EASTON GAZETTE.

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NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT.

By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

"My minnie does constantly leave me,
And bid me beware of young men,
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But who can think so of Tam Glen?
Burns.

'We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan, look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth, as to make father and mother agree about any one thing. They have been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and its not likely they'll take a turn now.'

'It's mighty hard, so it is: replied handsome Morris, that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that would'nt be the way with us. Sure its one we'd be in heart and sowl and an example of love an'—

'Folly,' interrupted the maiden laughing, 'Morris, Morris we've quarrelled a score o'times already; and to my thinking a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey? —oh, Morris?

The long dark lash's of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low but delicately pencilled brows as she looked archly up at her lover; her lips curled with a half playful, half malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm around her waist, and pushing the clustering curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

'Leave joking now, Norry: God only knows how I love you,' he said in a voice deep and broken by emotions: 'I'm your equal as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine: yet I don't pretend to deserve you, for all that; only I cant help saying that when we love each other, (now don't go to contradict me Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again,) and y'er father agreeable, and all to think that y'er mother, just out of divilment should be putting betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only to spite her lawful, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good for— —

"Stop, Mister Morris,' exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping 'its my mother y'er talking of, and it would be ill-blood' as well as ill bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of your manners, sir, or did ye ever hear me turn my tong against one belong to you?'

'I ax y'er pardon, my own Norah,' he replied meekly, as in duty bound, 'for the sake o' the lamb we spare the sheep.—Why not?—and I'm not going to gainsay but y'er mother'———

'The least said's the soonest mended!' again interrupted the impatient girl.—Good even' Morris, and God bless ye': they'll be after missing me within, and its little mother thinks where I am.'

'Norah,' bove all the girls at wake or patteen, I have been true to you. We have grown together, and since ye were the height of a rose bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our heart's love, do you think if there's no way to win y'er mother over, If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss o' thousands, let alone what y've got. Dearest Norah, think, since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh.'

It is a fact, equally known and credited in the good barony of Bargy, that Morris Donovan really possessed an honest, sincere, and affectionate heart—brave as a lion, and gentle as a dove. He was moreover, the priest's nephew,—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and, better even than that, he was the beau, the Magnus Apollo of the parish—a fine, noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the housekeeper's lovely English neice at Lord Gort's down to little deaf Bess Mortican, the lame dress maker,) were regularly and desperately in love with; still, I must confess, (perfection certainly was never found in man,) Morris was at times a leetle—the least bit in the world—stupid; not exactly stupid either but slow of invention—would fight his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get peaceably out of one. No wonder then, that where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest, of all the Irish girls:—the light of heart, light of foot, light of eye;—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken, or plundered nest—then dancing on the top of a hay rick, to the music of her own cheering voice: now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her hen pecked father. Do not let my respected readers imagine, that Mr. and Mrs. Clary were bog-trotters, with only a plot of pratees, a pig; and a one-roomed cabin. No such thing; they rented an hundred good acres of bright meadow land, and their comfortable, though somewhat slovenly farm yard told of abundance and to spare.

Norah was their only child; and, had it not been for the most ungentle temperament of Mistress Clary, they would have been the happiest as well as the richest family in the district.

'I am not going to laugh, Morris,' replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause; 'I've got a wise thought into my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father——to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he had'nt more sense. Sure, mother was the man;——but I've got a wise thought.—Good night, dear Morris; good night.'

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own, garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her wise thought might be. When she entered, the kitchen matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in glorious style, and as cross (her husband muttered) 'as a bag of weasels.'

'Ye're a pair of lazy hussies!' she exclaimed to two fat, red armed, stockingless, handmaids: 'd'ye think I can keep ye in idleness? Ten cuts to the dozen! —why, that would'nt keep ye in *pratees*, let alone salt—and sich iligant tax, too Barney Leary, ye dirty nee'r do good, can ye find no better employment this blessed night than kicking the turf ashes in the cats face? Oh! ye'll be *mate* for the ravens yet, that's one comfort! Jack Clary,' addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner, smoking his *doodeen*, 'its well ye've got a wife who knows what is what! God help me I've little good of a husband, *barren* the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable? The sposo nodded. 'The cow and the calf—had they fresh straw?' Another nod. 'Bad cess to ye, man alive, can't ye use ye'r tongue, and answer a civil question!' continued the lady.—'My dear,' he replies, 'sure one like you has enough talk for ten.'

