

THE CRAWFORDSVILLE, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, INDIANA, JULY 31, 1858. WHOLE NUMBER 842.

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IDA'S COMING HOME TO ME.

I hear a voice sweetly singing,
In my ears the notes are ringing,
While my soul is fondly clinging
To sweet hopes kept bright and free.
As I will yet the voice do follow,
Still methinks I hear the singer
Gently warbling, "I will bring her—
Ida's coming home to thee."

Angels seem around me stealing,
Brighter days to me revealing,
Gently to my heart appealing
With sweet notes of melody.
"How not like the weeping willow,
Nor let team below thy pillow—
Loved ones now are on the hill—
Ida's coming home to thee."

Oh! the words my soul are thrilling,
And my eyes with tears are filling,
For ere long, if God is willing,
My near loved one I shall see.
Then let sorrow haunt me never,
Grief no more my heart shall sever
But my song be flowing ever—
Ida's coming home to me.

THE DESPERATE CHANCE.

Among other captives who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Indians at the defeat of Crawford, was a man by the name of Slover, the narrative of whose life would form a romance of the most intense interest. At the age of eight years, he was taken prisoner by the Miami Indians, during the "old French and Indian wars," as it was called, and carried to the Indian town of Sandusky. He was adopted by the Shawnees, and continued to live with them until the age of twenty, when, in company with some of the members of the tribe, he visited Pittsburg in 1778, where he accidentally met with some of his relations, by whom he was recognized, and urged to return to his home and friends. After great reluctance, he consented to do so, although he had become so thoroughly imbued with the habits and mode of life of the red men that he had few tastes in common with the whites. Having great abhorrence to the labor of a farm, he enlisted in the Continental army as a sharp shooter, on the breaking out of the Revolution, served during two campaigns with credit, and upon being discharged, settled in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania.

When the ill-fated expedition of Col. Crawford's command was about organizing, Slover was solicited to become a member of it to act in the capacity of guide. He felt a natural antipathy against engaging in hostilities with those among whom he had spent his earlier years, but finally accepted the offer, and shared in all the dangers of the expedition. When the retreat commenced, he was in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, in charge of a number of horses which were grazing on the prairies. The uproar caused by the rout and tumultuous flight of upwards of four hundred men warned him of his danger, and seizing upon one of the animals, he sprang upon his back, and was soon using his way through the woods in company with the rest of the fugitives. The Indians attempted to intercept the flying host at a spot where a deep brook crossed the road, and here a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The front, urged on by the rear, plunged boldly into the morass, and endeavored to flounder through. Their horses, becoming mired, were abandoned, and such as could, endeavored to escape on foot. The rear, unable from the darkness to profit by the misfortune of the van, pushed madly on, and were soon involved in the same dilemma. The Indians kept up a murderous fire upon the crowd who were struggling in the swamp, and what with their yells, the shouts of their men, as they called to one another for aid, and the shrieks of those who sank in the soft ooze to an awful death, the fearful struggles of the horses, and the incessant uproar of all, formed a scene of dire confusion which may be likened to Pandemonium. Such as escaped were compelled to leave their horses, and make their way on foot. Among others who adopted this alternative, was our hero. After incredible exertion, he reached the firm ground, and soon fell in with a party of six of his companions, two of whom, besides their horses had been forced to leave their rifles in the swamp. A hasty consultation was held, and it was decided to return on their path, as the only means of escaping from the vicinity of the foe, who were urging the pursuit with a halloo in the rear, which was answered by others on either flank. Dropping their food, they hastily concealed themselves, and in a few moments saw a band of seven or eight Indians pass by, evidently unconscious of their proximity. Their fright had spoiled their appetites, however, and gathering up the remains of their breakfast they resumed their journey, changing their course somewhat to avoid the party who had just passed. In about two hours they came to a large prairie, which it was necessary to cross or return upon their trail. The former alternative was adopted, notwithstanding it exposed them to view for a great distance, and they pushed on through the tall grass, keeping a good look-out for Indians. They had not proceeded far before they discovered a party of warriors approaching

them, but were fortunate enough to elude them by hiding in the tall grass, and again continued their course towards the timber which appeared in the distance. Before they reached it, however, they were caught in a terrific shower, which drenched them to the skin, and chilled the blood in their veins. They waded on through the wet grass, and at length reached the friendly shelter of the forest, just at night. After a good night's rest they pursued their way, but were much delayed by two of their companions, one of whom had burned his foot, and the other was suffering intensely from rheumatism. The latter soon fell in the rear, and was left behind, but was fortunate enough to reach home in safety.

