EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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THERE'S SOMETHING GOOD IN EVERY HEART.

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

Wouldst win the crime-stained wanderer back
From vice's dark and hideous track—
Let not a frown thy brow deform;
'Twill add but fierceness to the storm,
Deal kindly—in that bosom dark
Still lingers virtue's glimmering spark;
Plead with him—'tis the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart!

Bring to his mind the early time,
E'er sin had stained his soul with crime;
When fond affection bless'd his hours—
And strewed his joyous path with flowers;
When sportive jest, and harmless glee
Bespoke a spirit pure and free;
Plead with him—'tis the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart!

There was a time that head did rest,
Close to a mother's yearning breast—
A time his ear the precepts caught,
A kind and virtuous father taught;
It matters not what treacherous ray,
First lured his steps from virtue's way—
Enough to know thou yet mayst save
That soul from sin's engulphing wave.
Plead with him—act the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

CAN'T GET ALONG.

BY KATE SOUTHERLAND.

"I don't know how it is," said Felix Hall, "that some people can get along so completely on a thousand dollars a year. We can't do it."

"I'm sure I try to economize all I can," returned Mrs. Hall, sadly, for she felt that her husband's remark was more than half intended as a reflection upon her. "I only keep one girl and do nearly all my own sewing."

"I don't blame you, Harriet," said Mr. Hall. "I am sure I don't. I know you work hard—too hard; I often wish it was easier for you. But what can I do? My salary is only a thousand dollars. And yet, that is all Hawkins receives, and he seems to get along so smoothly, and even lays by, he tells me, a hundred dollars a year."

"I don't know how they do it," replied Mrs. Hall. "I know that Mrs. Hawkins doesn't work half as hard as I do, though her house always looks in better order than mine. They have better furniture than we have, and I am sure Mrs Hawkins' clothes cost double what mine do.—I don't think it my fault."

"I don't say it is, Harriet. I believe you do your part the best you know how. But something must be wrong, somewhere. Other people can live very well on a thousand dollars, while we are always owing bills to this, that, and the other one. Here is the quarter's bill for groceries amounting to sixty-five dollars, and I owe seventy to my tailor besides. Then there is an unsettled bill at the provision store of fifteen or twenty dollars, besides the rent, bread bill, the milk bill, and I don't know how many other bills."

"I wish these bills were not allowed to run on," remarked Mrs. Hall, "I'm sure it would be a great deal better to pay for everything as we go along."

"So it would, but we haven't the money to do it with. It takes nearly my whole quarter's salary, regularly, to pay off the bills of three months; and then there is no way to live but to go on trust for almost every thing for three months longer. It's a bad system, I know, but there appears to be no help for it just now."

And in the full conviction that there was no help for it, Mr. Hall drew his quarter's salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, and went and paid off bills and borrowed money—debts amounting to two hundred dollars. Then giving his wife ten dollars to buy little things with, he started, under a feeling of a discouragement, on a new quarter with but forty dollars in his pocket. Although he had paid two hundred dollars of debts, there was almost an equal amount still hanging over him.

Mr. Hall was a clerk in a bank, where he was engaged, regularly, from eight o'clock in the morning until about four o'clock and sometimes five in the afternoon. He lived in a house for which he paid two hundred dollars a year, and paid his tailor from a hundred to a hundred and fifty annually. He carried a gold lever watch that had cost eighty dollars, and wore a chain for which he paid forty. He also indulged in one or two expensive breast pins, and before his family had become as large as at present, had spent a good deal of money on jewelry for his wife.—But the dropping in of one child after an other, until the number grew to five, interfered with these little indulgences very materially, and called so loudly for self-denial that the appeal could not entirely be disregarded. But the self denial was practised more by Mrs. Hall—much more than by her husband. She denied herself almost every thing, even sufficient rest for her overwearied body, while he went on, in most things, about the same as he did when he and his wife paid eight dollars a week for their boarding, and had just the same income they had at present. But let us look a little more closely into his way of doing things, and see if it is not possible to discover what appeared so great a mystery to him.

