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The Agriculturist.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

AGRICULTURE THE TRUE BASIS OF A NATION'S WEALTH.

ANDREW ARCHER, Editor

VOL. 1.

FREDERICTON, N. B., MARCH 22, 1879.

NO. 50.

Agriculture.

The Duty of Farmer's to themselves. A practical man sometime since addressed a meeting of the Western N. Y. Dairymen's Association.

Many farmer-think it doesn't pay to bother with much gardening; but good, large garden, well planted and well worked, will give a liberal profit from the sale of surplus vegetables.

You should keep good stock, and in making a selection you should choose the breed that pleases your fancy.

In feeding our cows we should use careful discrimination, for in this way we can effect important savings.

A few years ago the practice of slopping dairy cows had quite a run, and some continue the practice.

The supply of sour milk lasted for three days after he commenced delivering milk to the factory.

Just for one season stable you cattle and litter them thoroughly, and you will be surprised next fall at the difference between the large pile of rich dressing that will be accumulated.

On dairy farms, corn, planted specially for feeding green in summer and early fall, is becoming almost a staple crop.

It is not difficult to ripen the seed, and every farmer, by a little care at the right time, could easily raise and cure enough for an acre or two each year.

The grass is gnawed down, and pulled up just when it most needs to be let alone; just when the hot and burning sun is most severe on the roots.

It is a fact repeated with interest that the root, stem, branch, leaf, and flower, of every plant are contained, latent and invisible, in the undeveloped seed.

If you have rheumatism, eat celery—it is said to be a right-down, sure cure—if you eat enough of it.

There are 3,708,766 milch cows reported officially in the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

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Practical Farm Notes.

ABOUT POULTRY.

The poultry deserves more attention than it usually receives on the majority of farms. It is thought necessary but nearly every farmer to have a few hens to supply the family with eggs and an occasional chicken.

If any profit is expected from the hens in winter, a warm place must be provided, and, also, an abundance of the proper food.

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Col. Laurie on Stock Raising.

Col. Laurie of Oakfield, Nova Scotia, who exhibited that herd of Devons at the late Provincial Exhibition, was lately examined before the Immigration and Colonization Committee.

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Raising Calves Without Milk.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, having asked the best mode of feeding calves without milk was answered: Use hay tea and oil meal.

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Flowers.

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Starving Orchards.

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The Production of Sugar Beet.

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Milch Cows.

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Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat or fish.







provision of the 2nd Section. The clause giving the Judges the power to make rules...

ESTIMATED RECEIPTS FOR 1870. Customs and Excise Duties, 12,000,000...

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE FOR 1870. Administration of Justice, 1,500,000...

A Child's Opinion--A Fact. STANLEY--had recovered from a very serious illness...

Marriages. At Canterbury, on the 2nd February, by the Rev. Canon Hartin, M. Philip Mansfield...

Deaths. In this city, on Saturday, 13th inst., Kate Carter, daughter of George Ransford, Esq...

Yew Advertisements. Insolvent Act of 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS. Alexander Gibson, Plaintiff, and Albert S. Crawford, Defendant.

NOTICE. A BILL will be introduced at the present sitting of the Legislature, to amend the relative to the division of the Islands in York for taxable purposes.

CAUTION. WHEREAS my wife, Anna Maria, has left my bed and board, without any just cause...

Builders' Hardware. 100 KEGS Cut Nails, assorted; 2500 Glass; 2000 Sheet Lead...

REMNANTS. REMNANTS. DEVER BROS.' Annual Sale OF REMNANTS IN White Cottons, GREY COTTONS, Grey Cottons, Grey Sheetings, PRINTS, White Cottons, BROWN HOLLANDS, Black Lustres, Dress Stuffs, WINCEYS, PILOTS, HOMESPUNS, MELTONS, FLANNELS, AND DAMASKS.

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A. A. MILLER & CO. NEW GOODS! NEW STORE! Our Motto: THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY. ONE PRICE TO ALL.

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Illustration of a woman in a dress, likely an advertisement for clothing or a store.

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Literature.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

CHAPTER XIX.

The duchess having left her, Valentine tried in vain to explain, or even to put away from her, the all-absorbing subject, which threatened, with its torturing suggestions, to drive her to insanity. Convinced, now, of her father's guilt, she at the same time felt her utter inability to act with decision against him. Again, was it her duty to do it?

The marquis looked at Valentine with a searching, puzzled expression in his face. Could it be possible that some sudden shock had affected the girl's reason? Something in her stately eyes and in the strong, firm mouth contradicted this explanation of her words. Valentine read his thoughts.

He said, speaking as calmly as he could, and controlling his emotions, "Could you forget me if I told you it was necessary to do so?" "No, Henri, I could not. I never will forget you—never!" "Then why do you require an impossibility from me?"

