



11-28-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 19): November 28, 1850

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 19): November 28, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 174.
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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1850.

NO. 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. E. WING.
At No. 51-2 Doublet Block, Main Street.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

Written after the burial of a much loved father, on looking at some of his old letters and a few white spires that could be collected from his grave.

Oh, Grave! give me back—not the lifeless form
Where Death has fixed his cold stamp;
That in my life I have given for food for the worm,
It may dwell in thy chambers damp.

What the strong speller claimed to him I must yield,
And his may be the bright light of day;
But thou, most lonely, that gleamed from his field,
And what he had there thou dost crave.

Even that reverend head with its silver crown,
Too precious for Death to deface,
Unchanged that head laid in thy chambers down,
And did every lock from my gaze.

Give me back but one lock—but thine aspect stern
Tells my pleading is all in vain;
And to other hopes I must fondly turn,
And seek—ah! I fall again?

I will search in the grass round the cottage door,
I will break up the new-formed mound;
Is there nowhere reserved one lock to store,
Where he loved and walked of old?

His chosen shade—O, favored tree,
Could you save no loved memento for me?
The white roots shine, and mock my grief;
I stoop to the bright blade—doe?

But I nowhere find, on mould or leaf,
One spire from that silvery crown;
Then bring me his garments, the last he wore,
And lay them around his arm-chair.

Half buried with tears I will search them o'er,
While I almost see him there.
Can you bring no token, ye folds that so oft
Have pressed that loved form around?

How ye nestled no silvery threads, and soft,
That the Grave hath never found?
Joy! joy! ye have saved a few for me,
From those locks I never may see.

I'll keep them, and love till my dying day
That, thine little curl of silver grey.

MISCELLANY.

THE TWO DUELS.

"My dear friend," so wrote the young and gallant Charles Melville to his old school-fellow, Edward Vermillier, "I shall be in Paris on the 25th instant, and have at length one grasp of your honest hand. Adolphus does not accompany me. He remains at Baden to take charge of my affianced bride, Eugenia Derval. My brother, in my absence, watches over, guards, and protects my happiness. I required, I assure you, a strong effort on my part to leave her—nothing but a most important affair could have induced me to determine on a journey which must separate me, even though it be but for a few days, from my beloved Eugenia.

"You remember well the story of myself and my brother—how we were both left orphaned at the age of eight years, and brought up by an aunt, who acted towards us as if she really were our mother, for she never ceased to lavish upon us the most affectionate care, and the most unceasing solicitude. The affection was never diminished, and when forced by necessity to take up her abode in Paris, and while we ran off wild career through the world, she yet watched over us, and sustained us by her counsels, or encouraged us by her praises. To repay then so much love with indifference or forgetfulness, would have been most base; and therefore it is that I determined, however great was the sacrifice, not to enter into the married state without asking of my second mother, her consent, that I know she will be most happy to give me.

"But, as yet, you know nothing of the lady I have chosen. Let me describe her to you in a few words: Eugenia Derval is a perfect woman in beauty, and in heart, and in affections, pure as an angel. And, it is not love, that I feel for her, it is idolatry. And shall I let you see into the inmost folds of my heart?—Shall I tell you what I think of my approaching marriage? I tremble to enter into an alliance that I sigh for; for my reason—my observation—tells me that I am not the only adorer. My brother also loves her—my brother, too, idolizes her; and yet with a perfect abnegation of self—with a complete denial of his own wishes, that might almost be termed sublime, he affects in her presence tranquillity and indifference. Even as I write these few lines my hand trembles with agitation—my eyes are covered as with a mist. And, alas! how could it be otherwise. Why should he not feel the same ardor and the same affection for the same object that I myself experience? Twin brothers—have we not had from our birth always the same sentiments, the same feelings, and the same thoughts? The very resemblance that there is in our features, has it not also penetrated into the minutest fibres of our hearts? Ah! such an idea terrifies me. I have surprised Adolphus weeping—I have seen him turn pale as he listened to our words. Tell—oh! tell me, that I deceive myself—Rejoice to me that I am the victim of a terrible delusion. Inspire me with the strength of not looking deeper into the mystery—for I feel that devotion and sacrifice are not for me, and that I would not yield Eugenia even to death.

