

# CHERAW GAZETTE

AND  
PEE DEE FARMER.

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**THE PEELER,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### IMPORTANCE OF PROPER SELECTION OF SILK-WORMS' EGGS. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN EGGS.

In the last number, we stated that it was of great importance to a successful result in rearing silk-worms to have eggs of a good and healthy stock, and especially of home or southern, in preference to a northern source of supply. Later and numerous facts have so much confirmed that opinion, that we deem it proper to repeat and to endeavor to enforce it.

The recent and now demand for silk-worms' eggs in this region, induced sundry orders to be sent to the north, the point to which our countrymen send for every thing wanted, even when a little search might provide better articles nearer home. The supplies of northern eggs were furnished to Petersburg, and thence to the adjacent country, from sundry different sources, through different channels, and were of different varieties of worms. There were also several small parcels of Virginia eggs, and a larger stock from East Tennessee. Ten ounces of the latter stock had died prematurely (beginning on April 13th), and being unsalable, the eggs were given away to all persons who would take them, for trials of rearing. By this accidental loss to the owner, a most important gain has been made by the public; for, in this manner, perhaps fifty or more individuals, who would not otherwise have thought of feeding worms, have been induced to make experiments. Nor were these experiments confined to this neighborhood; for the hatching worms were carried to points nearly 100 miles apart. So far as we have heard, (and careful inquiry has been made,) every person who experimented in feeding these worms, and other parcels from home laid eggs, (with a single exception which will be hereafter named,) was successful in the rearing, unless with such gross neglect, or bad treatment, that success was impossible. And on the other hand, of all the many previously designed, and mostly more careful and better conducted rearings, from northern eggs bought in, or for this town, not one has been successful, so far as we have learned; and there are but few that may not be considered equivalent to total failure. The great difference has been in general if not universal healthiness and hardness of worms of southern stock, and general and sometimes universal feebleness, disease, and finally death, of the northern broods. Such likewise have been the general results elsewhere that we have heard from, but with some few exceptions of healthy and good products from particular feedings of northern worms.

In the various cases under our own observation, or derived from neighboring gentlemen with whom we have frequent intercourse, these results have been the more striking, because in some instances the same individual was eminently successful with worms of southern stock, and as eminently unsuccessful with northern. Sometimes these different results were found in different broods hatched at the same time, kept in the same apartment, and throughout treated alike. We could state particulars of many such experiments, on the most unquestionable authority, which would fully sustain these general statements; but it would be an unnecessary extension of this article, and is not called for, unless the statements should be questioned. Upon the whole, it may be safely asserted, that if the rearings hereabout had been made altogether, (as they were mostly,) from northern eggs, and if there had been no other experience to show different results, that all confidence in the culture would have been lost, and every new beginner would have been discouraged and disgusted, and probably would have abandoned all thought of prosecuting the business. But luckily, there were enough, though smaller and less careful trials, from home-raised stock, to show entirely different and highly successful results; and more especially was it fortunate for the cause of silk-culture, that the accidental hatching of what seems to be the most hardy and valuable stock, should have spread that stock, and established its value, through an extensive region of our country.

One of the most careful and best pleased of all the new culturists, T. S. Pleasants of Bellona, was one of those who obtained, and reared with entire success, some of these southern eggs; and he has since lost totally, by disease, the worms of three ounces of eggs, ("mammoth-white") of

northern product. In communicating this and other such facts to us, and stating his concurrence in our opinion as to the general worthlessness of eggs received here from the north, he expresses his astonishment at the strangeness of the facts, and asks whether the change and difference of climate can produce the effects. We think not. Our opinion is, as before stated, that to have a healthy brood of worms, it is essential that the parent stock should have been healthy; and we infer that the northern eggs, sent here, produce unhealthy worms, not merely because they come from the north, but because they are generally also the product of feeble or diseased parent stocks. Deeming the climate of Virginia to be much better for silk-worms than that of the States north of Maryland, we should expect that eggs of the same kind, and the broods treated alike, would produce a better progeny, and better eggs from them, here than there. But that would be but a trivial circumstance compared to others which probably are of very extensive if not general operation. Every rearing of worms, even if among the most healthy and productive in general, has many individuals comparatively feeble, which spin cocoons of little or no value, and scarcely worth the attempting to reel. Being fit for nothing else, it is probable that these worst cocoons are usually selected to furnish eggs for sale; and that to this mode of selection the southern purchasers from northern dealers are indebted for the general worthlessness of the eggs obtained. And if the worst stock is chosen to furnish eggs, we may be supplied with worthless eggs even near home, without resorting to the north. Even if such selection of the worst and most diseased has not been actually made by design, it is certain that the recent and present great demand for eggs, has caused the worst as well as the best of every brood to be suffered to produce eggs for market; and thus if a parcel of eggs contained any that were from good and suitable stock, it also necessarily contained a large proportion of the worst description.

