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BY DAVIS & CREWS.

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HAMILTON KIRK'S CHOICE.

A curious old man was Hamilton Kirk and a good old man, said those who had the best means of knowing. Somewhat, brained men, who had wasted all their money, and then gone to him to borrow more, said he was a "regular old Fudge," but the poor and needy in the neighborhood could have taken their oaths that he was a warm-hearted generous man.

Hamilton Kirk had gone abroad when a mere youth, having been thrown upon his own resources by the death of his parents, and he had remained abroad until he was forty-five, or thereabouts—then he came home, and having found a woman who could love him, he married her, and settled down. He built him a spacious house, and laid out his grounds very beautifully, promising himself much comfort in the new place of life upon which he had entered. But he was doomed to an early disappointment. In one short year his wife died, leaving an infant daughter to his care and protection. For awhile Mr. Kirk was very unhappy; but gradually he recovered from the stroke, and prepared to push forward alone, no—not alone. Ah, no. His child was left to him, and all his love was bestowed upon it, and thus kept active. He called the little one Myra, and as she began to prattle and play, and follow him into the garden, pluck flowers for him, he became as happy as a man could be.

And from that time the child never brought a cloud upon his brow by any act of hers. When she was a maiden, just blooming into well-developed womanhood, he was an old man with gray hairs. And she had repaid him well for all the care he had bestowed upon her during her childhood. She had paid him for his love by loving him in return with all truth and affection. She had paid him for the education of mind he had given her by her instructive conversation; and for the watchfulness and protection in the years that were passed, she had been his nurse, his companion, his counsellor, his light, and his joy.

But Myra was now nineteen, and the time for new scenes was drawing upon her. She was, in sober truth, a maiden of great personal beauty, and she was the sole heir to an independent fortune. Add to this that she was good, and modest, and kind, and true to her duties, and we shall not wonder that many longing eyes were bent upon her from among the youths of the neighborhood, and that many a bright castle was built upon the hope of securing her hand. But she had not shown any preferences.—She was the same kind friend to all who deserved her confidence, and even her most ardent admirers could find no solid foundation for hopes, nor could they find a ground for jealousy.

Mr. Kirk had watched the course of events with a discerning eye, and as he saw the circle of her admirers narrowing down, he believed that the affections of his child must ere long be fixed. Her natural instinct of soul might lead her right in her choice, but he preferred to make a choice for himself, and then, if her love could be led into the same channel, it would be so much the better.

"Myra," he said to her, as they sat in the library one summer afternoon, "I've been thinking."

"Well, father," she replied, looking up with one of her sweet smiles, "what have you been thinking about?"

"I've been thinking that you will be wanting a husband one of these days."

"Then I wouldn't try to think any more," she said. But she didn't speak with such simple assurance as usual.

"I am serious as my pet," the old man resumed; "and now let us talk seriously about it. I am not going to give you up, for the man that takes you must take my house, and me with it; or, I'll take him, just as you please. But you know, as well as I do, that very soon you may be loving somebody, and then it would be too late to reason."

Myra didn't dispute him; but she only hung down her head and thought. So he continued.

"Now it's all very well to marry for love, if other things are as they should be; but love is a curious thing, and very often brings bodies together that can have no more harmony in life than fire and water. I know that many people seek the idea of exercising reason in conjunction with love; but the ideas of the world are not always safe guides. I wouldn't have reason take too much of the ground, but I would have it go ahead and light the way, so that love may go on with more safety. Don't that seem proper?"

"Yes, father."

"And now—I'm coming nearer home. There's Joseph Vaughan. Don't you think he would like to propose for your hand?"

"Perhaps so."

"Come, come, Myra—be plain with me."

"Well—I think he would."

"And Henry Walsh—wouldn't he?"

"Yes—I think he would."

"And Jacob Lorranger?"

"I hope not," replied the girl with a shudder.

"Well, well—we'll throw him out, darling. I'm sure, however, that he would very quickly apply for your hand if he thought he could get it. But as I wouldn't have him, and as I don't think you would, we'll consider him disposed of in advance. But there's Chauncey Stewart—how is it with him? Don't you think he would like to propose?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Myra, opening her book, and pretending to find something interesting there.

"But what should you think?"

"I never thought anything about it, papa."

