

written: "Wear this for the sake of one who is now rich and happy, but who never can forget the services you rendered to the poor school girl—Jessie Wilson."

"Annie," said young Seamwell after the marriage, "I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first sewing. I also happened to be passing when you gave part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson; I was a boy, then, but I said to myself: 'If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton; not because she's so pretty'—here Annie blushed most becomingly—not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind hearted."

From the Cleveland Herald.
GRADUATING.
A TRUE STORY.

"There, Mary Jane, go out of the kitchen. Don't pare those apples. Your hands will get stained. You know Mr. Polycarp will come this evening, and wish to hear that polka he gave you."

"Well, but, mother, I was taking a little exercise."

"Oh, if you want exercise, just put on your gloves and go in the garden and tie up that geranium the wind broke last night; that's far more agreeable employment than to be over the cooking stove. I would not have your complexion injured like your cousin Julia's for the world! The other day I was at her house to dinner, and she took me into her pantry to see a whole baking she had done with her own hands that morning, and you would have thought so, just to look at her face—as red as a rose. I told her it was a shame for her to get so heated, and she blushed even redder, and said her husband was so particular about his cooking? I really wonder if ever there was a man who was not?"

"Polycarp is not in the least, mother; for he says in his own delightful manner:

"How gently down life shall our sweet shallop glide,
As I live on thy smiles, and—nothing beside."

So saying, Mary Jane ran out of the kitchen from which she had often been expelled before.

Her mother had been accustomed to attend to everything herself. "It came naturally," to her, she said. All her appointments were well ordered and in proper style. Her judgment in matters of pastry as unerring as Aunt Chloe in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and as for her darling daughter, she always thought, "Let her take her freedom now; by and bye she will come under the yoke, and have enough care to wear her down." And so the thoughtless mother allowed the pleasant season of girlhood to pass away, sending her to dancing schools to secure ease and grace, and to calisthenics to preserve health, when she ought to have taught her to dance over the house with a broom, and kitchen calisthenics in place of dumb bells.

Boarding schools and "Mons. Louis" on the piano, graduated Miss Mary Jane as a bewitching belle, at least, so her mother thought; and Polycarp, a fashionable silk merchant, who felt that some of his newly imported goods would show favorably on her elegant person, so he took her to wife, and steered their "light shallop" into the fashionable current, down the river of life, not dreaming of such vulgar words as "concealed snags, or quicksands matrimonial." The elegant trousseau, fine furniture, and beautiful apartments were all delightful to Mary Jane, so long as the wedding cake and frosting lasted. To be sure, odious Irish girls had to be introduced into the new kitchen department, and the bright range and marble slab, much too pretty for them to ruin and deface, her mother said, but the lovely accommodations did not turn out the "lovely cakes my mother baked."

Everything went wrong, as Mary thought, and her pretty plump arms, covered with bracelets, and her taper fingers were often thrust into the coal scuttle, when the Irish miss had allowed the fire to go out, just at the wrong moment. Mary told her cousin Julia afterwards with many tears, her troubles.

"You know it's the fashion for ladies to go to market, and so I had a fine new basket given me by Polycarp, and little Pete carried it for me, and we went down to market for the first time; such a din to be sure! I did not dare move for fear the horses would throw me down. The butcher, with his great greasy apron on, asked me 'what piece I would have,' and I said, as timidly as possible, 'a small piece of the fore shoulder, if you please,' and he laughed right in my face, just as you are now doing, Julia! and then, when we roasted it, it was so tough; and the butter man gave me rancid butter, and the chickens I selected turned out tough old hens; and Polycarp says I, 'shall make a pretty piece of work with the marketing.' I wish you could see his face, Julia, when he comes home hungry to dinner. I can't convince him that vegetables are hurtful in cholera times. I really believe he would revel in this pantry, she continued, following her cousin into the well-furnished larder; the way that plate of cakes would disappear would caution you not to admit him again. I believe verily the poor man has not had an agreeable meal since we were married. If it were only to play a mazourke, or dance a polka, or schottish, or croquet, or do some of those lovely things, how easy it would be. Who would have thought, when I graduated at Mrs. Muligan's, that all my French and Italian would be thrown aside so quickly for this tormenting house-keeping!"

