

Agricultural.

SAWDUST AND TANNER'S BARK.—There is no substance of a vegetable origin which may not be converted into the food of plants. This conversion nature effects through the unassisted agency of her own laws, when left entirely to herself, for it is a principle in her economy that nothing shall be lost.

Of the many articles usually considered as worthless, the two above named afford the most familiar instances. Tanner's bark possesses an astringency which, if applied to the soil in its fresh state, prevents its decomposition, and acts upon the crop in a manner which is by no means beneficial. Muck from the swamps also acts much in the same way, in consequence of the presence of a powerful and unneutralized acid; yet muck is a most valuable ingredient in compost, and farmers generally avail themselves of it, notwithstanding its acidity, and usually with good success.

Tanner's bark and sawdust, if thrown into heaps with good mould, muck, decomposing animal and vegetable matters, or quick lime, will be converted into a valuable manure. The alkalescent principle of the lime will destroy the astringency of the one and so far neutralize the resinous properties of the other—that is, pine, hemlock, fir, spruce and cedar—as to render both available in the nutriment of plants; and to ensure, if they be judiciously applied all the results usually attained by the application of the most energetic vegetable manure from barn or yards.

In composting bark, it is a good plan to mix it, in small quantities with those substances which decompose rapidly, and with considerable heat, as heat destroys the tannin, and, combined with moisture, acts favorably in breaking the texture of the mass—rendering it fine and absorbent.

By using a sufficient quantity of lime bark may be converted into compost of a valuable quality in a single season; but such rapidity of preparation is not advisable, as the expense is too great for the profit.

Sawdust may be used advantageously for bedding in stalls and tie-ups, where it will absorb the liquid voidings of the animals, and by being saturated with this—itsself a powerful stimulant to vegetation—and mixed with the solid and fermentable portions of the manure, it will be broken up, and fitted for immediate use, though in itself, it will act more favorably the second or third year, (unless it be very fine,) than it will the first. The dust from lath and shingle machines is generally fine, and consequently decomposes much more rapidly when buried in the soil, or mixed as an ingredient in compost heaps, than that which is of a coarser texture. —[*New England Farmer*.]

HOW TO HAVE CLEAN GARDENS.—First, hoe early. Weeds when first up are very tender, but when large, many will live unless buried, but if buried when fresh will decay before another hoeing becomes necessary. Continue the hoeing through the season, or as long as weeds grow. A few weeds allowed to go to seed will stock a large garden. Purslane in particular, one of our most troublesome garden weeds, has a multitude of seed, and ripens it while the capsules are still green, and many a cornfield has been stocked with it by manure from the hog-yard.

Second. Put no yard manure on the garden that has not been thoroughly fermented. Hen manure, guano, phosphate of lime, ground bone and wood to mix intimately with the contents of the privy a sufficient quantity of some suitable absorbent, such as coal ashes, clay, swamp muck or charcoal ashes are all good but poudrette is better than either of them singly, and every family should manufacture their own. Nothing more is necessary than dust, which should be dry, and improved by the addition of gypsum. To facilitate the operation I have so constructed my privy that whenever a lid is closed a given quantity of absorbent is deposited underneath, and besides answering the purpose intended, it operates as a disinfectant, allaying the unpleasant odor of the premises to such a degree as in my opinion to pay for all the trouble and expense, if that alone were the object. —[*Country Gentleman*.]

RAISING CALVES.—A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* thus describes his method of raising calves:—A calf that I am going to raise I never let suck the cow. It is much easier to teach it to drink without than after sucking. I have had calves drink alone before they were twelve hours old; and after the second day have but little trouble with them, as they drink freely if

in good health. Besides the great advantage of this is, that when they are turned with the cows they never trouble them, neither have I to muzzle them to prevent their sucking, as they know nothing about it. For the first two weeks I give them milk drawn from the mother; after that the cud comes, then I scald a little bran or ground oats and corn cake meal, etc. This mixture I have about milk warm, feeding them three times a day, making fresh each time, as they do not relish stale food. They will soon eat a little hay; clover is best. If there is grass I tie them out for a short time, and in six weeks they may be left to run, and then sloop gradually slack off. I consider March the best time to start calves, as in April they can get a little grass, and by the following winter they have a good beginning.

A LIST OF PEACHES.—A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* gives the following: First comes Troth's Early, a good fruit, and ripens about the first of August; next comes Early York, a finer peach, and of excellent flavor; Crawford's Early, a very fine yellow peach; Ward's Free, an excellent peach and fine bearer; Morris Red, a superior peach for carrying, on account of its free stone and solid flesh; Oldmixon Free, one of the very finest bearers, and a hardy tree, and last, the smock, which is as late as any good variety. This list of trees are all good bearers and fine fruit. They will ripen in the order given, from first to last during the peach season.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE, AND MARRYING A WIDOW.