The applications of these facts is obvious, and should by no means be neglected by any one who hopes for success. After obtaining a first stock, as carefully as may be, every one should raise his own eggs, and only from the best cocoons, and the most healthy of the worms. And those who have to buy, ought if possible to obtain their eggs from those on whom they can rely for their care and honesty in the manner of producing eggs for sale, and for truth in the characters and descriptions reported.

A single exception was named above to the otherwise universal healthiness and success of worms of southern origin. These were from eggs of one particular rearing of 1838. Of a portion of these we lost every one, (by the contagious disease called "the yellows," while two worms of two other kinds, (also both southern,) in the same house, did as well as very bad arrangements and rough treatment permitted. Three other persons who were supplied with eggs from that same stock, also lost every one of their worms. These exceptions, so far as they go, seem to confirm the opinion of such results being caused by the eggs being obtained from a diseased stock. For though less likely to occur, a southern stock may be as feeble, or diseased, and as unfit to breed from, as any of the northern.

But even when there is not much disease exhibited in a brood, and when the rearing, if taken alone, might be deemed quite successful, we have found much difference in the time of feeding worms of southern and northern origin; and a few days added to the time required for rearing, is alone a very serious objection, on account of the greater expense of labor, of food, and the longer exposure to the risk of injury. We have just finished the rearing of four small broods, for experiment and comparison, of the following different kinds of silk-worms.

No. 1. Southern. Large gray worms, producing orange cocoons, a second hatching, from the eggs of one female, laid this season, and of the kind which had hatched first prematurely in April.

No. 2. Southern. Smaller white worms, producing sulphur-colored cocoons, also a second hatching of this season.

No. 3. Northern. "Yellow mammoth."

No. 4. Northern. "Pea-nut" kind.

All were hatched from the 13th to the 20th of June; and the worms were kept on the same table, fed and attended to by the same persons, and treated throughout with equal care; and the results were as follows:

The two southern kinds did very well; some few (not exceeding 2 per cent.) in their latter stages appeared yellowish and diseased, and were thrown away as soon as observed, for fear of infecting a highly prized stock; and one or two others of each parcel died after beginning to spin. The earliest of the large gray, (No. 1.) began to spin at 23 days old—and the last on the 29th. The smaller sulphur-colored (No. 2.) were about a day later in beginning, and the most sluggish of them were more behind the slowest of the gray. The "mammoth" worms (No. 3.) were not only slower in progress, but smaller at the same times, than the southern gray worms (No. 1.) though they finally reached about the same size. Three-fourths of their number were thrown away, as diseased. The first beginning of them to spin was at 29 days old. The "pea-nut" eggs (No. 4.) were known to have been of a healthy stock, (raised by S. Whitmarsh, Esq., Massachusetts,) and the parent worms had been properly selected for breeding; and from part of the same eggs, T. S. Pleasants at

Bellona, has raised this season, and has done well. In our smaller trial, though the losses by disease were very considerable, still the rearing may be considered successful as to final product. But these were six days later in beginning to form cocoons than the large gray worms (No. 1.) and at 29 days old, the first were beginning to spin, with the latest of the others. This is the only case known with certainty of northern eggs of best quality, and of a good kind.

The first moths from the cocoons of the large gray worms, came out on the 24th of July, (the 37th day from the hatching of the eggs,) and therefore, from the 13th of April, to July 25th, when the first of the third were laid, there were three successions of eggs in existence, within 105 days. Of this parcel (No. 1.) the eggs were not counted, but it is believed that all hatched, and that the after losses did not exceed, if they reached, 4 per cent. The product was 204 cocoons, nearly all very firm, and of excellent quality. Of the "pea-nut" eggs, 1297 by actual count, about 1100 hatched, and all made from them were 485 good cocoons, and 37 soft and imperfect—showing a loss by disease of about 50 per cent., of the hatching.

