ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. VII. PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1850. NO. 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
BY E. WELLS, JR.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, if paid within six months, $1.50
" " if not paid within six months, 2.00

ADVERTISEMENTS.—$1 per square for three insertions—12 lines of small type or 14 of large type constituting a square—and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications addressed to this office must be POST PAID.

SELECTED POETRY.

MATRIMONY.

I love to kiss the pretty maids,
And often with them tarry,
But when they'r old their beauty fades,
So hang me if I marry.

Some girls are full of coquetry,
But bold as the old Harry,
Such girls will never do for me,
So hang me if I marry.

Some girls for money marry fools,
And high their heads they carry:
They make their husbands silly tools,
So hang me if I marry.

Some girls with whom you'r deep in love,
Will always be contrary;
They say you'r serpents—they are doves.
So hang me if I marry.

If once they get you in their coil,
Let you be e'er so wary,
They will your resolution foil,
That you will never marry.

Then let me caution you—beware!
And don't be in a hurry,
But while you have your senses, swear
That you will never marry.

For when your children 'round you get,
With "pa, I must be carried,"
You must leave off your work and fret—
"I wish I'd ne'er been married."

SELECT MISCELLANY.

SIGNERS TO THE DECLARATION.

THEIR BIRTHS AND PROFESSIONS.

Josiah Bartlett, born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, November, 1729—Physician.
William Whipple, born at Kittery Maine—Sailor.
Matthew Thornton, born in Ireland, 1741—Physician.
John Hancock, born at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1737—Merchant.
Samuel Adams, born at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1735—Lawyer.
Robert Treat Pain, born at Boston, 1732—Lawyer.
Eldridge Gerry, born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, 1744—Merchant.
Stephen Hopkins, born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1707—Farmer.
William Ellery, born at Newport, Rhode Island, 1727—Lawyer.
Roger Sherman, born at Newton, Massachusetts 1721—Shoemaker.
William Williams, born in Connecticut, 1731—Gentleman.
Oliver Wolcott, born in Connecticut, 1736—Physician.
William Floyd, born at Long Island, New York, 1724—Farmer.
Philip Livingston, born at Albany, New York, 1716—Merchant.
Francis Lewis, born at Landaff, Wales, 1713—Gentleman.
Lewis Morris, born at Harlem, New York, 1726—Farmer.
Richard Stockton, born at Princeton, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.
John Witherspoon, born at Edingburg, Scotland, 1722—Lawyer.
Francis Hopkinson, born at Philadelphia, 1734—Lawyer.
John Hart, born in Huntington county, Pennsylvania—Farmer.
Abraham Clark, born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.
Robert Morris, born in England, 1734—Merchant.
Benjamin Rush, born in Byberry; Pennsylvania, 1735—Physician.
Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston, 1705—Printer.
John Morton, born in Ridley, Pennsylvania, 1725—Surveyor.
George Clymer, born at Philadelphia, 1739—Merchant.
James Smith, born in Ireland, 1715—Lawyer.
George Taylor, born in Ireland, 1716—Physician.
James Wilson, born in Scotland—Gentleman.
George Ross, born at Newcastle, Delaware, 1730—Lawyer.
Cæsar Rodney, born at Dover, Delaware, 1730—Gentleman.
George Reed, born in Maryland, 1734—Lawyer.
Thomas M'Kent, born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, 1731—Lawyer.
William Paca, born in Maryland, 1740—Lawyer.
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, born at Annapolis, Maryland, 1737—Lawyer.
George Wythe, bron on Chesapeake Bay, 1726—Lawyer.
Richard Henry Lee, born in Virginia, 1732—Soldier.
Thomas Jefferson, born in Virginia, 1743—Lawyer.
Benjamin Harrison, born at Berkley, Virginia—Farmer.
Thomas Nelson, Jr., born at York, Virginia.—1738 Gentleman.
Francis Lightfoot Lee, of Virginia, born 1734—Farmer.
Carter Braxton, born in Virginia, 1738—Gentleman.
William Hooper, born at Boston, 1722—Lawyer.
Joseph Hews, born at Kingston, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.
John Penn, born in Virginia, 1741—Lawyer.
Edward Rutledge, born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1749—Lawyer.
Thomas Hayward, born in South Carolina, 1745—Lawyer.
Thomas Lynch. Jr., born in South Carolina, 1749—Lawyer.
Auther Middleton, born on the banks of Ashley, S. Carolina, 1743—Lawyer.
Button Gwimmet, England, 1732—Merchant.
George Walton, born in Virginia, 1740—Lawyer.
Lyman Hall. born in Connecticut, 1731—Physician.
Samuel Huntington, born 1732—Farmer.

