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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

—The plaint of the wailing Whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.—*Drake.*

Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?—
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven:
That is the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!

Art Will himself?—It must be so—
I learn it from thy moan,
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat
While other birds repose?
What means thy melancholy note?
The mystery disclose.

Still "whip-poor-will!"—Art thou a sprite,
From unknown regions sent,
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?

Is thine a conscience sore beset
With guilt— or what is worse,
Hast thou to meet writs, duns and debt,
No money in thy purse?

If this be thy hard fate indeed,
Ah well mayst thou repine:
The sympathy I give I need—
The poet's doom is thine.

Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved
The fairest can decieve?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved
Since Adam wedded eve.

Hast trusted in a friend and seen
No friend was he in need?
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son!

Hast found the world a Bable wide,
Where man to mammon stoops?
Where flourish arrogance and pride,
While modest merit droops?

What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain,
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why I should whip poor Will?

Dost merely ask thy just desert?
What, not another word?—
Back to the woods again, unhurt—
I will not harm thee, bird!

But treat thee kindly—for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance done;
"Treat every man as he deserves,
Who shall 'scape whipping?"—None.

Farewell, poor Will—not valueless
This lesson by thee given:
Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself alone to heaven."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I SHOULD like to do that, every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett, was a stock and money broker, and has just made an "operation," by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet, a pair of dark, sad eyes were fixed intently upon his self-satisfied countenance, with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least, have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previously, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had uttered his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars! A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to morrow morning, when he hears of such an advance in these securities?"

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhileration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction, by which he gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear a too close scrutiny—something that Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No, what of him?"

"He's said to be off for California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What!"

"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

He owes you, does he?" said the friend.

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes, it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other. "I think he has let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"No."

"I know two at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousands by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain in no way balanced in his mind the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked, with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note around to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But, the door which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and, quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling—though of very low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly towards the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world as his bride. The lad had her large, dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly asked the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected, that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused.

Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John," said Mr. Everett, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his o'ermastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was no little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited, with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed could have been the heart that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but, the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, O, so angry, and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and, as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude, kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not, speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large, wet eyes, and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections, that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening, a cheerful minded man.—Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state the loss of three hundred produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever, a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.

CIRCUMSTANCES GOVERN CASES.—An Irishman employed about a store in Boston, was one day equally surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After a ten minutes jollification, the caller left; when Pat's employer said to him:

"So, Pat, you knew that chap in the old country?"

"Och, an' sure I did; an' its lucky the day I met with 'im 'ere. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His gra'father was a general, his father was a general, an' he'd ha' been a general hisself if he'd not come away,"

"But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers in there, rather slyly."

Clapping his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket-book were missing.

"Murther!" he cried, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side, "the thafe! the spalpheen! the coorse!—I kew him well wid all of his family. His gra'father was hanged, an' his father was hanged, and he'd been hanged hisself if he'd not run away."

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Franklin, a "mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Dr.," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."—What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

DISINTERESTED GRIEF.—Cook, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady, who was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when their friend the performer was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh! don't kill him, sir, don't kill him; for if you do he wont give us any more pit orders!" Her disinterested grief, like the gratitude of some people, was a lively sense of benefits to come.

"Lately a gentleman sat down to write a deed; and began with:—"know one woman by these presents."

"You are wrong," said a bystander; "it ought to be know all men."

"Very well," said the other; "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

REMARKABLE BIRTH.—A mare belonging to Charles B. Hill, of this city, foaled on Saturday last a mule colt and a horse colt at one birth. Both are alive and doing well. Old horse dealers in this region have never known a similar incident.—*Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.*

TURKEY.

Position of Turkey—Its Finances—Fanatica Riots—The Affair of Costa and the United States—U. S. Corvette St. Louis Threatening to Sink the Austrian Brig—Great Excitement—Costa Reclaimed.

The position of Turkish affairs is, in reality, unchanged.

