



(From the N. Y. Independent.)
How I Came to Buy a Farm.

BY HAROLD TAYLOR.

the first place it runs in the blood. If there is any law I believe in, it is that of hereditary transmission of traits, qualities, capacities and passions.

If the child was mined from the house, the first thing that suggested itself was to climb upon a mound which overlooked the swamp.

I cannot say that my boyish experience of farmwork was altogether attractive. I had a constitutional horror of dirty hands, and my first employment—picking stones and weeding corn—were rather a torture to this sensitive taste.

During these reflections, I had reached the foot of the ridge. A giant tulip tree, the honey of whose blossoms I had many a time pliffed, in boyhood, crowned the slope, drooping its long boughs as if weary of stretching them in welcome.

A life of three years in a small country town (Spartanburg) cured me of all such things. When I returned to the home-stead as a youth, I first felt the delight and the refreshment of labor in the open air.

It happened that, adjoining my father's property, there was an old farm, which was fast relapsing into a state of nature.

At the foot of the oak, on the border of the field, there was an old, gnarled mother pine, surrounded by her brood of young ones, who, always springing up in the same direction, from the fact that the seeds were scattered by the nor-west winds, seemed to be running off down the slope, as if full-fledged and eager to make their way into the world.

8. Sometimes we extended our rambles to the end of the farm, and looked down into the secluded dell beyond the ridge which it covered—such glimpses were like the discovery of unknown lands. How far off the other people lie! How strange it must be to dwell continually down in that hollow, with no other home in sight! But when I build a house, I think I shall build it up on the ridge, with a high step from the top of which I can see far and wide.

At last came the launch into the world—a slide, a plunge, a shoulder, and the ship rides the waves. Absence, occupation, travel, substituted realities for dreams, and the farm, if not forgotten, became a very subordinate object in the catalogue of things to be attained.

Fifty years of neglect had given the adjoining farm a bad name among the farmers, while Nature, as if delighted to recover possession, had gone on adorning it in her own wild and unobscured way. I looked on the spot with an instructed eye, and sighed, as I counted up my scanty earnings at the reflection that years must elapse before I could venture to think of possessing it. My wish, nevertheless, was heard and remembered.

In July 1853 I was on the island of Lou Choo. Returning to the shipboard of the squid run one evening after a long tramp over the hills to the south of Napa King, in a success for search for the ruins of the ancient fortress of Tsinu goku, I was accompanied by the officers of the deck to receive a package which had been sent on board from one of the other vessels.

Letters from home, after an interval of six months without news I immediately asked permission to burn a lamp on the orlop deck, and read until midnight, forgetting the tramp of the sentry and the sounds of the sleepers in their hammocks around me.

Five months afterwards I approached home, after an absence of nearly two years and a half. It was Christmas Eve—a clear, sharp winter night. The bare earth was hard frozen; the sun was down, the quarter moon shone over head, and the keen nor-west wind blew in my face.

So the trees were the first to recognize me.—Listening to their deep, resonant voices, which I would not have exchanged for the dry rattle of a hundred league long forest of tropical pines, I was conscious of a new sensation, which nothing but the actual sight of my own property could have suggested.

When I walked over my fields (yes—actually my fields!) the next day, this sensation returned in an almost ridiculous excess. You will of course not down that ugly old tree, and some one. It impressed me very much as if I had been told:—That chapter in your book is inferior to others—tear it out!—You little finger is crooked—have it amputated!—Why, even the sedge grass and sun-oks—how beautiful they were! As I ever make up my mind to destroy them?—Could I ever make up my mind to destroy them?—As for the rears, the lawless, the priest, the tax, the masses of clamorous sinners—no, by the bones of Belshazzar, they shall stand! This field will not be worth much for grain. Well, what if it is?—Everything is wild and neglected—wants clearing, sowing. Everything is grand beautiful, charming, there is nothing like it! So ran the course of remark and counter remark. I did not suffer my equanimity to be disturbed; was I not sole owner, appeller and disposer of all?

Not did the trees appear to be sensible of the least fear. They tossed their heads against one another in a sort of happy, complacent calm, as if whispering:—It is all right, let us enjoy the sunshine; he'll take care of us!

Yes, one cannot properly be considered as a member of the Brotherhood of Man, an inhabitant of the earth, until he possesses a portion of her surface. As the sailors say, he steps, but don't actually live. The Agrarians, Communists, Socialists, Levelers, and Fiats of all kinds are replenished from the ranks of the non-owners of real estate. Banks break, stocks and scrip of all kinds go up and down on the financial sea-see, but a few simple of solid earth is our THRONE! You see it, you feel it, you walk over it. It is yours, and your child's, and their property's (unless mortgaged and sold through foreclosure) until the Millennium.