THE BROKEN PROMISES.

OR MARRYING TWICE.

"But physical ailments, Mr. Tompkins, admonish me that I am not long for this world; and I do wish, husband, you would make me a promise. I know I shall not be here long, my dear;"—her voice grew very plaintive, and Mr. Tompkins was forced to hear her.

"Well, what is it that I must promise, to make you happy, wife—anything reasonable?"

"Now, that is the way you always answer me; so cavalierly, so unfeeling, and in a coarse way—I tell you again, I shall not be here long—you are a rugged man, Mr. Tompkins, and know but little of my physical ails, I tell you.

"Pho, nonsense, you are nervous wife. Go out, take the air, brace up a little, and the vapors will quit their hold"

"But that promise husband?"

"Well, now for it."

"Will you promise me sincerely, as God spares your life, if I should die, that you *never will marry again*. You know how many girls would be glad to step in my shoes; how many widows would like the privilege of setting in *my* drawing rooms—those beautiful rooms all hung in tapestry, and those bright chandaliers suspended, just as good as new, if they were bought at auction. *My* worsted work too:—oh, I could not bear to know that anybody should ever own it after me. But I am going to a better place I trust. Heaven, they say, is *paved with gold*—but it will be hard to leave you, husband, but I know you will soon follow. Now, promise me faithfully, that you will never, never marry again, but keep everything just as I leave it, which shall be in good order—will you?"

"On condition, wife that if I should die, you will observe the same injunction. You know how many rich men are dancing attendance on rich widows; how many who have lost their wives would like to wear my coats, pants and satin vests. Now, you will keep them always hanging in the closets, just as I left them, and never let my wrought slippers be put upon another man's foot."

"Certainly, Mr. Tompkins; but that event will never happen in *my* day. You will live long after me."

The promises being thus mutually exchanged, Mrs. Tompkins seemed to revive. She procured a bottle or two of bitters for hypochondriacs, and really grew so much better as to propose a journey. The autumn following, she broke out in a European fever, and Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins were registered as having taken passage to Liverpool.

New sights so engrossed her attention, new faces so won her heart, new cookery so improved her appetite, that Mrs. Tompkins emerged from a pale, thin sharp featured woman to a healthful plump English lady; and after a two years residence, when she returned, how her neighbors stared as they accosted her with, "can this be *you*, Mrs. Tompkins?"

But Providence and man are not alike in their desires. Mr. Tompkins had grown thin, had a cough, a pain through the shoulders, little appetite, and great debility. He was consumptively inclined, but remarkably resigned to his situation. And now gossips abounded; some affirmed he had lived a wearisome life with his wife—some said they could tell things, but would not—others who were in her confidence shook their heads, and said they never criminated church members—for Mrs. Tompkins was a very pious woman. But at length the man died and the bereaved widow lamented loudly, and begged the sexton to see that all things were done in good style, and insisted to know if he really believed the body could be kept two days. She sent for an artist, had his picture taken, bought the finest bombazine dress, had a mantilla trimmed with the deepest folds of crape, wore a blinding veil, and cried as if her heart would break. She went to Probate, administered herself on the estate, lived in her own drawing rooms, kept her servants, but complained bitterly of loneliness. She was always at church meetings, always wept, or held up her handkerchief, when the good man prayed that "afflictions might be scantified," and in short the widow Tompkins with her fortune of two hundred thousand, and no "chick or child" to share it, was quite a prominent character in the mouth's of certain widowers and forlorn bachelors. For two full months she wore the veil *down*.—It was said she was observed to draw it aside very slightly; then a little further, till finally she threw it over the crown of her bonnet, just as parson Bonset repeated the text, "for our light afflictions which are but for a moment," &c.

