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THE 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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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly Advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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For the Easton Gazette.

THE CORNER STONE.

(APR. 21, 1853.)

BY C. C. COX.

But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new pledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, refused each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way!

DESERTED VILLAGE.

A good man had laboured for many a year
In a dreary spot away,
To sow the seeds of a Christian Church
Which should bloom in after day;
With bible in hand, mid a rustic band,
He toiled in the stubborn sod,
Twas not for pelf, nor for fame, he wrought,
But the love and the glory of God.

Still on—still on—by day and by night,
No pause in his labour of love—
And so meek was his mien, 'twas not hard to be seen
That his mission came down from above;
He hallowed the hut where the poor man dwelt,
With the tones of a pious prayer;
And the dying grew calm at the gate of death,
For the man of the cross was there!

The form grew frail, and the cheek turned pale,
But the good man still hoped on—
For the church he knew would ascend to Heaven
When he to the dust had gone;
And he gathered a pittance from here and there,
And he added the widow's mite,
Till the modest fane without spot or stain
Arose to his fancy's sight!

Twas a holy scene when the leaves were green
In the flowery April weather,
To gaze on the crowds of the good and true
Who had come from afar together;
The Bishop was there, and the stoled Priest,
And the Layman in pomp arrayed;
And eyes grew misty with hope and joy
When the corner stone was laid.

But ere the tones of the mitred Priest
Had proclaimed that the work was done,
At the altar* knelt in a house hard by
A Father, a daughter, and son;
In meekness they bowed, 'mid the silent crowd,
And lifted their hearts in prayer;
O, that was a scene to be felt, I ween,
For the future church was there!

And the holy man who had toiled so long,
With so little to cheer his way,
Looked on, and knew that his labour and care
Were all repaid that day;
And he felt the pressure of many a hand
In token of courage given,
And his features grew fair, as the martyr's are
When bathed in the light of Heaven!

They laid not the stone for a lofty pile
With its massive tower and bell;
Where thoughtless crowds neath the fretted cope
Pass in mid the Organ's swell;
But a simple church, with a chancel rail,
And a modest spire and nave;
This, this, was the offering that honest hearts
To the God of the humble gave.

Long after the rites of the day are o'er
And the throngs fro a the spot have gone,
Will the Priest in that lowly house of praise
In the cause of the church toil on;
And incense pure to the skies shall rise,
When the Psalter is slowly read,
When the "bold confession" awakes all hearts,
And the Litany prayers are said.

There the bridal file in the "footworn aisle"
Shall linger in fair array,
And shrouded forms in funereal train
Mid the breathless groups make way;
And there shall the good at the altar kneel,
When the holy feast is spread;
Till one by one they are gathered all
To the fold of the church yard dead.

Then pray for the little rustic church—
For the holy Rector, pray—
That Godliness, Love, and Peace may dwell
In its hallowed walls alway!
And when we who now stand round its corner stone
Shall be sleeping below the sod,
Oh! grant that the seed which is planted to-day
May blossom and fruit to God!

*The Confirmation.

ROUSING A HOOSIER.

SCENE AT A STEAMBOAT LANDING.

It happened my lot, not many weeks since, to be a passenger on board the fast running steamboat M, bound from Cincinnati to St. Louis. Among the number of passengers in the cabin was H, a would be-wag, and a live Hoosier, fresh from the swamps and bogs of Indiana. It so happened that in the humor of fun, H. resolved to quiz this, as he supposed, green individual, and only waited a good opportunity of doing so. None occurred up to dinner time, when the wag took particular pains to place himself opposite the Hoosier at the table, and soon after he had commenced eating, he hailed him as follows:

"I say, my friend, you're from Hoosierdom, I suppose?"

"I am from Indiana," was the civil reply.

"Do they raise cabbage where you come from?"

"No—but I reckon they do whar you cum from"

"What do you judge by?"

"By the looks of that ere cabbage head between your shoulders."

Several near H. now began to titter at his expense, but nothing daunted he returned to the charge.

"Does your mammy know your out?" he asked.

"Yes, I reckon so—she told me to go and talk with the goslins."

"Indeed!" said H., biting his lips, 'then you must be a goose, to understand the language so well."

"When among Romans I do as Romans do," was the instant retort. "I talk the language of those I'm talking to."

"Which way are you traveling?" inquired H., as another giggle went round the table.

"Down the river, I reckon," said the Hoosier, half filling his plate with eggs.

