EASTON GAZETTE.

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AGRICULTURAL.

PLOUGHING.

Farmers have been considerably divided in opinion on two points connected with ploughs, or rather with ploughing; one of these regarding the manner in which the furrow slice should be turned over; and the other, the depth to which land should be ploughed. Some have contended that the furrow slice should never be laid flat, but always in such an inclined position, that the edge of one slice should just rest on the next one, leaving under the edge so raised, a vacancy nearly as deep as the tickness of the furrow slice. This, it is contended, is advantageous, by hastening decomposition and by allowing water to pass freely off without injury to young plants. Other farmers maintain as strenuously that the furrow slice should in all cases be laid perfectly flat, or reversed in such a manner that a field after ploughing should be as level as before, the plough simply reversing the surface of the slice. In this, as in a majority of controverted points, our experience and observation leads us to conclude that both sides are partly right, and partly wrong. We have found that, if on lands strong and with a tenacious or impervious subsoil, which retained for some time what water fell upon it the furrow slice was slightly lapped, so as to leave a space below young plants suffered less from a wet season, or an undue accumulation of water, than they would if the furrow slice was fully inverted, and the surface made smooth and even. On the contrary we have been led to believe that on a light soil, or one inclining to be dry or porous, it was better to invert the surface completely, and by rolling, render the surface smooth, and its particles as compact as possible. A surface so treated will retain its moisture longer than if left in a state more loose and friable, and the conduct power will be increased by the particles being brought more closely in contact. Let the farmer, then, whose subsoil is impermeable to water lay his furrows, as dipping as he pleases; the more space below, the better for him; but on a light porous soil, lay the surface flat, and make it as dense as it well can be. The benefit, which compressing sandy soils confers, is well understood in Norfolk, in England, where the treading of the sheep in feeding the turnips in the field, is considered not the least beneficial part of the culture required for the production of wheat.

Nearly the same remarks may be applied to the other controverted point, viz: that which relates to the depth of ploughing. The propriety or impropriety of deep ploughing must be determined by the soil itself; by its condition, in reference to a supply of vegetable matter in the soil, and the depth to which it has been formerly ploughed. Where the stratum of fertile soil is thin, and the subsoil, no matter from what cause, incapable of promoting vegetation, it is bad policy to bring this infertile subsoil to the surface, as a stratum in which seeds are to germinate. And where the soil is permeable to the depth of twelve or eighteen inches, or as low as the plough can penetrate, and is filled with fertilizing materials, deposited by the processes of nature, or by manure applied to the surface in cultivation, then the plough may run deep without fear of injury to the present crop, and the certainty of benefit to the future ones. We think the true method of rendering any soil deep and fertile, is to plough no deeper, and bring up no more of the infertile earth at a time to the surface, than can be thoroughly corrected by manures, to be incorporated with it, and thus made friable and productive. At each successive ploughing, if this course is followed, the soil will be gradually deepened and rendered productive to any desired ploughing. Judge Powell rendered his soils fertile to the depth of fourteen inches, and were the roots of plants have this depth of good earth to range in and seek their food the farmer can hardly fail of securing first rate crops. Every part of a soil so prepared, is fit for the germination of seeds to the lowest depth to which the plough can reach; and the more thorough the ploughing is given, the greater will be the surface exposed to the benefits of aeration, or the ameliorating influences of the atmosphere. One of the greatest differences between the old and the new husbandry, depends on this question of ploughing. In the old mode, the plough was used year after year to the same depth, and the manure applied with reference to the crop solely, while the improvement of the soil was wholly left out of sight. As a natural consequence, "there was no depth of soil," and when manure failed, the fertility of the land was gone, with scarcely a possibility of renovation under such a process. In the new husbandry, the permanent improvement of the soil, by gradual manuring and deepening, is kept steadily in view; and hence the accumulation and use of manures has received an additional importance. The garden is usually far the most fertile part of the farm, and this is brought about by the gradual incorporation of manures with the subsoil raised at each successive ploughing, until the requisite depth and fertility is gained. On lands long ploughed to a uniform depth, as they were under the old system, the pressure of the plough on the same surface, gradually formed an impenetrable strata, thus forming a fatal obstruction to the roots of plants, where it did not naturally exist. In England, on soils inclining to clay, and which have been under the plough occasionally, or almost perpetually for centuries, this impermeable *pan* is common, and one of the most decided advantages found to result from the subsoil plough, is the breaking up and demolition of this artificial obstruction to the spread and depth of the roots of plants. On the old cultivated fields of New England, the same difficulty exists more or less, and can be removed, and the soil rendered fertile by the same means so successful abroad.