A dispatch from Constantinople, June 30, mentions that the Porte had effected a loan of 45,000,000 piastres (about $2,000,000) from the Oriental Bank, and that another of 50,000,000 is in progress of negotiation with foreign capitalists. The Sultan has sent to the Mint all the plate he inherited from his mother, and valued at 40,000,000 piastres. The gold that is just now so plentiful at Constantinople, comes from the coffers of the Vakouf-Cadmi, or Receiver of the Revenues of the Mosques. The naval and military commanders continue to take all precautionary measures. To guard against a night surprise, merchant ships coming from the Black Sea are forbidden to take the entry to the Bosphorus after sundown. Riots, which were attributed to the intrigues of the Russian emissaries, had taken place against the Christains of Adrianople and elsewhere, and the Turkish authorities had taken energetic steps for the protection of life and property.

We have copious accounts of the arrest of Costa, the Hungarian, at Smyrna. It is a long time since that locality has been so thoroughly waked up as it has been by the energy of Captain Ingraham, of the *St. Louis*. The most straightforward statement to hand says that Martin Kossta, or Costa, had been but a few days in Smyrna, although another account says that he has been eight months concealed in the city. At all events, on the evening of the 22d ult. he was quietly smoking in a Greek Coffee house on the wharf, (not the private dwelling of a Sardinian, as was at first reported,) when a band of ten men came to the spot and arrested him as a Hungarian, who was in banishment with Kossuth, at Kutayah, and was permitted to go to America, on pledging his word never to return to Turkish teritory. Costa struggled with his assailants, and knocked one or two of them into the water, and at length leaped into the stream, and swam towards a ship. He was soon overtaken, dragged into a boat, and taken on board the Austrian brig-of-war *Hussar*, where he was heavily ironed. It was observed that six of his captors remained on board the brig, and the rest returned ashore. The affair would appear to have blown over for that night, but next morning it was generally talked of, and the most intense excitement arose. Mr. Brown, the United States Consul, learning that Costa was last from America, waited on the Consul General of Austria, saying that he understood that a native of Hungary, who had become an American citizen, had been taken by force on board the Austrian brig of-war, and he wished to see the man, and ask him for explanations. The Austrian Consul denied all knowledge of the fact!

Mr. Brown then proceeded to the brig, and requested an interview with the prisoner, which was refused, and meantime the vessel was preparing to depart. Just at that moment the corvette St. Louis, Captain Ingraham commanding, sailed into the harbor, and the Consul lost no time in communicating the circumstances. Our accounts clash here: It would seem that Captain Ingraham, having gone on board the Austrian, was told by the Lieutenant that he had no prisoner in the ship! Returning on board a second time, accompanied by Mr. Brown, they found commander Schartz, captain of the brig, Whom Captain Ingraham thus addressed: "Your lieutenant, sir, has *lied!—The meanest cabin-boy in the American service would not be guilty of such cowardice!*" Demanding, then, to see the prisoner, Costa was brought on deck, in irons. Captain Ingraham asked: "Are you an American?" "No, I am a Hungarian." "Have you an American passport?" To which (like a blockhead) he replied: "*No, I am a Hungarian, and I will die a Hungarian!*" The Americans could do no more, and left the brig. Learning, however, soon after, that Costa *had* taken the oath of citizenship, and seeing the Austrian brig preparing to depart, Capt. Ingraham sent a message that, "as they had on board a prisoner carried off by force from a foreign independent territory, and who had sworn allegiance to the Government of the United States, he should feel it his duty to insist upon the brig remaining under his guns until he received instructions from Constantinople; and if any attempt were made to depart, he would at once fire into the brig." While this was passing in the harbor, the excitement was no less on shore. All the European merchants went, in a body, to Ali Pacha, the Turkish Governor of the city, and begged him not to suffer this violation of the Ottoman Territory. The Pasha, in great trepidation, said he could not help it, but would write to Constantinople for instructions.—The merchants then retired to the Casino, which is their reading room, ball room and club, and there passed a resolution to expunge the name of every Austrian from their rolls. Towards evening, while the city was yet in ferment, three officers from the Austrian brig had the imprudence to go on shore and sit smoking in a *cafee*. They were speedily surrounded by an excited crowd of Italians, who began by brandishing their knives, and ended by stabbing one of the officers, Midshipman the Baron Huckelberg, aged 18, and throwing him into the sea. Another of the officers, a Lieutenant, was badly beaten; and the third, the physician of the brig, being in plain clothes, escaped unhurt. This cowardly assassination was universally reprobated by the respectable inhabitants. On the 25th, the funeral of the young man took place, and all the Consulates, with the exception of the English and American, hoisted black flags. The Austrian and Prussian Consuls accompanied the body to the grave, but the other Consulates were not represented.—On hearing of the affair, Baron Bruck, the Austrian Plenipotentiary at Constantinople, demanded ample satisfaction from the Porte, within twenty-four hours, which the Porte instantly granted, by dismissing Ali Pacha, and appointing the Governor of Rhodes in his place. Several of the refugees were also arrested, but the guilty ones were said to have effected their escape. It was even stated that the Porte had pledged itself to put it out of the power of the refugees, 400 in number, to do further mischief. Meantime Mr. Brown had addressed a note to M. de Bruck, demanding the release of Costa. De Bruck replied, in a warm manner, that he could not take such a claim into consideration for a moment, since Costa was a Hungarian, consequently an Austrian subject, and that the Emperor of Austria has full power over all his subjects in the Ottoman territory. Mr. Brown, in return, reiterates his demand, and sends Bruck a copy of the oath sworn to by Costa, in N. York, promising adherence to the Government of the United States, stating his intention of becoming an American citizen, and discarding all other allegiance whatever, especially that of the Emperor of Austria.