That night Deacon Sears called. But how excusable was his visit! His wife died suddenly, "but full of hope;" and how natural that his sympathies should be drawn toward the widow, *full of hope* likewise! Mrs. Tompkins was always at the prayer meetings, and Deacon Sears always exhorted; and how natural it was he should see the widow home; and when he got to the door, how natural he should step in; and when fairly in, how natural to stay, disliking to leave good company. Depend on it then matters were talked over by some sly members, and some inferences were drawn; but then, curious enough, the Deacon had promised Mrs. Sears, in the event of her death he would never marry again. This promise was extorted before sundry witnesses, and they were all living, and ready to testify to the fact. The Deacon was a truthy man, and the parish generally thought him to be relied on. One person went so far as to say to the widow Tompkins, aside from this promise, she did believe he had *serious intentions;* whereupon the widow fainted, and was revived only by sal volatile. Here were two pledges made to dead people; could they violate them? Grave questions were mooted in the public meetings, whether certain promises were obligatory? whether the dead took cognizance of the acts of the living? and whether the spirits of our departed friends were hovering over us mortals.

These topics led to much metaphysical discussion; but the Deacon always opposed the doctrine of personal recognition hereafter. *We shall all be blessed in the mass*, was his favorite theory. Still it wore upon him. The widow grew more and more attractive. Just so far as repelling forces diverged from one centre, the power of gravitation increased, and Mr. Bonset requested to deliver a lecture upon moral obligations. It was a searching one—the divine took the ground that all promises made in good faith were strictly binding; that death rather sealed than annulled them; that the accusing spirit might so torment a man who wilfully broke such an engagement as to be his perpetual misery in a future state, beside the disquiet incident to existence here. This was a poser; matters grew worse and worse; and finally, taking umbrage under that old maxim, that "a bad promise is better broken than kept," Deacon Sears and the widow Tompkins took advantage of our new law, and were married.

"And faith," says Biddy the chambermaid "what is all this I diskiver in the chimney? A horse-shoe to keep off the witches! And whose slippers may be these, so strangely torn at the side? And why is my mistress so worrysome like?"

Alas, the Deacon's foot was too big for Mr. Tompkin's slippers; the Deacon's back was too broad for Mr. Tompkin's coat, and they burst. Some things, superstitious people will have it, give a presentiment of others. The church always looked rather suspiciously upon their officer afterward; and it was hinted that the Deacon's new wife was just what she ought to be, Mrs. Tompkin's nervous state returned upon her; strange fancies seized her and the *broken promise* always haunted her. She tried every expedient that money could devise to be happy. Change of place, change of society, change of diet; but all to no effect—the trouble lay deeper, she ought to have changed *herself*.

The Deacon prayed and wept, and mourned for his first wife; he had proved treacherous, and his children forsook him, his vast estate did him no good, and they lived a monument to others of the little efficacy of money to reach the disquietude which reigns in one's own breast.

They paid the debt of nature, some weeks ago, and their property was divided singularly enough. Mrs. Sears gave the most of hers to a stranger in England and the Deacon remembered a quiet old widow lady in the wilds of Vermont, who never divulged what she heard his first wife say, affirming she was the *first woman* who ever kept a secret; and this was her reward!—*Yankee Blade.*

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; though the worst of the matter is, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

CULTURE OF WHEAT.

Wheat.—This being the great market crop of most farmers—being the crop whence they derive their principal amount of money—its importance is of vital interest, and should always command the most profound consideration. All things connected with it, from the selection of the seed. to the sale of the crop, form matters for serious reflection. The physical condition of the soil, whether wet, or sound, the state of its fertility, the mode and depth of ploughing, the fineness of its tilth, the manner and depth of putting in the seed, the character, of the manure, where any may be used, the quantity applied, and the mode of application, are all subjects of deep concern, and should be pondered on well.

There is another matter involving deep interests, which we fear is but too seldom attended to,—we allude to the time of cutting the grain.