Julia was exceedingly amused at this peep behind the rose-colored curtains of her cousin's domestic life, but she consoled her as well as she was able with promising to give her lessons in "domestic economy" as a sequel to her other accomplishments.

"My daughter is walking into the tall mathematics—Trigonometry, conic sections!" said a gentleman to me the other day. She graduates at W—, with the first honors this year, after a three years' course."

"Oh, dear!" we sighed, "all very well, but how in the world will they aid her in trigonometrically cutting out a baby's frock, or conically parsing the pastry round a pie?"

JULIA.

THE EFFECTS OF SALERATUS.

In a former number I alluded to the use of saleratus in modern cookery. I have not hesitated to pronounce it an efficient agent in the production of that most alarming infantile mortality which prevails. Your readers know, perhaps, that we lose about 300,000 inhabitants of the United States every year, under ten years of age; and some of them know, if they have read all that has been written on the subject within a few years, that not a few of these children might have survived had it not been for the effect of saleratus.

Some individuals have doubted the truth of my suggestions. They have seriously questioned whether saleratus is really poisonous. Such individuals may be interested in the following statement and facts:

I had been lecturing in North Adams, Mass., on diet and regimen. At the close of the lecture the Rev. Robert Crawford came to me and inquired whether I was not fond of collecting facts; and when I replied in the affirmative, he gave me a particular account of an incident in Williamstown, which is only four miles from that place.

In the year 1835, an indigent female, who was desirous of trying to earn an honest livelihood for herself and her family by keeping boarders, rented a house in Williamstown, and took about fifteen boarders. They were chiefly, if not wholly young men who were attending the college at that place.

The housekeeper was ignorant of the fashionable modes of cookery, though she knew that rich food was generally preferred. She had heard of saleratus, and that by many cooks it was freely used. Accordingly, she procured a quantity and freely used it. The warm biscuits were so full of it, as not only to give them a yellow or burnt appearance, but also to render them bitter or nauseous to the taste. Many other articles were filled with it in like manner.

In endeavoring to make light puddings, however, she used so much of the article, it was said, as to render them as heavy, almost so, as lead. The students called these puddings by the name of 'specific gravity,' so that whenever they wished for a slice, they would ask to be helped to some of the 'specific gravity.'

After the lapse of a few months a disease broke out among these students—so severe that many believed it to be contagious. Of the whole number, thirteen were confined for a long time, and the fourteenth was slightly affected for a few days. The house became known by the name of the pest-house. Two of the patients died; another barely escaped death; and eleven finally recovered.

The individual who escaped the disease wholly was Professor Tatlock, now of the Williamstown College. The one who was only slightly affected was the Rev. Mr. Crawford, my informant. The latter had no doubt—never had any—that the disease was caused solely by the saleratus. I saw Professor Tatlock subsequently, who confirmed the statement of Mr. Crawford. It appears that he, like Mr. Crawford, ate very little of the food which was so filled with saleratus, and the biscuits they seldom ever tasted.

I also saw and conversed freely with Dr. Sabin, one of the two principal physicians who attended at the "pest-house" during the sickness aforesaid, and who is still a practising physician in Williamstown. He told me that, to the present day, neither he nor his associate, Dr. Smith, had ever entertained a momentary doubt that the whole trouble was caused by saleratus.

The nature of the disease was somewhat peculiar; but in every particular gave indications that the citadel of life had been attacked by no mean or powerless enemy. The bowels lost their tone, and there was great muscular prostration. Blisters applied to any part of the system were sure to be followed by almost immediate mortification of the part. In short, the disease was one of the most severe ever known in that region.

But, if the more excessive use of this irritating substance is liable to produce such terrible effects, can the less excessive use of it, which almost everywhere prevails, be entirely innocuous?