On the day after Mr. Hall had spoken to his wife so despondingly, he spent for tobacco and cigars eighteen and three-quarter cents; for a luncheon and a glass of wine-sangaree, twelve and a half cents more; and in toys for his children, fifty cents. He also bought a bottle of wine for which he paid seventy-five cents. These items amounted to one dollar and fifty-six and a quarter cents, in a single day. On the next day, he paid his barber's bill for three months, which was three dollars & a half; and his boot black's bill, which was two dollars. Luncheon, and some cakes and candies for the children, cost twenty-five cents, and a very pretty paper-folder that struck his fancy, the trifle of twenty-five cents more. Here were six dollars for the second day, nearly all of which might here been saved if he had shaved himself and brushed his own boots, to do either of which would have been far more honorable, genteel and praiseworthy, than to indulge in the luxury of a barber and a boot-black and let his wife work herself half to death. On the third day he hired a chase and rode out with his family after he had left the bank in the afternoon. The chase hire was a dollar and a half, and toll-gates and refreshments for all fifty cents. Already, in luncheon, cigars, and one or two little matters, a half dollar had been expended unnecessarily.—During this time for marketing, shoes for one or two of the children, and sundry expenses incident to a large family, six dollars melted from the hands of Mr. Hall.

On the evening after the ride, Mr. Hall took out his pocket book and counted his money. To his utter astonishment, and almost dismay, he found that he had only about twenty-three dollars and a half.—He counted it over and over again, but could not make it a cent more. Three days before he had forty dollars. Where could sixteen and a half have flown to?—He had never spent it; that to his mind was perfectly clear.

"Have you taken any money out of my pocket-book?" he asked of his wife.

"No, certainly not," she replied, "what should I take money out of your pocket book for? You gave me ten dollars, and I have eight and a half of it left."

"Well, something's gone with about ten dollars. I have but twenty-three and a half, and I had forty, two or three days ago. Of course, I haven't spent sixteen dollars and over in three days."

"Certainly not. But where can it have gone to? Have you counted right?"

"Oh, yes!" And Mr. Hall went over the money again to see if there were no mistake.

"It's too true. I have but twenty three dollars and a half."

Are you sure you haven't spent it for something?" suggested Mrs. Hall. "How else could it have gone?"

"Some one must have given me wrong change. I gave the carriage driver a five dollar bill. Let me see. What change did he give me? It was a note, and I took it for three dollars."

Mr. Hall ran over the money in his pocket-book.

"Yes, here's a three dollar bill. He gave me the right change."

Mr. Hall's mind was in great perplexity. His income was small enough compared to his expenses, and, therefore, to lose eight or ten dollars, he felt to be no trifling matter.

"Suppose you count up what you have spent?" suggested Mrs. Hall, "and see how much it is exactly. Perhaps you have laid out more than you think for."

"I've not laid out half of sixteen dollars. But we will count up."

In the first place the spending for marketing, shoes and the sundries that went into the family, were recalled with some effort, and the sum of six dollars finally made out.

"That's only six dollars, you see," remarked Mr. Hall, "leaving a deficiency of ten dollars and a half."

"But you forget the carriage hire."

"True. That was two dollars—making eight dollars."

"And you know you bought milk and cakes for the children, and paid the toll-keeper."

"So I did. Let me see how much I paid exactly. Just fifty cents to a fraction."

"Then we have eight dollars and fifty cents accounted for, which leaves eight dollars deficient. Think, now, what you spent for yourself, yesterday and the day before."

"Not eight dollars, nor eighty cents.—But let me see. There is my luncheon every day, for three days—just thirty seven and a half cents. True! And there's a bottle of wine, I'd forgotten that—seventy-five cents. Yes, and now I remember I paid half a dollar for the toys I bought the children."

"So much?"

"Yes. I had to buy for all of them, and even cheap toys, where you have to get so many of them, count up. But, we must indulge the children, sometimes. I have spent also for cigars and tobacco, the trifle of thirty one cents, and for a paper-folder a quarter. And in cakes and candies for the children, I may have spent, may be a shilling. Let me see how much all these amount to."

