

CHERAW GAZETTE

AND

PEE DEE FARMER.

VOLUME IV.

CHERAW, SOUTH-CAROLINA, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1839.

NUMBER XLIII.

MR. MOLDEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid within three months, - \$3 00
If paid within three months after the close of the year, - 3 50
If paid within twelve months after the close of the year, - 4 00
If not paid within that time, - 5 00

A company of eight new subscribers at the same post office, whose names are forwarded together, and accompanied by the cash, shall be entitled to the paper for \$20; and a company of fifteen new subscribers for \$30.

No paper to be discontinued but at the option of the editor till arrangements are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding sixteen lines, inserted for one dollar the first time, and fifty cents, each subsequent insertion.

Persons sending in advertisements are requested to specify the number of times they are to be inserted; otherwise they will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

The Postage must be paid on all communications.

From the Southern Agriculturist, Cotton Culture.

Mr. Editor.—It is proposed in this communication to furnish a few rules best calculated to secure the highest production of cotton to the hand, and many of its secret causes of failure; and as the writer designs it more for the benefit of young than old planters, he hopes the more common suggestions it contains will be overlooked by those who might regard them as "a thrice-told tale."

In selecting lands for the cultivation of cotton, their location and quality are essential considerations. They should be fertile, and have a proper mixture of sand and clay.

If fertile, lay off nine acres to the hand; if old and thin, ten or twelve would be a fair crop. Lands that are stiff and old should be mellowed by early ploughing, when the soil is neither too dry nor wet, for all lands are injured if they do not pulverize in the ploughing, and when very dry they bake, and your working time is generally lost labor; if practicable, this ploughing should be before March. Where the land is flat, so that water stands, bed high; and if in mellow by one ploughing, bed up twice.

Open bed for seed with a narrow plough, followed by a press plough: soak the seed in stable or yard liquid manure, and after the soaking roll them in ashes. Sow them in direct lines, at least three seed to every inch; and cover, then, with a board nailed to the plough stock with a gap over the seed. A week before planting, the seed should be tried to know if they would sprout or vegetate by soaking. After a thick stand is up, run a narrow plough with a board to shove down on each side; in two or three days, follow this furrow by a plough to throw back the earth to the cotton. Examine the cotton roots to see if many are dead or belted by a black circle; if so, chop out sparingly, and only where the stand is very thick, but if "all is well," chop out so as to leave a foot vacancy between each bunch. If the stand will not admit a stalk of sound cotton to every foot before you chop out, plough up and plant again if not later than the first of May; if however the stand appears safe when chopping out, run a plough after the choppers to throw up the earth, and fill the chop-holes.

Stand safe, begin to thin "all hands" by the hand, without the hoe, pulling up weekly, unhealthy stalks, and leaving those more vigorous and growing. Pull up also with the hand all the large weeds and grass near the stalk. After this is over follow with another furrow, then the hoe; and not a single stalk ever again to be cut or bruised. The two first ploughings should be deep—all after, shallow; and an interval of more than three weeks should never pass without a ploughing, until the crop is "laid by." If "the old" grass is killed, late ploughing is useless. The tasks in hoeing are one to two acres, or more properly, according to the grass.

What are the causes of failure in a cotton crop? They are many, but I shall enumerate but one or two of those most common, and which can be avoided. Thinning with the hoe, negroes will cut up cotton, I care not what vigilance is exercised: in the worse stand, the easier the after-work for them, and they know it. You may complain—you may punish—and yet turn your eyes away for ten minutes, and I'll engage as many stalks will be cut up by each hand within the time. Though it may be so, still it should not appear strange to the novice that such is the universal observation I undertake to say of every strict planter. Not one planter in fifty ever secures a stand where the hoe is used in thinning; their watchfulness or severity to the contrary notwithstanding; they may partially, but cannot fully remedy the evil with all their care and attention. The slave, as before observed, is interested to make the present and every future task easy to be worked; and by experienced craft, unless your eye is on the very stalk at the time, can cut it up, so that you will not be able to find whence it came. You must go before him and his hoe, and examine the stand, or in spite of yourself you will be duped and deceived.

If the overseer is over the hands, he does not like to bear the charge of neglect in detection; or is deceived and joins the negro in affirming "no stand was there before,"—"it died out," &c.