Our readers will admit with us, that as the wheat crop approaches the period of its maturity, there is no single day within two weeks of its becoming ripe, when it is not environed by imminent peril and danger of being destroyed, in whole, or in part, by that dire and insidious enemy, the *rust*. So far as our information extends, in relation to its ravages the present year, all its mischief was done within the three days immediately preceding harvest. Anticipating the danger of such a contingency, we took the liberty of advising our friends in our June and July numbers, to cut their grain some days before it was dead ripe. Fortunate has it been for those who took our advice; for while their crops have escaped unscathed, many of their neighbors have sustained losses, equal to one-fourth or one-third of their entire wheat crops; both in grain and in straw.

Wheat, and other grains, may be cut from 7 to 10 days before being dead-ripe, with evident advantage to the grain in weight and in quality, and in the quantity of the flour; while the straw, for purposes of feeding, is better in quality, and more in quantity.

Experiment upon experiment, have established the truth of these averments: then why should farmers hesitate to embrace a practice, which offers the only practical plan of avoiding the devastations of the rust—a disease utterly incurable, when it comes,—and which laughs at and derides every preventive agent?

The *Smut* too, as we regret to have learned has done very considerable injury; but as this is a disease perfectly controllable by wheat growers, sincerely hope, that, in sowing this fall, they will avail themselves of the simple preventive remedy which we shall hereafter prescribe,—a remedy, among many others, which, for half a century, has proved infallible. Though simple, it is effectual,—and we, therefore, most earnestly trust, that the little extra labor it may involve, will not deter any one from resorting to it; for if wheat is worthy of being grown, it is thrice worthy of being so put in, as to offer every barrier against the effects of any disease, which may be within the reach of the grower.

Ploughing for Wheat.—If the land to be cultivated in wheat, be a clover-ley or grass-sward, we would turn the furrow at least 8 inches deep; roll, so as to compress the furrow slices, then harrow, and cross harrow, until we had completely pulverized the soil; for we hold that much of the success of the wheat crop depends upon the depth and fineness of the surface soil. It should be deep enough to encourage the roots to seek a depth offering security against winter killing, and fine enough to obviate all impediments in their descent.

Whenever possible to be done, the land should be *subsoiled*, as well as ploughed; the former operation, in our opinion, will, any time, add 25 per cent. to the productive capacity of any *sound* land, not wet; wet land, before being subsoiled, should be drained. The day is not distant, when all intelligent farmers will as soon think of putting in their crops without ploughing as without subsoiling.

When wheat may be seeded in Corn ground, it should be either ploughed in with the *seed plough*, or put in with the cultivator, and in either case must be done with care and neatness.

Manuring.—Whether we sowed upon a clover-ley or upon a grass-sward, we should be careful to give a dressing of *nutritive manure*. We do not say a heavy one, Still we would give a dressing. We are free to confess that we have not the dread entertained by most wheat-growers, of manuring wheat. We recollect many years ago that a neighbor of ours, seeded two acres in wheat, on a lot of rather heavy loam, which had been in early Potatoes. The potatoes had been liberally manured in the rows: after taking off the crop, he manured again with a heavy dressing of nightsoil, cross-ploughed as deep as a strong team would permit, harrowed, and cross harrowed, until the tilth was perfectly fine; then sowed 2 bushels of seed to the acre, ploughed it in 3 inches deep, run water furrows and finished by rolling. On these two acres, he grew 104 1-2 bushels of as fine wheat as we ever saw, being at the rate of 52 1-4 bushels per acre. Of the quantity of the ground and product, we speak with certainty, as we measured the ground, and was present when the grain was measured.

We published some years since, a letter from Mr. Waln of Elkton, Cecil Co., Md., in which he states, that he had grown *ten* successive crops of wheat on a 10 acre lot, the average annual product, for the whole time, being upwards of 40 bushels to the acre; and that he manured each year with stable manure—occasionally giving to the lot a little ashes; having, in the course of his cropping of the lot, limed the land.

Again.—A respectable victualler in this vicinity, had a pasture lot of 11 acres of hard yellow clay, much mixed with gravel. He had for a few years previously, used this lot as a pasture for his sheep; but concluding to set it in grass anew, it having nearly run out, he manured it heavily from his Slaughter house, sowed it in wheat in the fall of 1847, and sowed grass seed on it the ensuing spring: his product was upwards of 40 bushels per acre.