The items were summed up, and the product was two dollars and nearly a half.

"That, you see, reduces it to five dollars and a half," remarked Mrs. Hall.

"So it does," remarked her husband—"How money does slip through one's fingers! I wouldn't have believed it. But where is the balance? Where are the five and a half? Even that is too much to loose. Let me see."

Mr. Hall thought for a moment, and then his thumb and finger gave a sharp crack, and he exclaimed—

"Yes! That's it! I paid my barber's and my boot-black's bill, which, added together, make just five dollars and a half.—Well, I declare! It is astonishing! Would any one have thought it? How money does go! I wish I could never see a dollar. Money melts out of my pocket like snow before the fire. I wish, in my heart, you would take it, and see if you can make it go any farther than I do."

Mrs. Hall did not reply for some moments, and then she said—

"Provided you let me manage things in my own way for a year; also provided that you will be contented with five dollars a quarter for your tobacco and cigars; also provided that you will shave yourself, and black your own boots, or let me do it for you; and also take your luncheon from home instead of buying it; by all of which about sixty dollars a year can be saved."

"Sixty dollars: It don't cost half of that sum, Harriet."

"Count up yourself, Felix. Why a shilling a day amounts to thirty seven dollars a year?"

"So it does! How little things do count up. "Well, wife, if you'll take hold in good earnest, I'll do just as you say for one year, and if you bring down the cost of living as much as a hundred dollars, I will let you manage money matters ever after."

"If I don't bring it down three hundred dollars I am mistaken," replied Mrs. Hall, in a confident tone, for light had suddenly broke into her mind. The account which her husband had given of three days' dispensation of money, under his system showed her where the leak was.

"Here are twenty dollars to begin with; all that I have left of my last quarter's salary after having kept three dollars and a half for my tobacco and cigars during the next three months. When it is gone, I will borrow as much as you want to carry you on until I can draw more money."

At the rate Hall was going on, it would have taken little over a week to have entirely emptied his pocket book; but it was a month before his wife asked a fresh supply.

One of Mrs. Hall's first acts was to buy blacking and brushes and discharge the boot black.—For a week, she brushed her husbands boots every morning, before he discovered that the boot-black had been dismissed; then he accidentally caught her in the act of brightening his leather understandings, very greatly to his surprise. After that, he shaved himself and blacked his own boots without feeling in the least degraded thereby.

Five dollars a quarter for tobacco, cigars, and other little nick-nackeries, Mr. Hall found to be rather a limited income; but, as he had agreed to meet his extra expenses with this sum, he felt some pride in doing so. In order to accomplish it however, he had to abate many glasses of wine and mineral water, and limit himself to a certain number of cigars daily.

By the end of the first quarter, Mrs. Hall received one hundred and seventy dollars from her husband. Eighty dollars she had received before and as this had been borrowed by her husband, he kept that amount from his three months' salary in order to pay it back.

By extra exertions, and by a system of almost pinching economy, Mrs. Hall managed during the second quarter, to pay the rent, and a few small bills and got through without asking her husband for a cent more; so that when the salary became due again, she had a much larger sum to start with. From that time not even a baker's bill was allowed to accumulate; and even her milk bill was settled once a week.

Mr. Hall sometime complained a little at his wife's "short commons," as he called them, and at being cut off from all pleasure-taking, but she consoled him by telling, good humoredly, to wait awhile, that there was a better time coming.

The year for which Mrs. Hall had undertaken to manage affairs, at last came to a close, and one evening she said to her husband—

"Here are my accounts for the year.—They are not very neatly kept; but I presume you will find them all correct."

"Accounts! have you kept accounts?" asked Mr. Hall.

"Oh yes, to a penny."

"Well how stands the balance?"

"Something in our favor, I think. There isn't a cent owed anywhere, except the balance of your tailor's bill, and you know I had over a hundred and fifty dollars to pay when I took the management of things."

"Possible!" said Mr. H. opening his eyes.