And this is how I came to buy a Farm.

It is ascertained that the crop of Cotton in this country for the year ending August 31st was 4,650,000 bales—being 800,000 bales over the crop last year and 1,500,000 bales over the crop of year before last. It is the largest crop ever grown. Estimating it at \$50 per bale, its value would be \$232,500,000!

A Free-man intending to compliment a far young lady by calling her as gentle as a lamb, said—she is one million as small!

The Cow Tree.

Perhaps our readers never heard of the tree that gives milk, and is called the "cow tree." There is such a tree in existence, and we find the following account of it in an exchange.

This extraordinary tree appears to be peculiar to the Cordillera of the coast, particularly from Barbados to the lake of Maracabo. At Caracas, the natives call the tree which furnishes this nourishing juice, the "Milk Tree." The leaves are about ten inches in length and of a leathery consistence. The fruit is fleshy and contains two or three nuts. When incisions are made in the trunk of the cow tree, it yields an abundance of glutinous milk, to which thick, and of an agreeable balsamic smell. The following account of the milk tree of Demerara is condensed from an interesting letter received by Professor Jameson, from James Smith Esq.

"In a late excursion up the river Demerara, it was my good fortune to fall in, certainly not with the same kind of tree, but with one possessed of the mild, milky qualities ascribed by Humboldt to the Palo de Vaca. I chanced to stop at the little Indian settlement of Byward away, and there I was told of a tree, called by the natives Hya Hya, the milk of which was both drinkable and nutritious. I was then in company with Mr. Couchman, the superintendent of a wood cutting establishment in the immediate vicinity. We had sent a lad to look for the tree, and he returned in a short time to tell us he had met with it. We followed him to the spot, and found that he had felled the tree. It had fallen across a little rivulet, the water of which, when we arrived, was completely whitened with its juice. On sticking a knife into the bark, a copious stream of milk like fluid immediately flowed. Our guide drank of it, and Mr. Couchman and I tasted of it after him.—It was thicker and richer than cow's milk, and destitute of all acrimony, leaving only a slight feeling of cleanliness on the lips. I had already seen it mix freely with the water of the little stream, and I slept that night near the spot. With this it lost all its viscosity before perceptible in its pure state, so much so as to appear incapable of being distinguished from animal milk. Mr. Couchman was determined he would use it as a substitute for milk at his little neighboring woodland settlement. A variety of experiments have tended to confirm me in my opinion, that it in no way differs in quality from the vegetable milk of the cow tree, yet it is plain that it is not the tree described by Humboldt.

"I am not aware that any other application, been made known. The Indian informants say that it is by no means uncommon in the woods of the colony; I may therefore hope to procure some of the fruit. The tree was fortunately coming into flower when I saw it, two species of which, together with the wood and bark, and a small bottle of the milk, I found along with this, and beg to have them submitted to your own, as well as the examinations of your scientific friends. The milk has now been in bottle thirty-six days; it did not commence to curdle before the seventh day after it was taken from the tree, and even then the process seems exceedingly slow, so much so, that on the twentieth I used some of another portion bottled at the same time, in tea, without its being distinguished from animal milk, by those who drank of it.

HOW TO MAKE HEAD LAY.—A lady correspondent of the New England Farmer, writing from Kansas, tells the following original method of securing this desirable end:

"After breakfast, I was surprised to see my landlady going out, catching her hens, one by one, and throwing them upon the ground with 'There! Be good!'—What do you do that for? I asked. 'To make 'em lay,' she answered. 'Make them lay; will that do it?' I inquired. 'Yes, she said, 'if you ever have a full set of teeth.' I said, 'but I had not.' 'In about an hour she was out, and, picking up the hens, were enough some had laid, though she let go, and they ran off, not even calling their gratitude. Her two hens who would disperse to the contrary she struck on the back saying, 'You'd better lay—you'd better lay for you won't get all your eggs, and in a while they ran, had returned and their mistress for feeding them, so, beautifully. She says that she does so every morning, and that the hens know well enough that they have got to lay.'

A MACHINE FOR MILKING COWS.—This is the latest invention of this ingenious age. Several of the members of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society witnessed its operations on Tuesday. It is thus described by the Ledger.