"What business do you follow?" said H.—But instead of answering the question, the face of the Hoosier suddenly became as red as blood, as he dashed the contents of the plate into the face and bosom of the wag.

There was a sudden start among those at the table, and everything was turned into instant confusion by the further action of the Indianian. Raising aloft the heavy plate in his right hand, he brought it down with stunning force upon the head of the individual at his right side, knocking him back on the floor, [illegible] unable for a moment to rise.—On its victim, than bending his left arm, he brought back the elbow with terrible force into the mouth of the man at his left side, knocking out a couple of teeth, and also prostrating him at full length, with his head against the door of a berth. This done, the Hoosier jumped up, and placing his back against the side of the cabin, seized hold of the chair he had been sitting in, and stared around him with eyes flashing like a madman.

In the meanwhile, the now thoroughly excited passengers had risen from the table, the female portion fleeing into the after cabin, and the men gathering around the enraged assaulter.

"He's mad!" shouted one.

"Throw him overboard!" yelled another.

"Knock him down!" cried a third.

"Bind him head and foot!" bawled a fourth.

"Take care he don't kill some one!" echoed the fifth.

But the voice of the sixth speaker was drowned by the louder lungs of the Hoosier, who suddenly exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"Whar's the captain?"

"Here I am," answered the person called for, as he came to the spot.

"Wall, I want that man and this man searched;" and he pointed to the two men he had knocked down.

"What for?" asked the captain.

"What for? Why for stealing. That blackguard on my right stole my purse containing five hundred dollars, all in eagles, which I have been a year in laying up to go to California, and that thief got my new silk pocket handkercher, gin to me by Polly afore I left home."

By this time the fellow who had fallen under the plate had managed to get up.

"You are a liar sir!" he shouted in a passion, at the same time thrusting his hand into his bosom.

"You're a thief, you sun of a gun!" retorted the Hoosier, in a rage.

"Search him captain, and if you don't find the puss on him, why chop me into sausages, and eat me for supper, that's all."

"We must search you, sir," said the captain to the man accused.

"I won't be searched!" answered the fellow, haughtily, "I am a gentleman."

"That remains to be seen," replied the skipper calmly, "searched you shall be."

The man was accordingly searched, and though every pocket was looked into, no money answering to the description of the Hoosier was found, and they were about giving it up; "Look in his boots," exclaimed the looser of the purse. "He's some kin to John Andre, and will be hung yet afore he dies."

The left boot was pulled off, and sure enough there was the money, exactly answering the description, confirming the guilt of the [illegible]

Upon the other fellow the handkerchief was also found, having the Hoosier's name legibly written upon it, and the two rascals were, with the permission of the Indianian, landed upon the shore at once

The Hoosier was also for putting H. ashore, declaring he had engaged him in that conversation on purpose, to call his attention, so that the scoundrels could rob him. But as the wag was well known to many on board, he was let off, the Hoosier saying it was some satisfaction to know that he had spoiled his best ruffled shirt with the contents of his plate. H. has never since attempted to poke fun at an Indianian, and doubless the two thieves will also be careful how they proceed in rousing a Hoosier.—*Memphis Express.*

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.—The Richmond Republican, in the course of a sensible article on Fashion, give these valuable hints to the ladies:

"Within a year or two past, corsets have been partially abandoned, but a substitute equally as destructive to health, has been adopted. In old times, ladies used to wear just enough petticoats to keep them comfortable, and these were kept in their places by shoulder straps. But now, it's no uncommon thing to see a weakly, delicate little creature p rambulating the streets with six or eight skirts—some of them thick and heavy enough for horse blankets—tied tightly around her waist, thereby heating the spine, and creating a pressure upon the abdomen, that if constantly applied to the back of a mule, would kill him as dead as Julius Cesar in less than a month. Advise her against these things, and you are answered "it's fashionable to dress so, and one had as well be out of the world as out of the fashion." Fashion the deuce. Its fashionable for some fools to kill themselves outright, and be done with it, therefore we advise those ladies who are willing to die for fashion to adopt that course, instead of pursuing another equally certain, but much slower—the only diefference being, that where they determine to commit suicide by improper dressing, the doctors have the benefit of their decline, and the anguish and anxiety of friends and relations are kept alive for months, while in the latter case the blow falls heavily at first, but naturally wears off and is eventually forgotten."

