L. D. Fuckle

THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

PLUTO AND THE DISEASES.

Old Pluto lately call'd his clan
Of agents round him to a man,
To know at once the reason why
The Yankees take so long to die;
Quoth he "Alas! there was a time,
They all came posting in their prime,
But now I think the villains try
With old Methuselah to vie,
Since all they do is done with speed,
But dying fast to serve our need;
For in their land of notions cunning,
Of pushing, crushing, driving, dunning,
(Upon my conscience) it would seem,
All things but dying went by steam,
So now they hardly recompense us,
For making out the yearly census,
Thus I have called you in a row,
The reason of this fact to show,
That we may plan some method clever,
To coax them here as fast as ever,
And help our friends to cut a shine,
Who make great coats of bits of pine.
Sir Fever, you begin the story,
That robs your names of half their glory."
"My liege I own with many a sigh,
I can't persuade the rogues to die,
I bake, and roast, and fry, and stew them,
I pour hot lava through them,
And of their heads with eager pains,
Hot ovens make to burn their brains;
But all in vain, for as I think
To give a fare his final pink,
The villain frowns a calm defiance,
And swallows with profound reliance,
A dose of things called Peters' Pills,
Which all my bubbling lava chills,
And instant stops the work of slaughter,
And leaves his blood as pure as water."
Here grim Dyspepsia put his chat in,
"My liege—my liege, the truth he's pat in,
For even my plans are oft demolished,
By that deceiver's arts so polished;
I choke the stomach—sour the chyle,
Distend the spleen, disturb the bile,
And guard so well each leak and drain,
That all that enters must remain,
But then when all is smooth and nice,
To send my job home in a trice,
He takes those awful pills of Peters',
As gaily as a glass of bitters,
And all my agents, left and right,
Are put to instantaneous flight;
Indeed it sometimes makes me laugh,
To see the rascals scampering off."
Now Palsy plac his voice intruded,
"I too, great Pluto, am included,
In the unfortunate diseases
This doctor drubs whne'er he pleases;
I take my man, and gripe his bowels,
Though stup'd the while in smoking towels,
And shake him as the fit increases,
Until you'd think he'd fall to pieces;
But when I hope in earth to cram him,
In steps that Dr. Peters—d———n him;
And makes my patient, in a shock,
As sound and steady as a rock."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From "James' Tales," illustrating the passions.

LOVE.

Continued from our last.

During the morning, the king, with his bride and his sister, came to visit again the sick chamber of the wounded man; but how different was now the effect produced on the mind of Isabel of Valois and Blanche of Navarre! The one saw with surprise, and with somewhat of disgust, the ravages which one day of sickness and agony can produce in the most graceful form and the most beautiful countenance. She no longer saw the same Count de Foix—the handsomest of a handsome court: she only beheld, a wan, sick man, writhing in a bed of pain; and her eye, which had been attracted by beauty alone, now turned away displeased.

Very different were the feelings of Blanche of Navarre. She beheld a man, whose vices she had condemned, while she had admired his higher qualities, stricken down in the midst of his pride and of his levity; brought, by the events of a single day, to the brink of the grave; suffering in body, and, as she suspected, suffering also in mind; and all that was gentle and tender in a gentle and tender heart, rose up to her lips to give comfort and consolation to him for whom her voice had before known nothing but reproof and reprobation. Strange though it may be to say, there was something in the manner with which the count met the first look of Isabel of Valois, which, to the mind of Blanche, gave hope of better feelings rising in his heart. It was no longer the glance of bold and too familiar admiration: oh, no! his brow grew somewhat contracted, and his dark eye turned away. To herself he listened, and to her words of kindness, with apparently very different feelings,—with, surprise, with attention, with gratitude; and when they were about to quit his apartment, he added,—"Lady, I thank you for your speech of yesterday; and I do begin to think, that the sickness of the body may sometimes work a cure in the diseases of the mind."

"Think so! oh, think so, my good lord!" replied Blanch; "and should you find that in your mind or heart there be some malady, take now the time when its cure can be wrought; and forget not, when you are restored to health, the salutary thoughts which visit us all in sickness."

The proud lip of Isabel of Valois curled with a scornful smile, as she turned away; and she was scarcely out of hearing, when she exclaimed, speaking to her husband,—"Our sister Blanche will preach, and Francis of Foix will listen, as long as he is in sickness. Doubtless he will promise to become a Capuchin till he is well; but then his fair preacher will find that he will leave the gray gown with her, and be as merry a libertine as ever."

