

Connecticut, the old village, and school days. He was softened, his heart was touched. Then I urged the pledge; his wife put in her profoundly earnest, almost frantic plea. She felt this to be indeed the hour of destiny. "Do you think I can keep it?" said at length the miserable man, once so promising, now so fallen. "Is it possible for me to be saved?" "It is," said I; "with confidence and hope you can keep it. I know you can. In the name of humanity and religion, try it, dear John, and God will help you. At last he consented.—We knelt down on the earth, there was no chair nor table in the house. I took out the pledge, which I always carry in my pocket, placed it on the stool where Mary had been sitting, and handed him my pencil. He wrote his name, thank God. Notwithstanding his condition, it was beautifully written, as I afterwards observed, for he was an excellent English scholar. We did not rise till I had relieved my over-burdened heart in prayer, and I prayed with all my struggling soul, and his despairing wife joined me in the solemn invocation that the Father of Mercies would receive the returning prodigal to his arms, and that he might never go astray again.

It was now quite time for me to go and resume my journey; but I could not leave the town before I called upon the class-leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined on him to look after them, and throw around John the shield of all good influences to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

Another decade rolled by, during which time no tidings came to me in the East, from this interesting couple. At length I was called again to visit those western regions, and to pass near the residence of this unfortunate man. On reaching the town, my disappointment was extreme to learn that he had removed to a distant county. I anticipated misfortune; but as the place designated was not far from my intended route, I resolved to go and see him. When I entered the town of —, where John was said to live, I made inquiry for his dwelling, and was told it was the second house on the left hand side of the road. Being now so near, I hastened onward eagerly, and presently a nice frame building, painted white, appeared. I could not help putting up an ejaculatory prayer, that my dear friend might be so happy as to occupy a house half as respectable as this. Expectation now became painfully intense. What in mercy was I sent to see? A scene like that, or worse, which ten years before left such awful traces on the memory, never to be obliterated? I could not tell. At a sudden turn in the road I thought I discerned another white house in the distance, among the trees. Yes, it is so, with green blinds, and as I went nearer, gravelled walks were seen, a handsome paling and ornamental trees and shrubbery. Surely there is some mistake in the direction; this cannot be John's house! Yet it is the second white house on the left.

Pasterning my beast to a hook, I went to the door and knocked. A girl, just on the verge of womanhood, opened it. "Does Mr. M'L—d live here?" I asked with trembling. "He does, sir." "Is he or his wife at home?" "Mother is within, sir; but father is in the field. Please to walk in, sir." My eye glanced through the open parlor door. A fine carpet covered the floor. There were handsome chairs and other furniture; but I saw no more, for Mrs. M'L—d by this time was informed of a gentleman's arrival, and lost no time in making her appearance. "Good God," was all I remember to have heard from her, as she rushed forward on seeing me, and clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted, and shed a flood of tears, and my own condition was not much more composed. Recovering a little, she informed me that her husband was at home, but out upon the farm. Too impatient to wait, I hurried away to see him. He met me as he was coming home. As soon as he knew who it was, he ran forward, and grasped me in his arms, saying as he strained me to his bosom, "Thank God! thank God! you are my saviour under heaven. This is all your work," looking round. "O I am rejoiced that you are here to see it."

When he had returned to the house, the ten years' history of struggle, repentance and reformation was recounted. Prosperity was the consequence. The dwelling was his—the farm and all. His wife was happy. The beautiful girl, almost a young lady now, was the dirty child that was crawling on the ground on my first visit. There were three more children now. To crown the whole, said he, "after I had persevered a year in abstinence, according to that blessed pledge taken on that awful day, on the stool in the log hut, which rises to me sometimes with spectral horror—after keeping it sacredly a year, I committed

myself to the church, of which my wife, who has been an angel helping me, was a member. Prosperity attended my worldly business; but this was not a complete satisfaction. I wanted to be more useful, I needed something more, and commenced studies for the ministry. My dear friend and brother, I am now a minister of the everlasting gospel. How much—what an inexpressible debt do I owe to you?"

We knelt down together on the rich carpet, instead of the cold earth, and prayed as fervently as I prayed before in the log cabin; but in what a different strain! Instead of the almost despairing supplication and entreaty of forlorn hearts, crushed to the earth with sorrow—thanksgiving, praise, and gratitude now rose spontaneously from our tongues and hearts. Oh, the heart of Caesar never swelled with such triumphant joy at any of his conquests, as mine does for my agency in the salvation of this one man, and the happiness of his family.

**SIGNOR BLITZ AMONG THE INSANE.**—On Thursday afternoon Signor Blitz gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers before the inmates of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane. The effect upon the minds of the unfortunate spectators was calculated to excite the attention of the curious and those interested in the study of mental phenomena.