"It was not without the liveliest emotions, that Edward Vermillier perused this letter; for he was sincerely attached to the two brothers; and in thinking of the astonishing harmony—the perfect resemblance—the miraculous union that nature seemed to have established between them, he was but too well disposed to believe the reality of the misfortune, which his friend had intimated thus distinctly to him.

The letter reached Paris but three days before the writer himself arrived. Charles Melville was a remarkably handsome young man, twenty-four years of age. His forehead denoted the possession of brilliant faculties, and in his full dark melancholy eye might be seen depicted a soul at once passionate and thoughtful.

The two friends met with joy, and at once entered into a full and confidential conversation with each other; a conversation in which not one secret thought was withheld. Edward Vermillier had but few things to tell his friend; his life had been free from those storms which

come but to destroy the affections, and frequently to break the hearts of their victims. It was not so with Charles Melville. All his thoughts, his wishes, his hopes, were centered in the heart of a single maiden—that was the heart of Eugenia Derval.

Endowed with a perfect education, with a lovely face and figure, of a character at once simple and affectionate, Eugenia was, in one word, an accomplished woman. Her father had acquired an immense fortune, and taken up his abode in Baden. Far from interfering with the course of true love, M. Derval had encouraged the growing affection between his daughter and Charles Melville. Every thing contributed to make the union a happy one. In age, rank, and feelings, both parties were on a perfect equality.

Eugenia, it might be said, had the opportunity of choosing between the two brothers, and she gave the preference to Charles Melville, not because at first it was possible to make a distinction between them, but because Charles was the more animated of the two, and had first presumed to speak to her of love—to press her hand—and to make her mistress of his own destiny.

Adolphus, the more timid of the two, had contented himself with admiring Eugenia in silence, and loving her in secret, his disposition being to take the part of 'Sorrow,' in that domestic drama of which his brother should appear as the representative of 'Happiness!'

Charles, as it may be perceived, had penetrated the mystery of his brother's sufferings. On the point of being united to Eugenia, he was terrified at the thought of the blow he was about to aim at the heart of Adolphus. He told his grief to Edward, and the latter at length succeeded in convincing him, that despite of their amazing sympathy with each other in every thing else, it was not to be presumed that they must both fall in love with the same lady.

Our wishes are often the interpreter which our heart employs to mislead our reason. Such, too, was the case with Charles Melville. The words of his friend at once dispelled all cares, and it was agreed by the two young gentlemen they should finish their evening by a visit to the opera.

But, alas! on what a fragile thread depends the life of a man! Charles Melville left his seat between the acts; and when he returned, he found his place occupied. He politely remarked to the stranger, that he made a mistake in taking it, for, on going out, he left his glove on the seat, where it was still to be found.

The man to whom these observations were addressed was of a ferocious and most forbidding aspect. He had thick grey mustaches—his frock-coat buttoned up close to his neck—the red ribbon at the button-hole—and the high, haughty look and manner, at once declared an old officer, who had served under the Emperor. This person, on hearing himself addressed by Charles, scarcely deigned to turn around his head. He slightly raised his eye brows, and then cast upon the young man a haughty disdainful look.

"This place is mine, sir," said Charles, in a voice slightly tremulous with anger. "Will you give it up quietly, or shall I have to take it by force?"

"This place is yours, you say; very well; that is the reason I am determined to keep it as mine."

"Then you compel me to remove you from it," replied Charles, placing his hand on the stranger's collar.

At the moment he did so he was struck in the face; and thus an insult was offered to him, that in every country of the world, and despite the strongest laws, requires a reparation, too often stained with blood.

