

Holmes County Republican.

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Poetry.

"LINES ON WOMAN."

The following "Lines on Woman" are to be read alternately, the first and second lines, or first and third, as it may suit the taste or sentiment of the reader:

The bliss of him no one can tell,
Who in a woman doth confide;
Who with a woman scorns to dwell,
Unnumbered evils will betide.

They fill each pleasant day
With joy and innocent delight,
With cheerless gloom and misery
Are none possessed while in their sight.

They make the dreamy path of life
A pleasant journey strewn with flowers;
A dreamy scene of peaceful strife,
They quickly change with matchless power.

Domestic joy will fast decay,
Where female influence is not known;
Where'er a woman holds her sway,
A man is in perfection shown.

She's never failing to display
Truth in its native loveliness;
A heart inclined to butchery,
A woman never did possess.

That man true dignity will find,
Who tries the matrimonial state;
Who poor contempt on woman-kind,
Will mourn his folly when too late.

Miscellaneous.

An Irishman in the Bedroom of a Princess.

Correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing from the Sandwich Islands, under date of January 28th, mentions the following incident:

Some few nights since, his most gracious Majesty, King Kamehameha IV, of the Sandwich Islands, was pleased to let it be known that he would hold an evening reception at the royal palace. Accordingly a large number of the lords and ladies of the kingdom, and private ladies and gentlemen who were familiar at court, were in attendance. Among those who figured largely in receiving the guests of the crown was the Princess Victoria, sister to the King and Premier of the kingdom; also, Prince Lott Kamehameha (brother to the King and to the Princess Royal) commander-in-chief of the army of the kingdom and heir-apparent to the throne. These two distinguished personages were the principal actors in this grand entertainment.

Among the invited guests and privileged characters that surrounded the throne, was one M. C. Manserrat, an Irishman of auctioneer distinctions in these Islands, and military aid to Prince Lott, of gallant and noble bearing, fine person, and lofty pretensions. Well, after the evening had somewhat advanced, her Highness, the Princess Victoria, excused herself to her gay companions and retired to her own apartment. Shortly afterward, our gallant auctioneer also took leave of the royal presence of the King and Queen. The circumstances seemed a little singular, and Prince Lott, the brother of the Princess Victoria, seeing something that awakened his suspicions, took with him the King's Lord Chamberlain (a man named Nelson, of New York memory) and the two repaired to the door of the bed-chamber of the Princess Royal; and finding their suspicions still further excited, burst the door open, and there were the guilty pair, the Princess and Manserrat, sure enough.

The crash of the door brought the King and his royal consort to the scene. The King proposed the instant death of Manserrat by shooting. The son of the Emerald Isle unfolded his bosom, and admitting his guilt, told them to execute their threat. Thereupon a parley ensued, the Princess defending her paramour warmly, and threatened the royal pair, as well as her distinguished brother, with her power as Premier of the Kingdom if they injured one hair of his head. Finally a duel was talked of, and at last banishment from the Kingdom agreed upon by all parties; whereupon our gallant M. C. Manserrat took his departure on board the Fanny Major for San Francisco.

I saw the Princess to-day in her carriage before one of our fashionable dry goods stores with one of her female companions by her side, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. This startling intelligence first became known on Saturday, the 24th of January, and the next day after the departure of our gallant for San Francisco.—The day following was Sunday, and, at the meeting of the congregations of the different churches of these Evangelized Islands, the nods, winks, and smiles among the fair ones can be better conceived than described. The old matrons drew deep and heavy sighs.