Some who were impressed with melancholy, and were never known to laugh since being admitted into the institution, became quiet mirthful. One person seemed to enjoy several of the tricks, and finally said to a fellow inmate, "my dear sir, that man is a very devil, and I will not look at him any more. He then buried his face in his hands and preserved the utmost silence during the remainder of the exhibition. The learned canary birds were objects of their wonder, whilst the ventriloquial power of the Signor caused the greatest consternation. The general effect was happy indeed, and no one seemed to enjoy it more than the Signor himself, whose heart ever throbs with sympathy for the more unfortunate of his fellow creatures.—*Philadelphia North American.*

**STRANGE AND FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.**—The city of Bristol, in England, has been startled by a frightful accident, a great iron bridge having been carried away by a collision with a steamboat.—The bridge in question, which was of cast iron, was of 160 feet span, and comprised a single arch. A steam-barge, laden with coal, and worked by a screw propeller with an engine of six horse power, was descending the river, when she came in contact with the iron frame-work of the bridge, which rests on side piers. The force of the collision was so great that, notwithstanding the power of a very strong ebb tide, the steamer rebounded eight or ten feet, and the bridge immediately fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it everything that happened to be upon it. Of the extent to which life was sacrificed it is quite impossible to speak with any accuracy. Three or four persons swam to the banks, and were got out alive, but several other persons are missing. Two carts were thrown in, and one or two of the horses were drowned. It is thought probable that many bodies will be found among the heavy debris of the iron work.

#### FARMER'S CREED.

I believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

I believe that the soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought therefore to be manured.

I believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at once.

I believe in going to the bottom of things and therefore in deep ploughing, and enough of it, all the better if it was with a subsoil plough.

I believe that every farmer should own a good farm.

I believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence.—Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano, will be of little use.

I believe in good fences, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

I believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clear conscience.

I disbelieve in farmers that will not improve their farms, that grow poorer every year, starving cattle, farmers' boys turned into clerks and merchants, farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers that are ashamed of their vocation, or drink whiskey till all honest men are ashamed of them.

I believe in having a well filled agricultural library.

I believe in supporting agricultural papers, paying for them and reading them.

#### BOOK FARMING.

Having had an opportunity, this summer, of being more than usual among that class of men known as intelligent farmers, I was much surprised to find in many a deep rooted prejudice against book farming. To such I wish to address a word; and I choose your paper as the medium, hoping thus to reach more than by any other. What is understood by book farming? Many, I find, understand it to mean, doing or trying everything we see recommended in agricultural works, or the papers of the day. In this sense their prejudice has some foundation. But what I understand by a book farmer is one who first studies the nature and composition of soils, grains, grass, and such things as he wishes to cultivate; of manures, and the best mode of application, and then reduces these principles to practise, by examining the nature of his own soil, sowing the grains best adapted to it, and applying the manure which contains the necessary aliment for the grain. Of the necessity of this previous study, no one can doubt who examines the subject candidly. Let us go to one of our farmers who is opposed to innovations, as he calls improvements, and ask him what is the composition of his soil. He may say limestone, if he sees the limestone in beds, or sand, or such like; but more than this he knows not. Ask him what crop it produces best? If he has had many years experience on that farm, he may answer correctly. Ask him again, what kind of manure does a certain field need to produce wheat? He knows nothing about it. Now let us ask a farmer who understands his business the same questions, and his answer will, perhaps, be this: I find the soil is composed of such and such elements of wheat, lacking one which I find in large quantities, in a certain kind of manure, which I intend to apply. Which is the more reasonable? What would we say of a tradesman who could do the mechanical part well, but could not judge of the right materials? Of a painter, for example, who could put on the paint, but could not say what colours were necessary, nor how to mix them? Let us be consistent as possible, and not condemn the printer while we tolerate the farmer, whose cases are analogous. But, in addition to the money to be made by it, it gives a man the habit of study. It creates in him a taste for knowledge, which can never be satisfied. It gives food for his mind which it can never digest while he is at work, and dries up, at the fountain that wide and deep stream of evils which flow from an idle mind, and, at the same time creates a fountain from which flows a perpetual stream of pleasure.