This very just observation was like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed had not Norah stepped up to her father, and whispered in his ear, 'I don't think the stable door *is* fastened."—Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell—'I'll go with father myself and see,' said Norah. 'That's like my own child, always careful,' observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

'Dear father,' began Norah, 'it is'nt altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to day about—Morris Donovan.'

'Yes, darling, and about yourself, my sweet Norry.'

'Did ye speak to mother about it?'

'No, darling. she's been so cross all day. Sure, I go through a dale for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason—but that's neither here nor there. As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him; and then my, jewil, she turned like sour milk all in a minute—I'm afraid even the priest 'll get no good of her.

'Father, dear father,' said Norah, suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round.'

'Out of opposition to me, eh?

'Yes.'

'And let her gain the day, then? —that would be cowardly,' replied the farmer, drawing himself up: 'No I wont!'

'Father, dear, you don t understand,' said the cunning lass: 'Sure ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean —suppose—father, you know what I mean,' she continued, and luckily the deepening twilight concealed her blushes, —if that took place, its you that would have y'er own way.'

'True for ye, Norry: my girl: time for ye; I never thought of that before!' And, pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. 'But stay a while; stay, asy, asy!' he recommenced; 'how am I to manage? Sure, the priest himself will be here to morrow morning early; and hie's out upon a station now; so there's no speaking with him;—he's no way quick, either; we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a sudden.'

'Leave it to me, dear father; leave it all to me,' exclaimed the animated girl: 'only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him; but not with all ye'r heart, father; only from the teeth out.'

When they re-entered, the fresh boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a lage wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter milk were filled on the dresser; and on a small round table cloth was spread, and delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

'What's for supper, Mother?' enquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

'Plaugy *snippens*,' she replied 'bits o' boy chickens, that you've always such a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt them himself.'

'So I did,' said Barney grinning; 'and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down'

'If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they shan't come here,' said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

'And why so, pray?' asked the dame.

'Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into the house,' replied Clary; 'he's not to my liking any how; and there's no good in his bothering here after what he wont get.'

'Excellent!' thought Norah.

'Lord save us!' ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table. 'what's come to the man?' Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury 'birdeens, when to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish & its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast.

The calm, however was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities; 'How dare ye, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and into the fire? What do you mane, I say?'

'I mane that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that gird of mine looking at the same side of the road he walks on, by the powers, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to the nunnery!'

'You will! and dare you say that to my face to a child o' mine! You will; will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house, and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor old snail!'—So saying, Mistress Clary endeavoured to rescue from the fire the missing remains of the burning snipe. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lighting her up somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stumped; and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris's uncle,—Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmate swore, ay, and soundly too, by cross and saint that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye dancing with joy and exultation as it peeped through the latch hole,—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in a monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty: long slender icicles hung from the branches of the wild hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footsteps of Norah the glazed herbage crackled like feathery glass. The mountain rill murmured under a frost bound covering: and the poor sheep in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill or dale could discover a mouthful of grass. The chill December breeze rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for her, 'wise thought' had prospered, & she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where, by chance,' either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is but the moment that the course of true love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is only now left for me to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teazing and tantalyzing her intended (a practice, by the way which I strongly recommend, as the best mode of discovering the temper, &c. of the gentleman,) told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love, (which I beg my readers to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country,) to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing his reverence loved his nephey and neice that was to be, (to say nothing of the wedding supper and the profits arising therefrom,) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holydays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course looked lovely and sheepish; and the bridegroom: but pshaw! bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, was worth recording. When farther Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprung up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted—'carry me out! carry me out! by the powers, she's be't! We'ce won the day! Ould Ireland forever! Success, boys! she's bet she's bet! The priest, too seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion and even the bride laughed out right. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to regret her 'Wise thought.'