But her father had thought about it and he fancied that when the erotic dart came it would come with the heart of those three, whom he had mentioned, impaled upon its shaft. Thus far in life she had been governed by his advice, and he resolved to qualify himself to advise in the present case. Later in the afternoon, as Myra walked in the garden, pondering very deeply upon something that had occupied her thoughts ever since her interview with her father, she was startled by the appearance of an old beggar man in her path. He looked wan and weary, and his garb was scant and poor.

"Charity! charity!" he murmured, leaning upon his staff.

The maiden had not been at all frightened—only startled from her own busy thoughts—and she quickly forgot all else in her sympathy for the poor old man before her.

"Come with me to the house," she said; "and you shall find what you need. Come."

"But—not there. Give me money here."

"I'll give thee rest and food first, good father."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man, throwing off the wig, and the beard, and the false eyebrows, and shaking the crook out of his back. "Ha, ha, ha!—it's pretty good. If my own little robbin didn't know me who should?"

Myra was very much astonished when she saw her own father step back from behind the disguise, and she wondered exceedingly what his object could be in such a strange performance; but when she asked him he only told her to say nothing of what she had seen, and in good time she would know all about it.

"But you didn't recognize me, did you?" he said.

"I'm sure I didn't."

"Then it is all right."

That evening Hamilton Kirk went away, and he told his man that he should not return before the next day, and perhaps not until the day after that. He went in his chaise, and took a large bundle with him.

Joseph Vaughan was in his store, ready to wait upon his customers. He was a handsome young man, and his moral character was good. In fact, he rather prided himself upon his morality. His father was engaged in putting away some clothes, and he was reading the morning paper, when he heard a step at his door, which was open to admit the soft balmy air. He looked up, and beheld a poor, forlorn-looking man, who seemed bent beneath the weight of years and infirmities, and whose garb was scant and ragged.

The old man asked for charity.

"I've nothing at all to spare," replied Vaughan.

"But I'm in need, kind sir. Help me if you can."

"I tell you I can't."

And the old man went away.

Henry Walsh also kept a store in the town, and he was in his place of business, for he had rivals in trade, and he found it necessary to attend closely to his own affairs. He was young and good looking, had the name of being generous and open-hearted. He had just disposed of a customer, when the ragged, way worn beggar entered the store.

"Charity," plead the applicant, trembling upon his staff.

"Eh—want help?" returned Walsh, examining the old fellow from head to foot.

"Yes. I am in need."

"Well how much do you want?"

"I ask not for much, kind sir."

"Here is a dollar. Will that help you?"

"Yes—very much."

"Then it's yours; and see that you make a good use of it! And thereupon the young man returned to his work, leaving the beggar to go when he pleased.

Chauncey Stewart was a shoe-maker, and he was not only employed quite a number of workmen in manufacturing, but he had quite a store, and sold a great many shoes at retail. He was some three or four and twenty; was very fair looking, and had the reputation of being one of the most steady and industrious young men in the village; but his character for generosity did not stand so high among his fellow's that of Henry Walsh.

Chauncey was in his front shop, packing some boots, when his old beggar man entered.

"Ah—good day sir," said the shoemaker,opping from his work.

"A good morning to you fair sir," returned the old man, in a weak, trembling tone. "I don't want to trouble you, I only seek a little aid—such as you can afford to a poor, needy one like me."

Chauncey ran his eye over the old man's form, and then said—

"I must first know what help you need, my good sir, and then I can the better judge of my ability to help you. Are you penniless?"

"All the money I have in my pocket is a poor pittance which I begged this morning."

"Have you broken your fast this day?"

"No."

"Well, you shall go with me and get something to eat, and then we will see what further can be done."

"But I would not trouble you, kind sir."

"It is no trouble. I can furnish you with food more readily than I can with money, though God knows I would not send a worthy sufferer away empty handed if I divided my last dollar. But come—My horse is not far off."

Thus saying Chauncey led the way from the shop, and the old man followed him. The horse was soon reached, and the youth introduced his companion to his widowed mother, who received him kindly, and at once, proceeded to set a substantial breakfast before him. While the beggar was eating Chauncey tried to find out how he could best help him.

"Have you any friends in this region?" he asked.

"I think I have," replied the old man, "if I could raise money enough to pay my fare in the stage I might reach them."

