

Advertiser.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

NO. 41.



Poetic Access.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.
MY HOME ON THE HILL.
 O! my home, my home is beautiful,
 Beneath the chesnut shade;
 With the garden of sweet summer flowers
 Which my sister played.
 These to me have a richer green,
 Than all the woods beside;
 A deeper gold hath the sun;
 And stars at eventide.

Here is my mother's pleasant eye,
 And my father's shielding care;
 And the friend whose voice in household
 love,
 Mingles with ours in prayer.
 By the casement where in girlish years,
 I couched my light task o'er,
 With my student brother bend I now,
 O'er a page of classic lore.

And here dwelt one with silver locks,
 But he has passed away!
 How fondly was that form beloved,
 These blinding tear drops say.
 He held me oft in his aged arms,
 My head on his kindly breast;
 I saw him die when he passed away,
 As a child to its cradled rest.

O! my home, my home is beautiful,
 With its skies and summer flowers;
 And many are its innocent joys,
 And its silent thoughtful hours.
 And the merry days of childhood leave,
 Fond memories long and warm,
 But the gentlest thoughts of my bosom rest
 On the aged slumberer's form.

Miscellaneous.

From the Genesee Farmer.
APPLE MOLASSES. BY TRY AND SEE.
 —Brother farmers, will you listen to me a few minutes, while I tell you how to provide yourself with a first rate article, and one of prime necessity. You are probably in something of a haste, though I hope you have your potatoes dug and safe in your cellar, for there are many things a farmer has to do to be ready for winter. It is just about election time also, and every farmer should manage so as to be able to drop in at the poll and give his vote for a good man and true; but do not do, as many who will make the privilege of voting an excuse for spending a whole day at the tavern, imbibing, "wet damnation."

If you are a married man, as I hope you are for no other one has consistent claim to the character of a good citizen, you know or if you do not, your wife does, that it costs no trifling sum to provide sweetness for a family, while there is no possibility of doing without it; and experience has fully shown me, that for many of the purposes of domestic cookery, Apple Molasses is far preferable to West India, while it is at the same time much cheaper.

I make little cider, my apples are worth more fed to my hogs than for cider; but I make a practice of selecting my best sweet apples, those that furnish the richest, heaviest liquor, and making a cheese from them using the cider thus obtained for making apple or quince preserves, boiling down for molasses, and keep two or three barrels for drink, ultimate conversion into vinegar.—When new from the press, and before fermentation commences, that which I intend for boiling is brought to the house, and boiled in brass to the proper consistence; taking care not to burn it, as that gives the molasses a disagreeable flavour and taking off the scum that rises during the process. The quantity to be boiled or the number of barrels of cider required to make one of molasses, will depend greatly on the kind of apples used, and the richness of the new liquor. Four, or four and a half, are generally sufficient, but when care is not used in making the selection of apples, five barrels may sometimes be necessary; but let it take more or less, enough must be used to make the molasses, when cold, as thick as the best West India. When boiled sufficiently, it should be turned into vessels to cool, and from them transferred to a new sweet barrel, put into a cold cellar, where it would keep without trouble, and ready for use at all times.

Molasses made in this way will be pure, and possess a vinous or rather brandied flavor, which makes it far superior to the West India for mince, apple or tart pies, though where the apples used are very sour, a small quantity of unported molasses may be advantageously used. It is also excellent for making beer in the summer, giving it a briskness, and flavour which common molasses will not; in short, there are but few uses to which molasses is applied, in which it will not be found equal or superior to the other. Its cheapness should also be a decided recommendation with the farmer. The cider from which I manufacture my molasses, is worth at the press a dollar a barrel, and is worth a dollar to reduce it to molasses, thus making the cost of a barrel of molasses, allowing four and a half

barrels of cider to be used, four dollars and fifty cents. The price of common molasses will average about fifty cents a gallon, or sixteen dollars a barrel, making a saving to the farmer, in the use of apple molasses of about ten dollars a barrel.

FRANKLINIAN ECONOMY.