"Yes; and what is better, I have about fifty dollars on hand."

"Incredible!"

"It is true."

"But how in the world did you do it?"

"Not by starving you all, you will admit."

"No, certainly,—we have had plenty of good, wholesome food to eat; though I must own to thinking, sometimes, that you indulge us in little seasonably delicacies rather sparingly."

"It had to be done, or else I couldn't have got along on the reduced income of this year—reduced by the necessity of paying off so many little odd bills."

"But how have you done it, Harriet?—You have not given me the affirmative ye."

"By following this simple rule, Felix, never to buy anything that was not wanted, and being very careful when a want presented itself, *to see whether it was real or imaginary.* Hereafter I hope you will follow the same rule, and if you do you can keep the family on as little as I have done."

"Thank you, Harriet!" returned Mr. Hall smiling; "but I won't supersede your administration of affairs; although I shall insist upon one thing; and it is that you get a stout girl of thirteen or fourteen to assist you. You are working too hard."

"Wait until next year."

"No. It must be done now. We can afford it. But, if you think we can't, I will give up my tobacco to help meet the extra expense."

"Oh, no. I won't ask that of you," said Mrs. Hall.

"Then you must get the extra help."

"Very well, if you insist so strongly upon it, I suppose it must be done."

And it was done. Three or four years have passed. Mr. Hall is quite as well dressed as before, and his wife much better. Several articles of new furniture have been added to their house. Mrs. Hall keeps a cook and a girl to help about, and has a more cheerful and less broken down appearance. She doesn't work over half as hard as she did. Add to all this the fact, that there's not a cent owed anywhere, and from one to two hundred dollars always lying by, and the reader will agree with Mr. Hall, who has quite changed his mind on the subject, that a man can get along on a thousand dollars; that is, if he have the right kind of a wife, and is willing to let her manage things with prudence and economy.

THE FUNERAL OF MENDELSSOHN.

We see many notices in the foreign journals of the death of this eminent composer, which has touched with a feeling of genuine sadness the heart of every real lover of music This feeling shows itself in searching for and recording incidents in his daily life, and minute details of his death and funeral, as well as in the public honors which every one delights to render to his name. Of these notices we select the following:

Mendelssohn was brought up with a sister; she subsequently married a painter by the name of Haensel, and Mendelssohn married a daughter of a Senator of Frankfort.

The two families were as one. Mendelssohn and his sister were indeed animated by one soul, for this distinguished woman was herself an eminent composer, and guided the first steps of her brother.

Nine months ago, Fanny Haensel composed a symphony, was which performed in the saloons under her own direction.—At the fifth act, Madame Haensal fell dead in a fit of apoplexy.

From this time Mendelssohn wandered about like a shadow among the living. In a letter to his wife, he said: "Our common soul has taken flight to heaven, and I feel I shall soon rejoin it there, for Fanny has always promised to take me from the earth soon after herself, if she died before me."

Two months after, Mendelssohn died of the same disease.

The obsequies of Felix Mendelssohn Bertholdy were celebrated with great pomp at Leipsic, in the Chapel of the university, the professors and students of the establishment, all the distinguished personages of Lepsic, and many of the artists of Dresden and Berlin being present. At ten o'clock, P. M., the coffin was closed and carried to the station of the Berlin railroad followed by more than two thousand persons bearing torches.

When it reached Berlin it was received by a vast concourse of persons; and the bier, ornamented with branches of oak and a crown of laurel was conveyed, in a magnificent hearse drawn by six horses, to the cemetary of the Holy Trinity, the crowd following it with uncovered heads. During the procession bands of music played the celebrated funeral march from the Grand Sonata of Beethoven.

Arriving at the cemetery, the coffin was removed from the hearse and deposited in its place, six hundred young men singing Greaber's hymn "Christ is the resurrection," with an accompaniment of wind instruments.

The great composer has left but few unpublished works to add to his already colossal renown.