A place of meeting was instantly fixed upon. Not one word of rage or of passion passed between the parties, only at the end of the performance the unknown, in passing Charles, looked at him fixedly, and in order to see what effect his words would produce upon him said, "To-morrow, sir—I am General Dupont."

That name was known to Charles, as it was known to all the world; for it had acquired in France, but Paris especially, a horrible celebrity. Everybody knew, thanks to his murderous talent, aided as it hitherto had been by chance, that every unfortunate man who had fronted the General in a duel, had been removed as a corpse.

No matter what may be a man's courage—nor how strong may be his nerves, nor fixed his determination, still the moments that precede a duel are moments of awful suspense; for then all the bonds that bind us to the world seem to be drawn with greater closeness towards it.

Charles passed the entire night in thinking and in writing. And more than one bitter remembrance came to shake his nerves, and to wring his heart. When daylight, however, at length appeared, the time of trial was over. The man was complete master of himself, and free from every weakness.

"Conceiving that the insult which Charles Melville had received was too gross for any middle course of reconciliation, Edward Vermillier took upon himself the office of second, without thinking of being a peace maker. He knew, too, that his friend Charles was a man of desperate bravery, and a most accomplished shot. He then, with the second of the General, arranged that the meeting should take place in the wood of Vincennes, near the village of Saint Monde, that the two combatants should stand at twenty paces distance, and that chance should decide which should first fire."

Charles, on getting into his carriage, gave his friend a letter, telling him that in case he should fall, he was to give it to his brother Adolphus.

You will tell him that the last words that filtered on my lips when expiring, were his name, and that of Eugenia.

Edward clasped the hands of his friend in silence. It was felt by Charles as an inviolable promise, and he only added with a melancholy smile,

"Thanks! thanks!"

Charles at once proceeded to the ground. The General was there before him, and perceiving him, advanced and coldly saluted him, and then began smoking, as apparently unconcerned as if he were an entire stranger to the frightful scene that was about to be enacted.

A five franc piece was thrown into the air, and chance favored Charles Melville. Certain as he was of his aim, he saw at once his adversary was lost; but on finding himself master of the existence of a man who had offered him a most unprovoked outrage, his resentment was completely extinguished. He was horrified

at the thought of causing the death of that body which God had animated with life. He asked himself how he could think of bringing to the altar of religion the pure Eugenia, and offering her a hand red with the blood of a fellow creature.

"Now, General, for—the half of your hat," The ball whistled, and carried off the object at which he aimed.

General Dupont had not made a single movement that could indicate fear, surprise, or gratitude. His brow was frowning, his look menacing, and a smile of irony curled on his lip.

"You are skilful, sir," he said coldly. "And now for you, sir—the fifth button on the left." The shot was fired, and Charles fell—the shot had passed through the heart.

"It is a vile, cold-blooded assassination!" exclaimed Edward Vermillier, pale with rage and indignation.

"Make no foolish noise, young man," said the General, in an icy tone of voice. "Every one uses his right of firing as he pleases. Good morning, gentlemen!"

In pronouncing these words, the General got into his cabriolet and drove off.

Edward Vermillier rendered the last duties to the remains of his friend. The unfortunate young man was interred in the cemetery at St. Maude; and when that last mission had been fulfilled, he immediately repaired to Baden, in order that he might most punctually redeem the promise that he had made to him no longer existed.

Adolphus Melville, on receiving the news, remained like one stricken with a thunderbolt. His grief was silent and sombre, like that which despair and cannot seek any consolation in a future hope. He brought Edward Vermillier into a shooting gallery. He fired two shots, and each shot was directly in the centre of the mark.

"Edward," said he, "do you think I could hit a man if I aimed at him?"

Six months after the occurrence just detailed, a great crowd, attracted by the promise of a splendid performance, was attracted to the opera-house; and among them was one well known to every one—General Dupont. Not far from him might be observed a young man whose face was of marble paleness, and whose eyes of fire seemed to be fixed with an intent gaze upon every movement of the General.

