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Agricultural.

We take the following from the Annual Report of the Board of Agriculture :—

Application to Practical Agriculture.—We may now apply some of the foregoing principles to the subject of the exhaustion and renovation of land.

Forest lands has, for centuries been occupied by trees, which are *perennial* plants with absorbing root and leaf surface in nearly equal proportions. During a very long time the leaves have been collecting food from the atmosphere, and the roots from the soil and subsoil. The available food of plants had been thus collected and concentrated in large quantities, but, in one day, by the hand of man, these are rendered back; the atmospheric food going again to the atmosphere, and the mineral food to the soil. The latter is added to the store actually in the soil, and, is much is thus offered to the first crop sown in the new soil, and in the right condition, so, much is appropriated and much is made of it. Such is the cause of the fertility of new land. It does not depend upon the mere presence of the alkalies and lime, and the phosphates and silicates. These elements must have been in the finest powder so as to be easily dissolved and brought into condition favorable to their assimilation by plants.

If you leach a portion of the burnt soil, you will procure from it at once in the water a notable quantity of the alkalies, potash and soda, in combination with carbonic and silicic acid. The weakest acid, in the same way will take up lime, phosphates, and silicates; in fact, most of the surface materials (except sand) will be soluble in rain water containing carbonic acid. After burning, moreover clay becomes easily decomposed, and will supply potash and other alkalies while its texture will have become more open to air and moisture, and its power of absorbing ammonia from the atmosphere increased. It will also be observed, that the ashes of the burnt wood, bushes and branches, have all been added as a top dressing to the new soil.

But this very abundance and solubility of the elements which tells so powerfully on the first few crops, entails, notwithstanding the retentive power of soils, a certain waste of the available materials by the drainage water of the soil.

The heavy crops of annuals taken from the new land soon absorb what the rains leave of the soluble and available elements collected by the trees. These elements, in the shape of hay and oats, are likewise sold to customers at a distance, and what the settler himself consumes is ill economized.—Thus the available elements are merely taken from one part of the forest of the atmosphere to be replaced in another—anywhere in fact but where it is the settler's interest to have them. Perhaps he forsees exhaustion, and as he has more land to operate on and the stumps cannot be cheaply extracted, he crops the land until it refuses to be cropped, and, when the stumps are rotten, the land is in no sense like what it was at first. Farming now only begins, and crops are soon found to be not satisfactory, partly because the elements of fertility derived from the rest, or from the animals pastured, are again removed instead of being consumed and collected and returned to the land. Thus there is a progressive exhaustion of the land and starving of the crops.

Supposing that our theory of the fertility of new land and of its rapid exhaustion, is correct, how are we to proceed in attempting to renovate and improve its condition?—Now, so obscure and difficult is this branch of the subject, that at present there are rival schools of chemist who dispute as to whether the apparent failure of crops is to be best remedied by a supply of elements such as those derived from the atmosphere or such as those supplied by the minerals in the soil. Working farmers here have some jealous of agricultural chemists altogether. This arises from the former trusting most to moving and mixing the soil, while the latter would chiefly amend its composition: but let them both shake hands, and share there experience with each other: agriculture will best prosper and profit by their alliance and action in the common cause. Undoubtedly the proper *composition* of the soil is its first and most necessary quality, but the same ingredients may be present in an active, or in an inert condition; and a crop may fail, either, because there is no food for it in the soil, or because the food which exists in the soil is really locked up for a time until art or nature has found the key. Both sterility and fertility may have very various cases. The "practical" man sometimes boasts that his way is the only way to cure sterility, and the agricultural chemist has at times a fashion of blowing his own trumpet; but, both may be right or both may unwittingly be wrong. Agriculture is the most complex of sciences, but, as an art, that which is permanently profitable is certainly right.

The amount of mineral matter removed from the soil by any single crop, rarely exceeds 500 pounds.

Provincial Parliament.

FREDERICTON, March 19th.

Gray ventilated bill referring to suits and claims against Government.

Tilley moved for supply.

Wilmot moved amendment that it is not expedient at present to take into consideration the granting supplys to Her Majesty—pending report of Land Committee. Wilmot, Gray, Connell, M. Phelim, Lawrence, Allen, Botsford, spoke in favor of the amendment; they urged no necessity for haste, and in view of the important interests involved in Land Investigation which to some extent might implicate other members of Government, made it desirable that before granting supply the report of Investigation Committee should be made.

Sympathy with Fisher generally expressed, and belief that Surveyor General and other members of the Government were proved sufficiently derelict to warrant no ground of general responsibility.

Retirement of Government intimated, if supply granted dissolution would follow.

Against it the speakers were—Tilley, Smith, Chandler, End, Hannington, Brown, Steadman, Watters.