The too frequent ploughing of land is not to be recommended in any case, and unless absolutely required to destroy foul weeds, it should receive no further movement than is requisite to fit it for a crop. The great mistake of Tull, was, that ploughing or pulverization would supersede the use of manuring. But experience shows, what indeed philosophy inculcates, that beyond a certain point ploughing is injurious; and that, though essential benefits are derived to the soil from the action of atmospheric agents, manuring in some form, is indispensable to successful farming. It may be said that an application of manure should take place every time land is either ploughed or cropped. On land that has been brought to a high state of fertility, the decomposition of rich sward will usually prove a sufficient dressing for a single crop; but for a repetition or rotation of crops, manures cannot be withheld without a certain deterioration of the soil, and a probable lessening of the crop. Ploughing and manuring must go together, and without this combination, each will be found defective and incapable of producing such results as are certain to ensue when both separate processes are skilfully united. We are therefore disposed to consider every decided improvement in the plough, as a sure indication of progress in agriculture; a proof that another step in the correction and dissipation of ancient error has been g ined, and the way opened and the means provided for still further and more important advances.—*Albany Cultivator.*

A PICTURE OF HOME INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. F. ELLEN.

The beauty and moral truth of the following picture of Home influence, and Woman's leaning to the right, will be acknowledged by all.—[U. S. Gaz.

"Dear Edward!" said his wife, "you have something on your mind; your brow looks troubled; what is it?"

"Only anxiety about business, Amy. How often have I wished that I had not been bred a merchant! But my mother said that it was a favorite wish of my father, that I should be an accomplished merchant."

"I have sometimes wished so too," answered his wife, "and then again, I remembered that the very evils which belong to your profession may be turned into good. He that has it in his power to do wrong with impunity, though he gains by it, yet chooses the right by which he loses is the most eloquent preacher of righteousness."

'Very true, Amy; but sometimes this is indeed cutting off the right hand, and plucking out the right eye; and then thinking always about money and bargains has such a contracting influence upon one's mind!'

'But how often, Edward, have I heard you say that no man has such wide and various connexions with the human race, as a well educated, upright and active merchant. Every part of the world sends him its tribute of knowledge, as well as of riches. He sees men under all aspects; and while he may with a certain degree of security, indulge in dishonesty, and be the enemy of his fellow men, perhaps no man can be so true, and self sacrificing, and efficient philanthropist, as a Christian merchant."

'It is not always so easy as you may imagine, for a merchant to act as remembering that he is under his great Taskmaster's eye.'

'Not for all or some men; but for you, Edward, the difficulty would be to act otherwise. When I think of your profession, it gives me pleasure to notice that merchants in general, as they acquire property more easily, are most disposed to spend it liberally.'

'Yes,' said Edward, as his eye kindled at the thought; 'the greater proportion of our public benefactors have been merchants. Their money has given eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf, health to the sick, and peace and comfort to the forsaken; it feeds and instructs the ignorant and poor; it sends the glad tidings of salvation to the unbeliever and penitent; it takes little children in its arms and blesses them. But all this glorious power supposes wealth, Amy.'

'And you, dear Edward, are rich enough to enjoy this highest of all privileges, the dispensing of good to others. You have cause only for thankfulness. But the poor, unsuccessful merchant, who has not the means of educating his children, whose spirits are broken down by failures, and whose temper is soured by what he considers the injustice or dishonesty of others, perhaps even of his own friends, he is the man who, perhaps, may be excused for finding fault with his profession. My heart aches for him."

