



BREAL ECONOMY.

May your rich soil,
Euboean, nature's better blessings pour
Over every field.

THE COW PEAS.

A great many, Mr. Editor, are deterred from raising the pea largely, from the conviction that it is dangerous for the stock. My loss hogs, cattle and horses in eating it, by imprudence or neglect. It is certainly the most valuable thing that a farmer can grow on his farm, when we take into account the amount of labor it takes to raise them, the certainty of their yield, the fertilizing properties they possess, (i. e. the fine leaves, &c.) and which they impart to the soil, and the value of the peas for all kinds of stock.

I have raised it and fed my stock on it for years, and never yet lost one by it; and a writer in the Southern Cultivator gives the following conclusive evidence in its favor:—For twenty years I have planted as many rows or hills of the cow-peas as I have had rows or hills of corn, and have usually succeeded well in making good crops, and have always been in the habit of letting stock of all kinds run on them, particularly horses, mules, beef cattle, and all my pigs, both small and large, young and old, and I never have lost one solitary animal, of any kind, from eating peas. My stock usually commences on the peas the last of September, while some are yet green, and generally get through with them all by Christmas. I never turn any thing into a pea field hungry, and am careful that they have free access to water, a plenty of which is in all my fields. When once turned in, I let them remain, and keep a long, small, shallow trench in the field constantly supplied with salt and common wood ashes, to which all the stock have free access, and of which they all eat freely. My plan is, to take say a bushel of ashes, strew them from one end of the trench to the other first, then strew say two quarts of salt on top of the ashes. This the stock will consume in a few days, when I again replenish in the same way. I have kept, on an average, more than 100 head of hogs in this way for the last 20 years, and have never lost the first one from eating peas. If peas are melted to have a delirious effect on hogs, I am sure that the salt and ashes counteract that effect.

Let the course here recommended be pursued, and my word for it, the peas will never injure your stock.

OLD HOPPER.

Black Jack Ridge, Oct. 10, 1847.

DEEP TILLAGE.

We have noticed with pleasure that most farmers in this section have become converts to the system of deep ploughing and fine tith. Instead of making their soil mellow only four or five inches deep, as is still practised by a few, the general custom is to plow from seven to ten inches, and thoroughly pulverize the earth to the same depth, with the harrow and cultivator. Experience has taught them that a deep mellow soil is vastly more productive, other things being equal, than a shallow one. We expect soon to see a few enterprising men driving a second plow in the furrow of the first, breaking the surface, and thus secure to their crops a double amount of pervious soil, in which a double quantity of soluble mineral elements may feed and bring to maturity a double harvest. Very few fields in Western New York lack vegetable mould.

So far as the atmosphere supplies nutritive elements, these are entirely dependent on the large development of roots. A root of corn or other plant which is one-fourth of an inch in circumference, and five inches long, presents to the soil, the rain, dew, and air of heaven, only one-thirtieth of an inch long and three-eighths of an inch in circumference. In a deep mellow soil and a large growth of roots the husbandman is sure to have corresponding growth of green stems and leaves above ground, to imbibe gaseous food from every passing breeze, the atmosphere can only fulfil its whole great office in support of vegetation, on deep pervious soils like river bottoms.

If the earth lacks any essential ingredients used by nature in the organization of the cultivated plant, no amount of tillage can create the absent element out of nothing. This fact should never be lost sight of.

We have a parsnip in our office three and a half feet long, and we have pulled beans in a field, whose roots ran thirty inches into the ground. To give plants a fair chance in a poor soil, it should be very deep, that roots may travel a good way to get their aliment.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

By ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"My worthy companions," said an old, straight-backed arm-chair, which stood close at my elbow, and, I confess, rather startled me by the suddenness of its address. "My good friends, the respectable wretches that speak last, I own, has amused me, as I dare say he has you all, by his derisive, but, love, and rebuke; but still he has been doomed, like many another noisy fellow, to become the tool of others, and to carry death wherever he went."

"Now, my fate has been far different, and I consider more to be envied, for it has been to carry nothing but life—such life—as the beautiful, the young, the beloved. But of that more anon. I will begin from the beginning, that you may know what style of things addresses you."

Know, then, that I am a descendant of a noble oak that once spread its gigantic arms and reared its kingly head over an immense space of earth, and far above all other less aristocratic trees in its neighborhood. We bore on our stony the acorn, to show that we were truly part, parcel, and branches of the great stem of progenitor, whose first taking possession of the land which he there occupied, was beyond the memory of man; consequently our respectability was undoubted.