**TO DESTROY BRIARS.**—The briar, as a plant, grows more luxuriously in beech and maple land, and when the timber is cleared and the sun has a chance for action, they grow very fast, so that in a short time it is with difficulty that they are kept down. In the spring of '45, I moved on a new farm, containing two hundred acres and upwards, with about forty-five acres improved, or partially so. There was at the time eight or ten acres completely grown up to briar. I commenced operations on about half of it: I ploughed it thoroughly and planted to corn. By the time the corn was up ready for hoeing, the briars had completely overran it. I hoed it and cleared it, and by the second hoeing it was as bad as ever. I then went over in the same way the third time—in fact, the more I hoed and tried to destroy them, the faster they grew; and by the time of harvesting they had grown half as high as the corn. The next spring I sowed it to oats, and was poorly paid. At the time of harvesting my hands were much torn and lacerated by the briars; besides, not having half a crop.—I then concluded to try some more efficient mode, having become tired of endeavoring to subdue them by cutting. I then sowed the ground to clover. The briars came up as usual, but looked sickly. The year following I pastured it with sheep, and now the briars have become almost extinct. I have tried every mode in the way of cutting, and I am persuaded that it is labor lost. I have tried cutting in the dark of the moon, and in August, all to no purpose. I am of the opinion that clover is the best means of getting rid of them, being quick and profitable.

**GRAFTING.**—I have put up thousands of grafts both in the roots and upon large trees, and the time that I choose for grafting is from the middle of February, until the sap rises, or until you can observe that the bark is getting loose on the graft, at which time it is very difficult to get them to grow, from the fact that in cutting the graft or pen after the sap is up, you are very apt to loosen the bark, and if not then, you are almost certain to do so in placing the graft in the root or limb, while if grafting is done before the bark is loose there is no danger whatever. In grafting in roots, or on trees, the graft should be placed in the split so that the inner bark of the graft and root, or limb, will exactly meet. Any person observing these rules cannot fail to have luck in grafting.

**TEA HAIR-WASH.**—The infusion of tea, when not too strong, is said to be very useful in preventing the hair falling off. The best plan is to pour boiling water on to the leaves, after they have been used for a meal. In ten or twelve hours it may be drawn off, and placed in a bottle for use as required. A tablespoonful of any perfumed spirits, or of rum, should be added to every half pint of the wash made. It should be applied to the scalp with a piece of sponge, or a very soft brush.

**CHARCOAL AND FLOWERS.**—The following extract cannot fail to be interesting to the botanist and the chemist, as well as to every lady who has a rosebush in her garden, or a flower-pot in her parlor. It is from Paris "Horticultural Review" of July last, translated by Judge Meighs of New York, for the Farmer's Club of the American Institution. The experiments described were made by Robert Berands, who says:

"About a year ago I made a bargain for a rosebush, of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I had only a middling multiflora, stale enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publication. I then covered the earth in the pot, in which my rosebush was, about half an inch deep with pulverised charcoal. Some days after, I was astonished to see the rosebush had done flowering, I took off all the charcoal and put fresh earth about the roots.

You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently, to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed the roses were, as at first, pale and discolored, but by applying the charcoal as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red colour. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish, or almost black tint.—Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers are (as I have proved) insensible to the influence of charcoal.

**HOW TO PRODUCE LARGE FRUIT.**—A correspondent of the Gardener's Gazette says that by a very simple and easy process, fruits of all kinds may be raised about one-third larger than is usually the case, and of greatly improved quality.—The secret consists in supporting the fruits so that they shall not be allowed to hang their whole weight upon the stalk, or twist about in the wind. The Gazette states that when the fruit is allowed to hang naturally upon the stalk, the increasing weight strains the stem, or twig, and thus lessens the quantity of nutritious food flowing to the fruit. The fruit may be supported either by tying it to a branch with a piece of matting, or by enclosing it in a small net. Flowers, such as dahlias or peonies, may also be rendered much larger by the adoption of this system.

**HAIR RESTORATIVE.**—To two parts (by measure) of the best olive oil, add one of spirits of wine, or of good rum; put them in a bottle, and shake them well together. With this anoint the head well morning and evening. For the first fortnight it should be well rubbed with a piece of flannel into the parts of the head most affected, after that time care must be taken not to injure the young hair by a too violent application of the restorative.

**TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—Take an ox's gall, a gill of soap lees, half a gill of spirits of turpentine, and make into a paste with pipe clay; apply it to the marble, and let it dry a day or two; then rub it off, and if not clean, apply a second or third time until clean. 2. Mix finely powdered pumice-stone with verjuice; let it stand for two hours, dip a sponge in it, rub the marble, and then wash with a linen cloth and fresh water, and dry with clean rags.

**WATERMELONS** love a high and dry soil; we have known them to grow luxuriantly on a sand bed where weeds of all sorts had refused to vegetate. Manure with compost in the hill. The product can be wonderfully increased by placing a shovel full of good loam over the places where the vine branches, and pressing it down—new roots will start out and impart vigor to the whole.

The Canadian government have appropriated £5000 for the purchase of seed wheat, to distribute among destitute settlements.