Edward started up, and walked hastily backward and forward through the room, as if he had been seized with some sudden and intolerable pain.

'What is the matter?' said his wife. 'Are you ill?'

'Oh, nothing; nothing of consequence;' said Edward. 'I happened to think of something rather unpleasant then. It is late now, I believe, and my head aches.'

They retired for the night. The next day Edward looked depressed and thoughtful, and as if he had passed a sleepless night. Amy was troubled by his silence. This was the first cloud that had rested on her husband's brow since they were married.

'He has,' she said to herself, 'he has always confided every thing to me. He will tell me what it is that hangs so heavily upon his spirits. He will never shut me out from his sorrows any more than his joys.'

She thought when he returned from the counting house for the day, that he looked more free and happy, though he was still silent and thoughtful.

'Come and sit by me, Amy,' said Edward to her when they were alone in the evening.

Amy sat down by her husband.

'Do you not enjoy, Amy, our handsome house, and pictures, and carriage, &c?'

'Surely, Edward; I take great pleasure in these things. But why do you ask'

'And you love to have money enough to give to those who want it!'

Why, what a question, Edward! You know I value this power more than I can tell.'

'And can you voluntarily resign all these luxuries, Amy?'

"Why should I voluntarily resign them Edward? What makes you so enigmatical? Tell me what you mean."

"Suppose that all the money which enables us to indulge ourselves in these luxuries, is not truly our own; what would you have me do, Amy?"

"*Is it you, Edward, that asks me* whether I would be dishonest?"

"But suppose, according to the law of the land and the customs of society, and the tacit consent of those most interested this property was secured to you?"

"When I am satisfied," said Amy, "that I can plead the law of the land the customs of society, and the opinions of the world, before the judgment seat of God, as an excuse for violating that higher law which he has written on my heart, when I have placed the opinion of the world in the scales against my own self respect, and found it the weightiest, then Edward, I might hesitate. But why ask me such questions? Why do you not speak plainly?"

'I will Amy," answered her husband. 'When I failed in business before our marriage, I made a settlement with my creditors, by which I paid them, seventy-five cents on a dollar. They knew that I paid them all I had, and signed a release from all further claims. Of late, my mind has been troubled about those debts, for such I consider them. A few days since, one of my creditors brought his son to me, a fine fellow, and asked me to take him into my store. He mentioned in the course of conversation, that he had intended to send his son to College, for the boy had a thirst for learning; that he was in fact fitted to enter; but that he found that he was too poor. 'If,' said the father, 'by denying myself every thing but the necessaries of life, I could feed my boy's mind, I would thankfully do it; but I can not honestly indulge myself even in this luxury.' I felt smitten to the heart.—When I failed, I owed that man $12,000. I paid him but nine, I now of course owe him three, and the interest upon it. That sum would enable him to give his son the advantages which he so much desires. I have been thinking over the whole subject, and studying it fairly. Dymond's Essay would satisfy me, if I were not convinced before of what is right."

"And you will of course do it, Edward there can be no doubt."

"I knew you would say so, Amy; but you must think it over calmly. You know upon the subject of property, as well as of other things, we have no mine and thine; as we have one interest and duty, so we have equal rights. I cannot take this step, without your full approbation and consent."

"Is that all that has troubled you for these few days past?" said Amy, as she looked into her husbands's face, with an expression of joyful relief.

"All," said Edward.

"And why not speak to me at first about it? Why not let me share every trouble as it rises?"

"O, Amy, I felt it only on your account. *I* hated to deprive you of all these luxuries. You know with what delight I see you doing good, real good, with money."

"Never again, Edward, do me the injustice to suppose that I prefer the lower virtue of charity to the higher one of justice."