"I might find a better way than that," suggested Stewart. "I shall not use my horse to-day, and I could have you taken ten or fifteen miles on your way without any expense to myself. I can easily find a boy who will be glad to drive for the sake of the ride."

And so the shoemaker went on, trying to find out what the old man's most pressing needs were that he might meet them with the most ease and readiness. Finally the beggar said that if he could be carried to the adjoining town he thought he should find friends there who would know him.

So Chauncey went out and harnessed his horse, and rapidly found a faithful boy who would drive over and come back with the team. He asked the old man if there was anything more he could do for him, and when assured that there was not, he bade him good bye, and saw him off.

"Well, Myra," said Hamilton Kirk, taking one of his daughter's hands "I have been on a mission in the beggar's garb."

"What—been away in that guise?" exclaimed the girl in surprise.

"Yes. I called upon Joseph Vaughan and upon Henry Walsh, and upon Chauncey Stewart."

"O, father! What must they have thought?"

"Why—doubtless, that I was what I appeared—a poor beggar."

"But didn't they know you?"

"Did you know me?"

"No."

"Nor did they. I went to try them—to see what kind of souls they have. I knew before hand that they were young men of good characters, and they were upright, honest, and intelligent. But I wanted to know more. I wanted to know just what kind of a foundation each one had for the loves and affections of earnest life. So I tried them. Would you like to know the result."

"Yes," whispered Myra, with a slight palor about the nether lip.

"Then listen: You must know that the pale, wan color which I applied to my features, taken in connection with my eyes, was assurance to any man of observation that I was not a drunkard; so they could have no fear of trusting me on that account. Well—I called upon Mr. Vaughan first. He received me very coldly, and turned me away without even seeking to know my needs. He had nothing to spare. His heart I found to be as hard as a diamond, and it may be as pure. Are you not disappointed in him?"

"No, father—not at all." She spoke as though she felt relieved in a measure.

"Well—next I called upon Henry Walsh. His heart opened in a moment, and he threw me out a dollar. He was generous—he warm-hearted—but the feeling was impulse, and not a principle. He didn't seem to care for my forlorn condition, nor did he betray any sympathy beyond the mere flash of generosity. He gave me of the only fount of charity he possessed, his money. His heart is warm, but the heat would not stand much testing by blasts and storms. In short, such a heart would be very apt to prove a spendthrift in its affections. What think you? Are you disappointed?"

And Myra whispered—

"No."

"Next I called upon Chauncey Stewart. I found him with his sleeves rolled up, and hard at work. He greeted me kindly, and I asked him for charity. He studied me from looks awhile and then sought to learn how he could best help me. He did not offer me money, for he confessed that he had little to spare; yet he would divide his last dollar ere he would send me away empty handed. He learned that I had not broken my fast, and he took me to his home, and his mother prepared me a good meal. Then he learned that I wanted to go to W—, and he harnessed up his horse and sent me on my way. Such a heart is not only true and warm, but it may be relied upon in the hour of need. Its impulses are only circumscribed by the boundaries of humanity. It cannot become bankrupt, because its issues are sure to be upheld by a permanent fund of sense and reason. What think you my darling?"

But Myra made no reply. She bowed her head and trembled violently.

"Can't you answer me? Ah—tears! What, precious one—! We hit so nearly? Had your heart already singled that one out?"

And Myra whispered—

"Yes."

"Well, Well," returned the old man, "I am not sorry for the pains I have taken for it had proved to me that the heart of my child is in the right place, and its instinct true and safe."

In course of time Joseph Vaughan asked for the hand of Myra, and was refused. Then Henry Walsh tried his fortune, and he, too, was sent away disappointed. At length Chauncey Stewart, when he saw that she still remained free, tremblingly told her of his love; and ere he left her he had not only been assured that his love was returned, but her curious old father had frankly given his consent to the proposed match.

Vaughan and Walsh never knew who was the old beggar man—the one whom the first had turned coldly away, and to whom the other had given his dollar, and it was not until Chauncey had been married several years, and had given continued proof of his nobleness of heart, that he was let into the secret.

QUAINT READINGS.