As centuries rolled on, our parent stem, although he supplied us liberally with leaves, began to show symptoms of decay. Our strong attachment to him made us tremble for ourselves as well as for him; for if he were to fall, heaven only knew what would become of the numerous branches of that noble family, then all perfectly dependent on him for support. The vigorous daily left his gigantic trunk, and his moss sometimes were very unpleasant to listen to; he tottered very much when there was any thing of a storm, for his feet were very much swollen and distorted. From his high connexions we rallied it good; but good or no good, it matterly aided in his rapid decay; and one stormy night (I shall never forget it) the wind howled around us, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and, in fact, all the elements seemed combined for the destruction of the family. In the midst of the deafening hubbub, a crash—ah, horrible!—found us all struggling in one gigantic ruin. Fallen! fallen! fallen! The fall of the great brings the vengeance of the ungrateful, be the fallen men or trees. The next morning at daylight swarms of despoilers, men that we had sheltered from the storm, women and children that we had shaded from the noontide sun, all came beat upon our destruction. Need I say, that all the branches of our noble family were very much cut up. We were torn from each other, and we never met again. I have heard that some of the biggest of us were sent to sea, while others were forced into all manner of situations degrading and incompatible with their birth.

But if of my own fortune I am bound to speak, I was of a very respectable size, having been living on my parent for some years, who was very much attached to me, and had always thought me too green to be sent away into the world. I considered myself ornamental, and therefore was in no hurry to be useful, so stuck to the old gentleman, with the other equally lazy branches; and I have heard it said that our continual drag upon him brought him and ourselves to a premature ruin. But this I look upon as merely the censoriousness of an ill-judging world, and treat it with the contempt it deserves.

I was dragged away through the dust and mire to an obscure shed, where some low-brow ruffians set upon me and stripped me of my clothing. There I lay, naked and helpless, pondering upon what would be my future fate, since it appeared to begin so miserably.

I was left here for some length of time, when one morning a quiet old man came and measured me with a rule, and marking me off into quantities, soon set to work to divide and shave me in the most brutal manner.

After tortures innumerable I found myself in my present shape, and all my clothes in their newest gloss. I confess to you that I felt proud. I rested my arms upon my knees, and stretching out my four legs, looked down with considerable complacency upon the rich velvet apron that covered my lap.

I was conveyed with much care, and placed in a splendid old chamber, the like of which I had never beheld before. It was full of wonders to my rustic and unwildly eyes; for, though of high birth, my father being called the monarch of the wood, he held his court in the open air, which gave me little knowledge of civilized life. But I believe that that rank is equal to any. I think we are so called "lords of the soil," which we undeniably were, for we struck out right and left as we grew, as much as we could, and used up a great portion of the aforesaid soil belonging to the other trees, which was really necessary to support the many branches belonging to so noble a stem.

In my new form I was called a chair; there were a great many seated in the room; they looked very dark at me, for I suppose I was considered a paragon; but I little heeded them, for my attention was attracted to a beautiful child, who, at that moment, entered the magnificent chamber. Her fair locks flew wildly about her sugar-face, and with a light air and motion she sprang towards me. She stood and gazed upon me with childish delight, admiring my graceful form; I really felt as if my velvet-lined deeper crimson beneath her dove-like eyes.

I had a noble heart of oak, and I felt it bound as it were to the fair child; a moment more—guess my confusion—my joy and my delight! she sprang into my extended arms, and I held in a close embrace the beautiful child, whose life was the subject of my reveries; and although the fact may be wanting in interest to you, to me they were followed by a sweet remembrance of one of earth's fairest creatures. Heaven knows I am not given to sentimentalism, nor do I intend to harrow your feelings by scenes of betrothed or betrothed respect; it is in every a simplicity, the very sweetness of which makes to me its best endowment.

The girl that I held in my arms was about thirteen years of age, so fair and beautiful to look upon, the only child of the owner of the magnificent domain in which I had become a recluse.

He was a stern, proud man, whose early life had been passed in heat-burnings and neglect, consequent upon his position of younger brother. Of an ambitious and fiery temper, he, from his early childhood, had been under the every-day occurrence of seeing his elder brother, the rising sun, climb from all classes the income paid to his position. Every day it used to enter a heart which otherwise would have been noble and good, turning all his better feelings to gall and bitterness.

When manhood put the heir into full possession of his coveted rights, he married, and was blessed with a family, entirely crushing the hopes of his younger brother as to any chance of succession.