Many tell us they do not use it to excess, though they are well aware that many others do so. But so it is with almost every abuse. I have seldom, if ever, met with a person who would confess to the error of tight-lacing—though I have met with thousands who knew that such an abuse prevailed all around them.

I was recently taken to task by a venerable housekeeper of this commonwealth, for saying that the use of ten or twelve pounds of saleratus in a family was by no means uncommon.

"Why," said she, "I do not use so much as this in my great family." "How large is your family, madam?" I inquired. "It consists of ten persons." "And how much saleratus do you use yearly?" "A pound will last me three weeks." "Well, madam, that is between seventeen and eighteen pounds a year." She was surprised, and said that she did not use so much; a pound, she said, would last her nearly four weeks. But this, to her surprise, was thirteen pounds a year.

There can be no doubt that the sub-inflammation of the alimentary canal, which the habitual use of this alkali induces, both on children and adults, is one cause of that dread mortality which prevails among the former; but which, in summer and autumn, when other causes co-operate, proves peculiarly alarming. For my own part, I can hardly resist the full conviction, that, of the 300,000 above-mentioned, who die prematurely, at least 100,000 might survive, but for the effects of saleratus. WM. A. ALCOTT, M.D.

Auburn Dale, Mass., Dec. 29, 1854.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

[Extracts from the Country Gentleman.] Successful Grape Culture.

Having received several inquiring letters in relation to Mr. McKay's method of cultivating the grape, I have concluded to answer all through your columns. I should have done it ere this, had I received the following information from Mr. E. A. McKay, of Naples, Ontario county, sooner.

In an article headed "A Profitable Acre in Western New York," published in your columns last fall, there is a great mistake respecting the quantity produced. Instead of ten tons, the actual yield was a little over 11,000 pounds of grapes on an acre. But this must still be considered a great yield, and a very profitable one. Mr. McKay says that the amount over ten cents per pound, which he received for his grapes, will pay all the expenses of cultivation, gathering and getting to market. This would leave \$1,100 clear profit.

Said acre was planted in the spring of 1848, one half with vines one year old, and the remainder with those aged two years—160 vines to the acre, or a rod apart each way. Mr. McKay thinks on a middling steep side-hill, 12 feet each way would not be too near. His vines are trained in all cases so as to give them the greatest amount of sunshine. For planting, pits were dug from 2-1/2 to 3 feet deep and 6 to 8 feet in diameter. At the bottom of the pits he placed "16 heavy loads of refuse from the currier's shop, and 80 dead oxen," a drove of which had been driven into Naples at the commencement of winter, and a large portion of them having died during the winter and spring. Mr. McKay also uses well-rotted barn-yard manure, but avoids all fresh unfermented manures.

His vines now measure on an average over twelve inches in circumference around the body, nor is there any essential difference in size between the parts of the vineyard planted with one or two-year old vines. They are trained on wire trellises eight feet high, running nearly north and south. No. 12 iron wire is recommended, with a wooden slat two inches wide, one and a half feet above the ground, and a similar one along the top of the trellis. He takes no fruit from his vines until the fourth fall after planting.

The first year but one the cane or shoot is suffered to grow, and that is cut back two or three or four buds from the ground the next winter. The second season two shoots are allowed to grow. The third season the trellis is built, and the two canes are shortened to three or four feet each in length, and brought down horizontally and fastened with leathers to the slats along the bottom of the trellis. The third season, every alternate bud is allowed to grow, and trained up the slats along the top of the trellis, and strapped there about the first of September. The fourth season, the vines will bear abundantly, but a vine of three inches span (around the body) should only be allowed to bear five pounds of fruit, and be increased to ten pounds for every additional inch of girth to any extent. This can be safely done with good culture.

The ground between the rows of vines may be cultivated with any low vegetable or plant desired, which will help to defray a large portion of the expenses of cultivation. Mr. McKay also cautions against heeding the advice of nursery-men frequently given, to plant vines as near together as six or eight feet.

