The Colonial Herald.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Aug. 3.

The Debate on the Newfoundland Bill in the House of Commons, as adjourned from Saturday, was yesterday recommenced by Mr. Pakington. He denied Mr. O'Connell's imputation, that the Roman Catholics in Newfoundland had been a persecuted body, and quoted various acts of undue interference on the part of the Roman Catholic Priesthood. With respect to the Assembly, there were three well-founded charges against them. The first was of tyranny and oppression; and it was exemplified by their violent and illegal assertions of privilege, in a quarrel between a member of the Assembly and a private individual—an attempt attended with the grossest of outrages upon the Chief Justice and the Sheriff. The next charge against the Assembly was that of financial mismanagement, which the hon. member illustrated by certain details. The third and gravest charge was that of tampering with the administration of Justice, by withdrawing partisans convicted of election outrages from the legal consequences of their misconduct. Under all these circumstances, and after the opinion which the Governor had expressed of their probable results, the Colonial Minister could not have refused the introduction of some legislative measure. He had three courses open to him. He might have converted Newfoundland into a Crown colony, that is, a colony governed by the Sovereign in Council; but this, after free institutions once granted, would have been an invidious retrogression. He might have proposed to widen the basis of the representation, but the proper materials were wanting for that extension. The Secretary of state had therefore adopted the middle course provided by this bill, and the union here proposed of the two branches of Legislature was the most likely way to restore the well-being of the colony, by checking democracy without destroying the principle of representation.

Mr. O'Connell explained, that the assertion of privilege by the Assembly had taken place, not in a mere private quarrel, but under circumstances of gross insult to that house of Legislature.

Mr. C. Buller attached less value to Governor Harvey's opinion than he admitted would have belonged to it had that officer been resident on the spot, and personally acquainted with the members of Assembly. He contended that before the enactment of such a bill as this, the colony ought to have been heard by counsel against it; undoubtedly, from some cause or other, things had not worked well. There was a hardy and somewhat lawless population, and a class above them, making money rapidly, and exaggerating the pretensions of their station and fortune. One party had abused power, so this bill proposed to take it from them, and transfer it to the other, who were likely to abuse it just as grossly. He approved indeed of the union of the two branches, and even wished it were the constitution of all the colonies; but what in the body to be united under this bill would be the proportion of popular powers? 15 members were to be elected by the colonists, and 10 nominated by the Crown, and the Crown, if it carried but 3 seats of the elected 15, would have a regular working majority. The colonists, whatever their faults, would come better to a termination of their difficulties and blunders if left to work out their own way, than under this guidance of the Government at home.

Sir Howard Douglas observed that those who, in 1832, conferred a representative constitution upon Newfoundland, made a great mistake in not requiring a higher qualification of electors. He would support the present bill, but only as a measure of temporary necessity; for he strongly objected to the principles of a single house of Legislature, and hoped that the colonial constitution would be restored to its threefold character as soon as circumstances would allow it. He was anxious to see the Council a separate branch from the Assembly, with its own influences and its own powers, and was persuaded that much mischief would ensue if the executive councils and governors of our colonies were not strongly upheld.

Mr. V. Smith complained of the prosecution of this measure at so late a period of the session and on such a dearth of information. He desired, however, to deny Mr. O'Connell's allegations respecting religious partisanship. He thought the duration of this bill should be limited to five, or perhaps four, years. He would rather that Mr. O'Connell should abstain from dividing on the present motion; but felt bound to support him if he persisted.

Mr. H. Howard opposed the bill. Colonies should be treated like home districts; and he asked whether, had Middlesex or Yorkshire been the scene of occurrences like those in Newfoundland, the Legislature would have disfranchised those two home counties? He pleaded for delay until another session.

Lord Stanley, with an apology for speaking a second time on the motion, expressed his acquiescence in the opinion that the fusion of the two bodies into one ought not to outlast the exigencies which had required it, and his willingness to limit the duration of the bill to four years; and, further, to disarm opposition, he declared his readiness to abandon the proposed change in the Electoral franchise, except as to the requisition of residence.

Mr. Labouchere said that these concessions would induce him to refrain from opposing the bill, though it still was one which he could not cordially support. He disliked the prosecution of any such measure as the present, without any opportunity to the colony affected by it of being heard at the bar of the house.