The Princess is a young woman, about 18 or 19 years of age, of middling stature, handsome form, and somewhat graceful in her manners, but no beauty. She is quite dark, heavy eyes and eye brows, resembles a dark mulatto. She is the daughter of the present Governor of this Island, Oahu, by his first wife, who was the reigning queen of this kingdom the minority of Kamehameha III. She is the richest person in the kingdom. It was probably her wealth and her power as Premier of the kingdom; that enabled her to hold at bay her two royal brothers, when they had determined on the destruction of her paramour; for she told them in the midst of the scene, standing in her dishabille, with a firmness worthy, of a better cause, that if they laid violent hands upon Manserrat, she would shake the throne to its centre, and dash the royal diadem from the brow of her noble brother. To banishment she consented. The Princess is all-powerful among the natives. Her father, the Governor, and her two brothers, the King and Prince, are the finest looking natives on the Islands. They all, as well as the Princess, have an English education, and speak the language well.

I remain, gentlemen, respectfully yours,
OTHELLO.

The Blacksmith of Regenbach.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

In the principality of Hohelohe, now a part of the kingdom of Wirtemberg, in a village called Regenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following event took place:

One afternoon in the early autumn, in the tavern room of Regenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease. The smith formed one of the merry company—a strong, vigorous man, with resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good natured smile on his lips that every one who saw him admired him. His arms were like bars of iron and his fists like forge hammers, so that few could equal him in strength of body.

The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when all at once the door opened, and a dog came staggering into the room, a great powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect; his head was hanging down, and his eyes bloodshot, his lead colored tongue hanging half way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deadly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, with a horrified voice:

"Good heavens! the dog is mad!"
There rose an outcry. The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left; no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrunk from the dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by the mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the likelihood of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled, and an elevated resolution shone from the smother glow of the simple minded man.

"Back all!" thundered he with his deep strong voice. "Let no one stir, for none can vanquish the beast but I! One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and whilst I do so, make your escape."
The smith had scarcely spoken these words when the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far—"With God's help!" cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. A terrible struggle followed.—The dog bit furiously upon every side in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down, with an iron grasp, the snapping, howling brute till all had escaped—till all were rescued and in safety. He then flung the half strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows.

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives, at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, do not weep for me," he said, "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me—I have only performed my duty."
When I am dead think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long nor too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop and selected a strong chain, the heaviest firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the neck firmly.—"There," said he, "it's done," after having silently and solemnly completed the work. "Now you are secured, and I am offensive. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations nor prayers.—Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.—Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple minded man, the smith of Regenbach.

The Disaster at Hamilton.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Republican writes as follows:
HAMILTON, March 20, 1857.
It is not generally known, but such is nevertheless the awful fact, that many of the passengers on the "Death Train," fell victims to the excitement and ill-judged efforts in their behalf by their well-meaning but excited friends. In the frenzy of excitement, several leaped upon the partially submerged car, and began chopping and slashing at the ruins, as if their very existence depended upon vigor and quickness of their blows. Imagine, for a moment, a multitude of heads in close proximity to a thin partition, the victims struggling in the agonies of death, and on this partition a dozen men with axes and crow-bars chopping, splitting, and prying, and you have a faint idea of the horrors of the scene.—One instance only will I mention (and that with extreme reluctance.) A lady passenger spoke through a hole and said "I am alive, and not much hurt, except my foot." At that instant some dying person caught hold of her head directly under the bit of her would-be-deliverer's axe. It fell and she never spoke more. This I had from the most authentic source, being none other than the person that stood next to the unfortunate axeman. Many of the corpses were sadly disfigured about the head, but whether it was occasioned by the shock or the exertions of their friends, can never be known.

The Office Beggar in Washington—Mr. Buchanan's Appointments.

The hotels of Washington, with the exception of the ill-fated "National," are swarming with that "unnumbered caravan" of hungry politicians who every four years make their pilgrimage to the White House. Every grade and stripe of social condition are here represented, from the pithoric office-holder of many years standing, seeking to arrest the operation of that terrible rule of rotation, which now threatens to cut him off from the refreshing slices of an overflowing treasury, to the swaggering leader of the bullies and short-boys of the great cities, claiming immoderate recompense for the rough work he has done at the polls. On the whole, however, if we may judge from the appearance of our visitors, it is pretty safe to conclude that office seeking is not the most reputable calling at present pursued by American citizens, nor that office seekers represent the average moral and intellectual culture of the American people. If the principle were adopted, that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office, not many of these gentlemen temporarily residing in our city would realize their aspirations.