The only cure for hopeless affection is to discard the article for one having a reasonable quantity of hope. Thus, if Sally Jones rejects your tender suit, because she is in love with the knacker and barber opposite, it will never do to talk about pistols, arsenic, and collops. On the contrary, you must draw on your Sunday suit, extend your aldermanic dignity by a dinner of corned beef and cabbage, and go down to Susan Snooks, who will teach you that there are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than you have ever seen elsewhere. Take a sample and see.

The mightiest events of our life may depend upon the simplest accident or chance. Old bachelor Briggs had lived fifteen years with widow Snubbs without ever exchanging a single pressure of arms or lips, but one evening a worm chanced to drop from a beam overhead directly into the bosom of the widow, causing her to faint so speedily that the poor benighted had barely time to catch her in his arms. The ejection of the animal was effected before the lady recovered, but not until an impression had been made upon the susceptible Briggs, which has since cost him \$1,500 per annum.

It is very definitely settled, that you have nothing in this world until you actually get it. There was Dan Snuffles, poor fellow, who married Betty Sharp, after two mortal years of courtship, with the impression that he was getting 'something nice,' but found that he had only received a dozen sets of ladies' wearing apparel, a set of false teeth, a wig, a glass eye, a bottle of salts, and the *survage* piece of ancient and wrinkled femininity his village could afford.

Let no man deceive you in reference to your 'mission.' Think not rashly that you were destined to figure in the halls of the nation, rather than figure up little tallies in a grocery store on the corner, nor that you can sing better than a Piccolomini or La Grange, when your voice is pronounced by all of your friends a cross betwixt that of a choked cow and an insane hippopotamus. There is nothing in this world like realizing what you were 'cut out' for, and then driving business to completion.

A Beautiful Incident.—A naval officer being at sea, in a storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and I know who holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hand is my father."

He who submits to follow, is not made to precede.

BEARDS.

The Home Journal discourses learnedly on the beard question, as follows:

A very rare thing, indeed, is a male face which looks better if altogether close shaven. Yet there is here and there one—a youthful Apollo or Byron—whose absolute faultless outline of features is marred by any covering, or by any breaking up of the harmonious ensemble.

Where the beauty of the face consists mainly in the fine formation of the jaw bone and chin, a man loses by growing his beard over this portion. Better wear only the moustache.

There is now and then a man whose severity or sharpness of eye is relieved by a good natured mouth—the animal character of the person being kinder than the intellectual—and a covering of the lips, in such a case, is of course, a mistaken bidding of nature's apology, and a needless detriment to the expression. Better wear only the whiskers.

A small or receding chin, or a feeble jaw, may be entirely concealed by a full beard, and with great advantage to the general physiognomy. So may the opposite defect of too coarse a jaw-bone or too long a chin.

Too straight an upper lip can be improved by the curve of a well-trimmed moustache. So can an upper lip that is too long from the nose downwards, or one that is disfigured by the loss of some of the upper teeth. Washington, in the prime of life, suffered from this latter affliction, and (artistically speaking) his face, as represented to posterity, would have been relieved of its only weakness if he had concealed the collapsing upper lip by a military moustache.

A face which is naturally too grave can be made to look more cheerful by turning up the corners of the moustache—as one which is too trivial and inexpressive can be made thoughtful by the careful sloping of the moustache, with strong lines, downwards.

The wearing of the whole beard gives, of course, a more animal look, which is no disadvantage if the eyes are large and the forehead intellectual enough to balance it. But where the eyes are small or sensual, and the forehead low, the general expression is for the smooth chin, which to the common eye seems always less animal.

What is commonly called an "imperial" (a tuft on the middle of the chin) is apt to look like a mere blotch on the face, or give it an air of coxcombry. The wearing of the beard long or short, forked or peaked, are physiognomical disadvantages upon which a man of judgment will take the advice of an artist as well of an intimate friend or two (and upon all other particulars as well) but having once decided upon the most becoming model, he should stick to it. Alteration in the shape of so prominent a portion of the physiognomy, gives an impression of unreliableness and variety.

Middle aged men are apt to be sensitive with the incipient turning grey of the beard. But they are often mistaken as to its effect. Black hair, which turns earliest, is not only picturesquely embellished by a sprinkling of gray, but exceedingly intellectualized and made sympathetically expressive. The greatest possible blunder is to dye such a beard. There is one complexion, however, of which the grizzling is so hideous that total shaving, dyeing, or any other escape is preferable to "leaving it to Nature." We mean the reddish blonde, of which the first blanching gives the appearance of a dirty mat. It was meant to be described, perhaps, by the two lines in Hudibras:

"The upper part thereof was whay
The nether orange mixed with grey."

