L. D. Leachle

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."

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

Spring Is Coming.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Infant leaves are on the trees;
And the little birds are humming
Songs upon the pleasant breeze.

Spring is coming, early summer
'Throthe air its music waves,
And to welcome the new comer,
Every bough puts forth its leaves.

Earth, but late so cold and dreary,
Where its robes of snow were seen,
Smiling from its thraldom weary,
Spreads its carpeting of green.

Streams leap out like playful childhood,
From their icy fetters free,
Breathing to the quiet wild wood,
Happy strains of joy and glee.

Spring is coming—oh! how brightly
Fall the sunbeams to the earth;
And the human heart, how lightly
Doth it bound to hail its birth.

Spring makes bright the rosy bowers,
Calls the blossom from its rest;
And it doth revive the flowers,
That were wither'd in the breast.

Yes, like buds in fondness cherish'd,
Gentle thoughts were wont to dwell;
Till by cold neglect they perish'd
In the heart's remotest cell.

By thy scented breezes bringing
Fragrance on their balmy wings;
Seem unto the sad heart singing
Joyous songs of joyous things.

Spring is coming! spring is coming!
And the fields are glad and gay;
And the little wild birds humming
Sport in nature's holiday

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From "James' Tales," illustrating the passions.

LOVE.

(Continued from our Last.)

'For this simple reason,' replied Don Ferdinand, taking a roll of parchment from an attendant who had followed him: 'the nobles of Navarre, assembled at my house last night, hereby declare that they are ready at all times to aid their king in just and honorable warfare; but they will not support him in unjust deeds, nor draw their swords to pander to the vengeance of a woman. Unless the Count of Foix be freed, and due compensation made unto him for what he has already suffered, not one of all the vassals of the crown will take the field against the power of France so long as the crown rests on the head where now it stands. When France shall have avenged herself against those who have injured and insulted her in the person of one of her high vassals, we will defend ourselves: but we will neither abet nor screen injustice, we will not participate in murder under any form; we will not oppress our native princess, nor hear her fair, her virtuous, and her honored name traduced, and then uphold the calumniator with our swords. Two hundred hands have put their names to this!"

'Hearest thou? hearest thou?' cried Isabel of Valois; her whole frame writhing with the agony of her passion. "Oh, do one manly act, and strike him dead! or let me do it!' she exclaimed snatching the dagger from her husband's belt, and springing on Don Ferdinand de Leyda. But the wary Navarrese was prepared; he took one step aside, as she darted forward, caught the uplifted hand, wrenched the dagger from it, and cast the weapon, with a scoff, into the crowd. 'Madam,' he said, 'your justice is some what summary!'

She stamped, she tore her hair, she rent her covering from her convulsed bosom; her eyes grew wild, the light of reason went out in them; and, with loud screams, and strange, incoherent blasphemies, she was carried away from that awful scene in the arms of the attendants. The moment that she was gone, Don Ferdinand de Leyda knelt at the king's feet.

'My lord,' he said, 'we believe that you have been deceived in many things. We pray you for your own welfare, for the peace of your people, and the safety of your crown, instantly to command those bonds to be taken from the hands of the noble Count de Foix; to send him back in honor to his own country; and, as a compensation for the wrongs he has suffered, to grant him the hand of your fair sister, with such a dowry as the States of Navarre shall vote. Sen, my lord—see how fondly he still holds her to his bosom, even in those manacled arms. Let the chains be taken off; and, in pity, let the princess remain. Thus shall you merit the love of your people; thus shall you turn away the enmity of your mighty neighbor; thus shall you render your nobles invincible against your adversaries.'

'If such be the wish of my vassals,' said the weak king, 'be it as you say, Don Ferdinand; I will do any thing to gain the love of my people. Nor do I doubt that I have been deceived in this matter, since you assure me that it is so. Let the Count de Foix be set free; and, as to my sister Blanche, I beseech you, let her repose with your sister. Don Ferdinand; for I would not take her back to the palace, till I have argued the matter with my fair, but somewhat hasty queen.'