Aside from Franklin's discoveries in electricity and philosophy, a correspondent in the Washington Sun thus speaks of Dr. Franklin's discoveries in matters of domestic economy:

"To no native American is more honour due than to Dr. Franklin. His science, patriotism, industry, and morality as well as his political sagacity, have been and are the subjects of general approbation; and, as common property, it is not necessary to dilate upon them. It is his investigating spirit of inquiry, as to whatever new his mind rested upon, and the beneficial results of his observations, that are now brought to view."

"Broom corn, now cultivated to so profitable an extent in this country, owes its cultivation to Franklin's acute observation. A lady in Philadelphia held an imported broom-whisk in her hand, and, whilst examining it as a novelty, he found a single grain still attached to the stalk; this he planted, and a large and increasing article of usefulness, has been thus perpetuated in the U. States. A paragraph from a northern newspaper 1836, has a corroborating proof of the value of this discovery: "The broom straw speculation bids fair to run as high this year as it did last. A week ago speculators were offering fifty dollars an acre for the growing brush."

[The Yellow, or Golden Willow, which now flourishes in most parts of the Union, was introduced by the same friend to his country and mankind. In a wicker-work imported basket offered to his view, Dr. Franklin found some of the twigs were sprouting; he took them out and presented them to Mr. Norris, of Philadelphia, who succeeded in raising them very successfully, and to a great height.]

Philology.—The solid stolid of the family of the *Smalls* call J. C. Calhoun, "erratic," and "eccentric." We cannot, for the life of us, interpret the word, "eccentric" as applied by the writing down committee to the great statesman of the South, any otherwise than as meaning that intellectually he is not like most of themselves, confined to *one idea*, around which their little minds revolve like asses around a mill post—but that his mind makes excursions and casts new light upon every subject of its attention—and that politically his *eccentricity* means uniform and consistent opposition to consolidating *centralism*. As regards the "erratic" we suspect that word is more used against him by those who would exalt and glorify by the comparison with his thoughts that wander—their own happy steadiness of destination from all ideas whatever, from which they could possibly wander.—*Chas. Mer.*

From the Southern Argus.

"In truth if Mr. Calhoun has come out in favour of the Message, he is but following out the principles which his party in South Carolina have always professed."—*Columbus Dem.*

Here is an admission to which we beg leave to call the attention of every one.—What is the nature of it? Nothing more or less than that Mr. Van Buren has promulgated in his message the very doctrines which Nullifiers "have always professed," doctrines which the Democrat has always opposed, and doctrines which we have always supported. We are glad the Democrat is beginning to agree with the Nullifiers, and we greet it on at last discovering the truth of our doctrines. We take considerable credit to our selves for this conversion, for we believe our article in the Argus of the 29th of August last tended in a great measure to open its eyes to the truth. The nullifying Democrat and the "nullifying" Argus will now jog on cheek by jowl.

THE TRUTH IN A NUT-SHELL.—We have not seen the true position of Mr. Calhoun at present more strikingly defined than in the following extract from the Mobile Examiner:—

"The stand which Mr. Calhoun has taken surprises both parties, and occasions innumerable speculations as to the cause and consequences. People don't understand Mr. Calhoun—he is too honest for them—he acts according to the dictates of reason, and this is so at war with party philosophy as to become a source of mystery and wonder to all."

Royal presents.—The young Queen of England seems likely to be smothered with presents. The papers have already recorded sundry donations to her majesty, such as an olive tree from Smyrna, a portfolio, from Mr. Forrest's dresser, &c. &c.; and now we learn from the Boston Mercantile Journal, that E. C. Delavan, Esq. the well known persevering friend and advocate of temperance, has it in contemplation to bestow upon her majesty a copy of Mr. Lucius M. Sargent's Temperance Tales, in four volumes, splendidly bound in embossed Turkish morocco. The gift would have been more appropriate, if made to some of her majesty's uncles.—*N. York Commercial Advertiser.*

A rich desert service for the new queen of England of Porcelain has been exhibited in England. It has taken five years to complete it, and cost three thousand guineas. It consists of 200 pieces, viz. 56 elevated vases, baskets &c., and 12 doz. plates,