On the morning of the third day after entering the forest, as they were journeying towards Pittsburg, having changed their course, they were fired upon by a band of Indians, who had trailed them through the prairie, and two of the party killed on the spot. Slover and two others were taken prisoners, but a youth named John Paul, equally bold and active, managed to escape, and finally arrived safely in Wheeling. Slover was recognized by his captors, much to his dismay and confusion, for he knew very well what his fate would be when he arrived at the Indian town. The captives were conducted back to the prairie, where the Indians had left their horses, and thence direct to the Indian town of Wauchetomoco. Here, the usual scene of running the gauntlet was gone through. The squaws and boys of the village assembled, and after switching and beating the prisoners to their hearts' content, they selected the oldest of their number, and having blacked his face, forced them to run between two fires, armed with clubs, tomahawks, knives, and every conceivable weapon with which to inflict torture, to the council house. The poor fellow whose face was blackened, wept bitterly at his fate, and asked Slover if it was not the intention of the Indians to burn him. They forbade Slover to answer him, and patting him on the back, assured him that they would not hurt him. The prisoners were then marched to another town, where the same scene of running the gauntlet was enacted, but this time with a more tragic result. The man whose face was blackened attracted so much of the Indians' attention, that Slover and his other comrades escaped almost scathless. But he, after fighting his way to the council house, was thrust back among his tormentors, soon fell from exhaustion, and was quickly beaten to death—after which, his body was dismembered, and various parts stuck on poles in the centre of the town. Here the prisoners were shown, also the body of Col. Crawford's son, Col. Harrison, and Col. McClelland, all of them black and mangled in the most horrible manner, having been beaten to death but a short time before their arrival. In the evening the bodies were dragged outside the town where they were left to the dogs and wolves, and the bones were soon all that was left. Slover's only remaining companion was next morning marched off to another town, and never heard of again, and towards night he was summoned to attend the council house to give an account of his conduct. Slover knew many of those present personally, and, speaking their language fluently, made a vigorous defense, and had made a favorable impression upon the minds of his judges, but, unfortunately for him, James Girty and McKee, two renegade white men, arrived at this juncture, and threw all the weight of their influence against the prisoner.

They did not hesitate to say that he had intimidated them his hope of escape, and his intention to attempt it, after taking a scalp from one of his enemies. Notwithstanding their asseverations, however, their story was so improbable that it was not believed, and the decision of his fate was delayed for several days, during which time Girty made use of every effort to entrap him in some unguarded expression, and cause his death. Taking advantage of his absence, and that of some of his friends, he at length succeeded in his object, and Slover was led forth to execution, bound to the stake, and the fires lighted. While he was summoning his courage to meet his fate, a shower of rain fell, put out the fire, and drove the Indians to shelter. By the time it ceased, it was too late to accomplish their object that night, and after beating him with sticks and clubs until his body was covered with bruises from his head to his feet, he was placed in a strong block house for safety, his captors assuring him that he should "eat fire in the morning." His wrists and ankles were bound with cords so tight that they were buried in the flesh, and a stout thong of buffalo hide was made fast to his neck, and the other end secured to a beam above. In this situation he was left in charge of three Indians as guards. Determined to escape the fate from which he had been so providentially preserved thus far, the prisoner never closed his eyes, hoping that the Indians would fall asleep. In this, however, they did not seem disposed to accommodate him. Late in the night, two of the men laid down, and their snoring soon told that they were oblivious to outward events, but the third—a loquacious old man—sat talking and smoking until nearly daylight. He endeavored to entertain the prisoner with speculations upon his ability to bear pain, handling the subject with all the zest of an amateur, and recounting the particulars of many similar scenes he had witnessed. He dwelt upon the entertainment which he had no doubt Slover would afford, exhorting him to bear it like a man, not forgetting that he had once been an Indian. Upon this painful subject he talked, and smoked, and talked again until the poor prisoner's flesh tingled as if the hot irons were already tearing his flesh. At length, however, the tedious old man's head sank upon his breast, and he soon began to snore. The heart of Slover now beat so strongly at the faint prospect of escape, that he was fearful his guard might hear it and arrest his aim. They did not stir, all was still, and he endeavored with trembling hands to remove the thong from his wrists and ankles. In this he succeeded without much difficulty, but the thong about his neck was as tough as iron, being made of seasoned buffalo hide, and resisted all his efforts to loosen it. He tried to gnaw it in