The greater slowness of growth of the "pea-nut" kind we expect to diminish in our climate, and probably may disappear by another year; and in all other respects they seem to be an excellent kind, inferior only, as we believe from our little experience, to the hardy gray worm. The cocoons of this second brood of the latter are firmer and better than those of the first hatching. If the eggs of these should again hatch, making three successive rearings from the same stock in a year, there will be good reason to believe that this quality of repetition in hatching will have become a fixed quality and thereby a new two-crop variety produced. The pea-nut cocoons are remarkably firm. The sulphur colored (No. 1.) we would reject, (even if it has become a two-crop worm,) on account of its small size. The "yellow-mammoth," if to be judged by the result of this rearing, we consider as feeble, unproductive, and worthless, and not possessing in any considerable degree even the very doubtful merit of an unusually large size.

Since the above was in type, we have seen in Morris's Silk Farmer of July 22nd, that the current price in Philadelphia of silk-worms' eggs was \$30 the ounce, on the muslin, equal to \$40 the ounce of net eggs. Sundry persons in and near this town have raised eggs, and have them for sale, and have not yet sold for more than \$5 the ounce (actual and honest weight,) for one-crop, and \$10 for two-crop eggs. The latter kind can scarcely be prevented from hatching in summer, and therefore have already been mostly lost.

Farmers' Register.

### A Looking-Glass for Farmers.

To J. Bael, Esq., editor of "The Cultivator."

Dear Sir,—When I was a boy, I can well remember how I used to be induced to wash my smutty face, by having a looking-glass held before my eyes. For the same purpose, I have extracted the following picture of a farmer, from the writings of that most eccentric and excellent writer, "Samuel Slick," in the hopes that if any of your readers should happen to see any part of himself therein, that he will improve by the view. Here it is.

"\* \* \* That critter, when he built that wreck of a house, they call 'em a half house here, intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimney outside, to serve the new part as well as the old. He has been too 'busy' ever since, you see, to remove the banking put there the first fall, to keep the frost out of the cellar, and consequently it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimney, and he has had to prop it up with great sticks of timber, to keep it from coming down on his knees altogether. All the windows are boarded up but one, and that might as well be, for little light can penetrate them ole hats and red flannel petticoats. Look at the barn; its broken back roof has let the gable cends fall in, where they stand staring at each other, as if they would like to come closer together and no doubt they soon will, to consult what is best to be done to gain their standing in the world. Now look at the stock, there's your improved short horns. Their dry looking, half starved geese, and them draggled-tailed fowls that are so poor the foxes would be ashamed to steal them—that little lamern-jawed, long-legged, rabbit-eared runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up—that old cow fram standing there with her eyes shut, and looking for all the world as tho' she's conplaining her latter end, and with good reason too, and that other redish-yellow, long-wooled varmint, with his hocks higher than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral, and which by way of distinction, his owner calls a horse, is all the stock, I guess, this farmer supports upon a hundred acres of as good natural soil as ever laid out door. Now there's a specimen of 'Nave Stock. I reckon he'll emigrate to a warmer climate soon, for you see while he was waiting to finish that thing you see the hen's roosting on, that he calls a sled, he's had to burn up all the fence round the house, but there's no danger of cattle's braking into his fields, and his old muley has learnt how to sneak around among the neighbors' fields of nights, looking for an open gate or bars, to snatch a mouthful now and then. For if you mow that meadow with a razor and

take it with a fine tooth comb you couldn't get enough to winter a grasshopper.—'Spouse we drive up to the door and have a word of chat with Nick Bradshaw, and see if he is as promising as outside appearances indicate.