Sir. R. Peel, with reference to the period of the session at which this bill has been brought forward, defended the Government from the charge of delay, on the ground of the important commercial measures which had been deemed to possess prior claims on the attention of the house. The constitution of Newfoundland had been suspended by the late Government, in virtue of the prerogative; and all which this bill asked was a legislative sanction to that exercise of the executive power. He trusted, that after the concessions made, the small minority opposed to this bill would relax their resistance.

Mr. Wyse complained that the colonists had not sufficient time for considering the subject. He would never consent to such a measure in the case of any colony, without a hearing of the parties affected.

The question being put on Mr. O'Connell's motion (which was for the postponement of the bill for another session,) the house, by a division, decided against the learned member; who then, on the question for leaving the chair, made another speech, dwelling upon the hardship of legislation without due notice to, and hearing of, the colonists, falling foul of the late and of the present Ministry, and asserting that the charges against the Roman Catholic priests in Newfoundland were gross calumnies. In so thin an attendance of members it was idle, he said, to talk of the sense of the house: rather say the sense of the benches. He would oppose the bill in this and every other stage.

Mr. Pakington adhered to, and justified, his charges against the Roman Catholic priesthood.

Mr. O'Connell added a few words—Mr. P. Howard poured forth another effusion—and Mr. Hume, unexhausted by the effort which he had made in the same cause on Saturday, uplifted his voice again for justice to Newfoundland. The burden of his speech was the non-performance, by the present Ministers, of the promise made by their predecessors, that the colonists should have due notice of any legislative measure affecting them; which omission he characterised as "a breach in *every* sense of the word." (No laugh, there being by that time only three members left awake.)

The house, by another division, of 82 against 21, pronounced its opinion of this tedious obstruction.

The house then went into committee, and after several divisions, the several clauses were agreed to, with the exception of the sixth, which was reserved for further discussion to-morrow.—*Times.*

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

*Somerville, N. J., July 10th,* 1842.

Among the most amusing of my long rambles from this place, was one I made yesterday toward Princeton, in a neighbourhood once famous for rattle snakes. I stopped at the house of a farmer whose lady, although upwards of eighty years of age, is yet young in feeling, and is a fine specimen of the old school. She believes that these rattle snakes possess the power to charm any thing, and to hold it in a trance till it is swallowed and destroyed. In support of what she so religiously believed, she related the following stories while I was partaking with her of a delightful frugal repast. She knows that they are true, for they were written down by one present when the events occurred.

I give them to you in the words in which she has them recorded. In the end of May, 1715, says her informant, stopping at an orchard by the road side to get some cherries, being three of us in company, we were entertained with the whole process of a charm between a rattle snake and a hare, the hare being better than half grown. It happened thus; one of the company in his search for the best cherries espied the hare sitting, and although he went close by her she did not move, till he (not suspecting the occasion of her gentleness) gave her a lash with his whip; this made her run about ten feet, and there sit down again.

The gentleman not finding the cherries ripe, immediately returned the same way, and near the place where he struck the hare, he spied a rattle-snake; still not suspecting the charm, he went back about twenty rods to a hedge to get a stick to kill the snake, and at his return found the snake removed, and coiled in the same place from which he had moved the hare. This put him into immediate thoughts of looking for the hare again, and he soon spied her about ten feet off the snake, in the same place to which she had started when he struck her. She was now lying down, but would sometimes raise herself on her fore feet, struggling as it were for life or to get away, but could never raise her hinder parts from the ground, and then would fall flat on her side again, panting vehemently.

In this condition the hare and snake were when he called me; and though we all came up within fifteen feet of the snake to have a full view of the whole, he took no notice at all of us, nor so much as gave a glance toward us. There we stood at least half an hour, the snake not altering a jot, but the hare often struggling and falling on its side again, till at last the hare lay still as dead for some time. Then the snake moved out of his coil, and slid gently and smoothly on toward the hare, his colors at that time being ten times more glorious and shining than at other times.

As the snake moved along, the hare happened to fetch another struggle, upon which the snake stopped, lying at his length, till the hare had lain quiet again for a short space; and then he advanced again till he came up to the hinder parts of the hare, which, in all this operation had been toward the snake. Then he made a survey all over the hare, raising part of his body above it, then turned off and went to the head and nose of the hare, after that to the ears, took the ears in his mouth one after the other, working each part in his mouth as a man does a wafer to moisten it, then returned to the nose again, and took the face into his mouth, straining and gathering his lips sometimes by one side of his mouth, sometimes by the other; at the shoulders he was a long time puzzled, halting and stretching the hare out at length, and straining forward, first on one side of his mouth, then the other, till he got at last the whole body into his throat.