They contended sufficient delay already waiting action of Committee; no intention of dissolving House without full discussion of report of Committee had all incident matters expressed regret at Fisher's course; questioned sincerity expressed of friendship in opposition charged upon advocates of the amendment with being influenced, not from any patriotic motives but merely to embarass the Government, and taken advantage of present circumstances to have revenge for past defeats.

Tibbets moved adjourned debate to Friday to allow report: lost, 17 to 21.

Debate then adjourned till to-morrow at 2 P. M.

Tibbits reported Inches declined giving names of partners on ground of such reservation understood before sworn

In answer to a question members of Committee denied any understanding with Inches that he should be allowed to reserve testimony on any point.

March 20.

The forenoon was occupied in discussing a resolution to refund to George Wallace of Richibucto, the amount contained in a Registered letter mailed in 1854, and lost through the negligence of the courier.

Progress reported on Mr. Wilmot's amendment, the speakers were, for it, Messrs. Gilbert, McIntosh, and W[illegible] against it, Messrs Tapley, Lewis, Gil[illegible] McMillian, and Tilley. Wilmot and [illegible] discussion went into the general policy and expenditure of Government. Vote was taken at five o'clock.

YEAS—Messrs Connell, McPhelim, Lawrence, Gray, Williston, Botsford, Allan, McPherson, Scovils, Vail, Gilbert, Wilmot, McIntosh, Desbrisay, Montgomery and Tibbits.

NAYS—Messrs. Tilley, Brown, Smith, Watters, Mitchell, End, Read, Lewis, McMillan, Steadman, Tapley, Ferris, McLeod, Gilmore, Chandler, Cudlip, Wright, Hannington, McAdam, and C. Perley; Messrs. Fisher, Kerr, McClelan and W. E. Perley not present.

Motion to go into supply then passed without a division; two items of supply providing for contingent expenses Legislature and salaries of officers of courts, then passed.

Mr. Botsford is chairman of Supply Committee.

Mr. Lawrence introduced a Bill to authorize assessment of the City of St. John to defray the expenses incident of the Prince of Wales visit.

Mr Gray's Bill to amend the Law incorporting the Olive Freestone Company agreed to.

DEATH OF ONE OF MUNGO PARK'S COMPANIONS.—Mr. Reuben Traveller, a well known citizen of Ottawa, Upper Canada, died last week, in the eighty-first year of his age. He passed through an eventful life, among other circumstances having been present at several of the great naval battles of Nelson, and being also one of those venturous spirits accompanying Mungo Park in his African exploration. Mr. Traveller was a native of England. He was a crier of the Courts of Carleton county, Upper Canada, since the county was first formed.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A CAT.—In Toronto, C. W., on Sunday week, a cat entered Trinity Church during service, and got into one of the pews, where it bit a Miss Goderham on the hand. The animal was subsequently caught by the sexton, Mr Hulligan, and while he was carrying it out it bit him on the hand and scratched him. Mr. Hulligan regarded the wounds as trifling, and paid no attention to them. A few days afterwards his hand and arm began to swell in a fearful manner, and although physicians were at once called in, their skill was of no avail, and the man died in great agony. Miss Goderham was also very ill at last accounts, but hopes were entertained of her recovery.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tommy Howard as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never liked the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky, thy father to be last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then, continued the mother, if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all the day in the woods."

"Hurrah, cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing towns almost supply the places of other architectural beauty.—This chimney was the highest and most tapering that was ever erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up in search of his father, his heart almost sank within him at the appalling height. The scaffold was almost down, the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone at the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and then, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of alarm and horror from above. The rope! the rope! The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew that it was impossible to throw the rope high enough or skilful enough to reach the top of the chimney, or if it could, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the circle, the dizzy height seemed more and more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, mind, and his sense failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other, and today she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday tomorrow. She had just finished her arrangments, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home, and for all these blessings of life, when Tom ran in.

His face was as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out: Mother! mother! he cannot get down.

Who tad, thy father? —asked the mother.

They have forgotten to leave him the rope answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. The mother started up horror struck, and stood for a moment as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had gathered round the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down."

"Thee maunna do that lad, cried the wife, with a clear hopeful voice; thee maunna do that. Wait a bit. Take off thy stocking lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Does't thou hear me Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent; for it seemed as if he could not speak—and taking off his stockings unravelled the worsted yarn row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she went in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of mortar, and keep fast hold of the other—cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither with the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting it. Tom held the ball of string—while his mother tied the one end of it to the worsted thread.

"Now pull it slowly, cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull it cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was one coil left. It had reached the top. Thank God, thank God! exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling, rejoiced. The iron to which it should be astened was there all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past hour so have unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measure for safety? She did not know the magical influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. Why art thou disquieted with me? hope thou in God. She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. He is safe, mother, he's safe! cried little Tom.