A white beard is so exceedingly distinguished, that every man whose hair prematurely turns should be glad to wear it; while, for an old man's face, it is so softening a veil, so winning an embellishment, that it is wonderful how such an advantage could be ever thrown away. That old age should be always long bearded, to be properly veiled and venerable, is the feeling, we are sure, of every lover of nature, as well as of every cultivated and deferential heart.

Youths should be told in time that the beard grows much more gracefully, and adapts itself much better to the face, for being never shaved; while, in all beards, nascent and downy, left to themselves, there is great beauty. The yellow tinted and flaxen, with their light shadings of darker gold, are thought the handsomest in Italy and the East, while, in England and this country, the dark blown and black are preferred.

Beards are sometimes of so coarse a texture that they require to grow to a considerable length before a judgment can be formed as to the best shaping of them. In dressing the beard by too close a scrutiny in a glass near a window, the wearer is apt to lose the perspective and casual effect upon the general eye—thus, sometimes, getting needlessly out of humor with what strikes others as very well, and making mistaken experiments in trying to improve it.

The very general habit of dyeing the beard is oftenest an exceeding blunder.—The peculiar dead of the tint makes it detectable by the commonest eye, and the lack of all shading and the consequent abruptness of edge, add to the falsity of

its look. Much the greater portion of those who "dye," would look vastly better with their gray beards, or with chins close shaven.

Let us add, by the way, that the lift of the head above the shoulders, so necessary to a well bred air, may sometimes be interfered with, by a beard worn too busily and long. The effect of the beard itself is very often spoiled by a standing shirt collar, so worn as to cut off its outline. Shirt, coat, and cravat, should all leave head and beard to unobstructed view—particularly with persons of short stature.

There are various incidental motives, of course, which arbitrarily and quite independent of taste, affect the wearing of the beard. Clergymen, tutors, deacons, bank directors, and undertakers, may think it more or less for their interest to "shave"—to satisfy, let us say, however, very unreasonable expectations, in the eyes for which they do it? But there is, for here and there a man, a secondary consideration affecting the natural policy of the beard.—We speak of one whose air and manner are not sufficiently subdued, one whose style requires abating. Beard is an obvious intensifier to one who is thus naturally too showy, and he would do well to procure the general impression by its sacrifice.

"Something Per-ma-nent."—The Knickerbocker Magazine is responsible for the following:

One pleasant Sunday, in Glasgow, a stalwart Highland-man entered a drug store, or apothecary's shop and said:

"Have you any spirits or alcohol? All the shops are closed, and canna get a quig o' Glenlival or Islay; I'm sair this ty. Canna ye gie me a wee drap o' something' warmin'?"

It really seemed a hard case; and the good hearted apothecary helped him to what he supposed to be a common stiff horn of pure spirit of alcohol. The man drank it off, gave him one wild look; spread his two hands over the abdominal portion of his person, and immediately vacated the premises. The apothecary was startled;

"what was the matter?" He took the vessel from which he had poured the he had devouring fluid, and found that given the man, in mistake, a lump of aquafortis! He was half frightened to death. The man had left his hat behind him, and the apothecary, bare-headed, rushed out with it in his hand, his hair flying in the wind, and made hot pursuit after the fugitive. But he was hopelessly gone. What a life of anxiety the poor fellow lived for some three months! He was afraid to open the daily newspapers, lest he should see recorded the mysterious and melancholy death of his victim in the public streets. At length, his fear, however, died away. Nothing was heard from the missing sufferer, until six months from the event, when, one Sunday morning, who should walk into the shop, but the identical individual himself?

"Have you got," said he to the astonished apothecary, "have you got any more of that liquor you sold me the last time I was here? If you have, give me a horn. I never tasted anything like it. It went right to the spot. Why, it lasted me a fortnight. No reduction about that fluid?"

But the apothecary contented himself this time by giving his returned customer a glass of pure spirits, and his old hat, which he had left the time before.

