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The Old North State

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"KEEPING THE BABE FOR HIS MOTHER."

Among my beautiful memories,
Of a summer beside the sea,
Is one of a fair young mother,
Wit her babe on her knee.
How proud she was of her treasure,
How solemn and sweet her joy!
One had but to glance at her features,
As she bent and kissed her boy.

Oh! oft in that beautiful summer,
That summer beside the sea,
I prayed for that young mother,
And the baby on her knee.
Fair pale as the snows of winter,
And fragile as flowers of spring,
It seemed as I gazed on the darling,
I could hear the rustling wing—

The rustling wing of the angel,
That beareth the babies away,
To that distant yet beautiful heaven,
Where life is eternal day.
And watching the boy and his mother,
And hoping amid my fears,
I prayed that the Father would spare him,
For many beautiful years.

But alas! ere the flowers of summer
Had faded and fallen from sight,
There were tears in the eyes of that mother,
One gloomy and sorrowful night.
No longer she's proud of her treasure;
Gone is her solemn, sweet joy,
Alas! one glance at her features,
Will tell she has buried her boy.

Oh! friend of that beautiful summer,
That summer beside the sea
Oh! gentle and sorrowing mother,
My heart is aching for thee.
Too well do I know the anguish,
Of losing one's beautiful boy—
Two well do I know how it shadows
The light of our dearest joy.

Oh! my lips are yearning to whisper,
Of God and his Blessed Son,
Who are keeping the baby in heaven
Till thy earthly work is done—
Keeping thy beautiful darling,
From sorrow and sin so free—
Till by and by thou shalt hold him,
Once more upon thy knee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter, written by a daughter of the late lamented Prof. Mitchell to her sister in this place, which, we doubt not, will prove of interest to the readers of the *Old North State:*

NOV. ——, SHIP CONSTITUTION, PACIFIC OCEAN,

My Dear ——: Now that we are fairly "across the Isthmus," I will spend a little of my abundant leisure writing to you. Thus far our voyage from N. York has been very pleasant and we are assured that we need have no fears for the remaining few days which we shall spend at sea. Our party of Southerners is large and mostly of very pleasant people. As we neared the tropics we spent almost the whole day on deck—looking on the same scenes that greeted the eyes of the early explorers—and fair indeed were those varying prospects. * * *

We landed at Aspinwall, where we remained about an hour; then took up our seats in the cars and in about four hours and a half reached Panama. We had anticipated this part of the journey with fear and trembling, but were most agreeably disappointed, as there was no confusion or crowding at all, each passenger being presented with a ticket which allotted to him or her the right seat. A man came to take the list of our baggage before we quitted the steamer, and for a small sum we were relieved from all care of it—not even seeing it until we were on board the vessel on the Pacific side. We had been told that many trunks were broken open in their rapid descent into the hold of the vessel, but as we had taken the precaution to have a stout piece of rope fastened around each of our boxes, they passed down the slide in safety.

In some respects the change of steamers has not been for the better, as our first vessel was new and the waiters well trained, while the one we are now on board is old and infested with bugs. The waiters are of all colors and tongues, the steward a great fat negro, ready to burst with his own sense of self-importance.—But for a moderate fee in green-backs we are well enough waited on—my own servant being a Spanish mulatto boy.

Our transit across the Isthmus was through scenes of bewildering beauty—such trees and flowers as I never dreamed of before. Much of the rail road is laid on the banks of the Chagres river, which had overflowed the track as it is now the rainy season. The natives live in little huts and many of these were to the depth of a foot or more flooded with water—the people wading about as if they were used to it. They are dressed just as you see in the pictures, high crowned hats and white flounced skirts with a girth around the shoulders. We are sailing along the coast threading in and out among the loveliest islands imaginable. I thought I had read and heard description enough of the beauty of the tropical seas, but I find that I had no conception of the reality. I will probably have an opportunity of mailing this letter at Acapulco.