He soon after married an amiable lady, to whom he had been for some time betrothed, and as years wore on, he saw his child now mingle with the fair promising blossoms of his brother; but he experienced a pang as he felt she was only the daughter of a younger brother.

His brother's eldest son, a fine boy of about seven years of age, was the constant play-fellow and cherisher to his child, showing that strong predilection for her that roused the hopes again in his embittered heart. It might be that they would grow up in love together, and the inheritance be shared in by himself through the marriage of his child. Even distant as this vision was, it still gave a balm to the rankling spirit that possessed him.

Time had rolled on, when some estates, inherited through a distant relation, called for the presence of the lord of the manor to superintend the arrangements. Finding that he must be absent from home for some months, as the estates were in Ireland, he resolved to take his family with him, leaving his brother in possession; for travelling in those days was not a thing so easily done as I am informed it is in the present.

They parted with many mutual expressions of affection, but they met no more! The vessel in which they had embarked foundered on the dangerous coast to which they were bound, and all perished.

The younger brother became the lord. What whispermings from his heart disturbed the triumph of his hopes! How he blushed at the ambition that stopped the springs of sorrow, which ought to have gushed forth for his poor brother's sake. He became the unhappy possessor of all that had ever gladdened and given enchantment to his day-dreams, for his heart told him the price at which it had been bought.

These combating feelings turned him into a stern and misanthropic man; his only pleasure being to return thrice to the former neglect of his present parasites; but he was only revenging himself upon himself.

He had no son to carry down the honors of the house. The child he loved so fondly could only be the means of taking those splendid domains to aggrandize another name. She had grown into a beautiful girl of fifteen, when her father was stricken by a letter, stating that a youth was then in Ireland, who, from all that could be gathered, was supposed to be the son of his lost brother. He trembled! Was the staff to be snatched from his hand, and he again thrust back into his former position? The thought was annihilating; he was almost frenzied. He read again and again the startling misadventure; the boy, it had stated, had been seized by the wreckers, who, fearing they might be deprived of their plunder, had carried off the child—the only soul living—and after some time, finding him a burden, had left him at a convent door, where the charity of the monks had sheltered him. They, pleased with his manners, had instructed him, and kept him amongst them

for some three or four years. Fragments of recollection, ever and anon, came over his mind, which he communicated to the Andistress. The wreck was an occurrence well remembered, and it was resolved that he should be taken to the spot. This being done, the influence of the parents soon swung from the pressure many relics of the wreck, among which was a miniature of his father. This led on to a train which, after much painful search, ended in the discovery of his relations, and the despatching of the letter which so disturbed his uncle.

How different were the feelings of the late girl whose splendid inheritance was propitiated by the re-appearance of her cousin! Joy bounded in her heart, and she thought only of the preservation of one who had been the beloved play-fellow of her childhood. She counted the hours that kept him from her embrace. But her unworthy heart was doomed to receive a pang from the mysteriously cold and stinging behaviour of her father. The pleasure which she experienced he refused to share it. He spoke of the impossibilities of the world, and the caution necessary in an affair of such consequence; but in all this being most probably a fraud by some persons well acquainted with the affairs of the family, but that he would raise the youth on his arrival. Nothing, of course, but the most ample and satisfactory proof could be expected to be received when it involved a stake of such magnitude.

A shadow fell over her innocent heart when she, for the first time, heard the words caution and distrust. She felt how it would make her if her true dear cousin, was, by over-weening caution, kept back from the door of his paternal mansion, and those who ought to welcome him with open arms received him only with closed hearts.

Through all these misgivings, she felt that she could not be deceived; that no pretender could be like her noble little cousin and playmate. She almost forgot, in the enthusiasm of her warm heart, that the boy must now be a youth fast approaching manhood, and that she was emerging from the confines of girlhood into the full bloom of early womanhood.

Her mind was continually agitated by the enacting again and again the anxiously expected meeting. Her spirits became depressed, and she avoided the stern face of her father, when put to fight all her enchaunting day-dreams.

Her father commenced proceedings as if to meet an enemy. He invited the counsel of men learned in the law, that no suit should for a moment rest on his character, and that every appearance of justice should be rendered to the expected claimant; but he inwardly felt how difficult it would be for a friendless youth, after the lapse of years—though few—to establish his identity, and his claim to a property of so much consequence, since the principal evidence would be his own vague recollections, and the connecting testimony of men of known disreputable character, at the very point at which it was most vital to have undoubted correctness; as the reticent man who had so kindly sheltered and instructed him knew nothing but what was afforded by the child's own reminiscences.