two, but in vain. Daylight was fast appearing in the East, and in a few fleeting moments he would be called to undergo the torture and the stake. This thought nerved him to extra exertion, and his efforts were redoubled, and became so strenuous that the big drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead, and his heavy breathing awakened the old man. Quick by placing his hands behind him, Slover remained in the attitude of sleep until the Indian, after yawning and stretching, and stirring the fire, lay down to sleep again, snoring as loud as ever.

Now was the time, or never. He seized the thong with both hands, gave it two or three quick jerks, and, to his surprise, it gave away, and he found himself at liberty. He was not slow to take advantage of it, but stepping over the prostrate form of his guards, he stood in the open air, and, for a moment, looked cautiously about him. Day was just breaking, but none of the Indians were yet astir. Quickly darting off, he ran in the direction where he knew several of the horses of his foe were grazing. On his way, he came very near stumbling over a squaw and several children, who were sleeping at the foot of a tree; but hastily avoiding them, he ran on through a corn field, and soon came out into that side where the horses were. Uttering the sigh which still remained on his right wrist, he made a halter of it, caught a fine young colt, which proved as gentle as he could wish, and mounted him as nimbly as a squirrel, although every limb was bruised and swollen with the treatment he had received the night before. He dashed off at the utmost speed of which his animal was capable, and was soon out of sight of the village. Confident that pursuit would not be delayed, at the utmost, more than fifteen minutes, he never slackened his speed until about ten o'clock in the day, when he reached the Scioto at a point full fifty miles distant from the village which he had left. Here he paused a moment to allow his noble animal which had borne him so gallantly to breathe for a few minutes, but fearing that the enemy had pursued him with the same rapid speed at which he had flown, he quickly mounted again, and pushed into the river, which was much swollen by the rain of the preceding evening. His horse stemmed the current nobly, but failed, as he approached the opposite bank. It was a case of life or death, however, and notwithstanding his evident failing strength, he again urged his forward at his utmost speed, and about three o'clock had left the Scioto twenty miles behind him, when his horse sank under him, having galloped upwards of seventy miles since daylight, through an exceedingly wild country.

Leaving the noble animal where he had dropped—not, however, without a feeling of commiseration—Slover ran on foot until sunset. Halting a moment to recover his breath, he heard a halloo far behind him, and seeing the keenness of the pursuit, he continued to run until ten o'clock at night, when he sank upon the ground completely exhausted, and vomiting violently. Here he lay in utter prostration, without a care whether he escaped or was recaptured.

