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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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"Just the thing I want!" thought Harry. "I'll take it!" and he rushed forward, snatched the bouquet, and, without a word, turned and ran. "What a queer fellow!" said Rachel, looking after him. "He's a queer fellow, all right," said Harry, "but he's a queer fellow who knows what he wants. I'll take it!" and he rushed forward, snatched the bouquet, and, without a word, turned and ran.

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The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1860.

NO. 30.

"For Heaven's sake, if you have lost all respect for yourself, at least remember me. The only reply was a coarse laugh that sent a chill through Walter Blair, who drew away from the window with a feeling of intense loathing.

"I say, Rachel, if you can only look him and will promise to share with me, I'll promise to go away," said Walter. "How dare you!" And then changing her tone to one of entreaty, Rachel added, "Oh Robert, how you have fallen!"

"I'm broke, Rachel. Can't you lend me a trifle?" they were moving away, and Walter did not hear the remainder. He had already heard too much; he sat beside the window with his head bowed between his hands until he heard Rachel's footsteps on the stairs. Her face was very pale when she entered the room, and her manner was constrained.

Walter took his departure at an early hour, his mind bewildered with doubts and suspicions that he scarcely dared acknowledge to himself. "Who was this man who addressed Rachel so familiarly, and whose tone was so authoritative? Was it possible that Rachel had deceived his cousin as well as himself? Impossible! Rachel Dean could never stoop to deception. But the allusion to himself, and Rachel's impatient tone!" And again the horrible suspicions thrust themselves upon him; in vain he endeavored to solve the mystery; there was a darkness, a gloomy, night shrouding his hopes.

A week later Walter Blair called upon Rachel again, determined to clear his doubts. It was a delicate matter; but he did not shrink from it now that he had carefully examined his heart. "Oh Mr. Dean was alone: Rachel was out on an errand," Walter observed that the bouquet was still upon the table; Rachel's careful hand had preserved it almost as fresh as it was on the day when it was presented to her. As Walter was examining it he lightly touched one of the flowers, and the leaves dropping away from the stem revealed to his astonished gaze the edge of a gold bracelet.

He bent closer over it, parting the flowers to assure himself that there could be no mistake then started back, while a daisy-pallor spread over his face. At that moment Rachel entered the room, greeting him, as was her wont, with a bright smile.

"Is this the bouquet I observed here a week ago?" inquired Walter in an even voice, as he glanced towards the bouquet.

"Yes, I told you it was a present, did I not?"

"From a gentleman, I suppose?"

"No, from a lady."

"You might easily have made me believe that it was from a gentleman."

"Never make believe," was the smiling reply. And then she related the circumstances attending the presenting of the bouquet. When she was through, Walter inquired—

"Is it customary for ladies to make costly presents in bouquets?" He shaded his eyes with his hand as he spoke the better to observe the effect his words produced.

"I do not understand," began Rachel with a puzzled look. Walter repeated his question. "Really—I do not know what such a bouquet is worth; a trifle, I think—something in Walter's eyes prevented her from completing the sentence."

"Rachel, you are deceiving me!"

"Sir?" How the large blue eyes flashed as she drew herself back proudly.

"You are deceiving me," repeated Walter. "In what am I deceiving you? You forget yourself, Walter!"

"True, I did forget myself," responded Walter bitterly, as he rose. "Good night!" And he was gone, gone without a word of explanation. Had she ever given him cause? Was it a sense of wrong, or the falling of her cherished hope that brought the tears to her eyes? And yet when her hand was raised to her cheek, whatever the evidence they bore they were resolutely held back.

Florence, where did you get that bouquet?"

"I received it on my birthday."

"Answer my question, who gave it to you?"

"Why, how strange you look, Walter! I have been sitting there now over a week—you never noticed it before."

"You received it on your birthday. Who gave it to you?"

"I thought you knew," and a flush overspread Florence's face as she approached the bouquet.

"Harry Mason is a scoundrel," exclaimed her cousin, passionately.

"Walter! It was all she could say, so great was Florence's astonishment."

"Harry Mason is a scoundrel, and Rachel Dean is an unprincipled woman," reiterated her cousin, as he walked up and down the apartment with a quick, nervous step.

"Walter Blair, are you mad? What do you mean by associating Harry's name with Rachel Dean—answer me?"

"I mean just this," and Walter wheeled around upon her suddenly. "On the very same day that you received that bouquet, Rachel Dean received one exactly like it—and what do you suppose was in it? The question was put so abruptly that Florence could not frame a reply."

"What do you suppose, Florence?"