Ship Constitution, Sunday night, Dec. 6th.—I am sitting in this large saloon surrounded by my companions of travel, a cold wind having driven us all in from the deck. Some are talking, some reading, while many of the young people are around the piano singing hymns under the direction of the captain of the steamer. We found Acapulco a most beautiful place, and the vessel was surrounded all the time we were there by the natives in their boats, offering eggs, fruit, shells, parrots and what not, while the men stood ready to dive for the money which was thrown overboard by the passengers. It was curious to see them plunge in as soon as the coin touched the water and grasp it before it reached the bottom. (I tell you I am edified by a conversation going on as I write, between two worshippers of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips: One says, "*I* tell you 'twill be but a little time before Beecher will preach just as Parker did—he is getting round as fast as he can!") Four more days in this vessel! I count the hours until I reach San Francisco! Our passenger list is announced in the city papers, and by a telegraphic blunder *I* am mentioned as Mrs. ——, with *forty* ladies, in lieu of *four.*—They promise us some rough weather yet. How thankful I shall be to be on land and do something besides eat and drink! At present there is little else to do—but when I look at some of the worn out mothers in the steerage—with their sick children and crowded abode I am ashamed to complain. A little child died here last night of intermittent fever. We Southern mothers think its death was in consequence of the wrong practice of an ignorant doctor who dosed it with ipecac and castor oil and then tried to bring it up again; but meantime the little thing died. They have embalmed it with carbolic acid, and the mother takes it home four hundred miles from San Francisco. She left California a few months since to visit friends in New York, has buried her sister and eldest child there and returns to her husband with their only remaining child a corpse.

The shore along which we are sailing now is bleak and barren and looks very uninviting. I have formed the acquaintance of two pleasant California ladies on board, who tell me that my best chance for a *maid* is to hire a fresh John Chinaman. If this letter is post-marked San Francisco you will know that I am *there,* and I will write soon from some where else.

Near Stockton, December 18th.—It is certainly a most motonous life that we are leading—waiting for something to *turn up.* Capt. J. is hoping to get one of the district schools in the neighborhood. My husband goes over in a day or two to a Ranche where he will be occupied for some weeks. I find the fashion of farming here very different from ours in the Southern States; here they continue to sow wheat until the middle of April, and the late sown does as well as any. The land we have on the Merced bore last year thirty bushels to the acre in spring-sown wheat. * * * Army life has prepared our young men for what they find here; they do their own washing, cooking, etc., etc. One or two good crops they say will set them up so that they can take a wife and live in comfort. Rough as it is, they say that they would not return to the South, for here every one gets paid for his labor. So many people said to me before I left home, "Write us just how it is—we will believe you!" Well, I can write that what we heard is just so—one season's crop will put a man two or three thousand dollars in pocket. There is no clearing, no fencing, no hard weather—gang ploughs and large teams. The only labor I see done is feeding and rubbing down the horses. The ploughman walks beside his team, not touching the plough except to turn it at the end of half a mile. The horses are very unruly, but that seems to have a very exhilerating effect on the drivers who watch them with great satisfaction. * *

I look at the cast off shoes—good enough to do for many a destitute in our poor Southern land—and meat enough is thrown away by the laborers to feed many a family which I might name. I see no poor people, for every man can earn his dollar a day and provisions are abundant and cheap.

Paradise, December ——. They tell me I am as much [illegible] here. My next [illegible] says she has [illegible] twelve months. The nights are cold and there is ice and frost enough in the morning to make us gather around the stove, but at ten o'clock the fire goes down and we sit where we please, and they say the weather is unusually cold for the season. We are living on the plains with an unbroken level from the Coast range on one side and to the Sierra Nevada on the other. There are no woods except a long line which mark the course of the Stamilance view, which is only two miles distant from us at the nearest point. My husband thought he had hired me a woman-servant, but she has disappointed us, being well enough off to do without hiring herself out. I miss a cow more than any thing else—they are very scarce, as a terrible drought eight years ago caused tens of thousands of cattle to die of starvation. People are apprehensive of another dry time, as hitherto there has been but one rain, and generally there have been two or three weeks of ploughing by this time. I don't know what we shall do for our own church. There is preaching within a mile of us every Sunday by Methodists and Campbellite Baptists. I think I shall go to Fresno next year where there are four Presbyterian families that I know of.

I was greatly disappointed in the appearance of San Francisco; but perhaps my ideas of the beauty of the "Golden Gate" were extravagant. The houses of the city seem to hang on the hills, but the surrounding country is too destitute of verdure to be inviting. In front of us the snow clad peaks of the Sierra are most lovely, and I am never weary of looking at the mountains.