It requires too, a close eye and a steady hand to cut one stalk, and leave another within an inch or two of it; which hardly one hand in ten has the care or ability to do as it should be done, and then a lie follows as an excuse. Again: Where a bunch of grass is around the cotton, the back must

be bent, and perhaps the digitalis are to be pushed into the ground—all of which is "troublesome," when a dash of the hoe or an agricultural (not a rhetorical) flourish would sweep the whole, without any movement of the muscles.

The overseer does not like to stand from sunrise to sunset, watching every hand and every implement around him. Possibly he wanders off for recreation, and what is the result? The cotton is cut down—one stalk left, where five or six should be—the employer complains—and the agent or overseer in turn excuses himself as well as he can—"he tells you it died, or that one stalk in two or three feet distance "produces as much;" so that your six bales to the hand, in expectancy, dwindles down in the end to three or four. When too late, it will have been found that it had been better to have given such a man four or five hundred dollars to have left your place, to engage another who might have guarded against these tricks so generally practised in the effort to procure a good stand—provided there are even twenty hands under his supervision.

With a good stand and fair seasons, if the land is moderately productive, the yield should be 800 lbs. of seed-cotton per acre; and of nine acres, of course the produce would then be sixty-four thousand pounds in the seed, or six bales.

In this section of the country we plant entirely in the drill; and in my opinion the texture of the soil, together with the climate, renders it the more safe and correct way of planting; but not having thoroughly tested the mode of planting "in chops," I may not be therefore prepared to decide with accuracy upon this point.

It will depend pretty much on "remarks on former articles" whether I shall again trouble you and your readers, or not.

FAIRFIELD.

From the Franklin Farmer. Diseases of Horses.

It is not often that cures for diseases of domestic animals receive the attention of readers. The following is from one of the most experienced and one of the very best men in this or any other State, and we recommend it to attention.

We have experienced and repeatedly witnessed the infallible effect of white lead ground in linseed oil, as a remedy for burns and scalds.

Lexington, Ky., 1839.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

Sir.—I was led to send you the following paragraphs for insertion in your paper, by reading a few days ago, some passages of a book on farriery. I reflected on the facility with which a number of people might be induced into error by a belief that whatever is printed must be right, and having formerly made a particular study of the diseases of horses, and even followed that branch of business with some success, I thought you would insert a few hints on the subject in some of your useful numbers; they may perhaps help to save the life of some valuable animal with little trouble to its owner.

The Bots.—Among the worms that lodge in the intestines of all animals the bots are found, particularly in the stomach of the horse, and are produced by a kind of nit, the egg of a fly; it may be observed in abundance upon the legs and shoulders of a horse, and is easily seen by its yellow color, and might easily be carried off in time. It is at all times a bad practice to curry a horse in the stable; worse in time of those nits, mixing with the food in cleaning the curry combs on the trough, instead of which either from irritation of the skin, or from instinct, the horse bites or licks his hairs, and swallows the greatest part of those nits which soon hatch in his stomach, grow into bots, and fastening upon the inner coat often perforate the stomach through. The bots once formed in larger or smaller quantities, subject the animal to pains, the symptoms of which differ very little from those of the cholera. He looks at his side, lies down, rolls in agony from side to side, and soon dies in most cases, if a prompt remedy is not applied. The most efficacious that I have found is very simple, and easily found every where. Take two ounces of soot, as clean as you can get it, that is free from gravel, lime or plaster, if you sweep it out of the chimney, mix it well in a quart of new milk, if possible, but at least milk warm, and drench the horse with it through a horn: this drench will immediately relieve him (if it is the bots), and he must be fed as soon as possible: the bots are detached from the stomach on which they were preying, and mixing with the food will pass with it, and twenty-four hours after will be found in the voidings of the horse, either ground by the natural process of digestion or entire, and even although its effects are not so immediate, having a length of intestines to traverse. A horse is more liable to suffer from the bots when he is hungry, for in that case, they fasten on the coat of the empty stomach for want of any other food. If, however, the horse has been over-fed or surfeited with clover, green or dry, ill cured hay, &c., the structure of the stomach is not made to throw up like man; he only does it when his stomach bursts, and dies instantly; sometimes the main artery bursts, and the consequence is the same. I opened a horse in such a case.

The Surfeit is likewise manifested by cholics, the cause of which is generally easily known; in that case the introduction of any

thing more in the stomach is a pernicious practice, and as a horse cannot vomit, emetics would be very useless, to say the least of it. Injections of flaxseed boiled in water, and strained, or mullen water are efficacious. A glisten pipe for a horse may be made of strong tin, and must hold a gallon; the pipe should be long and crooked, for evident reasons.