FAMINE IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.—In a letter addressed to the Rev. G. C. Moore, of Philadelphia, written by a friend in the county of Sligo, on the 4th of January last, the following fearful and heart-sickening picture is drawn:—

"It is a most merciful part that the good people of the United States are taking of the poor of this district. The people of this part of the country are really worse off than they were this time twelve months ago. Then there were large sums of money collected for them, and food purchased and distributed, but now nothing is done for them. The poorhouse are filled to suffocation, and thousands of creatures, *half naked*, are running about, having nothing to eat but *raw turnips*, which they steal from the fields! The very worst apprehensions may be conceived as the consequences of such food.—We may well expect another season of fever and dysentery and swelled limbs! I humbly pray that the Lord may crown your efforts, to save the poor of this district, with signal success. Your mission there (to America) was a truly charitable one, and your calls have been most nobly responded to."

Most of the money collected by Mr. Moore has been sent to that district, and we trust that his future exertions may be crowned with success.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

ON THE USE OF ASHES.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been promising you for years to give an account of some of the experiments I have made by the use of ashes, and as I am somewhat at leisure this winter, having moved to Baltimore, and not having commenced business yet, with your permission I will make a beginning, though it is with diffidence, for I find my conclusions drawn from my observations and experiments, do not concur with many opinions advanced by chemists, as well as many of your able correspondents; and if my conclusions are all correct; I find I shall be in danger of being found in array with some of your opinions, and therefore I wish you and your correspondents to understand, that I do not advance what I may write as being certain facts, as often our most sanguine opinions are found to be entire visions, as we often attribute effects to wrong causes; and I shall be much gratified to be set right on this subject, if I am in error, as I have paid near two thousand dollars for ashes, besides many hundreds for other manures, and still persist in the high pressure system, as you may judge by the present arrangement on my farm, which is, to buy some kind of manure, either lime, ashes, or guano, to apply to all the crops, either of tobacco, corn or small grain, though it may receive a dressing of compost or barn-yard manure. Probably there is no manure which has been used so long and extensively as ashes, on which there is such diversity of opinion as to how they act on vegetation, and which are the most valuable properties in their composition.

Professor Baer, in a lecture delivered last August, before the St. Mary's county Agricultural Society, stated that leached ashes contained half pound potash per bushel and 15 per cent. of lime, and was not worth two cents per bushel, the potash and lime being the only parts of any value to the farmer, and advised farmers not to purchase them at that price.

Professor Jackson, in one of his lectures delivered in Boston, stated that a farm in his knowledge which was a blowing sand, a pine barren, and almost hopeless, on which ten bushels of corn could not be grown to the acre, by the judicious application of ashes had been made to produce forty or fifty bushels to the acre, and that leached ashes are nearly as beneficial as unleached when there is not too much acid in the soil.—*Cultivator, vol. 7, page 135.*

Mr. Stimson gives an account of his great success in raising wheat on land in which sand predominated, by application of leached ashes, and prefers them to unleached ashes.—*American Farmer, Nov. 3, (second series) page 380.*

By reference to Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, page 73 to 83, inclusive, it will be seen that it does not require a large supply of potash to grow large crops of wheat, which I had thought required the largest quantity of potash of any of the bread grains. But if Dr. Muse is right, I am in error, for the Dr. says in his communication in the last Farmer, that oats consume ten or twelve times as much as wheat and that fifty to a hundred bushels is sufficient per acre.

By reference to the table of analysis taken from Davy's Agricultural Chemistry, and Sprengle and Berthier, as laid down in your last No., it will be evident that all the effects produced by leached ashes cannot be from the little potash that may remain and the lime, as the two applied separately in their pure state would not give the same impulse to vegetation as is attributed to leached ashes; and many other extracts might be made, but I think the above will show that there is a great diversity of opinions on this subject, and as I am anxious for light, I shall state my conclusions and give the experiments which have influenced my judgment, with the hope that some more discerning mind may set the matter at rest by defining the true use of them as a promoter of the growth of vegetation, and the best mode of application, as well as the most profitable quantity to apply.

Some of the conclusions to which I have been led by observation and experiments are these—

1st. That there is not so much difference in the value of leached and unleached ashes as are indicated by the presence of potash and lime.