MEANTONIMO.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

'Come my boys, sit down by me, and I'll tell you a story,' said an old gray haired pensioner of the revolution, whose age numbered something more than fourscore years. We were his grand children, and he called us all boys though some of us might have been at the age at which every one calls himself a man. I saw by the kindling of his small piercing eye that he was about to tell us something, the recollection of which roused up his whole soul and with more than usual interest sat down to hear him relate, for the first time the following tale:

'Before the war of the revolution broke out,' said he, 'the Indians used frequently to visit Wyoming, (where my father had settled) for the purpose of trading; and as they had never received anything of injury or insult from the peaceful settlers, a perfect confidence existed between them. I observed one day, among a party of these Indians—a young female of about seventeen summers. She was sitting on the ground after the manner of her race; her arms were bare and formed a complete taper from the shoulder to the end of her fingers. Her wrists were encircled by broad silver bracelets. One breast was uncovered, and her swelling bosom was a perfect model of female beauty—her cheek was rather fair and rich, as if English blood was flowing in her veins. Her dark eye sparkled—her teeth were even and as white as ivory, and her smile—ah! I see it now. But what particularly struck my fancy, was the beautiful symmetry of her form. Her Indian dress displayed this to the best advantage. Her light mantle, girded closely about her waist by a belt of wampum—tight leggins and low moccasins—concealed none of the roundness of her form, or the beautiful turn of her ancle. And when she rose from the ground, and stood in listless attitude gazing carelessly round. I was chained to the spot with admiration. Such a form no painter could copy or sculptor imitate. I was young then, but never shall forget that Indian girl.

'Several times afterwards, she came to our settlement with others of her tribe, and so entirely was I taken up with her appearance, that I did all my trading with her. The consequence was, we became quite intimate. We knew enough of each other's language, so as, between the two, to be able to converse with sufficient fluency. We passed hours together, and I found her the true child of nature. Her heart was pretty itself and had the war not broken out, she might have been, boys, your grandmother. We laughed at the idea—but he proceeded 'I really think if we had seen each other much more, we should have been completely in love. I one day gave her a small breast pin, which she promised to wear for my sake; see I have it now.—When we parted that day tears stood in her eyes; she told me, the first time, her name, and asked me if I would not sometimes remember Meantonimo. I never saw her but once afterwards.

"Well in July, 1778, the tories and Indians attacked and took two of our forts at Wyoming; the first surrendered without resistance—the other soon after the assault was commenced. We had accordingly fortified ourselves as strongly as possible in the only fort that remained, which however, was capable of being defended with comparative ease. It was called the 'Forty-Fort.' One day a man, named Daniel Lawrence, and myself, were sent out to collect cattle. The Indians were then killing all the cattle they could find. While engaged in this business, we heard that Col. Butler, who commanded our little army, allured by the offers of treaty by the Tories and Indians, had determined to lead his men out of the Fort. We took a hasty drink from a spring and ran. Just as we reached the Fort the men were going.—Col. Dennison remained to defend the fort. Capt. Ransom requested Zebulon Butler to permit him to take a few men and go on in advance to discover where the Indians were. He chose Mr. Lawrence, myself and twelve others. Placing us a few rods apart, he told us to keep a sharp look out, and the moment we saw an Indian to let him know it, and thus we marched on. Presently I espied one skulking among the bushes—'Capt. Ransom,' said I—'I see 'em.'

'Where?'

'By the bush yonder—and see, there's another.' We went within a few rods of them and fired. They never fired a gun, but kept retreating slowly, till they had drawn us a long distance from the fort! The number of our men were just three hundred and sixty. There were fourteen hundred of the enemy. All at once we found that they had drawn us into an ambush. We were nearly surrounded when Col. Butler ordered our right wing to retreat and flank them. It was too late, they sprang upon us—and such slaughter! That was fighting! It makes my old blood boil now, to think of it! I feel twenty years younger!" and the old man sprang from his chair and paced the room with all the vigor of youth. The Indians that day took scalps enough to make roofs for their wigwams. Some of our men broke through and fled to Monockannock Island. Five of us ran some distance, three were shot down, and a man named Franklin and myself were left alone.—The poor wretches that were shot called loudly for help—it was in vain—I never turned my head to help them. It was impossible. I hardly think the Indians would have killed me, had they caught me. I spoke once to my companion.—Franklin I'll stop, I can run no further—I'll be a prisoner.