Don Ferdinand could scarcely repress the scorn that rose in his heart: but he bowed his head low, with all ceremonious respect; and the king, rising, seemed to hesitate whether he should retire or remain. A word from Don Ferdinand, however, induced him at once to withdraw; and the loud shouts which were bursting from the people, as they saw the guards removing the chains from the hands of the Count de Foix, only served to hasten the retreat of the king. With trembling hands, Blanche aided to unbind him she loved; and Don Ferdinand, passing onward to the scaffold, grasped him warmly by the hand. Francis of Foix cast his arms, alternately, round his friend and round her he loved; and amidst the loud and gratulating shouts of the people, they led him down from the scaffold.

Repose and refreshment were necessary to all: and Don Ferdinand would not suffer his friend to agitate the fair girl, whose heart had been already so terribly tried, till she had obtained some rest in the apartments of his sister. At night, however, they all met again, and, in that same hall where on his first coming in Navarre, Francis of Foix had spoken light and ungenerous words of Blanche of Navarre, in that same hall where, two months after, he had in her recanted his error, avowed his love, and defended her fame: in that same hall, he held her to his bosom as his promised bride. The monarch had given his consent; the nobles of Navarre had pledged themselves for the States; and, with Ferdinand de Leyda and his fair sister, the count sat down to meat, seated beside her he loved. For a time, the emotions of their hearts were too intense for aught but silence; but gradually, as their composure was in some degree restored, and as Don Ferdinand and his sister, with kindly skill, strove, by cheerful words and bland encouragement, to banish all the fearful memories of the past, Blanche was won from her silence, and was induced to tell—though the tale was, more than once, interrupted with tears—the story of all that had befallen her since she had parted with her lover in the mountains.

Oh, with what deep interest, with what intense emotion, did Francis of Foix listen to all that she had done, to all that she had suffered! How his heart beat, when she told him that the horse which she had ridden had been killed by the lightning, and the poor girl who had followed her nearly destroyed by the hail. She told, too, how they had found refuge in the dwelling of a hermit, among the hills, and how she heard afterward that her lover had passed while she remained there. Then she depicted all her anxiety, all her apprehensions, all her efforts to discover him, or to give him notice of where she was: and then she pictured for him all the agony of her mind, when some of the mountainers whom she had sent to follow on his track, brought her the tidings of his appearance at Pampeluna, of the dreadful charge uttered against herself, of his arrest and threatened destruction. Then again, how proudly swelled the heart of Francis of Foix, as she displayed the deep, determined devotion with which she had resolved to risk every thing for him, and only hesitated between returning to Pampeluna and casting herself at her brother's feet, or speeding onward through the mountains, and appealing for aid and protection to the King of France.

By the advice of the old man who had given her shelter, she said, she had followed the latter course; and, on foot, accompanied by no one but the hermit—for her attendant was unable to proceed—she had gone on alone through the steep and rugged passes of the Pyrenees: had encountered danger, privation, fatigue, and rain; had passed through the rude scenes of the French camp; had been insulted by the ribald soldiery; had been driven from the door of the royal tent; but, strong in love, in virtue, in noble purposes, had persevered till she obtained admittance, and cast herself at the monarch's feet. She had told him all, she had no concealment from him; she had spoken to him as a daughter confiding in her father; and that noble king, though he justly and wisely obtained from the hermit such confirmation of her tale as he could give, believed her to the full, and instantly commanded his son to advance into Navarre, and see right done to all. He had directed him, first, to use gentle means: and, if possible, to secure his purpose by treaty with the nobles of the land. If that could not be done, he was commanded to use force, and not to sheathe the sword till he had freed or avenged the injured vassal of the French crown.

The result was already manifest; but still, upon all the details, Francis of Foix paused with deep and tender interest; making her dwell upon each step she took, repeat, over and over again, each particular of her story; and tears, which no suffering of his own had been able to draw forth, now rose in his eyes, when he heard the sorrows, the difficulties, and the pangs, which, for his sake, had been encountered by Blanche of Navarre.

The tale of Francis of Foix, and her he loved, may now soon be ended. The King of Navarre fulfilled his word to him in all things; for he was no longer under the dominion of the unhappy woman whose violent passions had brought the fearful punishment of insanity upon her own head. Isabel of Valois was never restored to reason; and, in less than two years, she died, exhausted by the fury of her ravings. Her husband married again; and, though he was still ruled by her he wedded, the sway was more mild, virtuous, and just. Francis of Foix led his bride to the altar, and bore her to his own sweet mountain territory, with joy, and pride, and hope. Blanche of Navarre had taught him the difference between false and real love; and, in so teaching, had conferred upon him a blessing for which he was never ungateful.