Then we went to him, and taking the twist-band off from my hat, I made a noose and put it about his neck. This made him at length very furious, but we having secured him, put him into one end of a wallet, and carried him on horseback five miles to Mr. J——— B———'s house, where we lodged that night, with a design to have him sent to Dr. C., at Williamsburg; but Mr. B. was so careful of his slaves, that he would not let him be put into his boat, for fear he should get loose and mischief them; therefore the next morning we killed him, and took the hare out of his belly; the head of the hare had begun to be digested, and the hair falling off, having lain about eighteen hours in the snake's belly. Another story was as follows:

In my youth, says the informant, I was bear-hunting in the woods, and having straggled from my companions, I was entertained on my return with the relation of a pleasant encounter, between a dog and a rattle-snake, about a squirrel. The snake had got the head and shoulders of the squirrel into his mouth, which being something too large for his throat, it took him some time to moisten the fur of the squirrel to make it slip down. The dog took this advantage, seized the hinder parts of the squirrel, and tugged with all his might. The snake on the other side would not let go his hold for a long time, till at last fearing he might be bruised by the dog's running away with him, he gave up his prey to the dog; the dog ate the squirrel and felt no harm.

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NELSON'S DEATH-SCENE.

The *London Spectator* remarks, in allusion to the following extract from the memoirs of Dr. Scott, chaplain to his Lordship:

"The death-scene has often been told, but in this volume it strikes us as possessing more nature and vividness—to sink the hero and show the man.

'The carnage on the deck of the *Victory* became terrific. Dr. Scott's duties confined him entirely to the cockpit, which was soon crowded with wounded and dying men; and such was the horror that filled his mind at this scene of suffering, that it haunted him like a shocking dream for years afterwards. He never talked of it. Indeed, the only record of a remark on the subject was one extorted from him by the inquiries of a friend soon after his return home; the expression that escaped him at the moment was, 'it was like a butcher's shambles.'

'His natural tenderness of feeling, very much heightened by the shock on his nervous system, quite disqualified him for being a calm spectator of death and pain, as there exhibited in their most appalling shapes. But he suppressed his aversion as well as he could, and had been for some time engaged in helping and consoling those who were suffering around him, when a fine young lieutenant was brought down desperately wounded; this officer was not aware of the extent of his injury until the surgeon's examination, but on discovering it, he tore off with his own hand the ligatures that were being applied, and bled to death. Almost frenzied by the sight of this, Scott hurried wildly to the deck for relief, perfectly regardless of his own safety. He rushed up the companion ladder, now slippery with gore: the scene above was all noise, confusion and smoke; but he had hardly time to breathe there when Lord Nelson himself fell, and this event at once sobered his disorded mind. He followed his chief to the cockpit; the scene there has been painfully portrayed by those who have written the life of Nelson; his Chaplain's biographer has little to add, but that the confusion of the scene, the pain endured by the hero, and the necessity of alleviating his sufferings by giving lemonade to quench his thirst, and by rubbing his body, of course precluded the reading of prayers to him in the regular form, which otherwise would have been done; but often, during the three hours and a half of Nelson's mortal agony, they ejaculated short prayers together, and Nelson frequently said, 'Pray for me, Doctor." Every interval, indeed, allowed by the intense pain, and not taken up by the conduct of the action or in the mention of his private affairs, was thus employed in low and earnest supplications for divine mercy. The last words which Dr. Scott heard murmur on his lips were, 'God and my country'; and he passed so quietly out of life, that Scott, who had been occupied ever since he was brought below in all the offices of the most tender nurse, was still rubbing his stomach when the surgeon perceived that all was over. We subjoin part of a letter from Dr. Scott to Mr. Rose, in reply to some inquiries from that gentleman as to Lord Nelson's mention of himself on his death-bed. It must be understood that this letter does not pretend to be a full description of what passed, but it will confirm accounts already given, and cannot fail to be highly interesting:—