At last, rain I and every one has flown to the plough. I wish your husband could have seen our beginning yesterday; our house is in the middle of the ranche which is a mile long and a half mile wide, no fences except around the door yard and cattle yard. Our plough was a gang of five drawn by eight mustangs and mules; one of the beasts refuses to pull and backs, kicks, plunges, jumps up and whirls around in the harness, squealing as loudly as possible all the time. The ploughman talks Spanish to him, coaxes, pats him him when he dares, and finally gathers up some clods of dirt and throws at him. No whip is used, and after a while the brute starts off and draws as well as need be. Altogether it is a funny performance. I shall write often, for awhile at least.—We are seventeen miles from a post office, though but a half mile from the stage road.

Truly yours, * *

MILITARY DANDY REBUKED.

A cotemporary tells the following good anecdote of a "setting down" which an officer of the "Younited States Awmy" received in his presence. The writer says:

We were traveling awhile since on one of the Sound boats, where we met, just after breakfast, our old acquaintance, John Barstow—Col. John Barstow, who has bought and sold more horses than any other live man, it is said, in the United States. While we were exchanging the usual salutations of the morning, the sharp tone of the hand-bell was heard ringing along deck, and the almost as sharp voice of the steward was heard crying out—

"All dem passengis as has not settled deir passage will please step up to de captain's offis an' settle."

There were many passengers, and of course, as usual, a great crowd gathered around the 'captin's offis,' each quietly awaiting his turn to pay. Suddenly a tall, robust young man elbowed his way through the mass of the people up to the window, and, stretching out his money to the clerk, said in a very loud tone—

"Take my fare, sir!"

"What name, sir?" asked the clerk as he received the bills.

"Captain Victor Henry Digamma, sir—Captain Digamma and lady, of the Younited States Awmy, sir!" was the reply in a very pompous and conceited voice.

This was rather too much for our acquaintance, the horse dealer. He passed rudely through the crowd, and loudly addressed the clerk, while the captain of the "awmy" yet stood by, and the people seemed to be thinking whether to lynch him or not:

"Take my fare, sir!"

"What name, sir?" inquired the clerk, very meekly

"Kolp'ril John Barstow, sir—Korp'ril Barstow and horse, sir, of the Connecticut Melishy, sir!" was his answer, delivered in a most comically pompous tone.

How blank that army captain looked, and what a good natured crowd that was immediately after this answer, only those can understand whose imagination can picture reality. They laughed consumedly.

Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage? Because the train always runs over sleepers.

From the R[illegible] Inquirer.

—think'st thou, you crow[illegible]
Raised by thy breath has [illegible] of day?
To-morrow to repaint the [illegible]
And warm the sations with [illegible]
[illegible] *Hood.*

Whatever our judgment is touching the events of the past eight years in these Southern States—whether our feelings at the swift and sweeping changes which we have witnessed—whether [illegible] prophet in which all that we loved and hoped and prayed for in the South has been torn into shreds and given to the winds—all of us must recognize the *facts.* That our entire social structure has been absolutely subverted—that the whole land has been upheaved as by some mighty convulsion of nature, and an entirely new stratification followed—mountains, water-courses, all the physical features of the landscape, disappearing and giving place to new combinations and new adjustments—is as plain as the effects of the French Revolution. Who dreamed in 1860 of universal and instantaneous emancipation? who dreamed in 1863 of a civil rights bill? who dreamed in 1865 of universal negro suffrage? who dreamed in 1866 of negro legislatures and lieutenant—governors? who dreamed of negro county officials and mixed public schools? And yet as if a whirlwind had passed over the continent all these things have rapidly followed each other since May, 1865. The national Convention of France did not strike more irreverently and more rapidly than the Congress of the United States. That convention, it will be remembered, formally abolished the Christian Religon—abolished the Christian Sabbath—trampled under foot the images of the Saviour—closed the churches—disbanded the priesthood—inscribed on all the public cemeteries, "*Death is an eternal sleep*"—and on a set day solemnly installed on the high altar of the Cathedral of Notre Dame—a common prostitute as the Goddess of Reason and the symbolic representative to the French people of the new object of their faith. That was seventy-six years ago—and France has survived it.

It is difficult for the old to bear these shocks—to apprehend at all that such an *cataclysm* as this is not the end—and that with the blowing up of all their associations, anything can come after.