"I do not guess," responded his cousin, as a sudden thrill pervaded her whole being, with the suspicion that flashed upon her.

"A gold bracelet," said Walter in a harsh tone.

"Oh Walter!" It was all she said as she threw out her hands and sunk into a chair.

"She would have had me believe it was a present from a lady, a likely story, only for the bracelet," she spoiled it."

"Perhaps there is some mistake, Walter, Florence ventured to say."

"But let us say there cannot be. And now all we have to do is to meet them out of our hearts. I loved Rachel Dean—I would have made her my wife eight days ago, but now I am determined to outlive all remembrance of her, or if I do remember her, it will only be to loathe the very names. Do you not the woman, and do you not see Harry ever after this?"

"Your advice is superfluous, Walter. I think I know what is due to myself. Florence, with a look that pressed her hands over her temples and gazed steadily at the fatal bouquet. Being suddenly she lifted it from the vase, and threw it from her as if it were a snake. As it fell upon the green carpet beneath the window the flowers fell apart,

crumbling down until scarce a leaf was left on its stem.

Three weeks rolled around; weary weeks to Rachel Dean's dark, gloomy weeks to Walter Blair and his cousin, impatient, fretful weeks to Harry Mason. The latter, upon his return to the city, hastened to call upon his brother.

"Miss Pembroke is not at home, sir," replied the servant with a malicious leer, as Harry was passing to the parlor. He stopped suddenly, turning a fiery glance upon the man, then slowly turned away. When he entered his sister's room, Mrs. White, with a woman's shrewdness, surmised the truth.

"Some lover's quarrel," she said to herself. "They will make it up again, and Harry will be endurable." Nevertheless, Harry did not fall back into his usual mood. He became, if anything, more gloomy and irascible. The very trifles annoyed him; his work was weary; everything was dull, dull and flat.

Mrs. White began to think that something more than a lover's quarrel caused the great change; but, as Harry was unusually reserved, she forebore questioning him. She was his only sister, and he was her only brother. They had never been separated; for, when she married, he, Mrs. White's request, made his home with them, and with one exception, he had made her the confidant of all his secrets, small and great. Need we mention the one secret so carefully guarded?

One pleasant evening Mrs. White returned early from her shopping, to find her brother packing his trunks. He was very deliberate and determined looking. Mrs. White, with a sister's privilege, looked on silently, holding her bonnet carefully at her side, while a pleasant smile hovered about her mouth.

"Are you traveling, now?" Harry looked up quickly.

"I believe I am—why?"

"Because you may just as well commence unpacking; you are not going away," Harry said grimly as he replied:

"You are a good persuader, Kate; still I think it is even beyond your power to alter my determination; I am going away, to—, this very night."

"I wonder if that last bouquet I made you has anything to do with this?" Harry strode across the room, looked out of the window, biting his lip the while, and at last ventured to reply:

"Nothing—that is, at least, I don't think it has. Why do you ask?" and he put the question, he wheeled around suddenly.

"Because a very singular thing occurred to me a little while ago. But I must commence at the beginning. After you went out to Wells, on the day you started to Louisville, (you left the bouquet in the vase, you remember.) I made another, so like the first that I could scarcely tell them apart. In fact, I made a mistake. Instead of carrying away my own,

"You took mine," interrupted her brother, eagerly.

"What did you do with it?"

"Well, I intended to give it to some of my friends. I had some business to attend to at Mrs. M.'s, and while there, I was struck with the appearance of her sister-in-law. I thought she looked at the flowers so fastidiously, and gave them to her. That was let me see, just three weeks ago."

"Yes, exactly; go on."

"To-day I called there again, and just as I was coming away, the young girl detained me. There was a look of distress in her face that made me pity her."

"Madame," she said, "did you know there was a bracelet in gold bracelet in the bouquet you gave me some weeks ago? My surprise was so great that my look disconcerted her for a moment; but she looked in my face so truthfully that I was forced to reply—'Is it not possible that you are mistaken?'"

"No! and she handed me this, taking it from her pocket, just as I am taking it from mine now, and Mrs. White drew from her pocket, as she spoke, the bracelet. As Harry's gaze fell upon it he blushed excessively."

"You intended this for Miss Pembroke?"

"I do not deny it—but how did you learn this?"

"No matter—but I forgot to tell you the rest. When the young girl told me this I was completely puzzled; we were both puzzled. 'You are positive this was in the bouquet,' I said."

"As I am that I now address you, she replied; and then she added, in a sorrowful tone—'It has caused me a great deal of trouble. I thought of the similarity between the bouquets, and then I felt giddy for an instant as I met her look fixed on me so steadily, watching my every movement so anxiously that I could not help telling her my thoughts. And then—Mrs. White ceased abruptly."