"In answer to your note of the 10th instant, which, forwarded by way of Chatham, I received this morning, it is my intention to relate every thing Lord Nelson said, in which your name was any way connected. He lived about three hours after receiving his wound; was perfectly sensible the whole time; but compelled to speak in broken sentences, which pain and suffering prevented him always from connecting. When I first saw him, he was apprehensive he should not live many minutes, and told me so; adding, in a hurried, agitated manner, though with pauses, 'Remember me to Lady Hamilton! remember me to Horatio! remember me to all my friends! Doctor, remember me to Mr. Rose; tell him I have made a will and left Lady Hamilton and Horatio to my country.' He repeated his remembrances to Lady Hamilton and Horatio, and told me to mind what he said several times. Gradually he became less agitated, and at last calm enough to ask questions about what was going on; this led his mind to Captain Hardy; for whom he sent and inquired with great anxiety, exclaiming aloud, he would not believe he was alive unless he saw him. He grew agitated at the Captain's not coming, lamented his being unable to go on deck and do what was to be done, and doubted every assurance given him of the Captain's being safe on the quarter-deck. At last the Captain came; and he instantly grew more composed, listened to his report about the fleet, directed him to anchor, and told him he should die, but observed he should live half an hour longer.

"I shall die, Hardy,' said the Admiral.

"Is your pain great, Sir?'

"Yes, but I shall live half an hour yet; Hardy, kiss me.' The Captain knelt down by his side and kissed him. Upon the Captain leaving him to return to the deck, Lord Nelson exclaimed very earnestly, more than once, 'Hardy, if I live I'll bring the fleet to an anchor—If I live I'll anchor—If I live I'll anchor'; and this was earnestly repeated even when the Captain was out of hearing. I do not mean to tell you every thing he said. After this interview, the Admiral was perfectly tranquil, looking at me in his accustomed manner when alluding to any prior discourse. 'I have been a great sinner, Doctor,' said he. 'Doctor, I was right, I told you so: *George Rose has not yet got my letter;* tell him'—he was interrupted here by pain; after an interval he said—'*Mr. Rose will remember*—don't forget, Doctor, mind what I say.' There were frequent pauses in his conversation. Our dearly beloved Admiral otherwise mentioned your name, indeed, very kindly; and I will tell you his words when I see you; but it was only in the two above instances he desired you should be told."

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The Barings.—The present partners of the house of Baring Brothers, are Thomas Baring, the youngest son of Lord Ashburton: Francis Baring, (late Chancellor of the Exechequer). Captain Muldmay, a baronet of small fortune, Lord Ashburton's son-in-law; and Joshua Bates, a Yankee, from Boston, whose beginning was as a supercargo of a merchant vessel. The first of the Barings that came into notice was the father of the present Alexander Baring, now Lord Ashburton. He was the son of a German toy shop keeper, in Exeter, in England. The foundation of Baring's fortune was made as contractor to the Government, in their vain attempt to hold America in chains, and which tacked two hundred millions to the national debt in England. The Barings managed to keep on terms with both belligerents. The present lord was then the traveller of the house, and became acquainted with Mr. Wm. Bingham, who was an agent in the service of the Americans for obtaining supplies abroad for carrying on the revolution. On the determination of the war, Baring and Bingham turned to account the profits they had out of the contest, purchasing up military and other claims against both governments, which they procured for mere trifles, and got them admitted into the funded debt of the United States and of Great Britain. Mr. Bingham got rich, lived in princely style in Philadelphia, and had five daughters. Mr. Baring wooed and married one, and his brother married a second. These two commissioners, by joining together, progressed to that degree of opulence and power which has astonished the world. In 1834, Alexander Baring retired from the house of Barings Brothers, taking with him a large fortune—leaving behind £800,000 on interest; but in 1836, the house was affected by a general pressure which took place, and Lord Ashburton came forward and lent them £500,000, which is yet due, together with the original £800,000. The house has an agency in Liverpool, New York, New Orleans, and at several points of the Continent of Europe—it is largely interested in the bonds and advances of the American States, and the present visit here of Lord Ashburton will disclose a page of very important matter in the current history of Britain and America.—*American Paper.*

Louis Philippe and the American Innkeeper.—The same unintelligible dignity which seems to be awarded to innkeepers gnerally in the United States, existed in full force at the period when the present King of the French, with part of his family, was travelling in that country, and was fixed in the pompous conceptions of the master of this little hostelry. Such a request had never been heard in the fair and fertile vale of Shenandoah, or at all events within the walls of Bush's Winchester hotel—it infringed his rules, it wounded his professional pride, it assailed his very honour. The recollections of Manheim, and the pleasant days he passed there, the agreeable opportunity of living those hours over again in the conversation of the Duke of Orleans, the gentle conduct of the three young strangers, were all, in a moment of extravagant folly, passion, and intractableness, forgotten, flung to the winds, when with a scornful air he addressed Louis Philippe—"Since, then, you are too good to eat at the same table with my guests, you are too good to eat in my house; I desire, therefore, that you leave it instantly." In vain did Louis Philippe assure the offended citizen that he never intended to offer the smallest insult; that such a conclusion was an absurd one; that since he had fallen into a mistake, he was ready to correct it, and would cheerfully partake of the general mess; the publican was inexorable, the sinner unpardoned, and the travellers were obliged to quit the comfortable inn of Winchester, and look for charity, forbearance, and hospitality elsewhere.