Two hours passed away, and the beams of the rising moon warned him that the enemy would be enabled by the light to follow his trail almost as well as by day, and, as he thought of the tortures which awaited him if retaken, he started to his feet, and, renewed his homeward flight. Daylight found him still urging his powers to the utmost stretch, although he changed tactics, and instead of following the path which he had so far pursued, he took along a ridge, carefully putting back with a stick the grass which his footsteps had disturbed, in order to leave his trail as indistinct as possible. On that evening he reached some of the tributaries of the Muskingum, where his naked and blistered skin attracted myriads of mosquitoes, which followed him day and night, effectually preventing him from sleeping, and removing every particle of skin which the briars and nettles had left, so that, if his own account is to be credited, upon reaching the Muskingum, which he did on the third day, he had been completely peeled from head to foot. A few wild raspberries, which he found on the banks of the river, afforded him the first nourishment he had tasted for four days. He had not sufficient to eat, however, as he had no fire, and was so fatigued and exhausted. Swimming the river, he looked back over the ground he had traveled, and thought that he had put a vast extent of country between himself and the stake at Wauchetomoco, and felt that it would be passing strange if, after coming thus far, he should again fall into the hands of the enemy.

On the next day he reached Stillwater, where he caught two crawfish, which he devoured raw. Two days afterwards he struck the Ohio River, nearly opposite Wheeling, and perceiving a man standing upon the island, he called to him, told him his name, and asked him to bring over a canoe for him. The man was at first very shy, but Slover having told the names of the officers, accompanying the ill-starred expedition, and many other facts, the man was at length induced to cross, and the exhausted fugitive was safely landed on the Virginia shore, after an escape which has few parallels in real life, and which seems to exceed the bounds of probable fiction. A reference to the map will show that he had crossed the entire breadth of the State in his flight.

Here is a recipe for making a horse pace. I will give a recipe for making any horse pace. Buckle a fly weight around each ankle of the hind leg; the weight should have two straps attached, so that it can be permanently secured. The horse should be ridden at a lively gait, and at the same time, each rein should be alternately triced. This will force him into the required pace. After driving with the weights for several days, they can be gradually decreased at the rate of a pound a day until entirely removed. Sometimes it will be necessary to repeat the operation. If desired to make a trotter or pacer increase his stride, buckle a strap around each fore arm. This plan is practised by persons who train for the track and may be relied on.—N. Y. Tribune.

During the last few weeks, the Kansas shriekers have pretty much "dried up."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

THE HUMAN BLOOD.—A medical gentleman of this city has been experimenting upon the human blood for several years, and has arrived at some remarkable conclusions. It was well known that the theory has obtained for years that the condition of blood are the cause of health and disease. This theory has been a popular one by a large class of physicians and not without great merit. The medical gentleman to whom we allude, acting upon this theory, has been enabled by his investigations and experiments to ascertain the different qualities of the blood which produce different diseases. He does not claim that acute diseases as a general thing are dependent entirely upon the condition of the blood, though they have much to do with their production, but, after diseases become of a chronic character, they are dependent entirely upon conditions of the blood. Healthy blood is composed of fibrine 3 parts, globules 127, albumen 72, salts 8, water 750. Now it will be seen that as fibrine, albumen and salts form nearly one-tenth of the blood, and considerable increase of diminution in either of these constituents must materially change the quality of the blood, and as a necessary consequence derange all the physical functions.

Every analysis of the blood of persons laboring under disease shows material changes from the natural standard. In every case there is an increase or a diminution in one or more of the blood constituents. These changes are not the result of a day, or of a week, because the formation of the blood is a very slow process, inasmuch as but a minute proportion of the solids and fluids received into the stomach go to the formation of the blood. Now when we consider that all the solids composing the body are first in a fluid state, and are deposited through the agency of the blood components will eventually create a sufficient physical derangement to produce disease; and the disease will be of a type characteristic of the peculiar morbid changes of the blood. Thus, for instance, a person takes a severe cold; the disease manifests itself in inflammation of the lungs, or rheumatism, inflammation of the brain, or in any other form of the peculiar condition of the blood would be likely to produce. Many persons fall into what is called a "decayed" without any obvious predisposing cause, or are perhaps of an exceedingly nervous habit from which they can find no relief from medication. Such cases, it is claimed, are traceable to a change in the quality of the blood and can be gradually remedied and ultimately cured by such changes in diet as will conduce to restore the blood to a natural and healthy standard.