'Spring—spring for your life,' said he, the moment they come upon you, they will kill you.' We had just come to a steep bank about two rods down: I went down at a jump, looked around, and was alone. Franklin was gone, where I knew not. I stood thinking what was the best to to be done. The Indians were close on the top of the hill. They beckoned to me. I turned and ran nearly as I can calculate, forty rods. Suddenly all was dark—I could see no more. Down I fell, gun and all, well loaded too. I heard them pass me; and as soon as they were past, scraped the leaves over me, as well as I could, and then lay perfectly still. They had seen me fall, and soon come back to search for me. They came so near that I could almost see their eyes rolling. They hunted till dark, and when they could no longer see, they raised a long whoop and went away.—As soon as they all had disappeared at the place where I had seen the last of Franklin, I got up and went to the fort! But what was the garrison then. Of those three hundred and sixty brave fellows that marched out, only sixty ever returned. I inquired for Capt. Ransom. No one had seen him. I had seen him once—then the Indians clutched him, but I had hoped that he might have escaped—he was a *brave man*. I had fought under him before, and if ever a commander was beloved by his soldiers it was Capt. Ransom.

"The next day one of our men came in. His name was Oliver Hammond. The tories had taken him prisoner and delivered him to the Indians. He knew what his fate would be, and determined, if he was their prisoner, he would not be their victim, without an effort for his life. He suddenly attacked them with his fists. They could not fire upon him, for he was in the very midst of them. He escaped, and I saw him come back with a flesh wound in his arm. He had seen Capt Ransom. He was a prisoner and would probably soon be sacrificed to their vengeance.

"I have said that Capt. Ransom's men loved him; consequently I had no difficulty in persuading others to assist me in attempting his rescue. That night eight of us left the fort with Hammond for our guide, and by daylight were close upon the enemy. We agreed upon a signal at which to make the attempt, and then each chose for himself a hiding place, where he might be concealed. All the morning the Indians were engaged in council. I had selected a place on a craggy eminence, covered with small underwood, near the little plain where they had encamped and could distinctly see all that was taking place. Brandt, the notorious half breed was there—and was loud and long in his declamation. I could trace the effects of his discourse, on the savage spirits around him—and, as his tones grew deeper and his gestures more violent, and the expression of his countenance like that of a tiger springing on his prey, their eyes kindled and their teeth gnashed, till at last, at his concluding burst of indignation and savage eloquence, each one grasped his knife or tomahawk, and they sprang simultaneously to their feet, as if instantly to glut their rage in the blood of their victim. Then I knew that all hope of his safety from the mercy of the savages was vain, and that unless we saved him, tortures and insults and every thing worse than death must be his portion.