Thirty years old to-day. Could it be possible that I, Mark Marks, had jumped from my teens so suddenly on to the threshold of thirty summers?

I asked my mother. She counted her fingers, naming John, Joe, Charley and Henry, Maria and Susan, Betsy and Eliza, Jerusha and Hannah, Ellen and Sallie, Annie and Julia, Marion and Minnie, and the rest of her small family, and finally said she was positive I was thirty years old.

This settled the question. I was unmarried. I had resisted for ten years all matrimonial temptations; but now, feeling the infirmness of age creeping on, I concluded it would not be an unhealthy thing for me to secure a wife.

How to bring this determination to a successful conclusion demanded my consideration.

I pondered, and continued to ponder. Possessing a modest disposition, the idea of going about in the society of marriageable girls on a hunting expedition didn't suit me.

Finally I made up my mind to dodge this difficulty by advertising.

Therefore the columns of the *Podwick Daily Eagle*, one fine morning in June, contained the following:

MATRIMONIAL.—The advertiser, a young man twenty-five years old, possessing in appearance, intelligent, of good habits, etc., desires to correspond with some young lady with a view of forming a matrimonial alliance. Address, and send carte de visite to, "Anxious Seat," Podwick P. O.

Three days after the publication of this, I had received seven hundred and fifty replies.

I was encouraged. Such generosity assured me that I wasn't the only person in the vicinity of Podwick who had a hankering after conjugal felicity.

I opened the letters and devoted two whole days to their perusal.

The one that suited me best was inclosed in an envelope surrounded with blank lines, an indication that the writer had recently attended a funeral, which, considering the nature of the correspondence, was evidence enough that she didn't allow grief to interfere with anything which promised consolation.

Her note was as follows:

Mr. Anxious Seat: I notice that you desire to correspond with a "young lady," but perhaps you may not wish to hear from one who, though young, is a widow. I am twenty-three years of age, have an amiable disposition I believe, and as for personal appearance I leave you to judge from the enclosed carte de visite. Should you desire to know me further, please address Julia, East Haddam.

Her visite was a beauty. It struck my fancy exactly.

But she was a widow.

Here was an objection; yet I considered the matter thoroughly, and instead of allowing my prejudices to run loose, took what I conceived to be a sensible view of it.

I responded thus:

She's a widow. Being thus, her application is an argument in support of my resolution to marry. Why? because she has been married, and liked it so well she's willing to marry again. Matrimony therefore must be the true state of happiness.

I wrote her a letter, and in due time received a reply.

Other epistles followed, and finally one pleasant afternoon I found myself in East Haddam, in the presence of Mrs. Julia Wilsonburg.

It is sufficient to state that the interview was mutually agreeable.

The young lady was attired in mourning, which was so becoming to her features and complexion, that I never once thought of Wilsonburg, deceased.

Her politeness was charming. Her conversational powers were superior.

"Her voice was very soft, Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman,"

her figure natural, not being made to order by supplies of whalebone, etc., and altogether your humble servant was completely alive to her virtues and if she had any faults, was very blind to them.

I was ready to be married, (being so enthusiastically smitten,) right "on that line if it took all summer;" but prudence dictated that we hadn't better be in a hurry—folks would talk about it, etc.—and our decision was to wait a few months, and then settle down in Podwick together.

Time passed at a remarkably slow gait, through the days and weeks which followed.

Christmas at last came, and the day following had been agreed upon for our own wedding festivities.

Now I desire to ask the masculine reader, who has a wife and babies, if his feelings were any like mine during the day preceding his investment of five or ten dollars in ministerial hands for services rendered? It was the most nervous day I ever experienced, and it being the last of my single blessedness—did not furnish as much serenity as many which had passed. Yet my convictions on the subject of marriage were not to be mistaken. And I may remark here that it is my belief that the man who has been on a matrimonial anxious seat for several months, when brought to within a few hours of the consummation devoutly wished, has as perfect and clear an idea of his situation as possible to human nature—

"So clear, so shining, and so evident, That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye."

The important day and the important hour arrived at last, and Mrs. Julia Wilsonburg and Mark Marks, Esq., of Podwick, were tied together, so to speak, and set adrift in this wild world.

At last we found ourselves engaged in housekeeping opposite the village green in Podwick.

We had occupied the premises two days, and on the evening following received a number of calls.