The Strangury is another very dangerous and painful disease of horses. The symptoms of this disease are the stretching of his body, and the violent efforts of the horse to accomplish the purposes of nature. Injections must be resorted to in order to distend the neck of the bladder and reduce the inflammation; diluting drinks, such as bran and water must be given, and his food be very light for some days until he is cured; bran, rye, meal, chops being the most proper articles of food.

I will mention only two more diseases, easy to cure in the beginning, but very obstinate if they are suffered to go on untreated; such are the Poll Evil and the Fistula; both originate often in brutal blows on the head, and saddles or collars hurting the shoulders. Sometimes the Poll-Evil proceeds from too low a stable door. The parts thus affected must often be rubbed with salt and water only, as soon as the swelling is discovered, until it is perfectly reduced, which will happen in a short time, if the horse is not used. As to accidental breaks and breakings of the skin, they must be washed with soap suds of the juice of Jamestown weeds, (*datura stramonium*); care being taken that nothing rubs the affected part, in which case it would be longer to cure.

I am, sir, with esteem, yours,
W. MENDELLE, Sen.

N. B.—Before giving any thing to horses suspected to be diseased by bots or cholics, the probable cause of the sickness should be diligently sought from those who had the feeding and care of them
W. M.

From the American Farmer. The Chinch Bug.

The ravages of the chinch bug, described by our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Jeffreys, is one of the most awful calamities with which Providence has visited the agricultural community—sufficiently severe one would think to chastise a nation even of idlers and drunkards, and worthy to engage legislative attention, if it be possible by rewards or otherwise to discover some means of extirpating this most odious and destructive enemy of the husbandman.

Red House, Ala. July 2d 1839.—The crops in this part of the state are very promising. I have never seen a more promising crop of Tobacco and Corn. I think there will be an average crop of wheat made here. Some parts of the counties of Orange and Person have suffered greatly by the ravages of the chinch bug. I have been informed by persons of undoubted veracity, that there are some farms in Orange and Person that will not make as much wheat as was produced. Entire fields of wheat are ruined beyond recovery. The history of the chinch bug is somewhat remarkable, differing from all others of the insect tribe. This insect made its appearance in this section of the state two or three years since; and the increase is truly wonderful—they made their appearance in the county of Orange about 35 years ago, and I have been informed that the farmers had to abandon the seeding of wheat until they disappeared. The march and ravages of this insect is truly alarming; if their increase should be as great in the next twelve months to come as it has been for the last, it will be folly to seed wheat again this fall. The failure last year in the crop of corn in this part of the state is attributed to the ravage of this insect, combined with the dry spell, which lasted near two months. If a drought should now take place, the chinch bug would nearly ruin our corn, as their ravages are more effectual and they are more destructive in their operations in dry than in wet weather. Their movements are confined to the heat of the day—they commence their operations about nine in the morning, and cease about four in the afternoon. The increase of their number is truly astonishing to those who have never taken the trouble to examine into the history of this insect—there is a gentleman in this county who caught six of them, which he confined in a vial, and in twenty-four hours they had increased to seventy. There have been repeated experiments made to test their increase, and all resulted in the same proportion.

There have also been frequent attempts made by some of our most intelligent farmers to find out some remedy to stop the ravages and destruction of this truly formidable enemy, but all their experiments have proved abortive. They first make their attack at the vital part of the stalk, and number from one to one thousand on each stalk of corn, adhering to it until they destroy the milk. When they make their attack upon a field of corn they go ahead and destroy the entire field—nothing will arrest their course; not even a storm will impede their movements. The farmers of this section of the state have used every remedy which their ingenuity could devise or invent to destroy this pest; some have used train oil, hog's lard, burning and tarring the corn but to no purpose, for it appears that nothing will arrest them or destroy them. I have been informed that Thomas Jefferson predicted that if ever there was a famine in this country it would be caused by the chinch bug. I have examined the records of the Agricultural Societies of New York and Pennsylvania for

the last twenty or thirty years, but I see no account of such insect as the chinch bug. You will confer lasting favor and a great benefit to this community to solicit information relative to this truly formidable enemy of man. Yours, very respectfully,
JAS. W. JEFFREYS.