And, yet, we suppose the world is going on—and history will pursue its relentless march—and generations of our children on this same soil will follow us with all their chequered life of sunshine and shadow, of rapture and anguish, of passionate hope and feverish anxiety. It were unbelief to suppose that this beautiful city, with its natural advantages; or this fair state, with its climate, soil, resources and civilization; or this brave and noble race of Virginians, with their endurance, their intelligence, their Christianity, should go down like a tribe of Indians or Aztecs. After they have piled on us all the weights of hostile legislation, the State of Virginia must outgrow such fetters, even if her own people were passive. Lying alongside of Pennsylvania and Maryland, in a few years the Yankees themselves would pour in a tide of life that would make her a giant. In this age society is developed not so much by legislative enactments, but chiefly by trade and machinery and industrial operations. The building of a railroad—the discovery of a bed of coal—the utilization of a water-power—repeals a whole volume of session acts and amends a constitution. Now a net-work of railroads in Virginia, the introduction of machinery, an improved agriculture, the introduction of manufacturing and mining, will blow the negro legislation into the air. It is pretty hard on us now, and will be perhaps for a few years, but the man who does not clearly perceive that under *any* constitution the white race will rise to the top in this State is oversad by virtue of our calamities, or incapable of battling with the vicissitudes of history. Already there are indications that the African crusade has reached its highest point of excitement, and the appearance on the theatre of national politics of that grim, determined figure of Gen. Grant is a menace to the carnival of Radical violence. In six months it is by no means improbable that there will be but two parties in the country—an administration party and an anti administration party—and which will prevail it is not difficult to predict. When the military chieftain throws out as a pregnant exposition of his feelings the curt brocard—"*Let us have Peace,*" it was the language of a man accustomed rather to give orders, than to many words. That both he and Schofield, who will be the ruling spirits, are opposed to giving the negroes very much rope is positively known. And that Congress fears the new President is sufficiently plain from the general character of Northern politicians, from the complaisant repeal of the Tenure-of-office act, and from the signals thrown out by General Butler and Forney.

The successful cultivation of cotton in the Gulf States is already creating a demand for negro labor from Virginia—for wages have gone up there while they have fallen in Virginia—and we may look for annual drain of this population.

We merely allude to these things; for *apart from them* we are not to be intimidated by any gloomy pictures of the future. We *feel* that the ship which has out-lived the tempest of the past eight years, is yet strong and sea-worthy, and will get into port. There is an impulse running through this whole thing, during the war, and since the war, which reveals an invisible helmsman, who threads the mazes of the waves and clouds with a firm hand and a conscious purpose that give assurance of security and the promise of a successful issue. Precisely how or where or when such pressing embarrassments are to be escaped we claim to be no prophet to [illegible] but that we shall [illegible] low and gain [illegible] that Thomas Jefferson [illegible] when the excess of the French revolution were at the highest. The difficulty is to see how we shall tide over the present moment. We leave that to God. Beyond that, there is less obscurity. The growth and development of this country is absolutely startling, and the South must participate in this tremendous movement. The expansion and progression of this American imperialism will hardly take account of the presence of the negro race. The incoming of that mighty wave which is now poised on our frontier, and whose pulsations are already felt, will whelm this poor race in rapid destruction. How can they stand up when country is made homogeneous, and banded together by hundreds of railroads—the very facility of inter-communication diffusing the population and energy of the North over the new sparsely settled territory of the South? And we be to these poor people when the hard, cruel eye of the Northerner is fixed on them as an obstacle to the imperial standards!

OFFICE SEEKING.

The fourth day of March is approaching. There is to be a change in the administration of public affairs. Thousands of offices may be vacated at the will of one man. Thousands of applicants for office will desire that they be vacated in their favor. Thousands of petitions for place will be forwarded to Washington, and thousands of men will flock thither to back up these petitions by personal importunities. Hundreds of thousands of dollars and a vast deal of valuable time will be spent to secure these official positions and emoluments. To what end?—Will the compensation be adequate? Do men who struggle with such desperation for place rise thereby in the esteem of their fellow-citizens? Do they gain in social position? Do they increase their moral influence? Do they secure to themselves an increase of contentment and add to the happiness of those dependent upon them? Let our readers answer to themselves these questions, after reviewing the histories, respectively, of such scramblers for place as they may know.