"Observing us from the only light of glass remaining in the window, Nick lifted the door and laying it aside, emerged from the kitchen parlor and smoke house, to reconnoitre. He was a tall, well built, athletic man of great personal strength, and surprising activity, who looked like a careless, good-natured fellow, fond of talking, and from the appearance of the little black pipe which stuck in one corner of his mouth, equally so of smoking; and as he appeared so fancy us to be candidates, no doubt he was already enjoying in prospective the neighboring tap-room. Just look at em.—Happy critter—his hat crown has lost the top out, and the rim hangs like the bail of a bucket. His trousers and jacket show clearly that he has had clothes of other colors in other days. The untan'd moccasins on one foot, which contrasts with the old shoe on the other, shows him a friend to domestic manufactures; and his beard is no bad match for the woolly horse yonder. See the waggish independent sort of a look the critter has, with his hat on one side, and hands in his breeches pockets, contemplating the beauties of his farm.

"You may talk about patience and fortitude, philosophy and christian resignation, and all that sort of thing till you get tired, but—ah, here he comes, 'Morning Mr. Bradshaw—how's all home to day?' 'Right comfortable,—here that, comfort in such a place—I give thanks—come, light and come in, I'm sorry can't feed your horse, but the fact is, 'un't been no use to try to raise no crops late years, for body don't git half paid for their labor, these hard times. I raised a nice bunch of potatoes last year, and as I couldn't get nothing worth while for 'em in the fall, I tho't I'd keep 'em till spring. But as frost set in while I was down town I couldn't get them, and they didn't fix up the old cellar door, and this infernal cold winter froze 'em all. It's them what you smell now, and I've just been telling the old woman that we must turn out and carry them out of the cellar 'fore long, they'll make some of us sick like enough, for there's no telling what may happen to a body late years.—And if the next legislator don't do something for us, the Lord knows but the whole country will starve, for it seems as tho' the land now days wont raise nothing. Its actually run out."

"Why, I should think by the look of things around your neighbor Horton's that his land produced pretty well." "Why, yes, and it's a miracle too, how he gets it—for everybody round here said, when he took up that track, it was the poorest in these parts. There are some that think he has dealings with the black art, for't does seem as tho' the more he worked his land the better it got."

"Now there was a mystery; but an easy explanation of Mr. Slick, soon solved the matter, at least to my mind. 'The fact is,' says Mr. Slick, 'a great deal of this country is run out, and if it want for the lime, marsh-mud, sea-weed, salt sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, and a few Horton's to apply it, the whole country would run out, and dwindle away to just such great good natural good-for-nothing do-nothing fellows as this Nick Bradshaw, and his woolly horser, and woolless sheep, and cropless farm, and com-fortless house, if indeed such a great wind rack of loose lumber is worthy the name of a house."

"Now by way of contrast to all this, do you see that neat little cottage looking house on yonder hammock, away to the right there, where you see those beautiful shade trees. The house is small, but it is a whole house. That's what I call about right—flanked on both sides by an orchard of best graft fruit—a tidy flower garden in front that the girls see to, and a most grand sarce garden just over there, where it takes the wash of the buildings, nicely sheltered by that bunch of shrubbery."

"Then see them everlasting big barns, and, by gosh, there goes fourteen dairy cows, as slick as moles. Them flowers, honeysuckles and rose bushes, shows what sort of a family lives there, just as plain as straws show which way the wind blows. "Them galls an' tarnally racing round to quilting and husking frolics, their feet exposed in thin slips to the mud, and their honor to a thinner protection. No, no, take my word for't when you see gals busy about such things to home, they are what our old minister used to call 'right minded.' Such things keep them busy, and when folks are busy about their own business, they've no time to get into mischief. It keeps them healthy too, and as cheerful as larks. I've a mind w'll 'light here, and view this citizen's improvemens, and we shall be welcomed to a neat substantial breakfast, that would be worthy to be taken as a pattern by any farmer's wife in America."

We were met at the door of Mr. Horton, who greeted my friend Slick with the warm salutation of an old acquaintance, and expressed the satisfaction natural to one habitually hospitable, for the honor of my visit. He was a plain, healthy intelligent looking man about fifty, dressed as a farmer should be, with the stamp of "Homespun," legible upon every garment, not forgetting a very handsome silk handkerchief, the work throughout of his oldest daughter.

The room into which we were ushered, bore the same stamp of neatness and com-

fort that the outside appearance indicated. A substantial home made carpet covered the floor, and a well filled book-case and writing-desk, were in the right place, among the contents of which, I observed several agricultural periodicals. I was particularly struck with the scrupulously neat and appropriate attire of the wife and two intelligent interesting daughters that were busily engaged in the morning operations of the dairy.