The machine is simple and easily worked by children as well as by adults. It consists of two distinct single-acting pumps, made in the form of its frame placed with their hangers a little distance apart. Each pump has a rubber head drawn over the end of the teats, and turned in, and to each pump are attached two metal test-cups by elastic joints, so as to fit the distance apart of the teats in different cows. In the bottom of each pump is a single valve, which closes when the suction is produced, and opens to discharge the milk into the pail when the vacuum ceases. As the rubber heads are drawn out by the levers, a vacuum is produced which causes the milk to flow into the pump, when they return to their positions again, the milk passes out through the valves, and all pressure on the teats ceases, thus producing a remitting suction in imitation of the natural suction of the calf. By the use of these machines twelve quarts of milk may be taken from a cow in two minutes. A number of the cows were put in the stable and milked out with these machines to the perfect satisfaction of all who witnessed the operation.

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A CURIOUS STORY.—The incidents narrated below occurred in Pennsylvania. The story is copied from the Harrisburg Patriot.

Mr. Alexander, the Postmaster of Callensburg, Clarion county, arrived in this city Saturday morning for the purpose of ascertaining whether the man Omar, now in jail here, is the man Ira Davis, who is implicated in a murder in that county. Although there is some resemblance between the two men, a glance satisfied Mr. Alexander that Omar and Davis are not the same.

The people of Clarion are in a high state of excitement about the murder of Jared Lewis by a man calling himself Charles Logue and this man Davis. It appears that half a mile from Callensburg lives a man named Jesse Major, who is well known to this vicinity, and also in Reading and Pottsville, where he formerly followed the canal as a boat captain. Some years ago he moved to Clarion county, where he appeared to get along without following any particular occupation.—He had two intelligent, good looking daughters, evidently trained in the school of virtue, who corresponded with men all over the Union, and rarely a week passed but strangers stopped at their house. Two years ago Major became paralyzed, and the visits of flashy looking strangers becoming less frequent, his business became exhausted, and the family was placed in charge of the Overseers of the Poor, who appropriated an amount weekly for their support.

In July last Davis and Logue arrived at the place, and took lodgings at Major's house, where they continued a week or ten days, or until the people made some talk about it, when they removed to a tavern, where they boarded, but still lodged at Major's house. Under pretence of working wood they visited nearly all the farm houses in the neighborhood, and at some of them they worked in the harvest field for a day or two. Several farmers were robbed—some of eighty dollars, and another of sixty, and as the Major family soon had a new supply of dry goods, it was no difficult matter to be the robberies upon Davis and Logue; but, as they were known to be desperate men, it required brave and skilful men to effect their arrest. It was in an attempt of this kind that Lewis was shot, and, what seems unaccountably strange, he was one of three unarmed men who in the dead of night undertook to arrest robbers.

After the murder the Major girls were arrested, and committed to Clarion jail, on suspicion of complicity in the robbery, where they still remain. In searching among the letters and papers of Major, some queer facts were brought to light, among others, that he committed a robbery in this county thirty years ago. A letter was found in his trunk from a lawyer in this city, which stated that so long as a certain man remained here it was unsafe for his return, for conviction must follow on his evidence. It is thus evident that Major not only harbored thieves but was one of the fraternity in his younger days.

Immediately after the murder of Lewis, pursuit was made for the murderers in every direction, and this pursuit has not yet been abandoned. A reward of \$500 is offered for their arrest, and it is to be hoped that justice will speedily overtake them.

As a hint to the Philadelphia police, we may state that since Davis' escape, a number of letters have been received or him at Callensburg, just marked at Kensington.

BLOODY WALKING THE BOPE ON STILTS.—We think that all who witnessed this feat will agree with us in pronouncing it one of the most terrible and daring ever attempted by mortal man. Many who were here to see would frequently turn their eyes from him during his progress, fearful that as they gazed the staid man might miss his precarious footing and be precipitated into the swirling abyss. The stilt-walkers were about two feet in height, the bottoms, having three iron prongs resembling a trident to support the wooden portion being covered with water proof.

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A most extraordinary transaction has just occurred within six or seven miles of this place. A farmer when going over his crops, accompanied by some of his neighbors, was so grieved at witnessing the injuries inflicted by rain, he prayed to God that he might be struck and pray for the weather would come. He had only a few minutes to wait when he fell to the ground as if he could not be removed. A shed has been built about him, and hundreds are daily going to see him; he breathes so naturally as if he was lying asleep on his bed.