It was not without astonishment that some persons remarked, that the instant the general left his seat between the acts, this young man dashed from his own, and took possession of that which the old officer had vacated but for a moment.

"This place is mine, sir," said the General, in a haughty tone of voice, on his return.

Not the slightest answer was given him. "Quit this place, instantly—do you hear?" continued General Dupont, excited to a furious passion.

The young man turned round his head. There was an ironical smile on his face, and, without speaking, he looked at the General fixedly for a few moments. The latter involuntarily shuddered. That face—the extraordinary resemblance between the two brothers—called back to his memory a scene that he had almost forgotten.

"This place is yours, you say; very well; that is the reason I am determined to keep it as mine."

A blow was exchanged; and, at the same instant, a female shriek was heard in a box, where a young lady was sitting alone and trembling.

"To-morrow, sir," repeated the General, in a similar tone.

We shall fight, if you have no objections, at Vincennes, near the village of St. Maude; and that gentleman there will be my second."

In saying these words, the unknown pointed to Edward Vermillier, who was in an adjoining seat, and who remained a calm, but not an indifferent spectator of this scene. The General looked at the latter with the greatest surprise.

"Well—well!" he exclaimed, seized with a strange emotion, "either he or some one else—it is a matter of no consequence who it may be."

It is unnecessary to say that the young man was Adolphus Melville.

He took Edward's arm, and repaired with him to apartments in the Rue Lepelletier, which were occupied by Eugenia and her father.

Since the death of Charles the sight of Baden had become intolerable to her. Grief was slowly but certainly undermining her health, and M. Derval insisted that she should come to Paris, in hope that the thousand attractions of the city might dissipate a sorrow that seriously threatened her life.

White as a statue, Eugenia trembled as she heard the approaching footsteps of Adolphus, and in the midst of her tears she exclaimed, "O Heavens! what have you done?"

"My duty," said he, "what have you done?"

"Alas! alas! I am condemned to lose all!"

Think on him," replied Adolphus.

Eugenia left her head fall between her hands, and in a voice scarcely intelligible murmured, "Ah! I can no longer think but of you."

"O, hush! hush!" cried the young man, as he turned pale. "So you wish to make me a coward—a wretch! I am a fool—I tremble—see—you have made me afraid!"

Eugenia Derval in an instant obtained full command of herself. She seized hold of his hand—looked at him for a long time, and then said,

"I do not at all love you."

"Thanks! thanks!" cried Adolphus, in a despairing tone of voice, as he left the house in company with his friend.

Edward Vermillier had consented to become the second of Adolphus, as he had been so to Charles Melville; for his entire soul was possessed with the thoughts of vengeance, and he determined if his friend fell in the coming conflict, to offer himself to the General as the last victim.

The place where the quarrel had taken place, the ground selected for the combat, the astonishing resemblance between the man he had as an adversary with him whom he had slain! all these circumstances which seemed to be brought about by chance, produced an extraordinary impression upon the mind of General Dupont. He did not bear on the ground his wonted careless courage, nor had he that confidence in himself which on all other occasions he had experienced; and though chance gave him the first shot, he felt that his skill had left him with his hand cold.

He aimed at his adversary with an eager convulsive hand, and the ball whizzed by the hair of Adolphus Melville.

Adolphus preserved an air of stoical indifference while fronting the weapon of his formidable adversary. He turned to his enemy, and extended his arm, while with a cruel slowness he aimed at him, and said in a voice that penetrated his frame,

"And now for you, sir—the fifth button on the left."

The trigger was pulled, and again the prophecy was realized. General Dupont was slain with a pistol bullet on the scene of his former homicidal exploits.

The ravenous wild beast was deprived of the power of destroying life.