After partaking of an excellent breakfast, Mr.orton invited us to walk over his farm, which tho' small, was every part in such a fine state of cultivation, that he did not even express a fear of starving unless the legislature did something to keep the land from running out.

We bade adieu to this happy family, and proceeded on our journey fully impressed with the contrast between a good and bad farmer, and for my own part, perfectly satisfied with the manner that Mr. Slick had taken to impress it indelibly upon my own mind.

Mr. Slick seemed wrapped in contemplation of the scenes of the morning for a long time. At length he broke forth in one of his happy strains. "The bane of this country, Squire, and indeed of all America, is having too much land—they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land year after year, without manure, till it's no wonder that it runs out. A very large portion of land in America has been run out, by repeated grain crops, and bad husbandry, until a great portion of this country is in a fair way to be ruined. The two Carolinas and Varginny are covered with places that are run out and are given up as ruin d, and there are a plagey site too many such places all over New England and a great many other states. We haven't the surplus of wheat that we used to have in the United States, and it'll never be so plenty while there are so many Nick Bradshaw's in the country.

"The fact is this, Squire, education is ducedly neglected. True we have a sight of schools and colleges, but they ain't the right kind. The same Nick Bradshaw has been clean through one 'em and 'twas there that he learnt that infernal lazy habit of drinking and smoking, that has been the ruin of him ever since. I wouldn't give an old fashioned swing tail clock, to have my son go to college where he couldn't work enough to earn his own living and learn how to work it right too.

"It actually frightens me, when I think how the land is worked and skinned, till they take the gizzard out on't, when it might be growing better every day. Thousands of acres every year are turned into barrens, while an everlasting scream of our folks are streaking it off to the new country, where about half on 'em after wading about among the tadpoles to catch cat-fish enough to live on a year or two, actually shake themselves to death with that everlasting cuss of all new countries, the fever and agur. It's a melancholy fact, Squire, though our people don't seem to be sensible of it, and you nor I may not live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another hundred years, as it has for the last, among the farmers, we'll be a nation of paupers.—Talk about the legislature doing something I'll tell you what I'd have them do. Paint a great parcel of guide boards, and nail 'em up over every legislature, church, and school-house door in America, with these words on 'em in great letters, 'THE BEST LAND IN AMERICA, BY CONSTANT CROPPING, WITHOUT MANURE WILL RUN OUT.' And I'd have 'em, also, provide means to learn every child how to read it, cause it's no use to try to learn the ole ones, they're so set in their ways. They are on the constant stretch with the land they have, and all the time trying to git more, without any on't. Yes, yes, yes, too much land is the ruin of us all."

Although you will find a thousand more good things among the writings of "The Clockmaker," I hope you will not look for a literal copy of the foregoing. And if ever this meets the eye of the writer of the "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick," I beg him, to excuse me for the liberty I have taken with his own language.

I remain your agricultural friend,  
SOLON ROBINSON.

### The Chinch Bug in Surry.

From the Farmers' Register.  
Surry county, July 1st, 1839.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, to learn the sad, and lamentable news, that the chinch-bug is now spreading rapidly over every part of our country and on some few farms destroying every thing before it, and I am afraid, it is destined at no very distant time, to be one of the greatest calamities that ever befel this country. Many farmers (and indeed very reasonably so,) are very much alarmed at the visitation of this great destroyer, not only of the farmer's hopes, but in fact of the man's principal and main support of existence. We are now harvesting our wheat crop, in which they got rather too late to destroy it entirely, but on many farms have seriously injured it, many places in the fields being quite destroyed. On following after the scythes, you may see millions of the bugs, of all sizes and colors, red, black and gray, running in the greatest consternation in every possible direction, seeking shelter under the sheaves of wheat, and bunches of grass, which may happen to be near. But all those on the borders of the field, and indeed on every part of it, very soon quit the dry and hard s'ubble for the more tender and juicy corn or oats, which-soever may be nearest at hand; and now

commences their havoc and dreadful devastation. We see the healthy, dark green, luxuriant oat, which a few days before looked so beautiful and rich, turn pale, wither and die, almost at their very touch. It would seem exaggeration and almost incredible to state how very prolific this devouring insect is, their increase being so prodigiously great, as to appear to be the work of magic.