"Thou hast saved my life, my Mary, said her husband, folding her in his arms. But what ails thee? thou seemest more sorry than glad about it. But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy after such great fear had overpowered her. Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, said his father and we will take her home. And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and the nearness of the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day.

AN EDITOR IN DISGUISE.—Wm. H. Clark the editor of the Kendall (Ill) Clarion, loves a good joke, and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last:

"DISGUISED.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swapped off. We went to the house, and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clarke, and told us that we would find him at the office; we went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left.—Started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other, 'What handsome stranger is he?' In this dilemma, we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us can be.—The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."

BRUTAL MURDER. A dreadful tragedy occurred at the Chincha Islands on New Year's night. The mate of the American ship Kineo had given a supper to some mates who had been assisting him in hauling the ship, and while thus engaged, a sailor came to the cabin door and asked for "more rum." This was denied, and he become insolent, was ordered forward and pushed out or slapped in the face. He then went forward, and nothing more was thought of the matter until, when going to his ship, the ruffian came aft and, after looking several of the mates in the face, by the light of a lantern, he came to Mr. Bartlett, the mate of the Kineo, and exclaimed with an oath, "You are the rascal that struck me," buried his sheathknife up to the handle in the poor man's bowels which immediately protruded from wound.

Everthing which mortal skill could suggest was resorted to, but all was unavailing, and after twenty-four hours of intense agony, he died. He leaves a wife and children in Chelsea. A subscription was immediately proposed for their relief, and upward of $2000 was raised, which will be sent home to them. The murderer has since been tried by the commodore of the guardship, and was sent to Yea for trial, and if condemned, will be shot on the highest island, as a warning to sailors.

The Agricultural Board terminated its session on the 14t inst. The Provincial Exhibition will be held at Sussex Vale on the first Tuesday in October next, and will continue through the week. The Government have determined to appropriate $4,000 to be expended in procuring articles to be sent to the Great London Exhibition to be held there next year. The duty of selecting such articles as will serve to show to the world the mineral and agricultural wealth of New Brunswick, as well as the mechanical and manufacturing skill her people possess, and the inducements this Colony offers for settlement—will devolve upon the Executive Committee of the Board. The gentlemen composing the committee, are the following:

Hon A. E. Botsford,	Westmorland.
Dr. Robb,	Fredericton.
R. Jardine, Esq.,	St. John.
J. D. M. Keator, Esq.,	Hammond River.
H. McMonagle, Esq.,	Sussex.
J. G. Stevens, Esq.,	St. Stephens Char.
Wm. Napier, Esq.,	Bathurst, Gloucester.

TRAINING HORSES AND BOYS.—An interview between the venerable Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, and Mr. Rarey, the celebrated horse-tamer, developed, according to the Philadelphia N. American, the curious fact that both gentlemen have acted on exactly the same theory in their widely different spheres of effort—the one a trainer of youth, the other of horses. This fact was brought in the following conversation:

"I have been twice to see you perform, Mr. Rarey,' said the Doctor, "and this has begotten a desire to see you and compare notes. I have been a trainer of boys for more than half a century, and boys that have proven ungovernable in other hands have readily yielded to mine. Now, do you know that I think that your bearing toward the horse is guided by much the same spirit that successful educators manifest towards refractory boys."

"I am much pleased to think, sir," was the rejoinder, "that such is the case. In training the horse I use no other punishment than restraint. As soon as you know the hors's mind; and the horse comprehends you, the instinct of obedience leads him to do your bidding."

"That is just my view of boys," said the Doctor.

"And," resumed Mr. Rarey, "I am satisfied that in even the worst horse the instinct of obedience is stronger than that of the reverse. The nobler the disposition of the horse, the fiercer and the briefer is his resistance. The worst subjects are those in whom resistance is dogged and stubborn."

"But even in such horses you find the efficacy of your system more marked than the present mode of horse breaking."

"Yes, sir. With such dispositioned horses there is no safety by the usual mode of subjection."

"Then your ideas and mine," said the Doctor, "are precisely the same. I have been accustomed to horses from boyhood, and so trained them that at the sound of my voice, with a loose rein, they would stop, even when going down the steepest declivity."

"That is a cardinal point in my system," said Mr. Rarey, "to accustom the horse to my voice as much as to my person."

The result of the interview was confirmatory of the opinion already entertained by both, that neither in the subjugation of unruly boys or rebellious horses is cruelty, or the infliction of physical pain, productive of any good result.

A DOCTOR'S FEE ON THE FLOOR. Sir Richard Jobb was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. Sir Richard dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them—three and only three. Instead of walking off Sir Richard continued his search on the carpet. "Are all the guineas found?" said his lordship looking round. "There must be two still on the floor," was the answer, "for I have only three." The hint, of course was taken, and the right sum put down.—[A book about Doctors.

The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

Issues in Poor Condition
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