Such has been the success of Mr. McKay that his experience must prove acceptable to all those who are about to begin the cultivation of this agreeable and healthy fruit. If well cultivated, it will pay well. Nor is there any danger of too many grapes being grown, and the market overstocked, at least for many years, since the demand increases faster than the supply, as all cultivators of grapes well know. The Isabella grape is perfectly hardy in our climate. Yours truly, S. B. BUCKLEY.

West Dresden, N. Y., Feb. 14.

WASHINGTON CITY.—Putnam's Magazine contains an article about Washington city.

"The capital is a nest of wickedness. The vices of great cities are there unnaturally rife, and preternaturally malignant; raging in vortices of intense excitement such as must necessarily boil up where the vast and conflicting interests of so mighty and active an empire as ours are struggling for an adjustment. Streets, almost, of brothels adorn our seat of government. It is not matter of surprise or admiration for a Congress-man to be found haunting them. The names of members are known who have assisted with money and influence in promoting such establishments. Bribery is rampant. Many men in Congress are for sale. We have ourselves heard legislators state the amount of gold they have seen in the hands of members, and which such members have avowed to be their wages for such and such a vote. We know that another leading member of incorruptible honesty has been offered what would, in the event of the success of a measure which he was asked to help, have netted him fifty thousand dollars, by a mere purchase and sale. Legislative discussion is maintained at the point of the knife and the muzzle of the pistol. Drunken orators uphold their cause with oaths, indecency, manhandling, or inebriate laughter. Drunken representatives obstruct the business of the country at a rate of expense of about two hundred dollars an hour, and the whole honor of Congress (what there is of it) every minute."

A MORAL LESSON FOR CROAKERS.—An eccentric lawyer, named Burgess, many years ago lived in a New England village, and became quite famous for his "skeptical opinions." Attending a town meeting, after its adjournment, he lingered among the groups of substantial farmer-deacons who composed it, and listened to the prevailing conversation. The bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought and the wet were duly discussed, when some one turned to Burgess, and asked, "How comes on your garden?" "I never plant anything," replied Burgess, with a solemn

face: "I am afraid even to put a potato into the ground." "It's no wonder," groaned one of the most eminently pious persons present, "it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in revelation, could not expect to have his labor blessed."

"I am not afraid of failing in a reward for my work," replied Burgess, "but I am afraid that agricultural labor would make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—'It's going to rain, and it will ruin my potato;' then I should, in dry weather, say, 'The drought will kill my potato;' then I should be unhappy because the 'rot' might destroy my potato; in fact, gentlemen," concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence."

The reproof was keenly felt by many present; and for months afterwards, the farmers, with a fear of Burgess before their eyes, talked of the blessings rather than the evils attending their daily labors.—[Boston Journal.]

A Twelve Pound Chunk.

A returned Californian relates the following good one.

The landlord of a hotel, built up of boards, and located near the Tokulk Diggings, was presented by his wife with a twelve pound boy, which coming to the ear of a wag, he circulated the story that the host had found a "twelve pound chunk," which ran like wildfire through the place and created an excitement.

A few weeks afterwards a miner from another quarter, having heard of the twelve pound chunk, arrived at the hotel, and at once made application to the landlady for lodging. Her husband not being present she tended the guest, when the following conversation took place, which should be prefaced by the remark that the story had exploded several days before his arrival, and the landlady had enjoyed the sell with the rest.

"It was your husband, ma'am, wasn't it, who got the twelve pound chunk?"

"He had some help, I believe," replied she with a sly look.

"Yes, I s'pose so. Where was he digging?"

"Oh, that's a secret."

"Yes, I s'pose it is," replied the miner. He

thinks he'll get another there don't he?"

"I don't know what he thinks, but I know he

wont."

"I shouldn't think it is probable, although it

is possible."

"So they say."

The miner here paused awhile, and at last, after

some reflection, he said:

"I s'pose the chunk's gone aint it?"

"Oh, no, it's in the other room. Would you

like to see it?"

"Well I should; but taint laying round loose

is it?"

"Not exactly," replied the landlady, throwing

open the door, 'for there it is in the cradle.'

The miner bent over, when a pair of chubby

fists were extended, and giving the jolly land-

lady one look, he left for parts unknown.