The experiments of the medical gentleman to whom we have alluded have enabled him to trace any difficulty in the quality of the blood as the primary cause of disease. There may be immediate exciting causes producing disease, it is true, but they will always assume a form characterized by the peculiar condition of the blood, and which would eventually have manifested itself in disease similar in character to that produced by the immediate exciting cause.

We understand that the gentleman who is pursuing these investigations intends before long to present his views to the public at some length. If the result is what he claims, it is it will prove one of the most remarkable and beneficial discoveries of the age, and a great blessing to humanity.—Detroit Herald.

A FIENDISH ACT.

Another of those black-hearted, fiendish and atrocious deeds which cry aloud to heaven for vengeance upon the perpetrators, has, from the publicity which has been given to it among the Mormon people, reached us. This one is of a man living in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, whose name, for the present, I shall suppress.—A young, amiable, refined woman, and loved by all who know her, somewhat superior to the common mass, from the influence of her early education, became impatient and heart-sickened at the abject state of misery so rapidly gnawing the very chords of her soul, and determined if possible, to make an effort to reach the camp of the army. Her husband got some wind of it. He immediately mounted his horse, rode to Brigham's office, and asked of "Brother Brigham" what he should do with her.—Brigham told him to cut her throat, and thus save her from eternal damnation. The brute went home, and told the poor woman to prepare to die. She, seeing the earnestness of his manner, fell at his feet, begging, praying and imploring him for mercy; but he, when she was thus kneeling before him, took her by the hair, and cut her throat from ear to ear.

This example was afterwards held up to the Mormon women in ward meetings as a warning to them.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—We are indebted to Lamartine's exquisitely fine pen for the following touching and graphic illustration of a mother's love:

"In some spring freshet a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough, where upon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world! Swept away by passion, it might be, it mattered not, bearing away with him the fragments of the shattered roof-tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and Rachel at death."

In Warren, Vt., July 11th, the men turned out upon a bear hunt, surrounding the woods in which bruin was known to be, they gradually lessened the circle and fired a volley, killing not only the bear, who weighed 400, but a Mr. Case, who was shot by some careless fellow across the ring.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

New York, July 26.
The steamship Europa has arrived off Cape Race, with dates to the 17th. Sales of cotton for the week 37,000 bales. All qualities have slightly declined, the market closing quiet. Breadstuffs had a declining tendency, and Provisions were declining. Consols quoted at 95 1/2.

The India bill passed by the House of Commons, had also been passed on the second reading in the House of Lords. The massacre of Christians at Jeddah attracted much attention throughout Europe. Turkey has promised to avenge the massacre. It was reported that England and France would take possession of the place. Bombay arrives to June 19th received. The Calpene rebels had defeated the Scinde troops at Gwalior. A large number of the latter had gone over to the enemy. A strong British force is preparing to recapture Gwalior.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market.

Liverpool, July 16.
The market exhibits a declining tendency for all descriptions of Breadstuffs. The weather continues to be favorable for crops.

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN.

Quebec, July 24.—The Canadian screw steamer Indian, which left Liverpool on Wednesday, the 14th, arrived at this port at about 4 o'clock this afternoon, bringing interesting news.

The Europa, from Boston, arrived off the evening of the 10th.

The Vanderbilt, from New York, on route for Havre, on the 13th.

The Saxonia, from New York, on the 1st, arrived at Southampton on the same day.

The Agamemnon and Valorous returned to Queenstown on the 12th.

The final break in the Atlantic cable was just below the stern of the Agamemnon, after 140 miles had been paid out of that vessel.

The Agamemnon then returned to the rendezvous in mid ocean and cruised there for five days in anticipation of meeting the Niagara. On her arrival at Queenstown it was resolved to coal and start for the final attempt on Saturday the 17th. There being still 2,500 miles of cable on both vessels.

In Parliament there had been an important debate on the slave trade, during which the government stated that the difficulties with America had been satisfactorily arranged, and that Secretary Cass had assured Lord Napier that the American government would give an earnest consideration to any proposals suggestive as to the verification of the nationality of vessels.