It might have been with many a man as Isabel of Valois predicted; it might have been so with the Count of Foix, himself, under many circumstances. Returning health might have brought returning passions: strength, in its bold security, might have laughed at past warnings; and evil habits, broken but by a short interruption, might have resumed their iron and irresistible sway over a heart full of fire and impetuous feelings. But there were many, many events occurred to lead the mind of Francis of Foix into a new train; there were many, many motives combined to give a fresh bent, a different object, to all his feelings. The first of those motives was love! Isabel of Valois visited him no more, but Blanche went twice to see him, with her brother, during the severer part of his malady; and her kindness and her gentleness—kindness and gentleness so pure, so noble, so chaste, that even vanity itself, man's vanity, the most impudent and deceitful of all hacks, could not mistake and dared not falsify her feelings—implanted in his heart the first germ of real love which that heart had ever known. Though full of strong passions, hitherto it had not known love. The seeds that fell upon it had been of lighter things, which grew up like shrubs upon a rock, blossomed for an hour, and faded away.

But now, a stronger tree had taken root. passion—eager, ardent passion, rising from veneration, esteem, and admiration!—and how that tree was nourished by sweet sympathies, fostered by close intercourse, and even rooted more firmly by the storm and tempest of adverse circumstances, is now to be told.

In the course of time he became convalescent; and, as soon as he was permitted, proceeded to offer his thanks to the Queen of Navarre. She was surprised to behold the beauties and graces of his person restored, though he could not yet move without support; but his illness had reached the stage when it only added deeper interest to that excited by his noble presence and handsome form. The admiration of Isabel of Valois returned; and she determined, that all the many weeks which the surgeons affirmed must be passed in tranquility and repose, ere the count could be pronounced well, should be spent in her society. She had no scruples, and but small diffidence; and, if there were evil passions in her heart, she hesitated little at the means employed to gratify them. She was not without art, however; and Blanche of Navarre was often called upon to sanction, by her presence, the long interviews between the Count of Foix and her brother's wife.

Blanche shrank from being present: not that she suspected actual evil in the thoughts or wishes of the Queen, but she deemed her conduct toward Francis of Foix—covered though it was by some idle idea of distant relationship—still bold, rash, and unwomanly. Of the count, too, she had many doubts. She hoped, she trusted, that a change had come over his feelings and his thoughts; she fancied that she saw the change in every word and action; but still she feared, and still she doubted.

Was there, also, in her bosom a doubt as to what might ever become the feelings of her own heart toward him? There was! and wisely she shrunk from putting into the hands of one who might misuse it, the slightest power over her future peace of mind. She had done her duty to him, as one fellow-creature to another; she had done more than most would do; and now she sought to avoid a man whom she had first reprobated, then pitied, and now feared. Nevertheless, she was, almost daily, forced to be present, while Francis of Foix spent long hours with Isabel of Valois, during the days of his convalescence: and her presence was to him a blessing and a safeguard.

The comparison was always before him of good and evil, and that comparison was too powerful to leave judgment to hesitate. Love, too, was on the side of judgment, for love grew daily more powerful over his heart: and, as he gazed upon Blanche of Navarre, sitting by the side of Isabel of Valois, he fell into deep fits of musing, which the latter loved not. What was the subject of his musing? How he might win that radiant creature to return the love he felt; how he might change the cold and frigid courtesy, which now clothed all her words towards him, to that warmer confidence which alone can be the nurse of affection; how he could show her, how he could prove to her, that she alone of womankind possessed or ever had posssessed his heart.

Strange, too, and full of thoughtful marvellings, was the picture of his own feelings to his own eyes.—How changed, how wonderfully changed they were! He found that there was another passion, different, far different from that which he had hitherto confounded with love. He found that there were feelings deeper, more intense, more noble, than woman had ever awakened in his bosom before; he found that selfish gratification was not the object, idle admiration not the spring of love. He gazed on that beautiful being, and he felt passion in its most ardent form; but, as he touched her hand to lead from the hall to the banquet chamber, a thrill—a strange and timid thrill—passed unwonted through his frame; and he, whose lip had never wanted words to tell a tale of love, now hardly dared confess to his own heart how love had mastered all its powers. He gazed upon her, but he spoke not the feelings that were busy in his bosom. He dared not speak them—he dared not let them appear: he felt that he must first blot out from her memory many a tale of wild passion, ere he could talk of love to her pure ear. He felt not alone that for worlds he would bring no stain upon that bright creature, were it even in his power; but he began, for her sake, to regret that there were stain upon himself.—She had taught him to think virtue beautiful: she had taught him to think it a part of excellence.