A despatch from Constantinople, July 4, states that Costa had been provisionally handed over to the keeping of the Austrian Consul at Smyrna.

It was stated in Paris that Lord Redcliffe, the British Ambassador at Constantinople had also interposed, "in the name of humanity," to have Costo returned to the United States. A dispatch from Turin, 11th, states that the Sardinian government denies having had anything to do with Costa's arrest; the Sardinian Consul in Smyrna had no communication with the Austrian Consul on the subject. Another letter from Vienna, states that the particular crime laid to Costa's charge, is having assisted to hide the regalia of Hungary.

There are three American ships (names not known) at Constantinople. It was reported that the Cumberland had brought a large amount of money to Constantinople. The Austrian ships Artemise and Custoyza had been ordered to Smyrna to assist the Huzzar brig, if attacked by the corvette St. Louis. It was also said that the St. Louis had received several refugees on board.

HOW A MAN FEELS WITH HIS HEAD OFF.—It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body, beneath the joint at which the latter may be divided, must be deprived of feeling.—But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and, like the head of the Irish knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by so sweet a scimitar before—nor like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation. In support of this unpleasant theory, many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminals head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this fact is attested by Fontenello, Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called, in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half closed eyes opened wide with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

BACK BITERS.—Every community holds in its bosom a species of viperous bipeds called back biters, eaves-droppers, or slanderers, who go about doing evil continually. They introduce discord where peace before resided—they wake ill-will between peaceable and friendly neighbors—excite suspicion in trusting hearts, and substitute bitter controversy for social amity and quietude. They malign private character with impunity, because they are too cowardly and hypocritical to make their assaults boldly and manfully, so that those whom they traduce can have a chance to defend themselves. They run up behind you, and strike you in the dark, and then fly to escape detection. They put on great suavity and friendliness to your face, but when your back is turned, look out for them! for they will cling to your heels like a rabid dog.—Avoid them as you would a poisonous reptile—refuse their company—and above all, do not admit them to your happy family circle—do not induct them into your fireside secrets; for if you do, they will leave the baneful stain of their footsteps on your very threshold, and happiness will flee before them as from a deadly foe. For the love of peace, of order, and of friendship, do not countenance their slanderous imputations against your friends and neighbors.

STRANGE INFATUATION.—Some ten years ago, there resided in this State, a gentleman, his wife and two interesting daughters, who were as much respected as any family in it. Blessed with a competency of earthly goods, and surrounded by hosts of friends, their happiness seemed as near perfect as human beings could expect to enjoy. Six years since this family left here for the South, where the husband and father took to drink, and in two years after became a bankrupt and a sot. Next, the wife and mother became a drunkard, and now we understand the two girls are inmates of a low brothel, in a city on the Mississippi river. What a commentary on the free use of ardent spirits. In six years, a whole family of respectable people were reduced from affluence to the deepest depths of degredation. And yet how many cases of a similar nature are to be met with every day. —*Richmond Mail.*

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Setting out Cabbage Plants.—If you have not already set out your cabbage plants, you should seize the first occasion of a rain to do so, the nearer the first of the month the better chance will there be of their heading in time for fall and winter use.