"And then you compared notes, and this young girl—I have heard of her; Rachel Dean they call her—this young girl told you who the bouquet was intended for; they know every one's business, these shop girls; people are forever gossiping before them. But the bracelet, Kate."

"You will think over it before you get out for—Can I assist you in any way?"

"No! I am obliged to you; but I think I am equal to the emergency. Besides, you are inclined to be malicious, I see."

There was a strange silence, an oppressive silence, in Rachel Dean's room; a silence that pervaded the whole house. One would have supposed that the occupants of the back rooms were either absent or asleep. There was a murmur from any of the children belonging to the house; even the cat purred and the bird sang, as if disturbed by the silence of the room.

Up in the room usually occupied by old Mr. Dean, Rachel knelt before a bed, her fingers interlocked with the palms thrown outward, that never-failing sign of agony; and opposite her, with his head bowed down over the bed, was a young man, of perhaps twenty-five. Upon the bed between them, old Mr. Dean lay in his last sleep. The doors stood ajar, unnoticed; the night breeze swept in, awaking the doors, the window curtains and the valances unheeded. The kind neighbors had just left the apartment, after witnessing the last silent struggle. They went out, carrying pity in their hearts for the friendless orphan kneeling there so strangely calm, so uncomplaining. And Rachel! Could they have witnessed the silent defiance that at times swept across that pale face, or heard her whispered prayer for one draught of oblivion, but that was known only to her Maker. What was she like to her? Without a friend or relative—stay! I was not her brother there? Ay, he was her brother,

She forgot the disgrace he had brought upon them; his abuse and his infamous greediness; the greed that prompted him to rob his brother's earnings. She forgot that he was a criminal, fleeing from justice; she only remembered that he was her only relative, and then she prayed for him.

Suddenly the young man arose, and casting one last look on the face of his dead father, walked towards the door; but something prevented him from carrying out his intention. Turning back to the side of his sister, he attempted to speak, but words failed him. He caught up one of her hands, and looking upwards, made a significant gesture with his hand, that Rachel could not fail to interpret. "They would meet in Heaven," and then he was gone.

There was one who witnessed this scene, himself unobserved—Walter Blair. Standing at the head of the stairway, and looking through the open door, he observed all that passed. Long after Rachel's brother passed him, brushing his clothes as he went out, Walter Blair gazed in on the bowed form of Rachel.

The mystery was solved at last. So like were they in feature that the most casual observer would pronounce them brother and sister. "And this was the evil door who had caused him to suspect Rachel Dean. God forgive him, how he had wronged her! At last he ventured to enter the room, walking noiselessly and baring his head reverently as he approached the bed.

"Rachel!" How his voice thrilled upon her ear! "Rachel, let me share your grief. Let us be as we have been, as we were before I so wronged you. If I can ever be anything to you, let me be your friend now—your protector. I know all—everything; my crimes and his disgrace—I know it all. I only wish for your sake, I had known it sooner."

Lower sank the head as his voice fell upon her ear soothingly, and then she asked herself, "Would it be right to refuse his sympathy, to put away her last hope?" She lingered for rest, and when at last Walter's hand sought hers she did not reject it; and there, beside the dead, Walter Blair vowed solemnly to cherish and protect her. And this was their plighting.

Some months afterwards a happy company were gathered in Mr. Pembroke's cheerful parlors. One of the company, a lady, stood beside a magnificent vase filled with rare and beautiful flowers.

"Do you know," remarked a gentleman who was leaning over the table on which the vase was standing, "do you know, Florence, I never look at a collection of flowers that I am not reminded of the great-at trouble of my life. Had I presented the bracelet myself instead of trusting it with a messenger, all would have been right."

"Oh! it was one of those things that the wisest of us cannot anticipate. After all, I believe it gave a spice to our courtship, and the lady looked down at the flowers demurely as she spoke."

"I pray we may have no more of that spice hereafter, at least," responded the gentleman as he leaned towards her.

"And do you know, Rachel," observed a gentleman to the lady at his side, as she turned towards him with a smiling countenance upon overhearing the remarks of their neighbors, "that flowers always remind me of my wife's dowry?"

"Will you be so kind as to inform me what it was, Walter? I confess my ignorance."

"Her loveliness; shall I call upon Mrs. White for proof? But perhaps you never learned the reason why she parted with such a lovely bouquet so easily as to give it to a total stranger, if I may be permitted to use an expression of your own."

"Nonsense! You will never forget that bouquet, Walter."

"I am sure I never will; and what is more, I do not wish to."

THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.—A young man, a nephew, had been sent to see; and on his return, he was navigating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the rail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we will call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour, but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search found it, came up close to the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, "slightly elevating his broad brow and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, 'how fast did they say the vessel was going?'"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And then you dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rail-chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And these experts me to believe the story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "these fellows that I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Joseph, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee!'"

DEFECTS OF CALF SKIN LEATHER.—We have heard of persons purchasing several pair of boots at once, in order to lay some of them away for long keeping, under the impression that leather when kept in a dry situation improved in quality by age, like old-oak.

Upon inquiry, we find that such notions are very generally entertained, but why they should be so we cannot imagine, for they are the very reverse of all facts and experience in the case; and we call attention to this question for the first time, we believe, as a word of warning.

Calf-skin leather, instead of improving in quality with age, when made into boots deteriorates rapidly. It is subject to a species of dry rot, and in the course of three years it becomes as tender as a piece of brown paper. Dealers in boots and shoes experienced a considerable loss from this cause when such articles are left on their hands for more than two years. This dry-rot in calf-skin boots first appears at the edge near the sole, in the form of a black glossy sweat, resembling varnish, and from thence it gradually proceeds until the whole leather becomes rotten. The application of grease, rather than accelerates than arrests the progress of this decay; such leather

endures much longer when worn on the feet than when laid aside in a dry situation, but whether this decay is caused by the grease used by the cutters, or is some peculiarity in the skin, is not known at present. Cow-skin and kip leather do not seem to be subject to this rapid deterioration, but all kinds of calf-skin, even the very best French, is just as subject to it as the poorest quality.

This is a subject deserving of practical scientific investigation in order to discover some remedy for the evil. At present the practical application of this information by purchasers of calf-skin boots and shoes is an easy matter; be careful not to buy aged articles.

[Scientific American.]

George Greatheart.

Decidedly peculiar was Mr. George Greatheart. He was not, like many people, overbearing, miserly, ignorant, and proud; but whole-souled, honest, and wise. These three elements are enough to make any man beloved and respected. With Mr. George Greatheart everything was sunshine, smiles, hope, and kindness. No wonder that his home was always the abode of peace and happiness; no wonder that Lillian and William loved their father; no wonder that Mrs. Greatheart smiled when she saw her husband; no wonder that the townspeople raised their hats and wished him well as he passed; why should it be otherwise, for was he not their best friend?

With all his good traits, Mr. George Greatheart was peculiar, not after the fashion of the world, but after his own fashion. He was a peculiarity in the right direction—to do good. He believed in helping those who could not help themselves, and in doing some good with his money while he lived. More than one well-to-do young man has received his education thro' the generosity of Mr. Greatheart.

Mr. Greatheart was not, like many present-day would-be benefactors, who upon their death-bed say, "There, I'll give so many thousands to this College, and so many to that Institution, and so many to that Society, all of which are more than able to exist without them, for the sake of having his name handed down to future generations, with the following item of history attached:

"Mr. Skin A. Flint was a great and good man, filled with kindness and benevolence. He amassed a large fortune—\$1,000,000—(57 grinding the faces of the poor!) and when he was called upon to part with this earth, he made several magnificent bequests, giving to A— College (which is one of the wealthiest in the country, and did not need his gold) ten thousand dollars; to B— University ten thousand; to C— Observatory ten thousand. But all the inhabitants of the world, praise ye his name!"

George Greatheart put his hands within his pockets, while yet in the "form," saying:— "Take it, it is mine. Men like him are the kind the people like to honor. What if his full-length portrait or marble bust does not grace some public hall? Who cares for your Peter Goldhearts, your Baron de Shuff Boxes, or Joseph Gettall & Keepit? What have they done towards elevating humanity or relieving poor poverty-stricken mankind?"

"Oh!" says some little upstart, squinting through his opera glass, "Mr. Peter Goldhead gave forty thousand dollars towards founding a professorship. Isn't that something?"

"If we reply, he had sent forty poor young men through college with his dollars, he would have done something indeed; now his money may rust in the vaults of banks, or be squandered to support some knowledge-cracked professor in his idleness. Out upon your so-called 'Magnificent Bequests,' after death."

CHARLES FLINT.

Manures—Their Abuse.

No subject is so little understood, practically, as the use of manures. When the farmer applies to the scientific man for information on this subject, he does so by abstract questions, which do not fairly define the information he requires, and thus the man of science gropes in the wrong direction; and this difficulty will continue to exist, until mixed men, or those who are conversant with nature's laws, and also conversant with practical agriculture, shall be ready to solve the problems.

