

AGRICULTURAL.



The Best Tool for Tillage.

The stirring of the soil, after the crops are started, is a matter of the first importance. From one-half to three-fourths of a crop of corn may be made by tillage alone. On old land, well stocked with weeds, not over twenty bushels to the acre could be realized without cultivation. Twice hoeing and cultivating would probably add ten bushels per acre. We have seen estimates from farmers, who experimented upon this point, showing that every hoeing added from five to ten bushels to the acre.

A great deal of ingenuity has been expended upon the implements of tillage. The hoe is good enough, but for its expensiveness. The light horse plow, or sweep, is much more economical; but these tools require two or three furrows to each row, and are a pretty heavy tax upon the strength of the horse. The horse harrow and cultivator are great improvements upon the plow, for they are much lighter, and stir the ground deep enough. The horse hoe is a much lighter implement than the cultivator, and if a farmer is investing in new tools, he should get this in preference to the cultivator. It is merely a question of economizing the strength of the horse. A good steel-toothed cultivator will make a clean sweep of every weed within an inch of the rows of corn, and stir the ground deep enough. A horse-hoe could not do the work much better, though it would draw easier, and the horse might get over a little more ground in a day.

We need not so much better implements of tillage, as a more frequent use of those we have. Corn can be cultivated wholly with the horse, after the first weeding, if the rows run both ways; and we doubt if any better use can be made of horse flesh, after the first of June, than to keep running between the rows of corn. We are confident that five times cultivating will pay much better than once or twice. As between the horse-hoe, and the steel-toothed cultivator upon smooth land, we should say, that is the best which is most used.—[Gazette]

Crops in the Confederate States.

The *Memphis Bulletin* of May 24th, says:—The crops, everywhere in the Southern States, will be abundant. Nature appears to be doing her best for us, as if in anticipation of our wants. The harvests are already commencing. The wheat crop of Texas and of Southern Georgia are already ripe for the sickle, and those of North Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Virginia, and other States, will follow immediately. All of them are represented as unsurpassed in quality and quantity, and are now quite beyond any contingency likely to arise. Corn everywhere looks well—splendid. An extraordinary breadth of ground has been planted, and the yield promises to be unprecedented. The rice crop is equally promising, while immense quantities of potatoes, Irish and sweet, with beans and peas, and other vegetables, have been planted and are maturing, and by a succession of crops will continue to mature until late in the fall. Cotton and cane also look well, and if the remainder of the season be as favorable as that portion of it already past, both will be the greatest ever harvested. The accounts received thus far, from different portions of the South, are not favorable to an extensive yield of cotton this year, as a good portion of the land hitherto devoted to its culture, has been set apart for the production of grain.

A Hint to Gardeners.—As our houses and gardens are always, more or less, infested with vermin, it is satisfactory to know that benzine, an article become sufficiently well-known as a detergent, is no less efficacious as an agent in insecticide. One or two drops are sufficient to asphyxiate the most redoubtable insect pest, be it beetle, cockchafer, spider, slug, caterpillar, or other creeping thing. Even rats and mice will speedily decamp from any place sprinkled with a few drops of the potent benzine. A singular fact connected with this application of benzine is, that the bodies of insects killed by it become so rigid, that their wings, legs, etc., will break rather than bend, if touched. Next day, however, when the benzine has evaporated, suppleness is restored.—[London Chronicle]

The Water Cress.—A correspondent of the *Horticulturalist* commends the following as a cheap and simple way of growing this plant, wherever there is a well or pump. "Take flooring boards, and a tank four feet wide and one deep; pitch the seams, and sink in the earth; fill with good soil, and set plants. Run in all spilt water. I have raised it in this way for three years, a bed of the above size furnishing an ample supply. The last two years I sashed it, and cut from 1st May until the middle of December. It should have a warm aspect, to get it in bearing early, but is better shaded by an arbor of beans, squash, etc., in July and August, or the sun is apt to cook it."

To Dress Sheep Skins.—Nail the skin on a board, with the flesh side out; rub on plenty of powdered chalk; after it is dry and begins to rub off, rub on some alum and roll it up and lay it in a dry place three or four days; shake it out and rub it well.