Your *Savoy* plants especially should be set out early; if possible, in the first week of this month. And here let us remark, that every garden should have in it a plat or so of this variety of the cabbage, for beyond all comparison, it is the best of the family after the frost has exerted its mellowing influence. When properly cooked, after having been frosted, it approaches in delicacy and richness of flavor nearer those of the Cauliflower than any other. If planted out the first week of this month, the Savoy, by November, will have perfected its heading, and as it is hardy and easily kept through the winter, it should be the object of every owner of a garden to make it a point to have a full supply.

Sowing Radish Seed.—In the early part of this month, say from the 1st to the 10th, sow Short-top, Salmon, White Naples, and White and Black Spanish Radish Seed—These will be ready for use in September.

About the 15th of the month sow more seed for use in October. The White and Black Spanish Turnip rooted Radish, sown from the 10th to the 15th of the month, will furnish supplies for either fall or winter use.

Turnips.—Sow a bed of Turnips from the 1st to the 10th of the month, the earlier the better. For *early use* the *Early Dutch* is the best; but as every family desires turnips for winter as well as fall use, it would be well to sow a portion of the bed, say one-third part, in *Early Dutch*, and two-thirds of it in *Red-top*, the first for fall consumption, the latter for winter use.

Celery.—Set out your plants for a late crop of Celery, and earth up your advancing crops every ten days. The earthing must be done in dry weather, and the earth, before being applied, must be reduced to the most perfect state of pulverization—every lump of earth must be carefully broken with the back of the spade; before applying the earth, gather up the leaves of the celery carefully and neatly, but take especial pains not to bury the hearts of the plants.

Sowing Peas.—Between the beginning and middle of the month plant a few rows of the early garden peas. They will be fit for table use in September. If the weather be dry, soak the seed peas four or five hours before planting them, and water the drills every evening before the plants come up, and afterwards until a rain shall occur. —*American Farmer.*

TO PREVENT COWS FROM SHEDDING MILK.—Collodion (Liquid cuticle) is a somewhat recent discovery, and has been applied to useful purposes by surgeons, but I am not aware that it has ever been used to prevent the loss of milk by leakage from the udder of the cow. The mode of applying is as follows:—After milking, take a thin piece of muslin, the size of a three cent piece, wet it in the collodion and apply it quickly to the end of the teat. It dries immediately, and adhering firmly, prevents the escape of milk from the orifice. It can readily be removed at the next milking.

On first making use of this means I did not anticipate anything more than temporarily to prevent the evil. After making a few applications it was discontinued, and I was somewhat surprised to find it had permanently lessened the fault. Upon reflection, the *modus operandi* appeared as follows: First, the collodion contracts the orifice and then prevents the escape of milk; and second, the bag becoming distended, its capacity is permanently enlarged. Try it.

Another useful purpose of this article may be mentioned. Cows teats often become tender from chaps and deep fissures in them. They may readily be cured by moistening a piece of muslin in this liquid and applying it smoothly to the parts affected. It adheres so firmly that it will not be loosened even if the calf is allowed to draw the milk.

POULTRY CHEAPER THAN PORK.—Build a good, comfortable hen coop, as you do to keep your hogs in. Keep fowls, feed them, and make a careful estimate of both the cost of your fowls and your hogs, together with the products of each—you will find that fowls are more profitable stock than hogs. Pork cannot be made at less than five cents a pound, with any breed of hogs. Each hen, well cared for, will yield a clear profit in eggs and chickens of $1 a year. To care for them and produce this result—it is necessary to give them a warm place for a roost, a dry cellar if possible in winter, a variety of grain with a little animal food, with clean water, and lime in some shape for egg shell. The foul manure annually wasted in the United States is worth at least $1,000,000. To save it, place a layer of loam and plaster occasionally overlayers of the manure. Every spring mix all together, and use it at the rate of a pint to a hill of corn, on cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, melons, peas, onions, strawberries, or any other fruit, vegetable or grain, and you cannot fail to have an improved crop. This is American Guano—and as good as that brought from the islands at a heavy cost.

REMEDY FOR CANCER.—Col. D. Ussery, of the parish of Desoto, informs the editors of the Caddo Gazette, that he has fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: Take an egg and break it; put in salt, and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it; stir them together until the salve is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking plaster; and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried the remedy twice in his own family with complete success.

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