ADDRESS

TO THE

DORCHESTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

By Dr. J. E. Muse.

[CONCLUDED.]

From the view I have taken, too, some useful rules may be drawn, for the direction of those whose enterprise may lead them to discover, and introduce such new crops, as may, with the greatest prospect of success, supply our necessities.

The most obvious rule, that grows out of the premises for this purpose is, 'that the selection of plants be made, from higher latitudes, than those to which they may be transferred.

Since we have seen, that the mean temperature of the globe is diminishing; and, with this cause, necessarily, a general migration of the vegetable and animal species, regularly, though slowly progressive, from the poles towards the equator, in quest of new 'stations,' which may have become more suitable to their habits and constitutions,—it follows, that our selections must come from higher latitudes; in conformity with the physical laws, under which they had been heretofore moving; and, with as wide a difference of climate as experiment may prove them capable of bearing: this removal will be only in anticipation of their natural impulse: and what, this impulse, would, in a longer time, have accomplished; and this principle of selection will afford a reasonable hope, *caeteris paribus*, of a longer enjoyment of the plant, than had it been found in the south, and brought back to a 'station,' which possibly, it may have deserted for its unfitness.

It has been wisely said, 'we may command nature, only by obedience to her laws: under her well defined laws, as we have seen, the physical geography of the whole globe has been suffering a series of changes, from the earliest history of time —and, by a rule, based on this fact of natural science, the cultivator of the soil must select his crops, and graduate his system of cultivation.

Under this rule, the only hope remaining for a continuance of our favourite staple crop, will be found in seed wheat from higher latitudes; a spring wheat from Switzerland, and another from Prussia, have recently attracted public attention: yet, but little is known of them; the 'common spring wheat has heretofore disappointed us; how far these new varieties may supply the desideratum, is a question of intense interest, and merits the most prompt, and earnest investigation: I have purchased some small parcels for experiment, and shall be enabled, at the next autumnal exhibition, for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to be held at Easton, to report the result.

The hope of a change of climate, propitious to our winter wheat is delusive and groundless.

The extent of our continent, and its connection with the polar circle by a vast chain of high lands, have fixed upon us a climate of excessive rigour and mutability,—when the continent of Europe separated from these arctic regions by an ocean, enjoys, in the same parallels of latitude, a climate more temperate and more equable; and it is much to be apprehended from well known physical causes, that the excessive character of our climate will increase rather than diminish.

The felling of our forests and the cultivation of our lands, as Mr. Lyell, and others have infered: and the well known principles of philosophy teach us, will allow a copious absorption of heat, under our nearly vertical sun: which, radiated into the atmosphere will rarify it, and bring in upon us an influx of the condensed, freezing currents of the nothern mountains; and, the transitions from heat, to cold, will probably become more frequent, more sudden, and more considerable in the direct ratio of those causes, which are progressive.

The same authorities too, teach us, and the general principles of meteorology support the doctrine, 'that forests have the effect of promoting rain: they cool, and condense the atmosphere around them; which, mingling with the aerial currents flying over them, arrests their progress and supplies us with genial showers, that otherwise, might have passed in vapour.'

From these considerations it would seem too clear to be questioned, that our climate will not improve, but, on the contrary, will become more excessive, and the mean temperature lowered: our winters more rigorous,—our summers more subject to intense heat, and frequent drought, and wind; and the fluctuations greater than formerly, or at present.

Hence, the necessity to summon fortitude,—and, by future wisdom, economy, and perseverance, to expiate our past follies:—adopting the golden motto, '*Ne cede malis, sed contra, audentior ito.*'

Under a conviction of this truth, and from repeated abortive attempts with the old routine, I have made the experiment of many new crops,—and I regret to acknowledge I have not yet accomplished my views: yet I have the consolation, that by the detection of many errors, I have advanced so many steps to my final purpose.

A cotton crop which I continued three years, produced on the second, a strong hope of success, yielding twenty-five thousand pounds of seed cotton, from thirty acres—the third crop on seventy acres was almost a total failure;—the texture was fine, and it commanded a better price, than the upland southern; yet I found it too precarious, for profit.