THE OLD GROWLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Corporal Ploquet of the sixty-first regiment (French), was undoubtedly the greatest original of the grand army which invaded Russia under Bonaparte. It was from his snarlish disposition that this regiment received from Bonaparte the soubriquet of the Growlers.

Ploquet was a good comrade; but more, he was a brave soldier, having no fault but that of never being pleased. He complained of everything, at all times, and in all places.

During the four years I was his bed-fellow, I never heard one approbatory word escape his lips, never did his countenance indicate the least sign of satisfaction, even when a victory was gained, and booty was certain to be had.

Whilst he was in garrison, he complained of want of sleep; and when on a march he was fatigued; when his knapsack was well garnished, he complained that it was too heavy; when empty, it was too light; and fretted that he had not the means to replenish it. From this habit of always being dissatisfied, the soldiers would remark to him that if a regiment of Malcontents would be raised, he would certainly be chosen Colonel. But, after all, this failing of his never caused offence to be taken, for the soldiers would but laugh at his eccentricities; and even the officers would overlook his cross answers on account of his otherwise good conduct, and in consideration of his many feats of valor in many desperate conflicts, and the many other good qualities he possessed.

It was more especially during the Russian campaign that this monomania was fully developed. The long and fatiguing marches of the army through a sterile and incendiary country, was a fertile source of indulgence for this penchant. He would remark, "That we had nothing to expect here but to carry our bones to the end of the earth. What can we do in a country of savages? We have already marched a hundred leagues without seeing a single potato; it would be some relief if we could but hear the crack of a cannon, as among civilized people, but no, we never hear even the puff of a priming, though I have carried at my back four packs of cartridges." He dwelt particularly on this point, as if these cartridges were a grievous trouble to him, and he believed they never would be used, but would still continue to be a heavy load.

At last, the two armies came in sight of each other, but seemed to avoid an encounter.

The Russians at length daringly drew up in front of our troops. Two days before the battle of Moskawa, the Emperor inspected the army, and our Colonel rode from rank to rank of the regiment to inspire them for the coming conflict. "Soldiers," said he, "the Emperor has given us the glorious mission to attack one of the redoubts which the enemy has raised to arrest our march. Long live the Emperor!" The regiment received this information with loud huzzas; the only exception was Ploquet. "Pshaw, these Parisians are all alike, they tell us the greatest favor they can confer upon us, is to order us where we may be cut down by the balls of the enemy."

"How is this, Corporal," said I; are you not pleased to see these bravadoes so near us?"

"Yes! so near us; when, after we have marched an hour under this stiff harness, and entered their battlements, more than half of us will be cut to pieces before we know where we are."

"But look at the glory," said I. "Glory—death! This glory is neither for you nor me," said he; "it is all for these Parisians, dressed out with glittering caps of general officers, trigly appareled, their boots shining, and who feast three times a day."

The army was then ordered to advance; in the space of an hour we deployed under the fire of the enemy's batteries, which swept off whole files of our men. Our regiment being exposed to the destructive artillery, suffered most dreadfully. For a moment, hesitation prevailed—a panic had seized the new allies, who were on the eve of retreating. Ploquet, who was in the third rank, immediately threw his musket across them, and swore he would spit the first man who would attempt to leave the ranks. While thus acting, a ball struck his cartridge box, and carried part of it away, which caused him to make one of the drollest grimaces I ever beheld.

"Five packages of cartridges lost," said he, gnashing his teeth; "after carrying them two hundred leagues without firing one; it is aggravating!"

The regiment then rushed forward at double quick time. The Russian artillery soon ceased firing—it was awful—it had a solemn effect—the oldest sighed adieu, and the officers raised their hands in supplication. Ploquet seized his musket, his brilliant eyes flashed like lightning, and after muttering a dreadful oath, he rushed impetuously forward. Suddenly a blue light was seen to rise from the redoubt—an awful explosion had taken place, which made the ground to shake like an earthquake; then a dense smoke enveloped the whole battle field, and hundreds of shattered bodies were strewn around. Ploquet was no longer near me, and I thought he had been among the slain. When the wind had cleared away the smoke, I saw the lower part of his body entering the breach which had been made. He was easily distinguished by the remnant of the cartridge-box, which still adhered to his back. I hastened to his as-

sistance, and although I followed the same way, he was not to be seen.