It is officially announced that the grand naval review at Cherbourg, will take place on the 4th of August.

There had been a terrible massacre of Christians at Jeddah by the Mahomedans; twenty persons were murdered, including among them both the English and French consuls. Three British men-of-war had been ordered there.

There is later news from both India and China, but the advices contain no particularly important features.

RETURN OF THE MORMONS.

St. Louis, July 26.
Dispatches from St. Joseph, to the 22d, per steamer D. A. January, states that advices from Salt Lake City to July 3d had been received.

The Mormons had all returned to the city and their homes in different parts of the Territory.

Gen. Johnston passed through the city with his horses and encamped thirty miles on the other side.

There were no troops in the city.

The government officials were duly installed in their various offices, and were preparing for the proper discharge of their duties.

Brigham Young was anxious to be tried on the charge of treason, but insists that the jury shall consist of Mormons only.

Mr. Livingston, an old trader on the plains, arrived last night from Salt Lake City, with dates to June 30.

The army had marched from the capital for Cedar Valley, forty miles below.

Brigham Young, and the heads of the Mormon Church had returned to the city, and the citizens were following them en masse. All was quiet in the Valley.

Some returned teamsters are circulating a report of rich gold deposits in the vicinity of St. Wam's Fort. These statements do not receive full credit, in the absence of authoritative information.

NOVEL SHOOTING.—The Louisville Journal says:

"Capt. John Travis is determined to keep the people here astonished with his use of the pistol. Having abandoned his idea of shooting oranges from a living boy's head, he has resolved upon showing his skill in a manner no less wonderful, if not so dangerous. He has made up a shooting match with J. J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, upon the following terms: Breckinridge is to shoot his rifle at a distance of two hundred yards, off hand, at a target, twenty shots. Travis is to shoot the pistol made by Morgan James (a beautiful pistol, which we have heretofore described) at a distance of one hundred yards with a rest, the same number of shots. The bullet holes in the target are then to be measured from the centre with a string, and the number nearest to the centre are to determine the winner. The shots will be made at the Oakland Race Course, near this city, on the first of October next."

A hen in Philadelphia has hatched out 56 chickens at one hatch. The lady who had charge of the fowl made a large nest in the ground, and had the hen sitting on some wads of cotton for a day or two previous to putting in the eggs. He then placed the eggs fifty-six in number, under her in two tiers, and each day changed the tiers, placing the upper one beneath the other tier. In twenty one days the entire batch was hatched out safe and sound.

BLACKBERRY RECEIPTS.

As we are now in the midst of the blackberry season, we subjoin a few receipts for different preparations of that common but excellent and healthful fruit, which may be acceptable to our fair readers:

Blackberry Cordial.—The following is said to be not only an excellent beverage, but a cure for diarrhoea, &c. To half a bushel of blackberries, well washed, add 1 lb. of allspice, 2 oz. cinnamon, 3 ounces cloves. Pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly till properly done. Then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar. Boil again for some time, take it off, and while cooling add half a gallon of best cognac brandy. Dose for an adult half a gill to a gill; for a child a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

Blackberry Wine.—Gather when ripe, on a dry day. Put into a vessel with the head out, and a tap fitted near the bottom; pour on them boiling water to cover them. Mash the berries with your hands, and let them stand covered till the pulp rises to the top and forms a crust in three or four days. Then draw off the fluid into another vessel, and to every gallon and one pound of sugar, mix well, and put into a cask to work for a week or ten days, and throw off any remaining lees, keeping the cask well filled, particularly at the commencement. When the working has ceased bung it down; after six or twelve months it may be bottled.

Another Receipt for making Blackberry Wine.—The following receipt for making blackberry wine is given by the Richmond American: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding a quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further boiling or straining, that will make lips smack as they never smack before under similar influences.

