a citizen as any of you."

Subsequently he expressed to them a feeling of great relief at the prospect of escaping from the official cares which had begun to weigh most heavily upon him, saying to Allen, among other things of the same sort, "I am very glad to get away from all this excitement and bother."

That day Van Buren was inaugurated President of the United States, and Jackson, on the 3d of his second term, left the White House—left it so poor that he was obliged to borrow from his friends \$5000 with which to re-build "Hermitage," his old family mansion, which some time before had been burned to the ground.

After the short executive session of the Senate which followed the inauguration of the newly elected President, Senator Allen returned to his home. Of his service in the Senate, which is a matter of public record, nothing more is said here. Just before the expiration of his first term he went behind the Legislature, if I may be allowed the expression, and for the first time announcing the doctrine that a United States Senator was a popular representative, and should be elected by the people as a candidate for re-election. The result was that the Democrats had a handsome majority in the Legislature, and he was re-elected without any opposition.

In the meantime, Harrison had died. Tyler had gone into the White House, and with the help of Allen and two or three others, had broken up the Whig party.—From a Sketch of Wm. Allen, in the *New York Times*.

**THE FRENCH TRADE DOLLAR.**—I informed you recently of the intention of the French Government to authorize the Paris mint to coin a trade dollar for circulation in Cochinchina, whence it was expected soon to make its way into other countries of the extreme East. The original idea was that this new coinage should be left to private individuals, who would have first to obtain authorization from the Minister of the Colonies or the Governor of Cochinchina, but that the Government should not coin for itself. That intention has apparently been modified, for I now learn that the new coinage has commenced, but for the Government, which recently purchased silver for a sum of one million of francs, and sent it to the mint to be converted into the new trade dollars. This coin is of the exact weight and fineness of the American trade dollar, and therefore a small fraction heavier than the Mexican piastre. Although of the same fineness as the French 5-franc piece, it does not correspond to any French coin in value, the 5-franc piece weighing 25 grammes and the new trade dollar 27.2. The value in French legal tender silver coin would therefore be about 5.44c. The French Government is just now paying particular attention to the circulation in its colonies of the East. Hitherto the English rupee had circulated Reunion Island at the rate of 25c. or 2s. concurrently with French coin, and other moneys, but an order of the Governor was recently issued prohibiting the rupee as a legal tender and announcing that it would cease to be received in the public offices.—*London Economist, June 26th.*

**Does Not.**—The man who makes wheels is a wheelwright, but that doesn't prove that the man who makes anchors is an anchorite, by any means.

**AGRICULTURAL MATTERS.**  
**Culture of Wheat.**  
 In an essay before the Lancaster, Pa. County Agricultural Society, Mr. C. C. Liville read a very interesting article on the culture of wheat, in which he told some plain truths. He begins with the idea that forklifts of manure flung around loosely in chunks is wrong. Of course, if a very heavy coat is applied it does not require so nice spreading to make it cover the ground. If your soil is rich it is better to apply a light coat and make it reach further. Four loads to the acre, well spread, will benefit the crop as much as five or six loads thrown around in forklifts, as is so often done. Having your manure out, the next thing is to plough it under. It makes little difference whether it is ploughed in as soon as spread, or left on the surface a month or more. Much has been written by theorists about the escape of ammonia. The fact is, there is, as a general rule, but little free ammonia in barnyard manure when hauled to the field, and if there was it would have light immediately when spread on a field covered with manure. A good way to prevent the loss of ammonia (carbonate of ammonia) is to have a quantity of land plaster (sulphate of lime) on hand, and apply some of it to the floors of your stables every time you clean them out. This is said to "fix" the ammonia. That is, the sulphuric acid leaves its hold of the lime and seizes the ammonia, forming carbonate of ammonia, which is non-volatile. To prove that this is not mere theory get some pulverized plaster, and when you clean your horse stable on a hot day, and the air is so redolent of horsebarn that you are almost strangled, sow a quart of plaster in each stall, and in five minutes the pungent odor will have gone. Once sown in a field covered with manure in the early part of August, with the exception of about an acre. This lay bleaching and roasting in the sun for about a month; a plentiful crop of weeds grew up through it, and it was then ploughed in the beginning of September and produced by far the best wheat in the field. It may be truly said that one experiment does not prove anything, but there can be no question but that straw manure is benefited by exposure to the sun. At the same time, the soil is improved by the mulch. As a general rule, early ploughing is the best; but there are so many exceptions to the rule that it cannot be insisted on. When you are ready and the ground in a proper state of moisture go to work and plough, and pay no regard to the signs. The first thing in the preparation of the soil for wheat or any other crop is to have it well ploughed. If this is not thoroughly done no amount of after cultivation will remedy the evil. Bad and careless ploughing is at the root of more slovenly farming than anything else. In order to break the ground thoroughly we must have good ploughs. There are not any better adapted to our soils and suited to our wants than are made near home. Long tried and well known ploughs that would "fill the bill," but am now convinced that a chilled cast iron mould clean as well and last much longer than a steel one. As regards to the much vexed question of deep or shallow ploughing I think the wisest course is the voice of practical farmers in favor of shallow or medium ploughing. When I say shallow ploughing I do not mean the skinning process practiced in some parts of the South. The commandment of Agriculture in the State of Georgia reports the average depth of ploughing in that state to be one inch. Farmers in the sunny South must trust to Providence more than we. It has not yet been proven that a foot is deeper and than six or eight inches, and as long as the matter remains in doubt we will plough shallow or medium and save our teams. Having come to grief two or three times by cultivating the ground too much when in a dusty condition, don't wait until it is about its final preparation. I think there is not much danger of cultivating too much when the ground is moist. A safe rule is, when the ground is dry roll much and harrow little; when the ground is moist harrow much and roll little. The soil ought not to be disturbed when very wet or very dry, but we have no control of the weather and must shape our work accordingly. When the ground is not hard there is no better cultivator than the common tooth or spike harrow. The French smoothing harrow is an excellent implement for finishing, but will not supersede the common harrow in hard, stubborn ground. If the soil is very hard it will require something other than a tooth or spike harrow to prepare the seed bed. A field in good order for sowing presents a firm bottom, a mellow surface to the depth of two or three inches, and a nice even face. Have the ground properly prepared between the 15th of September and the 5th of October. Don't wait (in the moon), take your drill—the "Farmer's Friend" and "Buckeye" are good machines—and drill in your wheat to the depth of one and a half inches, and at the rate of one and a half to two bushels per acre. If the fall is hard and the winter not too severe, and the spring neither too wet nor too dry; if tornado, nor hail, nor mildew, nor rust destroy it; if mildew, nor Hessian fly, nor other insects that prey upon wheat molest not the crop, you may harvest a crop of from fifteen to forty bushels per acre. One or more of these calamities will probably come, and the balance will be on the wrong side of the account.

Postmaster-General Key, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, will leave Washington to-day for New York city, where they will remain a few days, and thence proceed to various points in New England on a tour of pleasure. They intend to make a short stay in Rhode Island, and will probably spend a week in the White Mountains.

Robert G. Pillow, son of the late General Gideon J. Pillow, while working on his plantation in Arkansas, was bitten by a cotton-moth, and, at once, drank a quart of raw whiskey and escaped death.