When Adolphus Melville and Edward Vermillier again appeared at the house of M. Derval, they found Eugenia bathed in tears, more pale than usual, and on her knees. Adolphus advanced towards her. "Eugenia," said he, "my brother is avenged. I can now read to you a letter which he wrote to me the day of his death, and the contents of which I have hitherto concealed from you."

"Read," murmured the young girl, as her hand pressed closely to her heart.

The letter of Charles Melville contained but these few lines:

"My friend, my brother, my Adolphus—I fight today, and I shall fall in the encounter. I have a presentiment of it; and shall I avow this to you?—that though I am on the point of exposing Eugenia, that maiden of my choice, that angel of my dreams, yet I dread not death; and I dare attempt to desire it—for the union that would render me the most happy of men, would also condemn me to an everlasting grief. I have penetrated your thoughts. I have learned your sacrifice; I have admired your devotion. Esopose her; I demand it as a kindness; I prescribe it as a duty."

Not one word was exchanged between these young persons after the reading of his letter. Eugenia Derval stretched her hand to Adolphus, who pressed it to his lips, and the wishes of the dead were soon carried into effect. United before men as they had been almost unknown to themselves, in the secrecy of their hearts, they withdrew to the village of St. Maude, near the tomb of Charles; and not a day now passes over their heads, that they do not bring thither a prayer, a flower and a tear.

An Atheist Republic.

Open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul; that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims may have a God; the tribunals and victors have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death; "Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of music. Sensual philosopher, he desired only a supreme sensualism; a last voluptuousness to his agony."

Contemplate, Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and saviors. Not a glance towards Heaven! "Only one word for the earth she was quitting—O Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet. The only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep. Then to the executioner, 'you will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble.' His faith, his faith, his last sight, vanity; behold the Frenchman of this later age!"

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, Death itself, recalls neither threatenings nor the promises of God?

The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory! An atheist republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it hedges; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immortalize itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions—Lamarine.

Jersey against the Field.

In Walnut street below Second, the thoroughfare is much obstructed by pieces of brick and other building materials introduced to be used in repairing several houses in the neighborhood. These deposits make the carriage way so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass each other at a certain point. On Saturday afternoon a Jerseyman, driving a dearborn, met a jockey-like looking gentleman in a gig, in the middle of the narrow defile, when the following conversation took place:

"Mister, you'll have to give way, I guess; my horse won't back."

"Won't he? Well, I like his humor; I'm pretty much of the same way of thinking myself."

"I won't give an inch if we stop here all day."

"I will wait as long as I please to stay here for a week. I've got twenty or thirty fine water melons in my wagon, and I can live on them as long as they last; and as for a sleeping place, there is nothing better, at this season, than a good covered dearborn."

"If you're going to be so crusty, old fellow, I'll stick it out till your horse drops for want of fodder."

"O, don't trouble yourself about my creature! The water melon rinds are good enough for him—he's the amazing fond of 'em. Spose now we have some talk, to improve ourself a little, while we are such nice neighbors. What's the last news from the gold diggings?"

"The last news is that an old whelp got horsehipped for stopping up the road before his neighbor's door."

"Rah! How I would like to see something of that kind trick in our parts! And what are they going to do with Professor Webster?"

"Hang him; and I wish a few more were bound on the same voyage. If the gallows had got its due a few years ago, you wouldn't be sitting there where you have no business."

"That's a fact—I might have been in market before this time selling my water melons. What's the last account of the cholera?"

"It's spreading very fast since the water melon season's commenced. I hope you will make a heavy dinner on them in your dearborn."

"Thank ye—I jest will. What about the admission of California?"

"O criminy! Well, Jersey, I'm bent out, I confess. If you've got on that subject I'll compromise at once, and clear the track for you. We can't make eight dollars a day—as they do in Congress—by staying here to discuss that topic, so take the road, and be hanged to you."