An experiment, a few years past with hemp, was flattering;—I have no doubt, that in our low black lands, the hemp crop would be a valuable acquisition.

I have this season, grown the 'sugar beet,'—the white Silesian,' and have a large product of fine roots which I contemplate manufacturing, when I receive my mill, which is contracted for;—having prepared all the other necessary implements. A faithful report will be made of the result.

Upon a fair trial of the Shipping bean, which had been highly commended, I experienced almost a total failure;—under the most favorable circumstances, it did not pay costs.

An experiment with the palma,' christi convinced me, though the growth was fine, that the tediousness of the gathering was nearly equivalent to the product of the crop, and I have denounced it, as interrupting more time than it is worth.

My crops of Spanish tobacco, from seed directly from Cuba, which I have, for the last two years extended, in the growth and manufacture, to a large amount, have far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, in respect to both quality and number:—the impediment to this crop arises from the difficulty of obtaining the seed, annually, (which is essential) from its native soil and clime; *in which, I have been disappointed, eight years in the last ten, either by the failure of the orders for it, or by its not vegetating, when received.*

I have a few thousand mulberry stocks, Multicaulis, and White Italian, yet too young for the worm, without injury to their growth; this article, with its manufacture, needs no comment;—produce it; and, *pro tanto*, you produce wealth:—yet, with arms folded, we invoke the aid of Hercules: unconscious of our own resources:—of our own abilities, to extricate the wheel.

Some saccharine and farinaceous, roots; 'potatoes'—'beets'—'parsnips'—'carrots,' though not profitable for field culture, might occupy a few acres, to advantage, and would enable us, to send to market, more of our Indian corn, which, for several years, has been a scarce and costly article.

The 'turnip' the 'ruta baga,' and all its varieties, though its introduction into England, is said to have made a memorable era in the agriculture of that country, I hold to be the most worthless of the cultivated roots: its fibres are chiefly *ligneous*; its juices, *aqueous*:—without meaning any disrespect to its numerous eulogists, I might fitly, and technically term it 'a simple hydrate of wood.' It may answer the mechanical purpose, of filling the stomach, and enabling it to grapple the nutritive matters received in it, and but little else. One of the best analysts in England, Sir Humphrey Davy, reports the common turnip to contain only forty-two parts of soluble, or nutritive matter, in one thousand:—the ruta baga but little more.

In respect to the 'Indian corn,' a crop of the first magnitude, it may seem superfluous to make a remark:—though well cultivated, on this Shore, particularly, yet, it is a singular fact, that in the northern states, where the climate cannot be so favorable to its growth, as that of Maryland, their crops are much more productive, yielding 80 to 100 bushels per acre, on lands of moderate capacity: wher, on our best lands 30 to 40 is considered a good field average;—and one-half of this quantity is more than an ordinary product; it follows, that we are defective, in some material point;—it is possibly, in the sort that they excel us;—I have this year, tried three of their varieties; but will say nothing decisively, of them, until further experiment.

It is more probably, in the unnatural practice, of stripping the blades, and cutting the tops, before the grain is fully matured, hard, and firm; under this general practical error, much is lost: and the present season, from my own observation, and the candid acknowledgment of many, a sacrifice of 20 per cent. at least of the corn of Dorchester, has been incurred, by this fashionable operation: this practice is considered essential to good economy;—and to be performed, at a precise period of the sun and moon's places in their respective orbits; and all, who are, unfortunately in the rear, from accident, or design, are denounced as slothful farmers.

This force of prejudice, or, rather, this *'lex loci'* is one of the most insuperable impediments to agricultural improvement; and in no instance, perhaps, more pernicious, than in the practice, in question—that of fodder-saving.