The way to Rise in Life.—No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life, without moral character. The basis of such character is virtuous, fixed principle; or a deep fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigorated by the love and fear of God. The youth who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice are not with him words without meaning; he knows and he feels their sacred import, and aims in the tenor of his life to exemplify the virtues they express. Such a man has decision of character; he knows what is right, and is firm in doing it. Such a man has independence of character; he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of, to serve the purposes of party. Such a man has a true character; and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society, to the world.

Aim, then, my friends, to attain this character; aim at virtue and moral excellence. This is first, the indispensable qualifications of a good citizen. It imparts life, strength, and beauty, not only to individual character, but to all the institutions and interests in society. It is, indeed, the dew and rain that nourish the vine and fig tree by which we are shaded and refreshed.

A lady sent for a new velvet mantilla at her dressmaker's.

"John," she said, "if it rains take a coach; I had rather pay the hack hire than have my mantilla wet."

When the man handed her the mantilla, it was ruined, the paper which covered it, being saturated with water.

"Why, John," she said, "I told you to take a cab if it rained!"

"So I did, mum; but sure, you wouldn't have your footman a ride'n' inside. I got them to the box with the driver."

RAISING POTATOES UNDER STRAW.

Editors of the Country Gentleman:

I think it is at least fifty years since I first saw this plan suggested—in an almanac perhaps, and that, in the average, it has been repeated as often as once a year since. Upon it I remark:

1. The general suggestion is wise. Straw keeps the soil both cool and moist, two most important conditions in the culture of potatoes in a dry summer. Uniformity of moisture and temperature is important in the growth of any vegetable, but especially of one that is tropical, as is the potato, though coming from the mountains there; and hence not requiring much heat.

2. The plan, however, as it is usually proposed, is of little practical value. Thus, a writer in your paper of Jan. 13th, laid his seed on the unbroken sod and covered them eight or nine inches thick with straw. He got from half a bushel of seed, a whole bushel of potatoes—yes, a whole bushel, and he thought he did well. For the honor and recompense of the farmer I hope there is not one within a hundred miles of this experimenter who will endorse this judgment. So far from approving of this mode, I would plough the ground deeply and well, and furrow deeply also. Then drop the seed and lay the straw on the top of it, using more or less as you have much or little. Last of all, cover the straw with a light covering of earth. This mode will make the straw spread from ten to fifteen times as well as by the other mode. This is the precise mode practiced in the States of Georgia and Mississippi, where potatoes are deeply planted and deeply mulched in November, December, or January, according to the distance south. In this way alone can they secure coolness and moisture sufficient for the common potato, their dry, hot soils being much more natural to the sweet potatoes. Thus cultivated, the crop is dug in March, April, May, &c.—Where straw is laid on the top of the hard ground the potato will not readily draw a sufficiency of nutriment from it, nor will the straw retain its moisture half so well as when covered, nor yield as much food, since "one straw under ground is worth two above."

3. This plan does not include straw alone; but any loose mulchy substances, such as weeds, cornstalks, tanbark (if limed), sawdust, &c. Indeed, the superiority of well drained swamp muck soils, when old enough to have become sweet, and green swards; for the potato crop, is explained on the same principle. Both are retentive of moisture and poor conductors of heat; and thus serve to maintain a uniformity of condition about the hills of the potatoes. At the same time, by the gradual decay of the muck and the sward the plant is fed in a more even manner than when the soil is fortified by fresh manure. In all cases the loose texture of these materials is favorable to the ready formation of the tubers under and in them.

4. The plan when confined strictly to straw, even including weeds, sawdust, and tanbark, is of very limited availability; for whence, it may be asked, are these materials to be obtained in a quantity often adequate to the requisition of potato culture in our country? The ordinary production of straw on a farm would be too low sufficient to answer the requisition of the potato crop, if always cultivated in this way; and in any case it would be used at the expense of robbing the farm stock of needful bedding. The loss of this straw from the stable and barnyard, would, moreover, lessen the quantity and quality of the manure very far beyond its benefit to the potato crop. Let the farmer ordinarily devote his straw, and other similar waste materials, to the purposes of the barn yard, while he avails himself of reclaimed swamp grounds, but especially of green sward deeply plowed, for the culture of his potato crop. It will certainly sometimes happen that the beauty and even the measure of his potato crop may suffer from worms in greensward, especially when old meadows and pastures are broken up. But this occasional drawback will