But it is not the personal, so much as the political character of the applicants, which most deserve attention. The appointments already made are few, but they are enough to warrant a significant conclusion as to the subserviency of a new administration to slaveholding dictation.—Mr. Buchanan came to Washington with the announcement of one "irreversible and universal" rule, viz: Rotation in office.—This the South was not accustomed to, and they refused to allow its operation.—"Very well," said Mr. Buchanan, "just as you please, gentlemen; let the Southern remain; let the rule be confined to Northern appointments; we will have to North for the North and another for the South." Accordingly Gen. Cass' friend, the Postmaster of Detroit, is removed, while the friends of the Tennessee member of the Cabinet are re-appointed.

The South, however, is not contented with this. One further concession is demanded. Eminent services to slavery by Northern men must be rewarded, or rather the services of those whose course heretofore is a guaranty for obsequiousness in future, and who therefore have a claim not only on gratitude for past favors, but on that type of gratitude—so peculiar to Southern politicians—which consists of a lively sense of benefits to come. Again the new President fields, and Watson Freeman, the Boston official who was most efficient in consigning Anthony-Burns to the slavery from which he had fled, is again lauded with the honors of U. S. Marshal.

Such is the prudence of the new Administration—hardly a variation of the Pierce dynasty of weakness, vacillation, and unconditional acquiescence in the demands of the Oligarchy.
It is impossible to sugar a favorable result from a commencement so ominous.—The dissatisfaction and party divisions necessarily attendant on the first few days of the new Administration, are being augmented by the policy thus insinuated by Mr. Buchanan—a policy which, conjoined with the embarrasments to which the resignation of Gov. Geary has given rise, impendents a complete demoralization of the party now enjoying the dubious privilege of quarrelling over the spoils of a Presidential victory. The adherents of Mr. Buchanan may yet find that their success is, after all, the worst sort of defeat and that they are banqueting on the apples of Sodom.—National Era.

A GOOD JOKE.—A correspondent of the Lambertville (N. J.) Beacon says, that a short time since, while staying at the borough of E—, he overheard the following which he thinks too good to be lost:

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking offices under the Government, were seated on the tavern porch, talking, when an old toper, named Jake D—, a person who is very loquacious when "corned," but exactly opposite when sober, said, "if the company had no objections, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that, one day, the king took it into his head to go hunting, and, after summing his nobles, and making all the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a jackass; he advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it certainly will rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reminded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas, you told me it would not.' The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance. 'Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain.' 'I didn't know,' said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.' 'And how, pray, did he tell you?' the king asked, in great astonishment. 'By picking up his ears, your Majesty.'—The king now sent the countryman away, and, procuring the jackass of him, he placed him (the jackass) in the office of the philosopher had filled. And here, 'observed Jake, looking very wise, 'there is where the king made a great mistake.' 'How so?' inquired his auditors. 'Why, ever since that time,' said Jake, 'with a grin on his phiz, 'every jackass wants an office!'"

An Emerald says, "I ran away early from my father, because, he jabsbers, I discovered he was only my uncle, sure."

Elopement with a Wife and two Daughters—A Husband in Search of his Family.

A man named John Cooper, residing in Sootsville, Monroe Co., New York, arrived in this city yesterday, in search of his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, of the respective ages of twelve and fourteen years. The substance of the tale was, that they had eloped with a man named William Story of the same place, who left behind him a wife and three children of his own. The party had brought with them their trunks and baggage, and were well provided with all the necessaries in the way of clothing, &c. The elopement had been carried into execution on Sunday, the 8th of March, under a plea of going to church, the trunks having been privately taken out of the house the day before without his knowledge. It was some distance from the church, and the suspicions of the husband were not aroused by the absence of the parties over night, as he thought they might have remained at a neighbor's house. Their protracted absence aroused his suspicions, however, and he started in pursuit, leaving an older daughter at home. The woman is about fifty years of age.