The qualities which he had before prized, both in himself and others, had now sunk low, low in his estimation; and en lowments, of a more noble and elevated character, were gradually rising up to be wondered at and admired.

He who in the pride of haughty success, had thought all the world, but more especially woman born but to bow to him, and yield to his pleasure; now undervalued all his own powers, judged himself too harshly, and thought himself all unworthy of her regard who had wrought such a change in him. Habit, evil habit, indeed, was potent with him, as with other men; and, as we have said, with the return of buoyant health, custom might have resumed her hold upon him: the fascinations of Isabel of Valois might not have been employed in vain; the vanity and passions of the man might both have been excited, when he felt himself counted by one so high and beautiful; and strong evil might have again triumphed over the first weak effort of virtue.

But that bright, dangerous queen had, unwittingly, placed the antidote beside the posion. In her proud consciousness of beauty and grace, of wit, of talent, and of courage, she never dreamed that the calm and quiet princess of the small mountain state, the mild and unassuming Blanche of Navarre; could ever become her rival where she stooped to please; and all that she could wish to do was undone, before she perceived that she had counteracted herself. At length however, she saw—and saw with anger—that when she spoke, Francis of Foix turned his head away, or answered coldly, sometimes abstractedly, while on the contrary, when the voice of Blanche sounded in his ear, an instant smile spread radiant over his face, his eyes with new light, and his whole soul seemed moved to answer her. He talked of virtue, too; he prâised those calm and gentle qualities which throng round woman in her household duties, and grace her more than gems.

Nay, more! He seemed to feel the virtues that he praised, and to have learned abhorrence of the vices which he censured. From time to time, with flashing eyes and scornful lip, Isabel sneered aloud at the words of purity from such a tongue as his; called up, in angry sportiveness, his errors in the past; and asking, how sermons sounded from the lips of so virtuous a man?

Twice was he silent; but at length, urged too far, replied,—"Lady, what you say is true. I am often ashamed, thinking of the past, to speak of the new feelings that I experience at present. The time was when I should have scoffed to hear such thoughts expressed by men far wortheir than myself; but now, when I venture so to speak, it is in all humility, and with deep regret, that to the ordinary errors of man's youth, I have added others with deliberate folly."

The queen laughed loud and tauntingly; but the liquid eye of her he loved beamed brightly on him: and he was repaid. The time came, however, when Isabel of Valois could not laugh. His indifference—far from calming what at first was, perhaps, but an idle passion, entertained but for the purpose of trifling gaily through an unfilled hour—only added fire and eagerness. She learned to love intensely, when she began to feel herself despised; and angry jealousy took place of dangerous coquetry and evil trifling.

She watched, with keen eyes, every action, both of Francis of Foix and Blanche of Navarre; but Blanche was still calm and cold toward the gay noble of another land. She might, indeed, feel her heart glow with generous pleasure, to believe that an ennobling change had come over his soul; that the worst passions had been crushed down for ever; and that the high and splendid qualities which his mind possessed, were now likely to stand forth free, bright; and unencumbered, on the strong basis of virtue.—She might, indeed, acknowledge, too, that all those graces of person which are, in truth but the outward symbols—though sometimes forged—of graces of the mind, did not pass unheeded by an eye that loved to contemplate every beautiful and perfect thing in the wide creations of nature and of art. She might do more: she might confess that when she gazed on that speaking countenance, and that graceful form: and heard eloquent words flow from those manly lips, and marked that no light jest nor doubtful thought now found utterance there, but only high-toned feelings clothed in powerful words,—a thrill, a happy thrill, would spread through all her frame, as her heart told her that she had a share in this.

Perhaps she might have gone further still: perhaps she might have owned, that her heart beat high to see that his thoughts, and words, and actions, were all ddressed to her. Nevertheless, she still doubted—she still feared! The words of her sister-in-law still rang in her ears; "that with returning health and strength Francis of Foix would again become what Francis of Foix had been." She asked herself could she resist temptation, opportunity, habit the jest of old companions, the seduction of new charms.

She asked herself all this: and she looked into her own heart, and saw that she could never love one of whom she was not sure; or—if, to her mishap, she did not love such a man—that his first evil act—that the first word or thought which degraded him from the high throne of her esteem, which removed the image sanctioned by love from the shrine of her heart, would ruin sanctuary and all, and leave her not a wreck of happiness behind.