We claim that the chief value of manure consists in its organic constituents, and their condition or stage of progression. Thus, we claim that every constituent of an organic body, to be found in an animal organism, has a greater value than a similar constituent in vegetable organisms; that the potash, soda, chlorine, and every other constituent of the blood of an animal, is more valuable than an equal weight of the same constituent to be found in vegetable matter; and we also claim, that the chief value of stable manure is in its inorganic matter, or that portion which constitutes its ash, it burned; that these inorganic constituents have greater value than after burning, simply because their condition insures their more even diffusion through the soil by the decay of the manure, than the nitrogenous portion of the manure, is only valuable to the extent that when taken in combination with the life principle of the plant, it enables water to dissolve more freely the inorganic constituents, and supply them to plants; that when a waste occurs in a barn-yard, by washing, it is the soluble portions of the salts, composed of the inorganic constituents, passing away, which renders such washing expensive, and not simply on account of the loss of the ammoniacal matters. We claim that the reason why experimenters find such large results occurring from manures carefully spread upon the surface of the soil, beyond the result consequent upon their action as a mulch, must be entirely due to the inorganic constituents of the manure, which are not soluble; and it is for this reason that the bones of animals, composed chiefly of inorganic matter, have so great a value in agriculture, particularly when rendered soluble by treatment with sulphuric acid. When stable manures are composed with headlands and other inorganic matter, the benefits arising therefrom are two-fold: first, by securing a greater amount of division of the valuable portions through the whole mass; and secondly, by the chemical actions which disengage from the more inert portions those inorganic constituents, which, without the presence of the active principles contained in the more active part, would not be liberated and rendered capable of being assimilated by plants.

The loss of the ammonia in a badly arranged dung heap, is not the greatest loss as many suppose, but it is, so far as the direct value of the ammonia is concerned as a manurial principle; but the presence of ammonia in the

compost heap gives to the water pervading the mass, the power of rendering soluble the more inert portions of inorganic matter, at least, in degree; and to this property of ammonia is to be attributed its greatest value, and not to its direct power upon plants; for as such it has none; its action is secondary; it first acts by enabling water, assisted by the life principle of growing organisms, to dissolve inorganic matter and form lines of salts, which could not form except for this assistance; and these salts, and not the ammonia, is the active food of the plant.

When these effects are steadily borne in mind, the farmer will scarcely be liable to make mistakes in judging of the comparative value of different kinds of manures; he will readily understand why the feces and urine of man and various purposes in value those of animals; he will understand why a hundred pounds of dried blood, is equal to a ton weight of well fermented barn-yard manure, in practice; and he will also understand that if he permits his barn-yard to be drenched, that the portion running away is the more valuable part of the inorganic matter, which is the more soluble and thus is readily parted with; he can also understand the high value of wood earth, leaf mould, etc., as they contain large portions of progressed inorganic matter.

The value of road dust, as a manure, is due to the continued trituration of the particles, and consequent exposure to atmospheric influences, rather than to the ammoniacal matter, to which its value has been erroneously attributed.

RUM AND TOBACCO.—Virtues are congenial, so are vices. The God Bacchus, and the God Tobacco, with little exaggeration may say, "united we stand; divided we fall!" Tobacco often lays the foundation for the use of alcohol. One is a boyish habit of earlier formation than the other, and with an earlier start, prepares its victims for woe and woe, which its great rival inflicts.

The victims of tobacco are thirty men the world over. Thousands testify that this drug creates a dryness of throat, a morbid and sometimes insatiable thirst, which clamors for strong drink, and which simple liquids cannot appease. It produces a depressed condition of the nervous system; the victim is often a weak, tremulous and desponding invalid; he needs a stimulant, and kindred drinks he imagines are just the thing, and so they are. The two habits like two gamblers, crush their victims by playing into each other's hand. Drinkers smoke that they may not get too high; smokers drink that they may not get too low and stupid; in their own dialect, they drink to wet their whistle, they smoke to dry it. Hence the two habits combined do a wholesale business; they manufacture aots by the million, I speak of tendencies and ultimate effects, and claim to be so understood.

Dr. Rush says, a desire is excited by tobacco for strong drinks, and these lead to intemperance and drunkenness. Dr. Stephenson says, chewing and smoking tobacco exhaust the salivary glands of their secretions, thus producing dryness and thirst. Hence it is that after the use of cigar or quid, brandy, whiskey, or some other spirit is called for. Dr. Woodward says, I have supposed that tobacco was the most ready and common stepping-stone to that use of spirituous liquors which leads to intemperance. Dr. Muzzey says, in

47th.