"Because it is for your happiness. My misfortune does not affect you. You will in time love another; you will be happy, as you deserve. Later when you can think of me calmly, try and do it kindly. If you could only know how miserably I am, the horror and suspense that surround me, you would not look so cold, so indignant. You would pity me, Henri! Only this morning I was so happy, and now—now I know that I shall never be happy again!"

"Valentine, will you not try for one moment to put yourself in my place? You are generally cool, logical, willing to listen to reason. I do not comprehend this rapid alteration in you. I have no view to this change in your sentiments, or your intentions. Answer me this, have I in any way caused you this sudden grief?" "You! Oh no!"

"You! Oh no! I do not offend you, nor lost your esteem, your love?" "No, you are wholly unconnected with this trouble, and you must remain so." "This secret, then, is your father's?" "The civil color that I eyed Valentine's cheeks verified his surmise. Valentine made no effort to answer him. She sat motionless, dreading his next words.

"Has he bound you by any promise to keep it to yourself? Is it by his advice that you tell me this?" "Oh, no, no! he does not know—he has not told me what to do." "Then, Valentine, you have surprised some secret of his, and you voluntarily accept the weight and the misery that the knowledge of it entails upon you. This is not just! It is an outrage to thus injure an innocent girl! I will see your father without delay!"

"No! no! you must not, you shall not see him. I will ruin everything. I alone must deal with him. You forget he is my father." "And for that reason you are to be sacrificed. You forget, Valentine, that before the count returned you became my promised wife; until I release you from that promise I claim the right to watch over your welfare. Suppose that you were my wife now, would you not let me share this grief, and help you to keep this secret? In that case you would not leave me, and it would be my duty to assist your father in every way that a son can prove his devotion and fidelity. Let me do it now, Valentine. I swear to you to keep your secret, and to do my utmost to aid him. He has long been an exile, a wanderer, poor, perhaps has had terrible temptations to resist. I care not what this being is; confide in me and I will help you to bear the sorrow, shame, disgrace, infamy, or whatever it may be. Valentine, act as my betrothed wife, prove your trust in my love, in my honor."

"You do not know what you are asking me to do. You cannot imagine such infamy, such a fearful sin! Oh, if the chameleon were here?" "Why the chameleon, Valentine, and not the man who has sworn to protect and defend you?" "Oh, I do not know. Something seems to tell me that she could help me. This secret may drive me mad. I do not know how to live through the long night with it pressing on my brain. Henri, do not mad people tell their secrets?"

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You! Oh no! I do not offend you, nor lost your esteem, your love? No, you are wholly unconnected with this trouble, and you must remain so. This secret, then, is your father's? The civil color that I eyed Valentine's cheeks verified his surmise. Valentine made no effort to answer him. She sat motionless, dreading his next words.

Has he bound you by any promise to keep it to yourself? Is it by his advice that you tell me this? Oh, no, no! he does not know—he has not told me what to do. Then, Valentine, you have surprised some secret of his, and you voluntarily accept the weight and the misery that the knowledge of it entails upon you. This is not just! It is an outrage to thus injure an innocent girl! I will see your father without delay!

No! no! you must not, you shall not see him. I will ruin everything. I alone must deal with him. You forget he is my father. And for that reason you are to be sacrificed. You forget, Valentine, that before the count returned you became my promised wife; until I release you from that promise I claim the right to watch over your welfare. Suppose that you were my wife now, would you not let me share this grief, and help you to keep this secret? In that case you would not leave me, and it would be my duty to assist your father in every way that a son can prove his devotion and fidelity. Let me do it now, Valentine. I swear to you to keep your secret, and to do my utmost to aid him. He has long been an exile, a wanderer, poor, perhaps has had terrible temptations to resist. I care not what this being is; confide in me and I will help you to bear the sorrow, shame, disgrace, infamy, or whatever it may be. Valentine, act as my betrothed wife, prove your trust in my love, in my honor.

You do not know what you are asking me to do. You cannot imagine such infamy, such a fearful sin! Oh, if the chameleon were here? Why the chameleon, Valentine, and not the man who has sworn to protect and defend you? Oh, I do not know. Something seems to tell me that she could help me. This secret may drive me mad. I do not know how to live through the long night with it pressing on my brain. Henri, do not mad people tell their secrets?

He said, speaking as calmly as he could, and controlling his emotions, "Could you forget me if I told you it was necessary to do so?" "No, Henri, I could not. I never will forget you—never!" "Then why do you require an impossibility from me?"

Because it is for your happiness. My misfortune does not affect you. You will in time love another; you will be happy, as you deserve. Later when you can think of me calmly, try and do it kindly. If you could only know how miserably I am, the horror and suspense that surround me, you would not look so cold, so indignant. You would pity me, Henri! Only this morning I was so happy, and now—now I know that I shall never be happy again!

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