HOW GOLD-LACE IS MANUFACTURED.—Gold lace is not gold-lace. It does not deserve this title; for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. Therefore, when we are admiring the glittering splendor of gold lace, we should, if "honor be given where honor is due," remember that it is silk lace, with a silver gilt coition. The silken threads for making this material are wound round with gold-wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold-wire is of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place, the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver, about an inch in thickness. He heats this rod; applies upon the surface a coating of gold-leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one hundreth part the thickness of the silver.—Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes, which brings it down to a state of fine wire; it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it and shares in all its mutations; it was one-hundreth part the thickness of the [illegible] beginning, and it maintains the same with my fowls. I observed that half-grown chickens in the Fall were only half-grown chickens the next Spring. So I commenced by "setting" my hens as early as they showed an inclination to hatch, and then selecting the largest and finest of the chickens for my next summer's stock. (I also keep one crower for every five hens, and have no lame chicks.) Now I have as large, fine, hardy and prolific fowls as any reasonable woman can desire to possess, without the extra care and nursing which is required by the imported breeds. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

SIX DAYS IN A GRAVE.—An account was given a short time ago of two men and a boy having been buried six days and six nights in a marl pit at Ecretteville in the department of the Seine Inferieure, and then rescued. A relation of the affair derived from the sufferers, is now given in a Rouen paper. During the whole of that time they were without food, without water, and without light, and almost without clothes; and they were in such a confined place that with the exception of the boy, they could not stand upright.—Boitard, the eldest man, declared that during the whole time he did not sleep more than two hours; but his two companions, and especially the youngest, slept more. They slept back to back. They felt no hunger, and Boitard says that even if they had had provisions, they would not have touched them; but they experienced great thirst.

On the fourth day they found a little water thick with marl, by digging into the bottom of the pit. It was this water, probably, which preserved their strength. At first they heard the noise of pickaxes and spades above them; but during the last three days their breathing was so loud as to prevent it from reaching them, and this circumstance naturally increased their agony of mind; they also feared that the miners were digging in a wrong direction. One of them had about fifty chemical matches and a small piece of candle; but though, they often tried they could not, for want of air, cause the candle to burn.

During the latter part of the time they became so exhausted as to be unconscious of their position; but they remember the boy once cried, as if in a dream, "There is the rope, Boitard! Let us ascend! Only one of them, Briard, was able to shed tears; and when he did so, the boy consoled him by telling him that they were sure to be rescued. The moment a breath of air reached them they fainted, but after a while recovered. The first thing Boitard said, on being rescued, was, "Give me a pinch of snuff!" and he took it with intense delight.—*Galignani.*

The Richmond *Examiner* is truthful, if not naive, in some matters. It says:

it has left off doing nothing at Washington, and gone home to various Buncombes."

It has a hearty relish for political decapitations at the present time, but grieves at the want of lamentation, as for instance:

"All parties and people recognize the propriety of making a clean work. The Democracy declared its intention in the fullest, clearest, most official manner at the very outset of the last canvass, and the people signified their approval at the end of it in a manner not to be understood. Nobody is cheated, nobody deceived, we have no broken pledges to answer for, and consequently nobody complains. It would be more agreeable to us if the victims did howl a little. The work is dry. A scream or two would give life to the business. But as it is, we have nothing to do but to enumerate the gentlemen who walk away in the shoes of the unnoticed deceased."

LATER FROM SANTA FE.—The Santa Fe mail, in charge of Mr. Rupe, arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 18th. The party met with no molestation, though they saw numerous bands of Indians on the route.

Lieut. Heth, in command of the military post at Fort Atkinson, had determined to attack the Cheyenne Indians, and was only waiting till the mail had passed. This band, during the winter, murdered a discharged soldier on the plains, and refused to deliver the murderers to Lieut. Heth.

The force at the garrison was very insufficient, but Lieut. Heth deemed it absolutely necessary to attempt their chastisement, as they had insolently defied him on more than one occasion. The contest will be rather unequal, and the result is feared. The Government have been guilty of gross neglect in supplying an insufficient force at a post where there is so much danger, surrounded as it is, by 5,000 Indians of various tribes. A dispatch was sent by Lieut. Heth, notifying the Adjutant of this Sixth Military Department, of the difficulty and circumstance.

New Mexico was in a quiet state.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.—It may interest our readers to know the present numerical condition of the British royal family, and here it is:

The Queen, Alexandrina Victoria, was born May 28, 1819.

Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, was born August 26, 1819.