Blackberry Jam.—Gather the fruit in dry weather; allow half a pound of good brown sugar to every pound of fruit; boil the whole together gently for an hour, or till the blackberries are soft, stirring and mashing them well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found very useful in families, particularly for children—regulating their bowels and enabling you to dispense with cathartics. It may be spread on bread, or on puddings instead of butter, and even when the blackberries are bought, it is cheaper than butter.

Blackberry Wine and Cordial.—We add another receipt which has been extensively published, and is highly commended. It is as follows:

To make a wine equal in value to port take ripe blackberries or dewberries, and press them; let the juice stand thirty-six hours to ferment; skim off whatever rises to the top; then to every gallon of the juice add a quart of water and three pounds of sugar (brown sugar will do); let this stand in open vessels for twenty-four hours; skim and strain it; then barrel it until March, when it should be carefully racked off and bottled. Blackberry cordial is made by adding one pound of white sugar to three pounds of ripe blackberries, allowing them to stand twelve hours, then pressing out the juice, straining it, adding one third spirit, and putting a teaspoonful of finely powdered allspice in every quart of the cordial, it is at once fit for use. This wine and cordial are very valuable medicines in the treatment of weakness of stomach and bowels, and are especially valuable in the summer complaints of children.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

Baked Fruit Pudding.—One quart of good sweet milk, one bowl of good sweet apples, pared and sliced thin, put the apples in the milk and let them boil; then stir in corn meal, sufficient to make the batter. Butter a large tin basin and dip in the batter; add one egg well beaten; and a teaspoonful of ginger; bake in a moderate oven till done. It can be made of dried sweet apples, washed and chopped fine; and soaked in water enough to cover them, over night. In this case the water and apples are added to the milk. If sufficient sweet apples are used it will need no other sweetening. H. E. S.

To Pickle Plums.—For eight lbs. of fruit, take four lbs. of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, an ounce of cinnamon, and one of cloves; boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together, skim and pour scalding hot over your fruit; let it set three days, pour off the syrup, scald and skim and pour over again, and continue this process every three days till you have scalded it three times, after which it will be fit for use. Plums prepared in this way we think superior to the old method of preserving with sugar alone.

Apple to rub the Grindles.—Take from an apple a slice. Use this with a little grease in rubbing the grindles; and you can then bake the cakes without filling the kitchen with smoke. Try it.

Remedy for Croup.—Give tincture of lobelia in small doses every fifteen minutes until it causes vomiting; also apply the warm bath. It is almost a certain cure.

Cure for Diarrhoea.—Take one tablespoonful ground allspice and boil in a gill of water, and take it twice. It is also good for sickness at the stomach.

There is such a thing in human nature as total depravity. The New York Times relates the case:

"A man named David Parker, residing at No. 324 State-street, made complaint yesterday against a girl named Ann Williams, for stealing a gold watch. A private examination was held in Deputy Superintendent's office, when the revolting fact came to light, that the complainant, though a married man, a member of church in good standing, had kept a house of ill-repute at No. 68 Crosby-street, New York, into which he had introduced his daughter as a chambermaid, and, according to the testimony, actually received pay for her debauchment."

From the Rural American.

IMPORTANCE OF FALL PLOWING.

Mr. Editor:—I will give you my experience in fall plowing, thinking that it should meet the eyes of your numerous readers, it might be of some benefit. In the fall of 1855, I had a field I wished to sow with wheat in the following spring. The ground being in fine condition to plow in January, I thought it would forward my work in the spring to plow it, and I did so, taking pains to throw it into beds 12 feet wide, (the ground being naturally moist), and cleaning out the dead furrows well. As soon as the spring opened, or rather before the frost was out of the ground, I gave it a light dressing of manure, and sowed my wheat, 14 bushels to the acre, harrowing it in both ways thoroughly. The result was 334 bushels of wheat to the acre, weighing 57 pounds to the bushel.

Although being told by my neighbors that I was spoiling my land by plowing in the fall, yet I felt so confident that it added one-quarter to my crop, I tried it the next fall for oats, leaving part of the same field fall plowed, when I plowed it well and sowed the whole with oats, managing it all precisely the same way, except the time of plowing, and the result was in favor of the fall plowing, at least one-quarter.