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THE TOUGHEST STORY YET.—The New York Tribune publishes the following from a correspondent at Limerick, Ireland. A most extraordinary transaction has just occurred within six or seven miles of this place. A farmer when going over his crops, accompanied by some of his neighbors, was so grieved at witnessing the injuries inflicted by rain, he prayed to God that he might be struck and pray for the weather would come. He had only a few minutes to wait when he fell to the ground as if he could not be removed. A shed has been built about him, and hundreds are daily going to see him; he breathes so naturally as if he was lying asleep on his bed.

RECIPE FOR RABBIT.—To 20 lbs of meat add 10 oz of fine salt, 3 oz of sage, 2 oz of good black pepper, and mix them well together. The sage should be well rubbed between the hands, or through a sieve, before using. After the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated apply them to all parts of the meat, before choppin. If you have not a good sausage chopper get one. Then you may depend upon having good sausage.

doubt regards Saturday and its work as the eventful era and great success of his life. [Baltimore Com. Adr.]

DECEPTION.—Look here, young man! would you carry a frank, open, honest countenance? then never attempt to deceive. Would you think well of yourself, and have others to think well of you? you cannot if you practice deception. Parent! would you have your children respect, love and venerate you? then never deceive them. Children, if you would make your parents sad and unhappy, and effectually destroy their confidence in you, then try to hide your little tricks and misdeeds from the "old man and woman." You think you can do it, do you? "Lay not this flattering notion to your soul!" they are far more observing than you take them to be. You are well aware that they suspect you, and can you bear to be suspected by the dearest friends you have on earth? We cannot think much of those whom we would deceive, even though they might be our parents.

Oh, how mean and contemptible is deception, even in the most trifling matter! and no one can be guilty of it without showing it in his conscience. Yes, the face is an index of the mind to those whose intuitions are not blunted. The close the careful student of nature reads its fellow men like a book, even from external configuration. Then would you look benevolent, merciful kind; pure and cheerful, be so, and your fellow men will soon find you out and give you due credit.

A story is told of the first courtship of Senator Foster, of Connecticut, which has a decided flavor of its own. When a young law student at home engaged to an accomplished and fashionable young lady, and shortly after his admission to the bar, arrangements were made for the wedding. Among those who were a visit to his parents, when he always honored and from whom (though poor) he felt that he had received more than wealth could ever have given him. When this visit was mentioned for a few moments the lady kept silence. She then said:—"Mr. Foster, you know I have always associated with people whose manners and style of living are different from those of your parents, and although I shall make no objection to your proposed visit, I wish you to understand that I shall not expect to repeat it soon or often, and that I shall not desire to associate with people of their class."

Nothing could have surprised him more than to hear these words from her lips. For a few moments he walked the room seemingly half bewildered. Then taking his hat in his hand, and with these words, more emphatic than he had said:—"Miss, I am glad I have found you out in time. You may go to the—"

The last we heard of the lady she was still living an ancient maiden, having seen this son of parents she considered beneath her notice, filing, with honor, the highest public office to which his fellow citizens could promote him.

A HEX STORY.—The Sapienter Telegraph says that a somewhat remarkable circumstance occurred near that village lately. A hen belonging to N. Merwin, of Jenett, was accidentally covered up in mowing away some hay in the barn, and remained thus imprisoned for three weeks without food or water. Her head was discovered sticking through a knot hole in the side of the barn, during a rain storm. She had probably sustained life by eating hay seed, and was evidently trying to catch a few drops of water from the roof. She seemed to be as lively as ever when taken out.

A Sunday or two since, at Grace Church, in New York City, a young gentleman put his hat under the seat, and shortly afterwards too pre-possessing young ladies came in and sat next to him. At the conclusion of the service the ladies left the church first, and the gentleman stooped to search for his hat, and to his surprise found it gone. He called the sexton and applied to that worthy functionary for advice.—Mr. Brown suggested that it might have been caught in the ladies' crinolines; and entangled in the crinoline sure enough it was. After looking against one of the young ladies' crinolines for about twenty yards, the hat dropped out, much to the astonishment and surprise of those who were behind.

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Tax Queen of England has sent her doctor, Sir Henry Holland, to look after the health of the Prince of Wales. She seemed to entertain an apprehension for her son as long as he staid on her own dominions, but the republican air she breathes may not agree with him. Perhaps her Majesty is afraid that some of the democratic girls may excite an affection of the heart in the bosom of her susceptible son, and thereby rob her poor grandson of his crown.