Such feelings, such consciousness, such thoughts, made her brow a thick veil of cold and distant reserve over the warmer sensations of her heart; made her treat him who so deeply interested her, as a mere calm acquaintance—the distant cousin of her brother's wife; and it rarely that some noble thought, or princely action; some bold and public recantation of former errors; some and tranquil reply to those who scoffed at virtue, brought about by sickness, won from her a bright and encouraging smile, which afforded a hope though distant, and, like a far off beacon to the weary mariner's eye, promised success to his efforts, and pointed out the only course.

It was in vain, then, for some time, that Isabel of Valois watched and suspected. No sign betrayed that Blanche's heart was touched; no word, nor look, nor action, showed that she gave aught like encouragement to a passion which each day became more apparent.

At length, one evening in the lustrous twilight of that splendid climate: in the bright moment—for it is a little more than a moment—between the sinking of the golden day and the rushing conquest of the deep night, Blanche of Navarre stood gazing from the window upon the last rays of the setting sun, as they lingered, with blushing love, upon the high summits of the western hills. Her heart was at war with itself, and yet the warfare was not painful. She felt a tenderness creeping over it which she would fain have banished; she felt that her power over her own thought was failing, and she would fain have recovered that power. But, even while she struggled with her own feelings, the voice of the enchanter Hope took part against her, and told, that to yield to that mighty power which every heart must one time, was better than to resist. As she thus thought, and gazed forth upon the evening sky and varying mountains; and as the deep loveliness of that bright scene in the calm twilight hour sunk into her soul with bland and softening influence, a step sounded near her. Ere she could turn and see whose form it was that crossed the windows of the hall, her heart had told her, and it beat quick and high. The next moment Francis of Foix was by her side, but for a time some overpowering feeling seemed to tie his tongue: his wonted eloquence was gone: his daring courage at an end. He trembled like a girl; and the heart which never had known a fear, now beat even quicker than hers beside whom stood.

"Lady," he said, at length, "I have dared to seek you; and yet, now that I am here, I scarcely know how to express my thought."

There is a peculiar skill in woman to master, even in moments of deep emotion, the outward display of feeling, and to conceal the inward struggle of the heart's mutinous garrison from every eye but God's. Blanche of Navarre felt as if each moment she should have sunk to the ground; yet she stood firm, and in her aspect calm, as if the bright tranquility of her former, years still reigned undisturbed within. She even so far conquered agitation as to say, in a low, quiet voice,—"There is nothing, I should suppose, that the Count de Foix can have to say to Blanche of Navarre which should trouble him to speak."

"Lady," he replied, "did Francis of Foix feel as once he felt—were he the vain, conceited being which once he was—did he believe that every woman was to be a slave to his will, or that he had powers to conquer and persuade even to virtuous love, he might speak boldly. But, alas! now—now, how is he changed! Though there was a time when he dared all, and every thing for far less worthy objects, now he scarcely dares to name his wishes or his hopes, though on them depends the happiness of all his after life."

He paused, and looked up for some word or sign of encouragement, but Blanche answered nothing.—There was a dewy brightness in her downcast eye, however—there was a slight tremor in her snow-white hand, as it rested on the stone-work of the window, which afforded hope; and Francis of Foix continued: "Lady, I know that I am unworthy. It is you who have taught me that I am so: and, oh! Blanche, when I tell you that I love you—that I love you better than life, or any thing life contains, think not that it is the lip of the idle libertine that speaks; for that love, that deep, intense love, has taught me also the love of virtue; the love of virtue has taught me to abhor vice, to hate even myself—to hate what I have been. But, oh! Blanche, know me—in pity know me but as I am! Forget the past, forget the follies and vices of other days—see me but as you have made me; and, oh! give me hope, in order that hope may give me strength and encouragement in the way of right."

Blanche started: the word he spoke both suggested a fear of the permanence of the change, and a means of trying its reality.

"Do you mean, my lord," she said,—"do you mean, that if Blanche of Navarre can give you no hope of ever obtaining her hand—for I will not affect to misunderstand you—do you mean, that if she can give you no reward, no encouragement, you may fall back into the errors of your former life?"