Upon his arrival here the affair was put into the hands of officer A. W. Sprague, who, with his usual alacrity and vigilance, immediately set about ferreting out the matter. He soon found that the parties had arrived in this city some time since, and after some trouble and inquiry, a satisfactory trace of them was found in one of the trunks, left in Murrin's hotel as security for a board bill of \$15. Thence they were traced to the Lumber House, where they owed \$12.50, and from there to Johnson's Hotel. They remained there some days, and then took their departure for the country, the man and woman passing as husband and wife, and the girls as their daughters. Officer Sprague followed their trail, and found the party at Hall's brickyard, three miles from the city, minus the man, who, after deceiving the three females away from home, and probably robbing them of their money, basely deserted them last Wednesday, and left them penniless and among strangers, housed in a miserable shanty, and almost destitute of the necessaries of life. The woman is an intelligent person, far advanced in life, and the daughters very interesting and attractive girls, of good education and pleasing personal exterior. What motive could have induced a woman to ruin not only herself, but her children, by so illadvised and reckless a step, we cannot imagine. Trusting to the promise of a man who could desert his own wife and children, was certainly a fragile hope, and one that too soon saw its fulfillment in the destruction of all her prospects of peace or comfort forever, as the sequel will show.

The injured husband, with a heart scarcely less than that of the man who had wronged him, took his daughters with him, and repudiating the wife who had shared his bed for twenty years, left her, desolate and alone, in poverty and destitution, to wear away the remaining few years that are allotted her in her old age among strangers, and thousands of miles from any friend. Who can tell the anguish that wrings that heart, bowed down by the weight of fifty years, the desertion of the man for whom she sacrificed everything, and the separation of her only hope—her children. The shanty that covers her contains her clothing that the stony-hearted husband took from the trunks, and threw to her, and nothing else. Even the necessaries for the support of life are wanting.—A terrible retribution has overtaken her, and a more terrible one awaits the man who was the cause of it, if there is any justice to be dealt with in time to come.

The trunks were found to contain everything necessary in the shape of clothing, together with books in abundance, and many other things, showing that the woman had been accustomed to a comfortable style of living, and could not have left their home on the plea of poverty or inadequate support. That their home was a happy one, is a deduction that the conduct of the father and husband does not seem to imply. He took the trunks and their contents, with the exception of his wife's clothing, home with him. Heaven send that dire dreams may haunt his pillow till he relents from his hard hearted decision, and acts more in accordance with the dictates of humanity toward his erring, but unfortunate wife.

The trial of the Rev. Mr. Kallouch commenced at Cambridge, Mass., on the charge of adultery. Our readers remember, that the Rev. gentleman was charged by the keeper of a hotel at Cambridge, last winter, with gross impropriety at a literary lecture. Rev. Mr. Kallouch was at that time accompanied by a female friend, a married woman of respectability, we believe a resident of Brattleboro, Vt. The defendant set up a conspiracy against him, and avers that the hotel at which he put up is a disreputable house. So far as testimony has been given against the defendant, it is from the lips of spies, the wife of the landlord testifying that she peeped through the crevices to watch the parties charged, and the landlord swearing that while the parties were at the lecture, he had the door of their room fixed so that he could more readily detect what was going on within. Such witnesses certainly are not entitled to credit, and their testimony should go for naught unless corroborated. Persons mean enough to act as eavesdroppers will open sealed letters, or swear to a lie.

DRAWING A PENSION.—"Well, my lad where are you traveling, this weather, North?" asked an inquisitive landlord in a small inn, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, with an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension?" echoed the astonished landlord, "what does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business, and letting that of others alone." The landlord sloped.

Wild Man Caught, and Escaped.