2d. That ashes is the only manure which I have known which will make poor land grow grain crops for many successive years without any other application, or the same to be repeated.

3d. That ashes will prepare the soil for the growth of more kinds of crops than any other manure I have seen.

4th. That they are the most durable manure I have seen used, as I have not known any soil return to its former poverty which had received a large dressing of ashes.

5th. That ashes will refund the purchase money sooner than any other manure I have seen, to leave the same amount of permanent improvement.

6th. That they impart a permanent quality to the soil which is not found in so large proportion in any other manure, not having known wheat seriously injured by lodging or rust where ashes have been applied largely.

In my next I shall proceed to lay down my observation and experiments, going back more than thirty years.

Yours respectfully,
R. A. MILBURN.

Baltimore, Jan. 20th, 1848.

ON SEEDING GRASS IN AUGUST.

NEW OXFORD, Jan. 18th, 1848.

To the Editor of the American Farmer:

DEAR SIR—As I have a leisure moment I will send you my plan of Seeding Grass in August. I have had some experience in sowing timothy seed, but for the last five years I had no need of setting any more, on account of my low land all being under-drained, which I now cultivate in rotation with grass and grain. My plan of setting "bound out" meadow to grass is, after mowing, generally in July or August, and as soon as the hay is removed, take a strong team to plow out the sward as evenly and nicely as possible—try and throw each furrow slice flat, and when plowed take a heavy roller and roll it well; then put on your lime. (if you intend to lime,) from fifty to one hundred bushels per acre, and let it lay a few weeks, so that the sward may settle and get moist and the lime slack; during the time you put on your manure—it should be compost or very fine rotted manure—you may manure as heavy as you please. Then spread your manure and lime, after which you will harrow it first lengthwise, then across, till you have it in good tilth, as fine as you would wish to have it. If your harrow appears too light, throw some weight on, and then you will sow one or two bushels of oats per acre, as you may think proper. The oats are intended to protect the young grass from drought, and will also protect it from the frost during the winter. Perhaps further south than 40 deg. north latitude, the oats might not be killed by the frost, and therefore, might kill the grass in its turn. On my farm, oats never survive the winter; therefore, it is very beneficial to protect the grass.—The oats are to be harrowed in, and when this is done, sow from 5 to 8 quarts of timothy seed per acre and roll it in; if you have no roller take a very light harrow. I have sometimes neither rolled nor harrowed, and it did well. If the season should not be favorable, and the grass should not set well, you may in time, if you see that it does not turn out well, cultivate it shallow without turning the sward and re-sow perhaps in time. I have sown in August, but mostly in the beginning of September, and I have seen some neighbors re-sow as late as October, and it did well; by sowing in August you have two chances for a crop. If it should fail during the winter, you may sow a few quarts of timothy with a few quarts of cloverseed the last of February or March following. Spring sown should be done in a frosty morning, so that when the rays of the sun cover the ground it will cover the seeds. The clover will increase the crop for one or two years, and will then give way and make room for the timothy. In March or April you ought to sow plaster or ashes, as you may think proper. In this way I have renovated "bound out land," which would not give half a ton of hay per acre, and through this process would yield from two to three tons per acre for some years after; and by this plan you will lose nothing, unless a pasture. The new crop should not be pastured till after the first mowing.

I will now conclude by wishing the "American Farmer" success, and also urge upon the able champions for the renovating of worn-out land, to "go ahead."—Their efforts will bring more laborers into the field, who will contribute more to the American Farmer, which will enlighten its subscribers and bring peace and comfort to every farmer's family. You will do with this paper as you please, as it is badly written, for I am not so well skilled with the pen as I am with the plow or other farm implements.

Yours respectfully,
J. L. NOEL.

Adams county, Pa.

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.—A poor married woman was telling a staid lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband, 'Well,' said the old maid, you have brought these troubles upon yourself. I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make a good husband. He is not a good one, to be sure, madam, replied the woman, but he is a good deal better than none at all."

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