Francis of Foix paused thoughtfully for a moment. Old habits and deep acquaintance with the wayward, the capricious, the weak, the vain, and the vicious part of womankind, suggested to his mind for a single instant that Blanche might seek and find a good excuse for yielding to her own inclination in his favor, if he admitted that he might relapse into evil should she deny him. But the nobler spirit which her love had enthroned in his heart rose up instantly, and trampled the demon under foot. He paused, and gazed in her face; then, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "No, Blanche, no!—God forbid that I should use any persuasions toward thee but the true ones. No! Pure, and beautiful, and good, and noble, if I cannot win thee by truth, I will ever live or die in wretchedness without thee. No! If thy heart can never be mine; if the errors of my early years have inspired thee with abhorrence that thou canst not conquer; if some happier man have won the jewel that I cannot win; if cold indifference even place its icy barrier between thee and me;—still, Blanche of Navarre, still thou hast conquered, thou hast convinced, thou hast humbled, thou hast amended! Thy memory would keep me pure if thy love were denied; and the light which has shone upon my soul from thee and thy virtues, should never go out again till the cold earth of the grave were cast upon my breast."

Blanche trembled very much and she was several moments ere she could reply; but at length she said, in a low and faltering tone, "I fear Sir Count, I very much fear, that resolutions taken under the influence of passion are nearly more permanent than those formed during the reign of sickness. I can promise nothing, my lord, and dare say but little till I am more assured. Suffice it," she added, after a moment's pause, and lifting her eyes for a single instant to his countenance,—"suffice it, that I love no one, that my heart's free, and," she added hesitating—"and it may be won; but it must be won by upright honor and pure virtue. One word more I may say; think not that the past will linger in my mind if the future be contrasted brightly with it. He who conquers his vices must ever be, in the eyes of Blanche of Navarre, more worthy than if he had never erred; for he gains a victory over a great enemy."

"Enough! enough! enough!" he cried; and, as he spoke, hope, like the fitful flame, once more blazed up with a brighter light than ever it had before cast upon the future. "Enough, enough!—oh! dearest Blanche, you have spoken enough! Too well I know your nature—too well, by sad comparison with others, do I know the beauty and candor of your heart—too well, far too well, to doubt for one single instant, that those words, calm, and gentle, and noble as they are, imply a promise and a hope, a boon, a consolation, an encouragement. I have risked all to tell you the truth. I have risked all and gained all, and now I know that success with you depends upon myself. Forgive me if I speak too boldly—forgive me if I speak too rashly; but yet I know and feel, and dare to avow I feel, that on myself and on my own conduct, whereof I entertain no doubt, depends my chance of winning you—of winning happiness, of winning love; love, such as my heart has never known—love, such as my heart never, till lately, hoped for. Henceforth, dearest! most beautiful, most noble, most pure! henceforth I journey through life like a pilgrim; with, high before his eyes, raised on some blue mountain's cloudy brow, the shrine to which all his efforts, all his wanderings, tend,—raised far above himself, but still the object of his aspirations and his hopes; to reach which nothing is required but strength, and fortitude, and resolution, and which nothing can debar him from but foily, vice, or weakness."

He took her hand in his—her unresisting hand—and, raising it calmly to his lips, he added, "Blanche of Navarre, beautiful and beloved! princess of a sovereign house as thou art, thou mayest think it bold that Francis of Foix has raised his eyes to thee. But, lady, I tell thee, and tell thee true, that never sovereign of thine house, however warlike be his name in story, has gained a greater conquest than thou hast. I do not speak in pride, and, if I do, it is in pride of my humility. I say not that thou hast conquered Francis of Foix, for that were vanity; but I say, that thou hast conquered a stubborn human heart, pampered with pride, nourished with much success, strengthened with idle fame, panoplied in iron habits, and leading on a host of follies, vices, and mistakes, to war against one bright and beautiful being, armored alone in virtue, and weaponed solely with right. I say it in humility—as the chained captive, as the vanquished and the humbled; and when I kiss this lovely hand, it is but as the conquered and the abased, bowing the head before the potent rod which has brought him into subjection to a nobler and more generous power. For ever, for ever, I am thine and Virtue's and if, in future life, I ere forswear this fealty by word or deed, trample me under thy feet as a faithless renegade. And now but appoint me trials, that I may undergo my proof, and walk on with hope to happiness."

Again and again he kissed that small fair hand; and it might well be seen that passion had lost nothing of its fire by being purified from the dust and ashes that kept it mouldering with a dull, foul, lowly flame. Now it blazed high, clear, bright, and open, and only gained intensity from being concentrated upon one point.