It is humiliating to watch the infatuation of these men. It does not add to our faith in the stability of our political system to witness the devices adopted, and the unscrupulous means used to secure the offices whose gift inheres in the people. And we hope that a rebuke and repulse is in store for these public cormorants. We hope every faithful public servant will be retained in the place he may fill, and that every faithless one may be supplanted by the best available man, regardless of his political "claims" as a partisan and doer of dirty work. We are quite in favor of abolishing the profession of politician. If a man's tenure of office is made to depend entirely upon the manner in which he serves the people and his watchful zeal in promoting the public interest, we shall have fewer defalcations, less political corruption, and far less periodical place hunting. Thus will the people be better served, and the public gratitude for faithful services rendered be better expressed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Women are the priestesses of predestination, and it is a wonderful advantage to a man in any pursuit or avocation to secure an adviser in a sensible woman.—Disraeli says, "The society of charming woman refines the taste, quickens the perception, and gives a grace and flexibility to the intellect, although a woman who likes ambitious men must be no ordinary character." In women there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really a friend, will have a sensitive regard for her admirer's character, honor and repute. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparities of circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius, and Montague's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds in Marie de Gourney an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than parental love, and involved in my solitude of retirement as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.—*Exchange.*

ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE—A BROOKLYN SENSATION.

The quiet neighborhood of Plymouth church and Brooklyn heights was thrown into excitement on Saturday by a genuine sensation—an elopement in high life. The principals are the wife of a cotton broker on Broad street, New York, and a son of a wealthy grain merchant of Chicago.—The woman was a Baltimore belle, but made, as it appears, of bad metal. About [illegible] years ago she married a young man named [illegible] from Baltimore, and was married at her father's house. The couple boarded awhile in New York, but tiring of this kind of living, they hired a house on Hicks street, Brooklyn, where they resided very comfortably and happily, visited and being visited by friends from all quarters.

Among the visitors was Mr. T——, an intimate friend of the husband, who treated him as a brother. After repeated calls T—— found his attachment to his friend's wife and his love for her society growing warmer, and, as the sequel showed, she generously reciprocated. The faithful husband doubted not his wife's fidelity nor his friend's integrity until he read the following note, left on his table on Saturday afternoon:

"*Saturday Morning.*—Dear Charlie,—I must to-day bid you good-bye forever. To-day I leave your house, never again to return. I cannot help it. For a long time I have loved Ja in my heart, and I know he loves me. When this reaches you I will be on my way across the sea.

"Your once-loving TERESE."

The husband at once made inquiries at several of the steamship offices, and ascertained that his wife and her paramour had sailed for Europe on the steamer City of Antwerp. The wife took with her jewelry valued at about $10,000 and a number of other valuables, and about $30,000 in money.—*New York Sun.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Home-Made Manure—Its Application. Manure, in the largest sense of the term, is anything that contains any of the elementary principles necessary to the growth of plants; and the more of these contained in any given substance, the better will it answer the purpose of a manure. Potassa and its salts, especially sulphate and phosphate, are among the most important animal ingredients that may be termed fertilizers. Besides these, we find in the compositon of different vegetables sulphur, iron, alumna, magnesia, silica, nitrogen, &c., &c. Now, when we examine a manure heap composed of the excrements of animals, in a state of fermentation or decomposition, we find that ammonia is one of the most prominent ingredients. Ammonia is a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen and is developed by the process of fermentation. The ingredients being important elements of nutrition, ammonia becomes an important object of attention—a very slight attention to it will suffice to convince us of its volatility. It can also be shown to have a great affinity for water, which is able to hold large quantities of it in solution. The tendency then, in a pile of fermenting animal excrements, is to give off to the air nitrogen and hydrogen, in the form of ammonia, in large quantities. Then we at once perceive a source of waste of valuable fertilizing materials. The ammonia that thus passes off is not lost, it is true, to the general purpose of vegetable production, as it must sooner or later be returned to the earth in the water that descends from the clouds; but when it has once passed to the atmosphere it becomes common property, and will help the fields of my neighbors, or the forests of the mountains, equally with my own fields. It becomes, then, a matter of much importance to husband this material, and retain it for my own exclusive use. To do this, several conditions must be kuown and attended to. In the first place, certain amount of heat and moisture are necessary for its development; consequently, during the low temperature of winter, there is very small loss to the manure heap from its escape.

So also in summer; if the requisite moisture be withheld it cannot be generated. Then, to secure the manure heap from loss from this source it should always lie left well under cover. But with all the precautions that may be taken, there will always be moisture enough to admit of its generation, even though it be slow, whenever the temperature is high. Then we must, if we would prevent loss absolutely from this source, attend to other precautions and measures to prevent its escape. We will premise that animal excrements should always be kept under cover.