He backed out accordingly, and the persevering Jerseyman was proclaimed victor by the miscellaneous crowd which had assembled to hear the dialogue.—[Pennsylvaniaian.]

[From the New England Farmer.]

"Study to Have a Large Dung Hill."

The value of farm-yard manure seems to be generally admitted. Its application to the soil lies at the very root of success in husbandry.

With it, the farmer can accomplish every thing that others have done before him; without it, he is as though his hands were tied; he can do nothing. It is his capital, which, when safely invested and prudently managed, will ere many days return to him with interest. In all ages of the world has its worth been recognized; and those ancient works on agriculture that have come down to us, abound in allusions to its importance, and give curiously minute instructions for its preservation and use. The ancients justly thought that the character of a farmer can best be ascertained by comparing the size of his dung-hill with the number of acres he has in cultivation. They all agree in calling it the basis of his prosperity, and the source of domestic comfort and happiness.

But how forgetful of all this are thousands of the farmers who make it a boast that they live in the nineteenth century—many of them claiming to be men of intelligence and sagacity! They appear to think their land does not require a good supply of nutriment, in order to produce an abundant crop. They actually starve their land, while they would not be willing to starve their cattle. They very well know that a poorly-fed ox is not able to labor, and can not be converted into prime beef, as well as that milk can not be expected from a cow which is kept on a scanty pasture; and furthermore, that both the quality and the quantity of beef and milk are in proportion to the excellence of the food given. The profit is large or small according to the manner in which the animals may be kept; and surely no profit can be realized where the owner's care is simply to sustain the bare necessities of life.

ment the same as a cow or an ox; and when not kindly treated, it can no more yield a liberal return, than either of those animals can, without being well fed, furnished good milk and beef.

A new soil, that is, one which has long lain idle, may produce several good crops, without the use of manure; but so soon as the elements of fertility are consumed, unless some fertilizer be applied, it becomes barren and must be allowed to lie fallow until it can abstract from the atmosphere that of which it has been robbed by the selfish husbandman. It can be exhausted, just as a source is in the course of time emptied, when it is subject to a constant drain, and never replenished; it can be worn out, like a man in the prime of life becoming faint and feeble from the want of food. A good soil, in the hands of a good farmer, is more generous than a purse, which restores that only with which it has been intrusted. It acts the part of the faithful servant, who, in returning the five talents to his lord, adds thereto the other five talents which the first have gained, while in his care. It is the honest banker, who is, at the appointed day, ready with both principal and interest for the depositor. If it be properly managed, it is sure to be found liberal; but where nothing is given it, nothing can be expected in return. Cato, one of the teachers of Roman agriculture, said the first point in good tillage is to plow, the second is to sow, and the third is to manure. Dig your land well, manure it according to its wants, and you may trust to Providence for a rich reward. The soil will not then lose its fertility; and you should continue improving its character until further improvement becomes impracticable. This is the pleasure, this the profit of husbandry.

From the foregoing, it appears that farm-yard manure is of some value; that it is necessary to the support of vegetation, as well as to the maintenance of fertility in the soil. Without it, or a substitute, the land cannot produce grass, grain or roots, either in abundance or of good quality; and as without these there can be no beef, mutton, milk, &c., both the farmer's family and his stock must perish.

The conclusion is obvious; if manure be so essential to the support of life and worldly prosperity, how valuable is it, how highly ought it to be prized! Nothing can be plainer. We estimate the value of some things very properly; we do not throw away, or expose to the access of thieves, our dollars and eagles, because we know that, when once lost, they come not to our possession again. As money has a fixed, ascertainable value, farmers are apt to look after it carefully. No class of people can be more prudent and economical in its disposition, not spending a cent unnecessarily, nor suffering the opportunity to gain a shilling to escape.

Even as money has a fixed value, so has manure; it can be sold for cash, or can be brought to market after having been converted into wheat, potatoes, or pork. It is the natural food of the soil, without which it is sterile and unprofitable. And yet these same farmers, who are so provident as regards cents and shillings, seem to care little or nothing about the proper management of their farm-yards.