The vegetable leaves, or blades, are the lungs, or organs of respiration: and very analogous, in their functions, to those of the animal;—they serve to oxygenate the juices of the plant, and prepare; them for nutritive secretion, which is effected by clusters of glands, at their base, or junction with the stock; thence to be transmitted through the system:—extirpate, or wound these organs, and their functions, necessarily cease, or, are impaired:—while green and succulent, nature designs them to perform their respective offices;—when withered, and dry, they are useless, as fodder; hence the practice is indefensible; and it is one of the most unnatural, singular, and palpable errors, that ever obtained credit and currency in agriculture: and I verily believe, it is one of the principal causes of our short crops:—Moreover, the blades above the ear, continue, longer, fresh, and succulent, than those below it; hence, the clear inference,—as the designs of nature, are never idle and superfluous, that their physiological purpose is longer required;—and, the stock having already attained its full growth, at the time the practice commences, the remaining purpose, must, of necessity, be to elaborate the sap, for the nutriment of the grain alone.

If it be asked, 'what substitute for this fodder?' the plain answer is to be found, in a few acres of the grasses, of which we are strangely deficient, at the present;—with less trouble, and less cost, these would, abundantly, supply us.

I am aware of the hazard incurred by an encounter with popular prejudices,—and by multiplied experiments with multiplied disappointments openly avowed—from a class of soi-disant prudentials, of whom it has been said, *'indocti stolidique, et depugnare parati'*—to these I willingly concede the palm.

In regard to live stock, though much improved by the previous efforts of our institution, yet much remains to be done—a few stocks, carefully selected, well fed, and protected from the rigours of the winter, will be found most profitable. The latter conditions are generally held unessential to that valuable animal, the hog, which is supposed to possess the rights of ubiquity, and of subsisting by its own faculties of enterprise—it may be true, it is hardy and enterprising; and it is equally true, that the owner, who forces it to exercise these rights and these faculties, to the annoyance of others, is a moral as well as a legal agent of trespass—and to his own injury; did he supply from his own resources, food and protection to this useful animal, he would be greatly profited, and his conscience would approve the act.

The subject of manures and their peculiar fitness for different soils, would fill a volume. Upon this, I shall only remark, that calcareous matter, in all its combinations, with whatever acid, or derived from whatever source, is directly or indirectly an essential constituent of all manures—and without it, all are, at least comparatively unavailing. I cannot resist, on this subject, the impulse to pay a tribute of respect and acknowledgment to Mr. Edmund Ruffin, of Petersburg, Va. for his able essay on calcareous manures, the fruit of much labour and research—and too, for his 'Farmer's Register,' a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of agriculture and sustained by the best talent and experience of the state.

Upon the subject of calcareous manures, I could add but little useful—I may simply illustrate one of its modes of operation, by the analogy, in a chemical view, to the action of alkalies on oils, with which they make a homogeneous mass, miscible with water—so does lime with putrescent manures, make with the soil, a *tertiary* compound, easy of solution, and well adapted for vegetable nutriment, when, without this intermediate substance, the mixture is merely mechanical, loose and destructible, by every shower or rivulet that may come in contact. Lime, too, is a constituent of the vegetable pabulum, though in proportions differing with the peculiarity of the plant, and like all other manures, it must be in a state of solution, to be admitted through the very delicate absorbents, into the vegetable system; by its agency, the soil, the manure, and itself are placed in this condition.

I have witnessed with astonishment a very prevalent error, in favour of half burning shells for manure—it is too palpable to dwell upon the fact, that the more complete the calcination and consequent comminution of the particles, the greater space they will occupy, and the more efficient will be every particle in the space occupied; because more of its surface is exposed to action—if partially calcined, the space covered will not only be smaller, but it will contain much inoperative matter, and the general remark that in time, it will come into operation, is not rational. We surely wish it when applied, to operate in the shortest possible time, with the smallest possible quantity, and with the greatest possible effect.

I have used the half decomposed shells of the old Indian deposites, twenty years ago, which appear not to have advanced in calcination, more than one per cent. at the present day—requiring probably for the full attainment of my purpose, the fearful lapse of about two thousand years, and consequently a 'goodly share of the kingbecoming grace of patience.' I confess, gentlemen, I would rather have an earlier result—some may prefer to wait, yet, *'omnia non pariter rerum omnibus aptа.'*

In respect to the quantity of lime, fifty to one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, are upon the best authorities stated to be the MINIMUM and MAXIMUM, that may be used to advantage—dependent, chiefly, I presume, on the quantity of putrescent matters with which it is to com-

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