True, the carnage which was going on in the fort, did not allow much time for search. The assault was continued unabated, as the example set by the Corporal stimulated the other braves to follow to his support. Powder was useless—the sabre and bayonet alone glittered in the melee, which was dreadfully severe. The battle was fought man to man, and the slain on both sides lay together on the spot where they fell. This skirmishing lasted more than twenty minutes, and seldom was a duel fought with more desperation and obstinacy. When the skirmishing had ceased, the cry of victory was heard—the redoubt was ours, and the eagle was placed on the walls.

Over the noise and confusion which then prevailed, a voice was heard calling on the drum-major to lower the flag, but there was no answer; the drummer was called, but no drummer appeared, all were slain.

Very soon afterwards he found Ploquet leaning against a wheel of the advanced train, endeavoring to staunch with his shirt sleeve the blood which was flowing in streams from a wound he had received on his head. I hastened to his relief, and saw that the blow which he had received had split his shako. "It was lucky," said I, "that your head was so well protected."

"Ah! my friend," said he, "do you call that lucky, when I have lost two bundles of cigars, such as you never have smoked, and such as I do not expect soon to find again."

He then showed me the bundle of cigars, which the sabre had cut into.

"But," said I, "these cigars must have saved your head, probably."

He replied very briefly, "It might be probable."

Happily his wound was not a very serious one, and he refused permission to absent himself from duty—but he only asked that his services might be dispensed with for twenty-four hours.

Next morning it was rumored that the Emperor had received the portrait of his son, and that it was placed outside of his tent, that all might see it. I proposed to Ploquet to accompany me to see that portrait. He very reluctantly consented, and we proceeded to the tent. Many of the superior officers were there, and the name of the Corporal was soon whispered around, and the group gave way to him. The Emperor soon after made his appearance at the door of his tent, and looking round, perceived the wounded Corporal, whom he at once recognised by the bandage around his head, tied with a bloody handkerchief. He beckoned to Ploquet, who stepped forward without seeming to be the least abashed.

"Corporal Ploquet," said the Emperor; "I am told that you were among the first of those who entered the redoubt yesterday."

"True," he replied; "but that ought not to afford you much pleasure, for it was dreadful hard work for those engaged."

A look from the Emperor put an end to his murmurs.

"Ah! then tell us," continued the Emperor; "would a promotion please you?"

"Thanks, my Emperor, but that would not suit me; I am content with the bars on my arm already."

"Perhaps, then, the Legion of Honor would best please you—take it, and we may remain friends." Then untying the cross from his breast, amidst a general acclamation, he presented it to the Corporal, who received it with one hand, and with the other he gave a military salute. He then fastened it to a button of his coat, very leisurely, without any sign of emotion. Indeed, of all those who were present, he seemed the most unconcerned. The Emperor, on entering his tent, coolly observed, "Behold a growler, who never was satisfied."

A few days after this, there was read to the soldiers a proclamation, beginning—"Soldiers, the battle you so much desired," etc., (Moscow)—"Desired!" said Ploquet; "there need be no haste to beat the empty wind."

"Corporal," said I; "you are excused from serving on this occasion, you had better go to the rear."

"What could I do there?"

"You would then be under shelter of the cannon."

"I don't wish to be there. What! under shelter—that would be amusing, indeed, to hear, but see nothing. I am rather curious." He was determined to share in the fight which was about to take place, happen what would.

During the night he suffered much pain from his wound. In the morning the Major declared that gangrene would be sure to take place, if he should get himself overheated. In despite of his anxiety, he had to remain inactive during that memorable day, (the battle of Moscow.)

It is well known that Bonaparte easily recognised the countenances of those he had once seen, and that he had the remarkable faculty of remembering proper names. During the fatal retreat from Moscow, a little on the other side of Smobenski, as the Emperor rode past the regiment, which marched in concert with the guards, he recognized the old Corporal—"My poor Ploquet," said he, to him; "You now have some reason to be dissatisfied."

"Yes, my Emperor, I think you must be a little more than we are."