The remembrance of his early struggles and heart-burnings, came back to his mind with two-fold force, and hardened his feelings. To be again subject to the coldness of those who had once neglected him and on whom he had unfortunately taken a revenge which, in the event of his losing position, would not be forgotten, was too bitter, and he already shrunk from their expected exultations and triumphant sneers.

His mind was tossed in a continual tempest. He in vain attempted to steel himself against the remembrance of his kind brother. He almost relented when he pictured the child of that brother returning to throw himself into his arms as his only protector, and there to find a stern enemy anxious alone for the failure of his claim. He inwardly hoped that no likeness of his brother would plead for the youth and appeal to him unanswerably. In fact he trembled in fear that his heart might speak. He was a weak, not a bad man; and the delight so frankly expressed by his innocent child rebuked him in a voice that would not be stifled.

Many days did the beautiful girl recline her graceful form in my arms, for I was called her chair, and I was proud of the title; but I was grieved to see the hectic fever on her cheek, and the tears bedimmed her eyes. The sternness of her father had alarmed her timid spirit, and she cowered, for the first time, at the approach of one hitherto only loved and sought with all the fervour of her disposition. The house that had only sounded with life and merriment, had now become silent and dreary, as if in expectation of some dire calamity.

At last the eventful day arrived. Kind friends from another land brought the youth home to the house of his father. If his heart beat tumultuously as the deep glades burst upon his view, rushing back upon his mind as if dreamt of in some pleasant dream, what were the feelings of the

father and daughter who sat amidst their friends in a suspense of mingled feelings, almost amounting to agony.

He stood before his uncle. All eyes for a moment were fixed upon him, and then turned to look upon his uncle, who seemed to feel the universal gaze. He could not rise, but remained to gaze upon the noble-looking youth who stood confused and abashed before him.

One beautiful face bathed in tears and crimsoned with agitation, claimed his notice. It was that of his fair cousin. He knew it must be her, but he dared not approach her. The painful silence made him irresolute.

She felt in one moment that her true cousin stood before her. She looked from her father's face to his. The hand of nature pointed unerringly to his beautiful face as the certificate of his right. She saw no one but him, and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, rose timidly from her seat, and taking him kindly by the hand, led him blushing to her chair which stood beside her father, then, without a word, left the chamber to hide her emotion.

That simple action, so full of the tenderness of her nature, struck upon the hearts of all present; whilst the proud heart of the father trembled as he saw the effect of it upon the persons present.

Summoning up his wavering resolution, he gave him a cold and distant welcome; and then, turning to his legal advisers, proceeded to listen to the proofs and evidences of the friends who had accompanied him from the scene of his family's disaster.

Days passed on in the difficult investigation, but nothing, beyond what was expected by the uncle, could be produced by the nephew to substantiate his claim. These were of too vague a character to be of sufficient weight in the minds of the persons assembled, to give him possession of the property. Notwithstanding which, all felt and saw the powerful likeness which the youth bore to the family.

He wandered daily about the domain, where he continually found objects that he knew he must have seen before, but was convinced that his own evidence in his own cause would not avail him. Messengers were despatched to Ireland to endeavor to get some more connecting links, during which time he remained an inmate of the mansion with his friends.

Often would the cousins meet, as if by chance; and each meeting convinced them both, from many reminiscences of their childhood, that his claim was a just one; but they had to convince cold and worldly hearts, and her pleadings to her father were only answered in a cold and reproachful manner that forbade the repetition of them. His anger was really against himself, for he would have rejoiced, had he dared, to have pressed the child of his brother to his heart. But he had not moral courage enough to prompt him to yield the title and estate that were as his life.

Thus every protracted delay caused by the case demanding some more convincing evidence, gave him a pleasure mixed with pain; for he could not but feel the youth who treated him with such deference, leaving his cause entirely in the hands of the man to whom it was of the most consequence that it should fail, was the noble child of his brother.

The sun was shining with meridian splendor into the noble chamber which I and my kindred chairs were appointed to ornament. The painted windows stood open for the soft summer air to bear in the sweet odours of clustering flowers, and the birds softly twittered as they encoined themselves from the summer heat in the deep shadows of the noble trees. The blue sky sparkled like an amethyst, and the ship lay dotted on the breezy downs, sending the soft music of their bells into the verdant valleys beneath them. All nature seemed in a delicious languor.