While each is careful to keep a strict watch upon his bréchea pocket, he is perhaps anxiously suffering dollars' worth of manure to be wasted on his premises. Having a cash value, either in its natural state, or in the shape of 'produce,' it deserves as much attention as the silver and gold; and to waste the one is quite as foolish, as to squander the other.

Though the value of manure is generally understood, and will be, universally admitted, yet many of our farmers manifest almost a perfect indifference as to its preservation and

Such men can always be identified by their unproductive fields, and by granaries that do not overflow at harvest time. They do not realize the importance of saving all the manure made by their stock, and suffer portions of it to be dropped in lanes and public highways, while the remainder is spread over large barn-yards, as though it were desirable to expose it as much as possible to the atmosphere. That which falls in the road is of course altogether lost, while the most valuable parts of it—in a yard are abstracted by the sun and rain. In a day, the ammonia rises in such quantities as to annoy the passing traveller; and after a shower, a little stream of rich, highly-colored water may be seen running off to fertilize the fields of a neighbor. This is a serious loss; for those gases that escape in the air, and the 'liquid extract' that drains off upon another's land, would, if retained, greatly augment the future crop. It may be easily discovered that it is a total loss, by observing the diminished pile of dung. Farmers might with the same propriety leave the door of their corn-cribs open wide, so as to invite the entrance, and tempt the honesty, of every vagabond. No banker would consider the contents of his vaults safe, unless they were under the guardianship of lock and key. No prudent person would trust in his pocket the hand of a stranger, unless, indeed, the pocket happened to be empty. Now, why should not the hard-working husbandman be just as particular to protect the treasure of his barn-yard against those notorious thieves called the elements?

We say to you all, brother farmers, look to your manure heaps. Make it your endeavor to save every ounce of the dung and urine that come from your cattle. It perhaps cannot be expected that you will succeed in preserving the whole, but you will have cause for self-congratulation if you avoid only one half of the loss that your neighbors sustain. This is by no means a difficult matter. In the first place, you ought to get all the manure you can; therefore, instead of permitting the stock to spend the whole of the day in winter, idle in the field, or chased up and down the road by vagrant curs and idle urchins, keep them in the yard, which should be of sufficient extent to allow them room for exercise, and thus you will have their excrements secure in your possession. Let your dogs be at work in turning over the refuse of the premises, such as weeds, leaves, soda, &c., that you have thrown in the pens, and converting it into excellent manure. A clever pig can in this way be made to earn a good part of his living. You must, in the next place, try to save what you have got, and to increase its bulk. The dung ought not to be spread over the whole yard, but, on the contrary, to be gathered in a heap, or heaps, so that no greater portion may be exposed to atmospheric influences than is absolutely necessary. Instead of leaving it to suffer from sun and rain, keep it in the cellar of your barn, or in a shed, which can be made out of your manure, or a shed, which can be made out of your manure, or a shed, which can be made out of your manure.

Don't keep too much stock. It is frequently a great error in farmers to winter, or attempt to winter, too much stock. When we have large crops of hay, it does not spend as well as usual, and one is very liable to be deceived as to his means of wintering stock. There is but little old hay in New England, and much of the large crop of the present season had but little sunshine on it before it was cut; there were several weeks mostly cloudy weather, just before hay-making; consequently, the cut hay had but little sunshine on it, was poorly made, or injured by storms; and when it was used, it was very deficient in sweetness and nutrition. A large part of the grass that was cut late had but little sunshine on it, was poorly made, or injured by storms; and when it was used, it was very deficient in sweetness and nutrition.

When there is a large crop of hay, it is not good economy to keep animals enough to consume the whole the first winter; for a scarcity of hay often follows, which, occurring when there is a great amount of stock in the country, must reduce it to very low prices. In this respect, every individual must