We had now to pass the Berisino river. Ploquet and I had passed over about two-thirds of the bridge, when the crowd precipitated themselves like an avalanche, in order to pass over, and we were pushed into the

river. The Corporal, who was a good swimmer, placed his left hand under my chin, and with the other bore us along; dashing away the ice which threatened to cut us in two. We succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, where the Russian cannon were playing on the retreating soldiery. I felt a great inclination to sleep, but Ploquet declared this to be dangerous—that if we ceased marching, in half an hour we should be frozen to death. He began to run, pushing me before him. We had advanced about a hundred steps, when he fell in the snow, a ball having fractured both his legs. I turned to assist him—"March on!" said he. "But Corporal, you have just saved my life, and I cannot leave you." "March on—I am happier than many others. In five minutes I will feel no longer cold."

This was perhaps the first time in his life he was content with his fate. He expired a few moments after, pressing the cross to his lips which the Emperor had given him.

[For the Deseret News.]

Pure Happiness.

BY ALEXANDER OTT.

The genial, golden age of pure unalloyed happiness may be compared to the sweet, soft repose of a lovely landscape, where no harsh winds chill the effusions of mind and heart; where the scenery is robed in the delicate, soul-inspiring light of the rising sun, where everything before us is beautiful and inviting, and everything behind us fair and serene.

True happiness is based upon a knowledge and practice of correct principles, upon a mind capable of realizing that there is something more about the works of nature than the outside senses can grasp, that there is an idea, a sentiment, yes, even a world shut up in the tender bosoms of every leaf, that reality expands and perfects itself into a series of endless creations; that everything appeals kindly but emphatically to the recipient intellect, that often the storm of misfortune is a visible, palpable blessing pronounced by the Great I AM upon the frail pilgrim of life.

He who is truly happy, knows it to be the very essence of sound morals to harmonize and regulate the passions, and to aim at an equanimity of mind, or a placid, unruffled temper.

True happiness has its altar in the serene sphere of kindred hearts and genial spirits, where thoughts and feelings reflect the noble ministry of the soul, and the solemn pathos of life is a constant jubilee.

It is a very singular fact, that, though there is in our constitution or moral habitus, a principle, prompting us to promote our somatic and mental existence, still very few realize that true happiness arises from a proper understanding of our own identity; hence we often find the harmony of the mind disturbed, forming an unceasing source of mental disquietude and turbulence.

A person in that state of mind is offended at trifles, often takes mere incidental occurrences for intended and premeditated insults, misconstrues the conduct of others, and thus surrounds himself constantly with imaginary enemies, imaginary neglects and injuries, and, in fine, with imaginary defects in every thing.

If we have the right cast of mind, every thing in nature is bright, beautiful and abundant; every thing betokens intelligence, kindness and comfort, hence we may well expect that the human life should, at least, to a certain extent, reflect the fine, palpable and unfading operations of the Creator, and that the mind should be serene and fruitful, endeavoring to rise above the ordinary routine of mechanical life, working constantly towards something, higher and nobler, and thus prepare that intellectual food which is as essential to the welfare of the spirit as nutriment is to the body.

Then everything will harmonize with us, our soul will joyfully throb at its hearth and altar, and the beauty of the mind will show itself in a thousand gentle ways in kindness, charity, and a genuine courtesy, which will wear the air of heart refinement, that mere education cannot give.

Thus, man has the power to weave life into immortal garlands with the golden thread of pure happiness, and the exquisite flowers of genial sentiments.

Hiring a Girl.

A lady who wished to hire a "maid of all work," was called into the parlor to see an applicant.

Biddy, (seated on the sofa).—"I hear yez want a girl."

Lady.—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Have yez hot and cold wather carried convaniantly all over the house?"

Lady, (still standing).—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Is there gas in the kitchen?"

Lady.—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Carpets on the girl's room?"

Lady.—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Do you have a man to make the fires, and black shoes?"

Lady.—"No. The girl makes her own fires."

Biddy.—"That's too bad. But I like yez and yer house other ways, and the kitchen looks convaniant, so I think I'll come.—I'll be expecting \$9 a month, as I niver works for less."

Lady.—"But I want to ask you one question. Can you play on the piano?"

Biddy.—"Shure, no mam."

Lady.—"Then I'm sure you will not do for me."