Now these results are not merely accidental; but can be accounted for upon strictly philosophical principles. *A grain of wheat cannot be formed without nitrogen*, and, we believe, its supply comes from the earth; therefore, it is necessary for substances of a nitrogenous nature to be in the earth, or it cannot answer the calls of the wheat plant, when it comes to form its kernels.—Up to this period of its growth, ordinary soils, through the aid of rain and the gasses floating in the air, in the shape of dews, can build up the other tissues of the wheat plant. But when it comes to the last tug—to the fruiting part of its office—the plant has to seek in the soil for the materials out of which to fabricate its seed. It is necessary, therefore, that there must be in such soil, what we farmers call nutritive or putrescent manure—something out of which *nitrogen* can be formed. This nitrogen abounds in horse dung, sheep dung, hog manure, fish manure, the dung and urine of Cattle, in that of man, in bones, in Guano, and in the dung of fowls, in flesh, in all kindred substances.

By parity of reasoning then, we conclude, that it is not the application of manure, directly to wheat, which causes it to fall or to rust, but the application of it in excess.

In England, many successful farmers, instead of ploughing in their clover-leys, preparatory for a wheat crop, feed off the grass with their cattle and sheep, deeming the manure thus obtained, more than an equivalent for the clover consumed. Such too was the practice of that intelligent farmer, and accomplished gentleman, the late Gen. *Thomas Emory*, who stated a few years before his lamented death, in an Agricultural address, that, from his observation of the results of such practice, he was fully convinced, that it was more advantageous to feed off the crop of aftermath than to plough it in.

We state these facts, in order to awaken reflection, deeming them worthy of the deepest consideration; for we are firmly convinced, that the falling off in the *gluten* of the wheat grown of late years, has arisen from the chary manner in which putrescent manures have been applied; and to the same cause, in a great measure, may be ascribed the decrease in the acreable product of wheat, as in such manures are to be found all those elements which are required to build up the roots, the stalk, the leaves, and particularly *the grain* of the wheat plant.

Why is it that Guano acts with so much promptness—with so much efficacy? why is it that it so largely increases the productive capacity of poor land? why is it that it adds so large an increase to the number of bushels of grain yielded on an acre of such land? It is, because it is rich in those elements which constitute the grain,—and, because among these are to be found ammonia, a compound of Hydrogen and Nitrogen—because it is rich in the phosphate of lime—bone earth and other phosphates; in Soda, Potash, and other substances, which go to form the plant, in its wholeness; and above all else, because it so largely abounds in nutrient principles, the very things needed to form the grain of wheat, but which is so dreaded in barn-yard and stable manures, where they also exist, but in a greatly reduced ratio of per centage; and in a form too, not so liable to act with promptness, because their action is dependent upon decay subsequent to being placed in the earth; whereas, in the guano, they are mostly in a state to be immediately availed of by the growing plants.

Why should barn-yard and stable manure, which contains a greatly less per centum of nitrogenous matter than guano, and contains them too, in a more crude and undigested state, occasion the evils complained of to the wheat crop, and that crop not only escape, but triumphantly prosper, under applications of the latter, which is known to possess them in larger quantities, and in a state to be yielded up instantly to the growing plants? This question is pregnant with matter worthy of profound reflection.