I held in my arms the form of a noble youth. He had seated himself to gaze upon the portraits of his mother and father that were hung opposite. Their forms were arousing his struggling recollections. He felt that he was their child; but a melancholy came over his young heart as his uncle mixed himself up with his thoughts. His sternness chilled him, and he prayed that he might be proved the rightful heir to the satisfaction of all, not for the worldly advantages, but that he might in such an event show the father and daughter that he was worthy of his descent.

But the image of the daughter was far more often before his mental vision than that of the father, for she had tacitly acknowledged him. The first pressure of her hand, when no other hand was held out to welcome him, remained indelible; and he desired his success if it brought him no other good than that of being her cousin.

He mused and mused until the soft influence of the day drew him into a deep slumber.

A light foot, as he closed his eyes, entered the chamber. The fair object of his thoughts—and, perchance, his dreams—stood beside him. She gazed timidly at

his sleeping figure. She scanned his features intently, as she would not have dared to do had he been waking. She looked from him to the portraits opposite. Her bosom heaved and her face flushed, for the soft air from the window blew his dark locks aside, and discovered a deep scar upon his forehead. She almost uttered an exclamation. She pressed her hands to her bosom, for she had recognized an undeniable proof of his identity. In his early childhood he had, in seeking a nest for her, fallen from a tree, and nearly caused his death by the violence of the blow which had left the deep scar that now so truly witnessed for him.

She hurried, without awakening him, from the chamber. A beautiful smile passed over her face as she did so, for hope had entered her heart.

I confess that the minutes seemed long to me, for the suddenness of her action startled me, and I felt that she had taken some noble resolve, which she was about to carry out.

On her reappearance, she was accompanied by her father, whose face was pale from agitation. She seemed to have been recounting to him what had passed, but she ceased speaking as she entered. She led him beside the sleeping youth, and pointed to the scar. A fierce struggle was powerfully agitating the father's bosom; he turned irresolutely from the boy; as he did so, his eyes met the imploring look of his own child.

She pressed his hands against her innocent bosom, and said in a low but emphatic voice, "Father, we know him to be what he represents himself to be.—Think of the nobleness of deciding against yourself for your own tranquility and mine. Your heart, I know, is conquered; 'tis but your pride remains to be so."

What father could resist the power of such eloquence when it pleaded for her loss, only looking to his gain.

The next moment found the bewildered youth started from his dreams and clutched in the fervent embrace of his uncle, whilst his fair cousin, smiling through her tears and sobs, stood by his side the happiest of the trio.

A happy man wandered through the chambers that were so late his own. He was now only guardian of the heir. But he had lost no honors. Good men clasped him by the hand; every heart applauded him. He had gained a greater estate than he had lost. He had his own self-esteem.

As time rolled on he found the reward in certain fulfilment of his wishes. His nephew seemed only to exist in the presence of his child. No word had been spoken of their love. The tongue had not been as yet trusted with the soft confession. The eyes alone had been in mutual understanding. I believe I may say that I was the first to be a party concerned; for, from the day so eventful to the fortunes of the heir, when he had been so agreeably awakened in my arms, that fair girl seemed to have taken a stranger attachment to me, and sought me, on all occasions when she wished to enjoy her day-dreams alone.

One evening her cousin found her seated there. He placed himself at her feet. What he said was very broken and disjointed. What she said was more so; but strange to say, they seemed perfectly to understand each other. I won't say I saw him kiss her, as it was fast falling twilight, but if I may judge from the sound, it appeared to me to be one. But this I say under correction.

They were married upon his coming of age; at least I imagine so from the ringing of bells, and happy faces that kept continually passing and re-passing.

In all her bridal beauty I was her chosen throne. She was the queen of hearts that day, and so did she ever remain, for her conduct was known to all from the affectionate and proud father.

As soon as she had strength to carry their first infant she placed him in my lap, for I had been the cause of all her happiness. I confess to you that I was rather an awkward nurse at first, but I soon got accustomed to be drummed by my heels, which gave me continual occupation.

One calm and lovely evening I supported a white haired old man, beside an open window that admitted the cool and sweet autumnal air. By his side sat his two children, to whom he spoke in low and feeble whispers. Each held an attenuated hand, and watched with fond affection the glimmering light of life that still held him in the mortal world.

They knelt before him, and his hands were placed upon their heads; and he passed from life with a smile of thanksgiving that heaven had blessed him in the gift of such children.

Jesse Stevens, of Woodstock, Me., committed suicide on the 12th ult., at Norway, Me. He was a maniac, in consequence of the Miller delusion. He had squandered his property, or rather had been robbed of it by the leaders of his faith, and died a pauper.

A new Post Office has been established in Cleveland county, by the name of Polkville.