"Mark," said Julia, before any of our visitors arrived, "I'll wear my green silk to night I guess. Mr. Wilsonburg thought green was very becoming to me."

"Anything," said I, "that you please;" but I omitted to, "hang Wilsonburg!" though I had not, by any means, just at that moment forgotten the deceased. Mrs. Snuffers, aged forty-nine, was our first caller.

I greeted her cordially and introduced her to my wife—"Mrs. Snuffers, Mrs. Marks."

A sign of natural recognition followed, attended by looks of surprise.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. S., "Is this you, Julia? I thought you married John Wilsonburg, of East Haddam."

"So I did, but he has been dead some time," responded Mrs. Marks.

"Has he?" mournfully queried Mrs. S., and she immediately turned about and surveyed my person.

Great minds run in the same channel, and for that reason perhaps, I was thinking of the deceased just at this particular period of my existence.

The conversation on the topic introduced terminated abruptly by my inquiring of Mrs. S. if she had heard from her son John in the army?

Seventeen callers came and departed during the evening, without developing anything particularly new or interesting.

I observed one thing, that they all said a good deal without saying much.

When the house was quiet Mrs. Marks suggested to me that she was afraid some of our visitors would think I was not polite enough, and she was sorry because on such occasion people were apt to indulge in severe criticisms. Then she added:

"When Mr. Wilsonburg and I received calls after we were married everybody complimented me upon his being so perfect a gentleman."

This remark didn't remove from my mind any impressions I had previously received relative to the memory of the departed; but I maintained a respectful silence.

After breakfast the next day Mrs. M. asked me if I had ever eaten a "Chul-luwug Pudding?"

"No."

Well, we'll have one to-day. I think they are the nicest dessert ever put upon a table. Mr. Wilsonburg used to say he never saw anything to equal them in all his traveling in France.

We had one.

On the Sunday following we attended church for the first time in Podwick. A smart young man preached the sermon.

Mrs. Marks appeared much interested, and as we walked home she said that it was the best discourse she had listened to in a long time.

"Isn't he a fine looking man? What a good voice he has! He reminded me very much of Mr. Wilsonburg. You never saw him, did you?"

"No, I never saw him; but I've heard of him," I replied.

So it was; wherever we went, in the house or out of it, the natural simplicity of Mrs. Marks, who, of course, intending no offence, kept the virtues of the deceased Wilsonburg continually fresh in my thoughts.

I stood it bravely, giving no sign of uneasiness until an incident occurred which appeared to call for some decision on my part.

I had been a parent for three weeks. The new-comer was a boy.

"Mark," said my wife one day, "what shall we call the little fellow?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought anything about it. Most any respectable name will do, I suppose."

"What do you think of John Wilsonburg?"

That was too much. I straightened myself up in a dignified manner and proceeded to remark:

"Madam: Wilsonburg may have been a respectable man for all I know. If he had lived and had become a parent he would have had a perfect right to name his own infant. But I take it that this is none of his funeral. That infant, madam, can't be named Wilsonburg, not if I know myself. It was produced in the house of Marks, as far as heard from, and there is no necessity for robbing the grave to give it a character. Name it Bill Jones, Sam Smith, or anything else; but Wilsonburg, never!"

This wasn't very strong language, but it was strong enough to bring tears from the eyes of Mrs. Marks, and cause her to say:

"You are cruel; Wilsonburg never talked so to me."

"Wilsonburg be-be-be hanged. He never was a parent."

And then there was a "scene"—the first of our married life—which had its continuation at regular intervals, until Mrs. M., through irritability and exhaustion, faded like a flower and withered leaf.

Her last words were:

"Bury me by the side of Wilsonburg."

The request was granted.

This occurred two years ago. There is to be another wedding shortly after which the hopeful youth who calls me daddy will have an opportunity to divide his affections.

She who is to be the bride this time, perhaps it is well to remark, hasn't had any experience in the husband business.

I may be permitted to add that I have no prejudice whatever against young widows.—I like them; and I say it boldly; but I wouldn't advise anybody to marry one unless she furnishes good evidence that she does not carry with her the ghost of her deceased comrade.

Then again (and it is only fair to say it) fastidious men if they marry widows should do so with the full understanding that there is a difference between widows and maids, and make up their minds to always be charitable when necessity requires.

But the best course to pursue in order to have harmony, is thus:

Let widowers marry widows; then, if the latter shall refer to the virtues of the departed, the former may dwell upon the same theme, and between them both the dead will receive praises perhaps they never dreamed of before "shuffling off this mortal coil."

—A lazy fellow begged alms saying he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."