I also tried the same experiment on my corn ground, and the result was about the same. Indeed, so marked was the difference, that it could readily be seen to a row all the fore part of the season.

Now, I would just say to the readers of the Rural, try it for yourselves, as experience is the best teacher; and I think you will be satisfied that turning up the soil loosely in the fall, and leaving it to the action of the frost through the winter, thus pulverizing all the hard lumps or particles, will better fit it for a crop than you can fit in the spring, saying nothing about the benefit of having your spring work well started in the fall, when your team is strong and in good condition, and your work not crowding. M. B. WATERS.

Middlefield, Georgia Co., Ohio.

How to Keep Hams THROUGH THE SUMMER.—To the Editor of the Chicago Journal.—For the benefit of your numerous readers, I wish you would give place in your paper to the following:

S. L. M.
Receipt for keeping hams in good condition through the summer:—Slice them as you would for immediate use; then fry them sufficiently to get fat enough to cover them; pack the slices in a tight, clean vessel, taking care that every part is perfectly filled with fat. Hams put up in this way are secure from flies, mould and drying; besides it is a great saving of time to the housekeeper. Try it, you that are fond of good living.

BLACK TEETH IN PIGS.—As many of our farmers are not aware of the disease that destroys at least one-eighth of the young, I will give a description of the disease and of the cure.

Symptoms.—The hair stands out, with a slight cough, lank in appearance, and do not eat well; as the cough increases, they grow stupid, have the scours, and die in fits. **Cure.**—Catch the pig, and you will find just lack of the tusk a small black tooth (similar to the wolf-tooth in the horse) set in the jaw. Take a hammer and a punch, and break the tooth loose, and with a pair of nippers take out the tooth or teeth, and if the tusk or black break them off also, and give the pig a little sulphur with his feed.—Cor. N. Y. Observer.

CURIOSITIES OF THE HERMITAGE.—A gentleman who recently visited the Hermitage, the home of General Jackson, gives the following account of some of the curiosities he saw:

"Prominent among the curiosities was a wooden pitcher. It was made of wood from the elm tree under which Wm. Penn made the celebrated Indian treaty. The pitcher was made and presented by the coopers of Philadelphia, and, although it is not larger than a common cream jug, it contained 750 staves. The hoop, lip and handle are of silver; the bottom is a magnifying glass, by looking through which one is enabled to see the joints, which are not visible to the naked eye."

We will next notice "Old Hickory." This is a double cup—that is two cups with one bottom, so that when one is turned up the other is turned down. It is, as its name implies, of hickory, and, what is more singular about it, has a natural handle. It is simply a block about one foot in length, with both ends hollowed, and was cut on Long Island, from a hickory sprout, the parent stem of which was severed by a cannon ball, in the war of the Revolution.

The next things we will mention are a calumet of stone, presented by some Indian chief, a bayonet used by some Indian around it found near the battle ground below New Orleans; the cup and saucer out of which Gen. Washington drank his last tea, and a small piece of candle found in the tent of Lord Cornwallis when he surrendered to Gen. Washington, and closed the revolutionary struggle. The last named article was given to General Jackson with the request that he would light it on each Fourth of July. Mrs. Jackson remarked that they had failed to do this for several years, owing to its shortness.

AN INCIDENT.

The canvass between Hon. HENRY SEIZER and Hon. JOHN G. DAVIS, the former the Democratic and the latter the Republican candidate for Congress, opened at Russellville, in Putnam Co., on Saturday last. In the course of his speech Mr. Davis alluded, with great warmth, to a charge made against him that he had been bought up by the Republican party. He denied that there was any contract of that kind; at all events, he had not as yet received any pay from that party—a consideration necessary to make the purchase binding. An old farmer in the crowd here interrupted Mr. Davis, and remarked that he seemed to be denouncing a fellow who had been bought up by the Republican party. Davis dropped that subject.—State Sentinel.