In England, where the averge acreable product of wheat, is 26 or 28 bushels; where the soil is heavily manured for *turnips*, which is, generally, the preparatory crop for wheat, and where that crop is mostly fed off on the land by Sheep enclosed in hurdles, so as to ensure a more equal distribution of the manure dropt by them,—no intelligent farmer there, thinks of sowing or drilling in a crop of wheat, without adding a heavy dressing of highly concentrated nitrogenous manures. Why does this practice prevail there? Simply, because experience has proven, that the wheat plant, like all other seed bearing plants, require such nutritive food as will enable it to form its grains. Hence it is, that the farmers and wheat growers of England, on an average, get more than two bushels of wheat for every one grown on the same quantity of land by those of our country: in fact, make one acre produce more than two of ours. Now as this superiority in product is the result of superiority in attention to the preparation, and in the feeding of the land, it is time that we should improve our practice. Is any proof of the truth of what we have advanced wanting? We think not. All efforts to increase the quantity of the wheat crop in our own country, by the application of Guano, bone-dust. and all other highly concentrated nutritive manures, have proved in their results, eminently successful. Nearly all such experiments of our enterprising wheat growers, upon *good* land, have turned out their 20, 25, 30, 35, and in some instances, their 40 and 50 bushels of good wheat to the acre. These were not the results of accident, but are the well defined verification, of that great agricultural truth—that no plant can be made to bear its fruit in fulness and perfection, unless it be provided with appropriate food, to enable it to perform its functions vigorously and effectively.

The half starved plant, may struggle on in a sickly state; striving its best to overcome the surrounding difficulty of meagre fare; but all its noble exertions must, from the very nature of things, result in diminished product, as it is inconsistent with the laws of vegetable life, that fructification, can be the offspring of any plant, whose whole existence has been through a denial of all the elements which are essential to preserve its vitality in integrity and vigor.

Quantities and kinds of manure.—Those who possess the facilities and means of procuring *Guano*, will consult their interest by manuring with it. 200 lbs. mixed with 1 bushel of plaster, will answer for an acre.

Those who may have stable and barn-yard manure half, or fully rotted down, by mixing 2 bushels of salt and 5 bushels of ashes, with every 5 or 6 loads of the manure, will have for each acre they may set in wheat, a compound that will not fail to produce a good crop, and place the land in such condition as to bear being seeded in grass or clover.

Ten loads of coarse barn-yard manure, mixed with 5 bushels of ashes, 2 of salt, and 1 of plaster, will answer equally well for an acre of land.

Ten bushels of *bone-dust*, the same quantity of ashes, and 2 bushels of salt, per acre, will answer. So also, will 10 bushels of *bone-dust* and an equal quantity of rich mould; or 5 bushels of bone-dust, 5 bushels of ashes, and 2 bushels of salt.

Whenever the bone-dust may be used as a basis, the materials should be formed into pie, and permitted to remain until fermentation commences, which can be ascertained by thrusting a stick into the pie,—so soon as the bones become heated, and emit an ammoniacal smell, is the time when they should be applied. When about to be used, the pie should be broken down, and mixed with 1 bushel of plaster for whatever quantity of the mass which may be intended for an acre.

Those who may have a compost formed of marsh, river, creek, ditch mud, ashes or marl, cannot do better than to apply 10 loads on each acre of land intended for wheat, whether in grass or not. This mixture, if the land is not in the vicinity of salt water, would be greatly improved, by having 2 bushels of salt added to every acreable apportionment.

In composting either of the described muds, if ashes were used, we would add from 16 to 20 bushels to every 10 loads—if marl were used, 50 or 100 bushels may be mixed with that quantity of mud.

Ten loads of such mud as we have designated, and 100 lbs. of the Nitrate of Potash, or 100 lbs. of the *Nitrate Soda*, will form a most powerful and effective manure for [illegible] acre in wheat.

All the foregoing manures, except [illegible] whose bases are bone-dust, to be plo[illegible] in; those whose bases are bone-dus[illegible] harrowed in; what we mean by a [illegible] a double horse one, well filled.

Ten loads of woods'-mould, 20[illegible] of charcoal, saturated with 100 ga[illegible] Urine, mixed well together, will ma[illegible] acre in wheat, just as effectively as [illegible] 2 or 300 lbs of Guano, with this in [illegible] the former—it would be more durable [illegible] say this entertaining at the same time the most exalted opinion of the virtues of guano.

5 bushels of bone-dust, 5 bushels of ashes, 2 gallons of fish oil, and 1 bushels of finely pulverized Charcoal, mixed together, would form a most admirable compost for an acre in wheat.

Preparation of the Seed,—Make a soak of common *Salt*, sufficiently strong to bear an egg; soak your seed wheat therein for 12 or 24 hours, strain off the brine, place your wheat on the barn-floor, and mix fresh slaked lime with it, until each seed becomes