A Large Congregation.—The celebration of the communion in this parish took place on Sabbath last, and attracted greater numbers even than usual. The Gælic congregation on Sunday must have numbered from 10,000 to 11,000; and the church where the English service is performed was crowded to excess. The situation for the tent or out-preaching is particularly suitable for hearing. The tent is erected in a small glen or valley, on which the people seat themselves, or are perched in the form of an amphitheatre. The sound consequently ascends to the audience, and is not drowned or taken away. Close to the tent a rivulet gurgles through the valley; and by the side of the stream the tables are placed. From these upwards, the congregation accommodate themselves, and a more picturesque and truly grand scene cannot be imagined than the *tout ensemble*, particularly during the time of prayer and the singing of psalms. The Gælic psalmody is peculiarly sublime. A wild melody pervades the simple lay as it dies away in the lower, or swells in the higher cadences, which equally transports the mind; and, as the thousands stand uncovered, with the canopy of heaven above, re-echoing the animated and fervent petitions of the preacher between them and their all-powerful and all-merciful Father, the effect is in the highest degree solemn and inspiring. The behaviour of the people, too, is devout; and it is evident, from the general demeanour, that no trivial purpose has collected so many human beings to worship their Maker.—*Rosshire Advertiser.*

Manner.—I fear and suspect, that you have taken it into your head in many cases, that the matter is all, and the manner little or nothing. If you have, undeceive yourself, and be convinced that, in every thing, the manner is full as important as the matter. If you speak good sense in bad words and with a disagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice who can help it. If you write epistles as well as Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and very ill spelled, whoever receives will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of Adonis, with an awkward air and motions, it will disgust, instead of pleasing. Study manner, therefore, in every thing, if you would be any thing.

Cast-iron Buildings.—Buildings of cast-iron are daily increasing at a prodigious rate in England, and it appears that houses are about to be constructed of this material. As the walls will be hollow, it will be easy to warm the buildings by a single stove placed in the kitchen. A three-story house, containing ten or twelve rooms, will not cost more than 1100*l.*, regard being had to the manner in which it may be ornamented. Houses of this description may be taken to pieces, and transported from one place to another, at an expense of not more than 25*l.* It is said that a large number of cast-iron houses are about to be manufactured in Belgium and England, for the citizens of Hamburgh, whose habitations have been burnt.—*Mining Journal.*

Mountains of Lebanon.—The country, at that point, is of the most picturesque description, alternately covered with the mulberry, the fig, and the vine, and in greater luxuriance than is to be met with in the lower tract. Although now on the height of the first range, you are, to all appearance, walled in with other hills, whilst around you extend undulating valleys, broken here and there with minor eminences. The lofty irradd, or locust-tree, and the olive with its deep dark tint, were both seen diversifying the picture. Far above all, in the eastern horizon, is the wedge-shaped mountain of the Scinneen—lofty, bold, and rugged—a sterile contrast to the beautiful vegetation which surrounds it.—*Hunter's Expedition to Syria.*

Beef from the Antipodes.—The Sussex has brought to London two casks of South Australian beef as a sample. The shipper says—"The cattle feed so well here, I think feeding cattle and sending it to London or Liverpool will pay better than sheep farming. We shall be paid if we get 3d. per pound in London; and I think that will be less than Ireland can furnish your market with beef of as good quality as South Australia for. I have seen grass-fed beef in Adelaide market better than I ever saw in England." We understand that some of the beef which was brought to the table of a gentleman in London was heartily approved of.

How to Get into Trouble.—1. Always keep a sharp look-out after your neighbours' concerns: *knowledge*, you know, is power. 2. Get up parish committees: if a party question, never mind which side you take—it will show your impartiality: besides, it will let you into the secrets of each. 3. Always speak your mind boldly—no matter where, or who hears you. 4. Do not refuse to be bail for poor Bob: it is only a trifle. 5. Take an active part in a popular election. 6. If all these do not succeed, go to law.