The twain were married at the age of 21, on the 10th of February, 1840. The issue has been:

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born Nov. 21, 1840.

Albert Edward, born Nov. 9, 1841.

Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843.

Alfred Earnest Albert, born Aug. 6, 1844.

Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1845.

Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848.

Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850.

A son not yet named, born April 7, 1853.

POLAND.—The shattered fabric of Polish nationality has just sustained another shock from its arch enemy the Czar. By an imperial ukase just issued, all persons claiming to belong to the nobility of Poland are to send in the evidence on which they base their pretensions, when those who shall be recognised as of noble blood, will be incorporated into the Russian peerage, while those who fail to make good their claims, will be forbidden to assume noble titles.

From the Buffalo (N. Y.) Advertiser.

UNMUZZLED AT LAST.

The signal is at last given from headquarters to partially remove the mask of friendship which has concealed the dark countenance of Barnburnerism since the nomination of President Pierce, and to display the true color of the skin. It has long been evident that the anti-Dickinson patriots in this State are in much trepidation lest, after all, the majority of their faction should be repudiated by the Democratic Administration, and the bulk of the spoils distributed among the enemy. The smaller fry have occasionally indulged in a growl and a snap at the President and his legal advisers; but they have been held in check by the leaders, who, for the sake of promoting their own interests, would not hesitate to sacrifice the rank and file, upon whose shoulders they have been hoisted to the position they now occupy. Now, however, the panic has spread into the general's quarters, and the alarm is sounded in earnest. The *Atlas* is dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs at the national capital. Dix has been insulted by the offer of a mere "dollar and cent" office, the acceptance of which would fetter his hands, and effectually ruin his political character. There are rumors of yet more direful import, and so the *Atlas* thus speaks out:

"If the *sunshine of favor and encouragement* shall shine upon the countenances of *honest men—men of integrity*—N. York will not only remain firm in her ancient republican faith, but will be able to give the President her whole heart, and her entire strength."

But it adds:

"If, like the disputed child, *her democracy is to be cut up and divided to gratify the malice or gain the support of political harlots, the Administration will have equally* cause, with ourselves, to lament."

Now all this is plain talk, and Mr. Pierce will understand it, as it is intended he should. If the majority of the nominations are made from the political harlots who cohabit with the slaveholders and deck themselves out in the finery of the compromise costume, then the virtuous and honest barnburners will cast aside their pretended friendship, and display openly that hatred towards the Hunker Administration which has ever wrankled at their hearts. If, on the other hand, the "sunshine of favor and encouragement"—favor bestowed through fear, and encouragement for past apostacy—be permitted to "shine" upon the dark countenance of Barnburnerism, why then the *Atlas* will be as "good as pie"—that's all. We expect to hear this threat of the organ re-echoed with hearty will throughout the State. The "dogs of war" have long been fretting on their chains; and now that their muzzles are removed, we expect to be stunned by the baying that will ensue. Growl, *Republic*, [Buffalo Barnburner,] growl!

SINGULAR AFFAIR.—On Wednesday of last week, the dead body of a young man was found in the Potomac river near the Big Tunnel, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.—From a fracture of the skull, and other injuries, he was supposed to have been dealt foully with. Various surmises as to the identity of the corpse were entertained, when Capt. Henry Troutman, of the Cumberland Night Watch, became convinced that it was the body of his son James, who had been at work in the vicinity, and was missing at the time. A coroner's jury was summoned from Cumberland, and the body was fully indentified by Capt. T. and others, as that of his son. Particular marks were pointed out by the distressed father, and there seemed not to be the slightest doubt on the subject. The jury returned an unanimous verdict based upon the facts as set forth. The body was consequently decently interred by Capt. T., who forthwith arrayed himself in the garb of mourning, and engaged the services of a minister of the Gospel to preach a funeral discourse on the sad occasion. It turned out, however, that on Sunday morning last, the dead son of Capt. Troutman deliberately walked up to his astonished father and informed him that he was not dead! The mingled surprise and delight of the father may be imagined. The fact is the young man had been at work in another direction, and upon hearing of his reported demise returned to Cumberland to relieve the apprehensions of his parents. The dead man is supposed to have been a boatman on the Canal, who was murdered and thrown into the river.—*Cumberland (Md.) Miners' Jour.*