In one day and night they have been known to advance fifteen or twenty yards deep in a field, destroying as they proceed. Unless some kind dispensation of providence delivers us from this ruthless enemy to the farming interest, it is impossible to say to what extent their ravages will, and may extend, in the course of a year or two.

To us farmers, who are dependent on the productions of the earth, for our every thing, it is truly awful. And if their increase in future is commensurate with the past, it must be but a short time before this section of country will be laid waste by this dreadful depredator, and its inhabitants, reduced to want and misery. Every attempt hitherto made to arrest their progress, or destroy them, has proved abortive. Some have attempted to drive them from their corn by pouring boiling water over them; a remedy, for the corn, as bad as the disease. Others try to stop their ingress to the corn fields by digging ditches around the fields; but with no avail, as they are furnished with wings in a short time after they are hatched, and of course can easily fly over the ditches.

Would it not be advisable always to sow clover, or some other tender grass, with all small grain to induce the bug to remain in the field after the grain is taken away long enough, to enable the corn crop to get size and age, so as not to be seriously injured by them. I have observed that the older the plant the much less liable it is to be either injured or attacked. The wheat crop, where it is not injured by the bug, is as promising, and bids fair to yield as plentiful a harvest, as I have ever seen. In fact, this crop is gradually increasing, more having been sown last fall, than for several years past; this desirable change, may perhaps be attributed partly to the use of manure. The growth of the corn crop is very fine; oats likewise; cotton but lute, and that very indifferent. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

### From the American Farmer.

Mr. Skinner—Dear Sir: On going into my pigsty, some time to the first part of June last, I discovered one of my Berkshire sows to be ailing. She appeared in great distress and could not rise, having lost the use of her hinder parts. This was about 11 o'clock. In the morning she went to the trough, and ate as usual; she had a litter of pigs, which I caused to be taken from her immediately, and administered eight ounces of glauber salts, dissolved in lukewarm water. The following day gave her a table spoon full of sulphur.

I considered her a "gone case," for I never knew one to recover from one of these attacks. Mr. Lassing, of Albany, had a very superior Berkshire sow, attacked in the same manner, a few years ago. After trying every remedy he could think of, gave her up and fattened her. She weighed, under these unfavorable circumstances, over five hundred pounds. He always supposed she had been struck across her loin by some unfeeling wretch, but I have every reason to believe it was caused by some sudden strain.

Some few days after my sow was taken, your paper of the 12th of June came to hand, in which I found, copied from the Tennessee Farmer, a similar case with the treatment described. The writer says—"I poured warm tar upon his loin; when this dried I repeated it—pulling out the hair adjacent; simultaneously with this, I mixed one tea-spoonful of arsenic in corn meal dough, which he cat freely. He is now on his feet and doing well."

I caused warm tar to be rubbed on her loin several times, and in a few days was much pleased to see her rise and stand on her legs once more, although but for a few moments at a time. She has now so far recovered as to feed in the pasture with my other hogs.

Now, sir, whether it was the salts, sulphur, tar, or all these combined that caused the cure, I am unable to determine, and it is of but little consequence, as they are generally at hand and cost but a trifle.

Respectfully yours,

CALEB N. BEMENT.

Three Hills Farm, near Albany, July, 22d.

### To restore tainted Meat.

If your meat be tainted, take it out of the pickle, wash it so as to cleanse it of the offensive pickle, then wash your barrel well either with a solution of lime or ashes; after which repack it, and between every layer of meat put a layer of charcoal until your barrel be full; then make a fresh pickle, strong enough to bear an egg or potato, and fill up your barrel. As you repack your pieces, it would be well to rub each with salt. Let it remain a week or ten days and the taint will have disappeared, and the meat be restored to its original sweetness.—Farmer and Gardener.

### RECIPE TO CURE AN EGG-SUCKING DOG.

From the Franklin Farmer.

Many a bravo and good dog has lost his life by too great a fondness for eggs, to avoid which hereafter, take three grains of tartar emetic and a teaspoonful of grated or scraped Indian turp, stir them well together in an egg, give it to your dog and he will ever afterwards turn off in disgust if you offer him an egg—a simple, safe and certain remedy.

W. P. HART.