[*Continued.*]

THE AGRICULTURALIST.

"Venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread its richest treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded."

From the Farmers Register.

STATEMENT OF THE CULTIVATION AND PRODUCT OF A FIELD OF CORN.

Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—You requested the *result* of a corn crop which I made this year, and my *mode* of cultivation, with its *rationalia*. Though not original, because the *principles* on which it was made are well known and settled, yet it was unusual, and I have not, elsewheae, known their application in the same manner, in *all respects*.

I have, for several years, tried a few acres, under a similar culture; and finding it considerably superior, in all seasons, to the ordinary methods, I extended it this year, to forty acres; and though the drought has very much curtailed the product below the promise of the luxuriant *stalks*, yet, it is very respectable for *field*-culture.

The field in question was cultivated the previous year in corn, in the ordinary, mode, having been, the same year, *manured*—about thirty loads, and *limed*, one hundred bushels to the acre. The then ensuing winter and spring, as early as possible, it was ploughed, a moderate depth, about four inches, drag-harrowed and rolled, and drill-planted, in lines four and a half feet apart, and twelve inches in the line; single stalks only left in the thinning, which operation was performed by a patent drill machine, invented by Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, which I have found useful, in many years experience.—With one man and two horses, this machine will furrow, drop, cover, and roll down eight or ten acres per day, and, with nearly a mathematical precision, in point of *line* and *distance*. The corn, when up, was worked with ordinary "cultivators," succeeded by one dressing with the "*scarifier*," about six inches deep. This latter implement, which I purchased several years ago, of Sinclair and Moore of Baltimore, has, in my opinion, no *equivalent* substitute, in the culture of our corn crop; as by it, the earth may be penetrated and pulverized six or eight inches deep, with two horses, and without turning up the sward, and exposing it to the drying action of the sun and air. The cultivators, or any other harrows, (I prefer the cultivator,) are again used and continued, unceasingly, till the sward is rotten, which will generally be about the last of June, when the plough is for the first time since the planting, introduced to turn up the sward, which, having been so long buried and undisturbed, except by the cutting of the "scarifier,'—and, under the cumulative agency of heat and moisture, is now fully decomposed, and thus incorporated with the soil, which is thereby improved, and adapted to the subsequent wheat or other small grain, which may delight in dainty and well cooked food, when the corn had flourished upon the vapors and gases of the preparatory process. After the *plough*, I take up again, the 'cultivator,' or any other harrow, under the classic precept, '*multum adeo, rastris glebas qui frangit inertes.*' And the drier the season, the more I use it, to promote the absorption of atmospheric moisture, which, at night, and in the driest season, is more abundant than generally supposed; as well as to assist, by lightening the *surface* soil, the *transpiration* through it, of the waters of the *sub* soil, which being more forcibly acted upon by the greater permeability of the earth, in this loose, porous, and lightened condition, to the ray of heat, afford a considerable resource of humidity.

You have then my mode of culture, and the principles on which it is founded. I never *cross*-plough, even in ordinary wide planting, *until the sward is rotten. Because*, by this process it is turned up, and exposed to the drying and evaporating influence of the sun and air, by which even *animal* substances, more putrescent than *vegetable*, may be, and are effectually preserved from putrefaction, as in the ordinary practice of curing, as it is termed fish, beef, &c. &c. *Because*, I have a finer culture, and the soil is better pulverized without it; and though not a thoroughgoing advocate of the doctrine of the well known Tull, 'that pulverization, is *in itself*, sufficient,' yet, I hold it an essential co-operative, and without which, the best crop cannot be produced. And, *because*, by the operation of early cross ploughing, unless under a deeper furrow than my experience will justify, the sward is exposed, before decomposition; to the antiseptic agencies which I have named, and becomes indurated; and, if it can then be subdued at all, it will require much cost and labor, and will, when done, have lost much of its *popular* constituents.

In consequence of a *sweep-stake*, which I have taken, upon the crop alluded to—though conceded, and paid over to me, without measurement—yet, I held it proper, unrequested, to have a subsequent measurement and ascertainment, as accurate as possible, of the product, which I will annex.

The remarkable uniformity of the crop, and the hazzard, and inconvenience of shelling the whole, so long before a future market, probably the next summer, led me to the following method, viz: 'to measure one acre; to have its product carefully ascertained; and to obtain a certificate from a disinterested, judicious, and extensively known character,' of the *uniformity* of the growth.