Their days passed on in happiness and peace; one long lapse of sunshine. She ruled him not; she attempted not to rule him: she had won him to virtue, and she was satisfied. But the love he bore her—the deep, true, ardent, intense, impassioned love which he felt for the only woman he had ever loved truly, ruled him, with unshaken power, through life. That which would give pain to Blanche of Navarre, Francis of Foix would in no shape do: that which would give her pleasure, it was his first wish to accomplish. But Blanche of Navarre and virtue were one, and he followed the dictates of honor and of reason, when he followed the dictates of love.

(Concluded.)

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes either of human or elementary strife, upon which I have not looked with an eye of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piece meal in the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness; I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but all in vain; at the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks, quivers, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who was the constant companion of my childhood. Strange that after the lapse of almost a score of years that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature, her large eye flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the sunrise gain, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and the joyousness of a bird, and, when she bounded over the wooded hill of the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her hands in the very ecstacy of young existence she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things were beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August.—The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still.—Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and pleasant, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotton their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed 'a cloud of roses scattered down by the hand of a Peri' from the far gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the notes of a favorite bird or some strange and lonely flower in her wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same insant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm and leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. There we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so frightful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl silently raised her finger to the precipice that towered above us. As I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like a groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abaiting, the roar of the winds was dying in the distant tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud were coming in fainter and fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around me. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her boson told where the path-way of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured most beautifully there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was as lovely as in life; and, as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming on of twilight, and that I was taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead; and its hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky as if 'calling to the clouds for drink,' is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournful back me; thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered, and oh! there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lighting slumbers in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

☞The new Attorney General of this state Willis Hall, Esq. is, we understand seriously ill at Albany.—N. Y. Transcript.

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."

For the Farmer and Gardener.

CAMBRIDGE, Md. Feb. 27, 1839.

E. P. Roberts—DEAR SIR—I have seen in your valuable paper an editorial request, "that such as may have used lime from shells, will favor the public, through your columns, with results," &c., and you most truly add, "the subject being one of deep importance to a very large portion of the agriculturists of the country."

Your request, it seems, is particularly elicited by a communication signed "Subscriber," on the effects of *oyster shell lime*, rather discouraging.

I am pleased to find, upon reading the communication referred to, that the author acquits you of coincidence of opinion with him—in other words of being a "particeps criminis" in this very singular offence against experience, reason, and I might add, against the laws of nature herself.

I had flattered myself with the possibility, until I had read the paper, that in your multifarious avocations, you might have misconstrued it, but I found on the perusal, that no other meaning can be forced upon it, than that *oyster shell lime* has no efficacy as a manure.

By what process has your author arrived at this conclusion against oyster shell lime, as a manure? Inasmuch as it is in hostility with competent testimony, in Europe, as well as America, it should, if intended to operate on the agricultural interests of the country, have been very particular, very strong and conclusive.

Nous Verrons:—In 1832 he made 'a compost of equal parts of *oyster shell lime* and *rich earth*, collected from fence rows,' and 'the result was exceedingly favorable;' but, he is 'convinced, it was partly owing to the *rich earth* and *deep ploughing*.'

Of the truth of this conviction, the warmest advocate of lime from shells, or stone, can entertain no doubt.

It never has, to my knowledge, been contended, that lime, of itself, without other manures, as well as good culture, was sufficient to consummate the best wishes of the agriculturalist, in 'favorable results'

Any two kinds of manure, not incompatible in their nature, made into a compost, and used, may, each of them, be very reasonably supposed, to have contributed "*partly*," to a "favorable result:" but yet, this affords no argument against either; and in the conclusion, your author draws from it, against oyster shell lime, he is palpably guilty of a *non sequitur*.

In the spring of 1834, your author spread about four thousand bushels of oyster shell lime on twenty-four acres, or about one hundred and sixty-seven bushels per acre, and without effect on his corn, or timothy; he does not say whether the land was rich or poor, light or stiff, wet or dry: if poor, and light, the quantity, by my experience, was about three times too much; and no benefit, but, rather an injury might have been expected: if wet, even though rich, no advantage should have been anticipated by the general consent of mankind.