AUNT BETSEY RILED UP.—"I declare if I were a rick up," said Aunt Betsey Green, dropping her spectacles up over her cap brim. "I declare if I were a rick up! If I could only have taken that man by the collar, as I used to my husband when he didn't 'tee up' to suit me, I'd have given him such a shaking as he never heard of, I'll be bound!"

"There he set in that rocking chair, his feet on the fender, and kept growling out at Lily Jane to bring him his boots, or fetch his collar, or some such unreasonable thing, all the while she was trying to dress them four young ones, and had the headache so she looked more like a ghost than a creature woman. If it was in that 'ere place they call Legislature, or some other kind of job, for such critters as he— with no mercy on a woman whether she's sick or well, just keeping up their 'you do this,' or 'you do that,' from sun rising to sun setting."

"But then there's Lily Jane, she is most as much to blame as he is. If she'd had a bit of 'spunk, he never had got her under his thumb' that way. Most likely he began to order her round before the honeymoon was set, when she hadn't got her eyes open as morn's three days o'd tatten, and thought she should be blessed forever cause she'd got her neck in the same yoke with his'n. If she hadn't found out her mistake, and had some tears to shed over 'cracked idols,' as they tell about in poetry, I don't know what kind of stuff she's made of."

"When I was married—thank my lucky stars—I didn't get tied to any such kind of crockery. Betsey wasn't uncommon handsomely to look at; I be sure any one might have thought of a brown northern plate side of a china vase, comparing with such a wickered, ornate'll up chair as Lily Jane's husband, but I can tell you he is just what I look him to be, and I never shed one single tear. Finding that my 'idol' must be handled carefully, fanned over, waited on and ran for, to keep it in good humor without fear of breakage.

"I did feel kind of spiteful when Lily Jane set her head up and acted like she crowned over me 'cause she'd got a city husband; but ever since I stopped there, I've felt real Christian about it."

"I tell you, gals, when a chap asks you to stand up before the person with him, you just find out whether he can stir out of a rocking chair long enough to find his boots, and whether you are to be head waiter or helpmeet after you arrive in the County of Matrimony, State of Bliss."

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.—The Southern papers inform us that the above order are about making a positive movement toward intervention in Mexico. Two thousand affiliated members of the K. G. C. are said to be gathered on the banks of Rio Grande, prepared to join the Juarez, or liberal party in Mexico. They are under command of the renowned Maj. Gen. G. W. Bickley, M. D., ex-Gov. of Georgia. There is talk of making the city of Memphis the recruiting headquarters of the order, where volunteers may be enrolled and marched to the Mexican frontiers. Several hundred members have already been enrolled at Memphis, and they are making preparations to join their fellow invaders at Montez.

A Texas merchant, while transacting some business in Philadelphia, on Thursday, perceived a little too freely of the "ardent," and on so affected by it that he embraced a respectable lady whom he met near the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, and attempted to kiss her.—She did not fancy this mode of proceeding in public, so she had her amorous assailant arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$500. He left the city as soon as he became able, but having made arrangements with his bondsmen.

It was very hard work to get the right answer out of the boy whom a traveler on horseback found at work in a field of mastic, yellow, sticky looking corn, that ought to be sent to the spring for its health.

"Your corn looks very yellow," said the traveler, as he stopped in his ride and talked to the boy over the fence.

"Eas," said the boy, "it was the yellow kind we planted."

"And it's mighty small, too," the traveler continued.

"In course," said the boy, "corn we planted the small kind of corn."

"Yes, yes, I know, but I don't think you'll have ever been over half a crop, do you?"

"Why no, in course we shan't, for we planted this 'ere field at the hollow."

"Good-by," said the traveler; "I think you'll do for now."

But the boy would not let him off so. Calling him back after he had got to a few rods, the boy cried out:

"I say, stranger, I hope you will pick up a deal of valuable information in the course of your travels."

A very sensible man sometime ago introduced to his son, about six years of age, a little brother who had just arrived in this world, which all agree is changing, but none like to part with it, even in exchange for a better. The boy looked at his infant brother with some perplexity, and then raising his eyes to his father, inquired:

"Where did you get it?"

"Bought it, my son," said the father, with a laudible gravity.

Again the boy looked at the baby and after a short time anxiously asked—

"Why didn't you pick out a white one, for that?"

The father was regularly answered.

We saw a drunken fellow the other day who, mistaking a fly on an swamy post for a nail, tried to hang up his hat on it. The fly was astonished—was the man—while the sportsmen were highly delighted to hear him "rue the day."