THE BOURBON QUESTION.—A letter from Paris in the New York Commercial, says:—Mr. Putnam will receive by this steamer a very pithy and conclusive document from M de Chaumont, relative to the use made of his father's name in the famous Bourbon discovery. It is not intended for publication. About twenty distinct propositions are laid down, in the article on the alleged Dauphin, concerning M. de Chaumont, sen., not one of which is true or anywhere near true. The errors in dates are enormous. M de Chaumont is stated to have arrived in America in a certain year; he did not arrive there, however, till eleven years afterward. On his return to France he is stated to have had an interview with Louis Phillippe, in reference to the Louis XVII. he had seen in the United States.—Now, M. de Chaumont never spoke to Louis Philippe, in the whole course of his life!—M. de Chaumont considers his father's memory calumniated by the assertion that he plotted with the Indians against the United States, and the contradiction of this calumny would be deemed by him too formal or too public.

THE IRISH EXODUS.—A letter received in New York, dated Parsontown, Ireland, March 26, says:

All Ireland is in motion. I left Dublin for this place eighteen days ago. On my route I met the people in *gangs* of 40 to 60, in all directions, wending their way to the coast to emigrate for America. The emigration is terrible. If it continues a few years longer at this rate, Old Ireland will be depopulated. Our best farmers and mechanics, servants and cidevant soldier and policemen out of employ, have all taken the 'emigration fever,' and are preparing to emigrate. [illegible]

BITE OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—A *girl*, seventeen years old, was bitten by a rattlesnake on the left instep. Two hours and a half afterwards Dr. T. A. Atchison, who describes the case in the Southern Medical Journal, visited her, and found her sightless, with her face swollen, and her mind wandering. He placed her in a hot salt bath, and administered whiskey and ammonia, until she had taken three pints of the first, and eighty grains of the latter; no intoxication followed, and she

IN the evening "Rev." Mr. Finney exhausted the vocabulary of sarcasm, contempt, and abuse, in a continuation of his attacks on the bible and the church. Had he been inspired by a fiend of hell he could not have been more bitter in his denunciations."

THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—On the House, Morse, and other Magnetic Telegraphs, the effect produced by the Aurora is generally to increase or diminish the electric current used in working the wires; sometimes it neutralizes it, so that in effect no fluid is discoverable on them. The Bain, or Chemical Telegraph, is, however, much the best adapted for observing the precise effect produced by the Aurora. In this system, the main, or line wire, is brought into direct contact with the chemically prepared paper, which lies on a metal disc, connected with the ground; any action of the atmospheric current is therefore immediately recorded on paper.

During a thunder-storm, the atmospheric electricity attracted by the wires passes over them to the ground, and as it passes from the wire to the paper it emits a bright spark, and produces a sound like the snapping of a pistol. Atmospheric electricity never remains for any length of time on the wires; it will, however, sometimes travel many miles before discharging itself, sometimes as much as forty or fifty miles. The effect produced by the Aurora Borealis on the wires, and the record on paper, is entirely different from that of the atmospheric current. Instead of discharging itself from the wires with a flash and report, and without the aid of a conductor, as is the case with the latter, it glides along the wires in a continuous stream, producing the same result on paper as that produced by the galvanic battery. It is well known that only the positive pole of the battery produces the colored mark on the paper—the negative having the contrary effect of bleaching it; the same is also true of the two currents from the Aurora. The current usually commences lightly, producing a blue line just perceptible on the paper, and gradually increasing in strength, making a dark blue, and then a black line, till finally it becomes so strong as to burn through several thicknesses of it, until it gradually disappears, and is followed by the bleaching process, which entirely neutralizes the current from the batteries.

The Aurora Borealis seems to be composed of a vast mass of electric matter, resembling in every respect that generated by the electro-galvanic battery; the currents from it change, coming on the wires, and then disappearing—as the mass of the Aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith—sometimes so faintly as to be scarcely perceptible, and then so strongly as to emit one continuous blaze of fire—yet very different from what is termed atmospheric electricity, placing ground wire conductors in close proximity to the line, wires being of no avail in this instance.—*Scientific American.*

FARMER'S GARDENS.