A letter in the St. Louis Republican dated St. Joseph, Mo., March 15th, gives the following account of the capture and escape of a wild man:

"The wild man, of whom you saw some accounts in the papers, was caught last week and brought to town. He was surrounded in a sort of fair beneath a dense cluster of undergrowth like the habitation of a wild beast, and filled with the bones and skins of cats, which seemed to have constituted his principal article of food.—For this strange diet he had a peculiar penchant, and eschewed almost every other.—He hunted cats with an avidity, prompted by an extreme voracity, and it was in the pursuit and slaughter of these animals that he was first discovered. Frequent attempts were made to capture him, but his agility and speed were such that he appeared to run upon the tops of the bushes, and fences offered no impediment to his headlong course. At length a great number surrounded and secured him. He attempted battle, but was overcome. When brought to the Court house, he presented the strangest appearance conceivable. His height was about five and a half feet; his hair was long, reddish brown and matted; his eyes large, gray, and restless; his finger nails as long as the claws of the tiger; his deportment crouching—half timid, half threatening—and his garments consisted of a thousand tatters of cloths, barks, cat-skins, &c., bound together by cat-guts.—He said he had been in the State of New York, and had been in the woods thirty-six years. While he was being examined, and was permitted to stand unbound, he made a sudden spring over the heads of those who surrounded him, and darted away with the speed of the reindeer. The crowd pursued him, but in vain. Over the hills he fairly flew, before both footmen and horsemen, until he was fairly lost to them. Nothing has since been heard of him. He is certainly a strange being, and is literally a wild man. His age can hardly exceed forty, and yet he has lived so much away from the society of man, that he has nearly forgotten his language, and has the most vague recollection of time. He remembered New York, but did not know where he was, nor the form of government under which we lived. Dr. Knole was examining him when he escaped, and it is to be regretted that the doctor could not have had opportunity of ascertaining the character of his mania. Without being an expert in those things, I should venture to pronounce it a cat-slepsy, from his peculiar fondness for that animal; though physiologists have applied that term to another widely different malady.

THE FREE WHITE COLONIZATION OF VIRGINIA.—Hon. Eli Thayer, of Worcester, Mass., publishes a letter in the New York Herald, with regard to the plans and purposes of the "North American Home-Steid Company." He says the company is to be a strictly business operation, perfectly law-abiding, and Constitutional, and that the proposed plan of operation is: First, to purchase in Old Virginia proper, large tracts of her waste lands at State prices. Secondly, to give away to actual settlers about one-fourth of such purchases in small farms. Thirdly, to sell another fourth at cost; and fourthly, to let the remainder to suit purchasers, at Free State prices—the company thus probably doubling their money upon the whole amount of each distinct operation. It is stated that lands can be bought in several of the eastern counties for from \$3 to \$5 per acre, and many of the people of Virginia invite the immigration of free white settlers.

THE SCIENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY is taught at King's College London.
Fresh tomatoes were selling last week at twenty-five cents in Cincinnati.
The shoe manufacturers of Philadelphia, owing to the price of leather, are considering the propriety of striking for higher prices.
There will be three tickets in Pennsylvania, at the approaching election—American, Republican and Democratic.
Thirty-six feet of building ground was sold last week in Chicago at the rate of \$975 per acre.
General Packer and David Wilmot, rival candidates for Governor of Pennsylvania, are said to be the two handsomest men in the State.
Julius Bukey, near Washington, Ky., shot his daughter and then himself. The cause of the tragedy is attributed to attention given the daughter by a young man named Ruby.
Since the first of September, some 41,000 chests of tea have been imported into Boston, against 9,000 in the same time last year.
The Savannah Republican describes an orange grown in that city perfectly formed, containing another orange equally perfect within.

Hume, the spirit-rapper, who passes in Paris for an American, has stupified the Emperor and Empress with his performances at the Tuilleries. He has been called to the house of many of the nobility, and has made quite an excitement in Paris.