In 1837 he applied one hundred bushels to the acre, and had no effects from it; and throughout all his reports, as well as this, he names none of the conditions under which this, or any of them were made, and from a knowledge of which, only, fair conclusions could be drawn, from his, or any other experiments: and from his omission of *these accompanying circumstances*, which are essential to a due appreciation of his several and unfortunate results, in their bearing upon the subject in question, no validity can attach to his objections, founded upon them, against the use of oyster shell lime, under, *suitable conditions*; and the inference is reasonable, that the author not having made himself acquainted, by a previous practice, or study of this subject, was not himself apprised of their necessity, for his experiments, or reports; and consequently, that he really did not call in their aid on either occasion, to authorize the expectation of "favorable results" which are experienced by others.

From this particular designation of *oyster shell lime*, it is taken for granted that your author means to discriminate in favor of *stone* lime.

Upon this discrimination, I will make a few remarks, because I have found, that a *preference* has been frequently given to *stone* lime, over *shell* lime, though I never before heard the opinion, that shell lime had no effect.

The idea of the inferiority of *shell* to *stone* lime, I repeat, is not unusual; but I maintain that it is erroneous, as it regards either mortar or manure.

I maintain, though against fearful odds, I am aware, that *oyster shell lime* is *superior* to *stone lime*, for both *mortar* and *manure*, or for any purpose for which "*lime*" is used.

By a frequent analysis of stone lime—and during the last fall in particular—of a parcel, which I had purchased, at the highest price, and said to be of the best quality, I have found, from thirty-three to thirty-six per cent of "*fine silicious sand*," whereas the oyster shell lime is nearly pure, having only two or three per cent of "*animal carbon*."

These facts are unquestionably true; and may be tested; or open to all who doubt: and, they establish this truth—that a given weight of "*lime*" from *oyster* shells contains nearly fifty per cent, more of the pure substance, than the same weight of "*lime*," from the *stone*, contains: that is, by so much the purer is the *lime* obtained from *oyster shells* than *that* from *stone*.

But, "lime," "gold," "silver," "copper," and all bodies in nature, are identified, valued, or depreciated, by their *respective, natural, inherent properties*. It would be absurd to say, that "gold" obtained from one ore, was inferior to that obtained from another kind of ore; from whatever source derived, the *properties* of the metal will be the same; and equally unquestionable, is the truth with "*lime*."

But it may be said, that admitting the *natural, inherent properties* to be identical, yet there are *accidental*, or *acquired properties*, which may increase, diminish, destroy, or, in some way, alter the substance, materially.

It is clear, that both the kinds of lime in question, are liable to this influence; yet take them—*cæteris paribus*—oyster shells and the stone, each prepared in the same manner, and with the same care, and they will produce "lime," having each the *same identical properties*; though more or less alloyed with foreign matters; and the difference of *purity* will be in favor of the "shell," as before stated, by nearly fifty per cent in similar *weights*.

Theoretically, then, it would seem, that no question can be entertained on the subject; and in fact, that *oyster shell* lime, is really preferable to *stone* lime, inasmuch as it is purer.

Practically, I think, that the heterodoxy of your author is equally *concluded*; and that whatever may be the *properties* of "*lime*," they will be found, to develope themselves, in equal degree, under equal circumstances, be its *source* what it may.

Common experience teaches that lime of any kind, which has been *air slaked*, or, in other words, which, from exposure to the atmosphere, has become a carbonated hydrate, is *unfit* for *mortar*.

The same experience has taught us, that *shell lime* is carelessly prepared, and as carelessly exposed, in common practice, by farmers and others, for many months, for occasional brick work, when at leisure; whereas, the stone lime is carefully made in well constructed kilns, and immediately barrelled for future use: hence, its superiority for mortar, generally acknowledged: *reverse* these *accidents*, and you will *reverse* their *characters*.

This accidental, or artificial superiority of the stone lime for mortar, has given rise to its superior reputation for *strength, in general*; and it is a vague, erroneous idea, not founded in *nature*, but in *art*; or rather in a *want* of *art*.

One of the most sagacious and experienced masons in Baltimore, confirms the preference of shell lime, over stone lime, for mortar; that it is better, and as he termed it, it will go further, if *well made* and *preserved*; and he must be correct, because, as he before stated, it contains nearly fifty per cent more of "*lime*," by *weight*: by *volume*, the disparity would be much less, because the foreign matter of the stone lime—"silicious sand"—is heavier than that of the shell lime—"animal carbon"—and many more pounds would be found in a bushel of the former, than the latter; and thus by the difference of their specific gravities the disparity would be *reduced*—that is, it would be less, by the bushel, than by the pound.