"Near the centre of the place stood a small tree. He stood there, a mark of insults of the merciless squaws, whilst the men, all of them as I thought, went to a forest at some distance, some to hunt others to collect fuel for the fire. I saw the moment of trial had come—changing my plan I did not fire my gun, which was the signal agreed upon, but rushed down as silently as possible, hoping I might be able to free the Captain and escape with him before the savages could get the alarm. I was mistaken. They were too cunning to leave such a prisoner in charge of a few squaws only—and before I could reach the stop—a brawny savage rushed towards me from a tent near by. I levelled my gun it missed fire; I felt that my hour had come. I stood facing my foe, determined to die bravely. His gun was levelled at my breast—but before he had time to draw the trigger, an Indian girl, just growing into womanhood, sprang between us and offered her own breast to the bullet. It was Meantonimo! She had recognised me, and in return for my former kindness had thus periled her life to save mine. her dark eye flashed with indignation—strong resolution sat upon her brow, and as she stood thus—one hand upon her head, and the other pointing in a manner half threatening; half entreating, to the blood-thirsty savage before me—a queen might have envied her that figure and that grace of attitude which could never approached in all the imitations of the most gifted that ever handled a chisel. Brant's gun—for it was he himself—dropped from his shoulder—for a moment he stood dumb in surprise, the spirit of unsated vengeance flashed in streams of fire from his eyes, and quivered on his lip. "*The white man shall not die!*" said Meantonimo—'you dare not fire! 'Tis Meantonimo that speaks. 'Am I a fool said he, 'that I shall spare the life of a pale face—my enemy. And does Meantonimo try to hinder the punishment of the foe of her race. She had better make her tent with the pale faces, for her heart is white and her soul does not become the daughter of a chief, who should have courage to drink the very blood of the enemies of her tribe. This was uttered in a tone of most taunting and bitter irony. The proud form of the proader gul drew up to a still greater height and her lip curled with scorn as she replied—'And it is thus that the Hawkeye tries to change the purpose of the daughter of Owenabee. Is this the love of which he has so often told her. No! the pale face was kind to Meantonimo—here—pointing to the very pin which I had given her is the token of his friendship—she is now his friend—and he shall not die. The Hawkeye may keep his boasted love—or waste it on some pretty maiden, who will not dare to disobey his commands. Meantonimo needs it not. She scorns it—and would not ask of him even her own life. Never shall I forget her look as she said this, nor the expression with which Braadt regarded us both. Yet unwilling or afraid to slay her, whom he perhaps really loved or feared, he threw down his gun and sprang towards me with his knife. His arm was raised—the blow fell and before I could make an effort to arrest it, the long blade was sheathed to the handle in the breast of Meantonimo!

Noble girl, (and the old man wiped his eyes) I can never help dropping a tear as I remember how she threw herself between me and death. Brandt was overcome with astonishment. She was not the victim he had wished; profiting by his momentary stupor, I snatched this same pin from the breast of the unfortunate girl—and sprang towards the stake where my Captain was bound, a spectator of this scene—without the power of rendering assistance. Brandt saw my purpose, regained his gun and fired. The ball passed through my arm and lodged in the heart of my brave commander. I had then no further object for danger or contest, and bounded toward the hill where I had lain concealed. By this time some of the other Indians had returned—a pursuit was instantly commenced. Some of the men I had left concealed, now fired—others fled. By the help of Providence I reached my home in safety. All this took place long since, but it is as fresh in my memory as if it had been but yesterday—and were I to live a thousand years, to my latest day I should love and reverence the memory of the noble hearted Meantonimo."

NOTE. Such hair breath escapes may seem incredible, they are nevertheless true. The particulars in regard to the massacre at Wyoming are perfectly correct. The whole was copied from the lips of an actor in the scene who is still living.

*The name by which Brandt was called by the Indians.

——"and hopes to save his bacon
By their gammon.

England boasts of its Hampshire hog; Westphalia owes not a little of its celebrity to the reputation of its hams; and in our own country, "old Virginia" has become quite as celebrated for coming the hind quarter of the animal, as she has for her racing stock. But Cincinnati, miscalled the 'Queen City,"—it should have been the "Pork City,"—knows all other cities, towns or principalities in the shade by the quantity, if not quality, of its porkers. We wonder if there are any Israelites in Cincinnati; if there are, what a precious time they must have of it.

Merciful heaven! nothing but Pork! What a congregation of the "habitations that the de'il has conjured into"—joking aside, it is not generally known that there is any thing peculiar in the feeding or pickling the Westphalia hams—their superiority is attributed to the manner in which they are smoked. This is performed in the third or fourth stories of buildings, to which the smoke is conducted in tubes, from oak or maple chips, in the cellar of the building; in passing this distance, the vapour, which smoke usually holds, is deposited, and the hams are perfectly dry and cool during the whole process.

The "Cultivator," from which we gather the fact, says also that "the great defects in smoking commonly are, the meat is placed too near the fire, and the smoke house is too tight; it is therefore in consequence kept too warm by the fire, and the condensation of the vapor keeps them damp; dryness, while smoking, is indispensable to good bacon."

Balt. Ocean.

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