Chester Read, of Berlin, Illinois, was out hunting lately, and having fired one barrel of his gun (double-barrelled one) he proceeded to reload it. While doing so, the other accidentally discharged, and shot the young man through the head.

The statement that General Scott had removed to Washington to reside permanently, is incorrect. Headquarters are still to be retained at New York, though Gen. Scott will visit Washington once a month, to confer with the Secretary of War.

At a collection in aid of Kansas, recently taken up in Episcopal church, in Brooklyn, Mass., an individual—name not given,—put into the "box" a roll of notes amounting to \$12,656.

Woman and Her Earnings.

A recent British essayist on the laws affecting the Rights of Woman, says:

"I was in Paris in 1844, on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. B—, who took me to a milliner, Madame M—, in the Rue Castiglione. She was an American, from one of the Carolinas, and, being very clever, and engaging in her manners, she was a great favorite with English visitors. Her husband was a great profligate, and lived separate from her; but he was encouraged to come to her tea table on a Sunday evening, when she paid him a weekly sum for his expenses. Some English ladies of rank promised Madame M— good patronage if she settled in London, and in an evil hour for her prospects she determined to do so. She was very successful, and very careful; but her husband found out her above, and, to her sorrow and surprise, collected all her moneys due, seized everything she possessed, and, turned adrift in the world, she returned to just and equitable France. "Oh! Madame R—," she exclaimed to me before she went, "how can you live in such a country as this?"

"A respectable woman named —, having been many years in service, had saved a considerable sum of money, when she was sought in marriage by a man of suitable age and plausible manners, and their wedding shortly took place. She had given her 'bank book' to her husband, but on the very day of the wedding he said to her: 'I have not such good health as I used to have, and do not feel equal to supporting a wife; therefore, I think you had better go back to service.' The woman, as might be supposed, in a state of indignation, replied: 'Very well, I will go back to service immediately; but give me back my 'bank book.' 'Work,' replied he, 'as I don't feel able to work just now, I require the money; but you can go as soon as you like.' So she turned away, too heart-broken to speak, left the vagabond, who had gone through the marriage ceremony as the only legal means of obtaining her money, and, returning to service, has never seen him since. I had all this from her own lips.

"A lady whose husband had been unsuccessful in business, established herself as a milliner in Manchester. After some years of toil, she realized sufficient for the family to live upon comfortably; the husband having done nothing meanwhile. They lived for some time in easy circumstances, after she gave up business, and then the husband died, bequeathing all his wife's earnings to his own illegitimate children.—At the age of sixty-two she was compelled in order to gain her bread, to return to business."

Grass Seed Per Acre.

The following table will give the amount per acre, of grass seed used by many farmers:

One bushel of clover seed will sow	6 acres
Do. of timothy will sow	4 "
Do. of orchard grass seed (14 lbs.)	1 "
Do. of Ky. blue grass seed (14 lbs.)	1 "
Do. of Eng. blue grass seed (24 lbs.)	2 "
Do. of millet seed	1 "
Three pecks buckwheat	1 "
Two bushels barley	1 "
One bushel flaxseed	1 "

Farmers' Omnibus.