As a general thing farmers do not provide themselves with good gardens; at least so far as the writer has travelled, he has seldom seen what he would call a good garden on farms. The excuse for this neglect is generally the same with all of them—they "have no time to attend to such matters." And yet it may safely be asserted that an acre of ground appropriated to a good garden, will be more profitable to the farmer than any other ten acres of the farm. The interests of the farmer, the comfort of his family, the good condition and health of his whole household, requires such a garden on every farm in the country. And it should be a garden, not a mere excuse for one, a mere weed patch. It should be one so managed and arranged that every vegetable of a wholesome quality for human food should be raised in it in perfection, and at the earliest season. After a Winter's diet on solid and generally salt animal food, the human constitution requires the deterging operations of fresh vegetable and fruit diet; and, as a general rule no one can dispense with it safely. Besides this, the natural appetites call for it, and there are few pleasures that may be so safely and even beneficially indulged in. In the latter part of winter and early in the spring, measures should be taken to secure early vegetables of all kinds capable of very early cultivation. Details will not be expected here, there are other books and papers appropriated to such information; but I cannot help saying, that when I am at a farm house at a season when early peas, beans, cabbage, cucumbers, potatoes, green corn, lettuce, &c., are properly in season, and find none of these luxuries on the table; nothing but the blue beef, salt pork and beans, or potatoes of winter, I am free to say I do not envy that farmer's life nor his family their enjoyments. These very people are fond enough of such things when they go to the city, and it is not therefore want of taste. It is simply the fault of negligence. Why may not every farmer in the State have every kind of vegetables on his table as early as any gardener near the city can raise them? There is not a single reason why he should not. The gardeners have to incur a very considerable expense in procuring hot manure for their hot-beds, while the farmer has it in his barn-yard. The gardener has everything to purchase, and draw a considerable distance, while the farmer has nothing to buy.

The small quantity of lumber required is probably rotting on his premises. It would only be a source of amusement during winter, for him to construct the frame of a bed, and prepare the manure and bed for use. Having done this, and got his plants in a thrifty state, he can, in a short time, when the season arrives, get his garden ground in order and make it his plantation. And then he will have all town friends can purchase them. It only requires a little industry and attention to accomplish this, and as said before, his enjoyment, health, and even his interest as well, be benefitted by it.—*Country Gentleman.*

ROTATION OF GARDEN CROPS.

Rotation of crops is equally important in the garden as on the farm. The English Gardener holds that the perennials—currants, goose-berries and the like, should be rotated; that they should not hold one spot longer than twelve years, and should not be removed in less than three years. In all gardens, rotation in crops should be attended to if we would get a proper return for our labor.—Good gardening requires that two crops of similar character should not follow each other. The cabbage plot, the beet bed, the carrots, the onions, &c. should alternate; neither of them should be planted upon the same piece of ground two successive years. It is well to keep all those vegetables like in nature together, viz: the legumes—beans and peas, in one quarter; the brassica—cabbages and cauliflowers, in a second quarter, bulbous—onions and turnips, in a third; the carrots, beets and parsnips in a fourth, &c. In this way they look better, and are more readily alternated

The following rotation in the garden is the one approved in England:

1. Broccolli, cabbage, cauliflowers and savoys.
2. Beans and peas.
3. Carrots, beets and parsnips.
4. Turnips, potatoes, onions and leeks.
5. Celery, endive and lettuce.

Celery, is an excellent preparation for asparagus, onions and cauliflowers.

Turnips are a good preparation for cabbages and greens.

Cabbages are properly to be followed by beans and pears, onions and leeks.

Currants, gooseberries and raspberries prepare the ground well for potatoes, carrots, beets and parsnips.

Thus in gardening, it is all-important to keep up a "rotation" of crops.

From the (Pa.) Farm Journal.

RAISING FOWLS.

Mr. Editor:—Perhaps at this particular period of hen-roost celebrity, while the attention of farmers and householders is so urgently directed toward the improvement of their chickens, a woman may be permitted to give the result of her own experience, for the benefit of those unfortunate mortals who are unable to obtain the far famed Shanghai, or other imported crowers and cacklers.

I have been nominal mistress to flocks of chickens during at least twenty summers, but for a great part of the time I left the management of the poultry-yard to whoever was pleased to attend to it. And it was managed after this manner. The eggs were collected for eating, as long as the cool Spring weather continued, and no hens permitted to set until May or June. Then the earliest chickens were eaten in the fall, and the late half-grown ones kept to perpetuate the stock. It is a popular belief that late chickens lay best in the Spring. Well, our chickens deteriorated sensibly. They grew to be no larger than pheasants, and many of the young chicks were cripples and unable to walk. We were always changing with our neighbors, not only crowers, but hens and settings of eggs; all to no purpose. Finally I begun to philosophize upon the subject. I always preserve the earliest setting of peas, beans and other garden vegetables, for seed, and so improve