Repartee.—The Rev. Dr. M'C———, Minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining in a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr. M'C———, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and he ate with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner. Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, "Dr. M'C———, ye bring me in mind of the great King Nebuchadnezzar;" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the rev. vegetable devourer replied, "Ay! do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar! That'll be because I'm eating amang the brutes!"

The Romance of Reality.—Lady Dorothy Milbanke was the favourite of Mary Queen of Scotts, but got into disgrace on the affair of the murder of David Rizzo, in which her husband was concerned. She soon afterwards fled, and sold gingerbread upon the bridge at Berwick-upon-Tweed, by which, and the additional bounty of her customers, she actually saved £800, with which she purchased the Halnaby Hall, near Croft, in Yorkshire, now in the Milbanke family; and with the proceeds of the rent (for she lived very sparingly, and attained the age of 83,) she purchased estates in Durham and Northumberland, the rental of which, a few years ago, was £12,000 per annum.

In Advance of the Mail—A Wisconsin paper says, "We learn from a foot passenger, just arrived, that the mail may be expected in the course of next week."—*New York paper.*

Orthographical Exercises.—At the window of a private house in Union-street, Marylebone, a bill is exhibited, from which the following is copied verbatim:—"The Mangelling Traid removed hear from the Strete round the Coranr Threhapense a Duzzen. N. B.—New Milk and Creme Sould Hear Warentidd Fresh and Not Stail evry Mornin."

"Here, you bog-trotter," said a half-penny dandy soaplock to an Irish labourer, "come, tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to whisky punch." "An' by my sowl yer honour's a gentleman!" retorted Pat.—*New York paper.*

It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject of dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the disturbance *of the company.*

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Time to Cut Grain.—Did you ever know grain cut so green as to shrink in drying, and make less measure or less excellent meal? Of course we have no intention to affirm that it may not be cut too young. But we do mean to say, that, so far as our experience and observation go, the error has been in letting grain stand too long before it is cut. As soon as the milk of the grain has become of the firm consistency—not *dry and hard*—but only firm, the grain will cure as plump, as heavy, and as sweet, as it will if left to stand longer. If cut while the straw is green, more care and labour will be required in the curing, and more labour perhaps will be necessary to thresh clean—but less grain will be lost in the gathering in of the crop; the grain will be plumper and sweeter. Bushels of grain are annually lost on most farms by the shelling out while harvesting, and other bushels by shrinkage, which might be in a great measure avoided by earlier cutting.—*New England Farmer.*

Accumulation of Manures.—It should ever be an established principle withthe farmer, never to cultivate more land than he can cultivate well. Even when the soil is new, and the vital principles of fertility unimpared by cultivation, manure should be applied in such quantity as to supply the demands of the crop, with the execution of the food furnished by the decaying substances in the soil itself. By giving to the soil as much as we take from it—and by adopting this as a principle, we should be able to retain it in a state of the most perfect fertility, and to reap crops of an undiminished luxuriance and richness of character, indefinitely, from the same soil. But in order to do this, we must attend to the manure heap with the same unflinching industry and perseverance with which a miser watches the opportunities for increasing the treasure of his idolized purse. No one who does not possess experimental knowledge in his business, can form any adequate idea of the vast amount of 'wealth' which an industrious and well-informed farmer can thus accumulate in a single year. The idea that the excrement of animals is alone capable of nourishing vegetation, and furnishing the proper pabulum or foot of plants, has now become in a great measure obsolete. The resources furnished by the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in this particular, are of trivial importance in comparison with those with which nature has supplied us in the inexhaustible riches of the mineral world, and to a just and fair appreciation of which, Science is now so benignly occupied in directing our halting and too dilatory steps.

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Close of the Week.—A week! It is but short indeed; but its events are a host its changes many. To whom has the week just about to close brought joy? to whom sorrow? to whom riches? to whom poverty? to whom friends? to whom enemies? to whom love? to whom hatred? to whom freedom? to whom misery? to whom happiness? to whom sickness? to whom health? to whom life? or, to whom death? What! all these changes in one week? Yea, and a host more numerous than the sand of the sea. Many who saw the dawning of the present week will be in another world ere it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the unruffled sea of happiness, a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have ere this time met with some misfortune, and are turned upon the world the children of poverty, and many, whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth bright and prosperous at the dawn of the week, find themselves at the close, the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment. And such is the fate of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay, an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolution, time whirling on in its rapid progress, leaving behind its trace of destruction.

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