The elements of the same vegetables, are the same in all countries.
Sand, or silica, is made soluble by the application of potash to the soil.
Soils too poor to grow clover, may be restored by gypsum or plaster.
No plant can grow without phosphoric acid, and very few without magnesia.
2240 lbs. of peas, and 2989 lbs. of beans contain only 54 lbs. silica; peas contain still less.
In an acre of potatoes, 193 lbs of potash are consumed; 32 lbs. is all that is consumed by an acre of wheat.
Pea straw contains a large amount of lime and considerable potash. Lime and potash are good manures for that crop.
Poor lands, in England, are made to produce thirty-five bushels to the acre, by the application of straw, peas, and turnips.
If glass be ground fine, and boiled in a concentrated solution of potash, it will dissolve the silica combining with the alkali.
Clay land, entirely too poor to grow wheat, and destitute of organic matter, may be restored by plaster, and peas plowed under, when in green pod.
Unless the farmer knows the ingredients in the soil that make it when present, fertile, and when absent, sterile, he is poorly fitted to properly manure his land.
When wheat is \$1 a bushel, a pound of ammonia is worth six cents, to make which, a pound of bone earth, one cent and a half, and a pound of potash, six cents.
In the ashes of wheat there are forty-six parts of phosphoric acid, eleven of magnesia thirty-two of potash, and two and a fourth of sand. The sand is confined to the bran.
A judicious rotation of crops favors the accumulation of soluble silica in the soil. This is done by returning the silica, in corn-stalks, straw, and other vegetables to the earth.
Twenty bushels of wheat require 12 lbs. of phosphoric acid for grain, and 5 lbs. for the straw; while an acre of good potatoes requires 13 lbs. the tubers, and 33 lbs. for the tops; so that one crop of potatoes exhausts as much phosphoric acid as two crops of wheat.
One hundred pounds of soluble flint, or silica, are required to form an acre of wheat straw.
A ton and a half of dry clover gives 294 lbs. of ashes containing 15 lbs. of phosphoric acid, 7 lbs. sulphuric acid, 7 chlorine, 70 lime, 13 magnesia, 77 potash and soda, 15 silica, and 1 oxide of iron. Clover benefits land by sending down its roots to a great depth, and bringing up the phosphates, sulphates, and chlorides of lime, potash, and magnesia. The roots sometimes run down thirty inches, and stir the sub-soil.
Phosphoric acid is composed of one atom of phosphorus, with five of oxygen.—In ordinary soils, most of this acid is combined with iron and alumina. In this combination, it is insoluble, and useless for plants. Lime will draw it from the iron and alumina, and by combination with it, form phosphate of lime, or bone earth, which is essential to wheat and animals.—If there is no phosphoric acid in the soil, the application of lime will not form bone earth; bone dust must then be applied.

Agricultural.

You have been repairing your fences; and as you have noticed the decay of the old rails, and looked away to the little wood-lot which is almost stripped of its valuable timber, you have asked yourself where the supply of rails for the next few years is to come from; a very important question this, and one which has puzzled some good heads. The true answer to the difficulty thus suggested, is manifold.—Some of the points embraced in it, are the following:

1. *Fence Fences Must be Used.*—By a careful study of the barns, and a judicious arrangement of the fields, and by building very good fences, when good fences are needed, the amount of fencing may be very greatly diminished.
2. *No Animals Should be Free Commoners.*—In a new country, this is hardly practicable but in an old country, this is the only right course. Our laws do not require this now, but they will in time. Were all animals kept within enclosures, all the rest of the land might be left unclosed, as is the case in a part of Europe. This sounds strange to an American, but it would be a great economy, were it generally practised. If only swine were shut up, it would diminish the expense of fences from one-third to one-half, at once. Farmers need not wait for a law to render this plan effective. General consent in a neighborhood or township, would save a great deal of money.

These, however, are only partial helps; therefore we say,
3. *That board fences may profitably take the place of the old worn fences, as timber becomes scarce.* The same timber will give five or six times as far in boards, as in rails. The shortening of the fence saves something in material, and in the ground it occupies. Besides, it is better; it will last as long too, when well cared for.

4. *But the best of all, is a living fence, one that will provide for itself.* In our latitude, and south of it, the Osage orange is to be the great reliance, or perhaps some variety of the thorn. But our people are slow in taking hold of the thing.—Some failures, too, resulting from misjudgment or carelessness, have discouraged them. We wish, however, to see the experiment tried North, with greater care; and we have no doubt that it will be successful. In Illinois, hedges are a fixed and growing fact.

We refer to this matter now, because the spring is the season for attending to it; and your ground should be in good condition, and your plants secured pretty soon, if you would do anything this year.