Then, to prevent loss from the escape of ammonia, they should be duly mixed with swamp muck, drift material, or even common soil from the road-side; and every time that the heap of excrements receives a covering of any of these materials it should be slightly sprinkled over with gypsum (sulphate of lime.)

This latter article possesses the property of causing ammonia to adhere to the soil, instead of flying off into the air; and hence, by its use as above, it becomes fixed. This method, so valuable in retaining in the heap this valuable ingredient, ammonia, has this other advantage, that it greatly increases the size of the pile.

This valuable property of gypsum (plaster of Paris) makes it an indispensable article at every stable. It should always be kept on hand, and the floors of stables should be dusted with it at every cleaning. It should be used in every compost heap that contains the excrements of animals or the elements of ammonia in any form; as also for a surface dressing in the spring months for small grain and grass, as well as in the hill for corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables, because of its property of absorbing ammonia [illegible] earth.

[illegible] ered is the best method of applying manure to the soil and the crops. Some have contended that as ammonia constituted the most valuable ingredient of stable manure, the latter should never be applied to the surface of land [illegible] the plowman is ready to follow, and [illegible] immediately under, so that its ammonia cannot have an opportunity to escape.—Undoubtedly, if we had no method of fixing ammonia to the soil, this method of applying manure would be preferable to its surface application. But if the precautions above referred to be duly observed in the management of the compost heap, its application to the surface will be found to yield the most satisfactory results, particularly for crops of small grain and for meadow. And for these crops the early spring will undoubtedly be found to be the most favorable time for its application.

For corn, potatoes, and garden crops generally, it will be found better to mix the manure well into the soil, but even here not more than to a depth of three or four inces.

Let the ground be broken deeply in the latter part of the fall and lie exposed to the action of frost during the winter, and as soon as the ground is in condition for receiving the seed in the spring, let the manure be applied to the surface, and well mixed in to the depth above indicated with a cultivator. The ground may then be furrowed and planted.

The practice of throwing fresh stable manure over the surface of the ground, after seeding to small grain in autumn, or in the early spring, months, whether on grain or grass crops, cannot but be attended with more or less loss of ammonia, and is therefore bad economy. But if it has been mixed with soil in the heap, and has been properly treated with gypsum, there can be no objection to this manner of its application. If it has not been thus treated in the heap it should never be applied to the surface of land without being accompanied with a liberal use of gypsum.

We have seen a crop of over eighty bushels of corn produced from an acre of land that has been completely exhausted, by a liberal application of manure that has been thus treated with drift sand and plaster.

If we have to deal with land that has been in a measure exhausted, we cannot rely on the barnyard alone for fertilizing materials, if we depend upon the production of such a farm for the sustenance of animals; because its scanty production would not enable us to keep enough of animals to afford the amount of excrementious matter that would be demanded by the farm; and consequently we could only reclaim to a state of fertility a small portion at a time; and also consequently there would be great loss in the time required to bring up such a farm. In this case we may profitably resort to the use of guano, which is rich in ammonia, and of bone phosphates, to enable us to get the soil into a condition that will produce a good crop of clover; and whenever we shall have advanced thus far we may consider the *deep point* as passed. Bone phosphates may become necessary as an occasional application on many farms, just as lime may become necessary to a soil originally poor in calcarious material; but with these exceptions the farm itself should supply all the fertilizing materials it will ever need. Barnyard manure can be easily and cheaply made in abundance, and of good quality, if all the conditions above indicated be attended to. This, then, should be the farmer's main reliance; and every available substance should thus be husbanded for the use of the farm.—The habit of soiling animals, or confining them in sheds to receive their given food in summer may be made to contribute, not only to the cheap subsistence and well-being of the animal, but also to the rapid production of valuable fertilizing materials for the farm; the hair and feathers of slaughtered animals and poultry should be carefully deposited in the compost heap, as being especially rich in nitrogen. All the bones of animals that die, or that are slaughtered and consumed on the farm, after having been reduced by a liberal application of wood ashes, should be deposited in the compost heap, as being rich in phosphate of lime, and thus adapted to the production of grass, rich in this material, and thus able to contribute to the growth of bone in future animals. So of the carcases of animals that die, and of everything that contains the elements of vegetable nutrition.—*American Stock Journal.*

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.

Why is the horse the most human of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth, and listens to every woe.