For the purpose of *manure*, the carbonate a state which lime soon acquires by exposure to the air, and the one, in most instances, the most suitable, the preparation, if it be well burnt, and protected from water, is immaterial; and the two kinds in question, must necessarily exert equal energies in the ratio of their *purity*; and subject also to the conditions of their application, with this difference, only, that the animal carbon,—the impurity of the shell lime, is superior, as a manure, to the silicious sand,—the impurity of the stone lime.

You ask for experimental results, &c.:

I have used *oyster shell lime* as a manure, upon various denominations and conditions of land; at first indiscriminately, until taught otherwise by my experience, and that of others, among whom stands most prominently, Mr. E. Ruffin, the author of perhaps the most valuable essay extant, on "Calcareous Manures," where science teaches practice, to wit: That upon wet lands it is labor lost to apply it; upon others, that it should be varied in proportions; in my opinion from one hundred and fifty to thirty bushels per acre, graduated by the equivalent matters on which it may have to act.

I will finally remark, again, that I have for many years—*with a continuando*—used oyster shell lime, as a manure, on an extended scale; and have experienced from it, the most favorable results, a detail of which would fill your paper unnecessarily.

Unfortunately, we have in Dorchester but few shells, in comparison with the demand; no lime-stone, and no marl. My chief supply of shells is obtained from Baltimore, with much cost and trouble, for which I am amply remunerated.

You will be so kind as to pardon the length of my paper, occasioned by a general view of the subject, not intended when I commenced it.

As the purport of your request, is to collect evidence, "on a subject, (as you truly express it, of "vital importance;" and, as *anonymous* evidence cannot, in the nature of things, though perfectly true, be *available*, in any case, I will add,

I am, respectfully,
JOSEPH E. MUSE.

UTILITY OF LIME IN PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.

Accident in some instances, has led to the discovery that lime applied to wood, preserves it from decay. The white-washing of fences is practised, more as a substitute for paint, and for appearance sake, than to prevent decay. Even this superficial mode of applying lime is of some use in preserving wood. Having full confidence in the efficacy of lime, as a preservation of wood, to make fence posts less subject to rot, I have this season, for the first time, used it as follows. I provided a number of narrow boards, about three feet long, of various breadth, and one inch thick, with a hole in the end of each. When the hole in the ground was ready for the reception of the post, some lime was put in to it; on this lime the post was placed: some of the narrow boards were then selected, and placed to and around the post in the hole. The ground was then rammed into the hole after the usual manner, and when filled, the boards were drawn out. This is done with greater facility, by putting a stick into the hole in the upper end of the board, by which it may be raised by a lever or prise, if too fast to draw out otherwise. The boards being all removed, fill the space they occupied with quick lime: if but partially, it is better than if totally asked, because as it slakes it will expand and make the posts stand very firm. If altogether slaked, it also swells and makes the posts quite secure. From three to five posts with hewn or uniform butts, will require one bushel of lime. Boards to surround the post half an inch thick, (and perhaps this thickness of lime may be sufficient) would not take half that quantity. The lime is all the additional expense, except the extra labor (which is very trifling) to be incurred by setting a fence, with that part of the posts in the ground enveloped in lime.

To prevent the ground from adhering to the posts at the surface, and occasioning their decay, this part being the one which generally first being the one which generally first begins to rot, lime mortar is applied, plastering round the posts with an elevation adjoining to the wood. Into this mortar, gravel was pressed to prevent the rains from washing it away. This mortar may be applied at any time most convenient after the fence is made.—[Memoirs of the Phila. Society.

FROM MAINE.—The Portland Advertiser, of the 2d inst.: states that "an express from Augusta to the Governor, had passed through that city on that day—nothing was known of its contents.' The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Times, says:—"It is reported that the special messenger has this morning passed through this town towards Laco, to the Governor, and that he carries information of the return of the trespassers in considerable numbers, for the purpose of rescuing their timber by force. Another report is, they have taken our supplies and carried them off beyond the disputed territory. Whether any of these things are true or not, I cannot vouch, but there is good reason to fear they are."—Balt. Chron.