Always Behind Hand. There is a portion of mankind who are always naturally or habitually behind hand. This trait of their character is easily discovered in every thing that relates to their conduct and pursuits in life. Such a man goes too late to bed, and as a necessary consequence gets up too late in the morning. Being out of bed too late he is too late to breakfast, and this deranges his household all the forenoon; having been behind hand at breakfast, he is of course behind hand at dinner, and lastly at supper. If he makes an appointment, he never gets to the place in season; and if he is to meet a board of directors, or committee, or any other public body whatever, is always twenty minutes or half an hour too late, and upon being reminded that he has obliged his associates to wait, and thereby to waste their time, he charges the delay to his watch, which like its owner, is always invariably at least a quarter of an hour too slow.

If he has made arrangements to leave town in a stage, he commonly forces the carriage to wait some time, or what is not very uncommon, is left behind. If he intends to make his departure in the steamboat, you will meet him two streets off as the last bell tolls, and after running down to the wharf till he is out of breath, he finds the boat hauled off, and if he gets aboard at all, it is by the long boat and often at the hazard of his life. If he is an attendant upon public worship, he never reaches the church until after the services commence, and greatly disturbs the congregation by entering in the midst of their devotional exercises.

In short, such men labor, and toil, and dredge on through life, just as uniform and regular in their concerns half an hour too late as punctual people are in season. If such persons could, by some exertion redeem that half hour, and set their watches right, they might go on with the same ease they do now, and always be in season.

From the Practical Farmer. Soils. Every farmer should have some general knowledge of soils, and be acquainted with the nature of plants so as to adapt those he cultivates to the soil of his farm. This is an important branch of agricultural knowledge; every plant will flourish best in that soil congenial with its nature; and if farmers were acquainted with the art of adapting plants to soils, much manure might be saved; some soils require little or no manure to grow certain kinds of plants; whereas, to grow other kinds of plants upon the same soil requires much manure. The best in

the nature of soils are the plants that grow upon it; true, the chemist has it in his power to determine the nature of soils without this natural index, yet every farmer, who knows the timber, underbrush and plants a soil spontaneously produces, decides at once upon its value for cultivation.

The principal soils are silica, sand or earth of flints; lime, or calcareous earth; alumina, or clay; magnesia, a mineral substance, with these are blended vegetable and animal matters in a decomposing or decomposed state, and saline, acid or alkaline combination.

The nature of silica, or sand is dry and hot—alumina, or clay, cold and wet—a proper mixture of the two improves both—all experience shows that manuring sandy lands with clay, or clay lands with sand, is best for grain or pulse. But it is not the best natural soil that the farmer ought to consider, but the depth of it, and what lies immediately under it. The farmer should never lose sight of these facts. For if the richest soil lies only from four to six inches deep, and lies on a cold, wet clay or stone, it will not be as fruitful as a poorer soil, that is deeper or lies upon a better understratum. It is now generally agreed that gravel, if not too compact, is the best substratum to make land prolific.

We shall now attempt a plain description of the different kinds of soils by noticing their qualities. We shall begin with the best kind of loams and natural earths, these are either of a bright brown or hazel color; hence sometimes called "hazel loams." They eat smooth and tolerable easy without adhering much either to the spade or the ploughshare; are light, friable (crumbling) and fall into small clods without cracking in dry weather, or turning into tough mortar when very wet.

The next best are dark gray, or sometimes called "russet mould." But the worst of all natural soils are the light dark colored. These clays may all be known by the sight. There is, however, another, and perhaps as equally sure a test of good clays as that by sight—smelling and feeling. The best kinds clay emit a pleasant scent on being dug or ploughed up especially after rain; and being a just proportion of sand and clay intimately blended or mixed, will not stick much to the fingers on handling. We would, however remark that the best soils in the world, may be impoverished and completely worn out, by an injudicious succession of crops, and especially if the ploughings are not frequently repeated before the seed is sown.

As said before, plants are a good index to soils, for we find, if we examine tracts of land not cultivated, "these we may also

find no time has adapted different kinds of plants to most of the distinguishable varieties of soils; and though some belonging to one may from some cause or other, be found on lands of a different quality, they seldom thrive or perfect their seed so as to become general. The great care of the farmer ought, therefore, to be, by proper mixtures, to reduce his land to that state and temperament, in which the extremes of hot and cold, wet and dry, are best concited by each other; to give them every possible advantage flowing from the benign influences of sun and air; and to adopt such kinds of plants as they afford in this state, the greatest nourishment to; and to renew their fertility by a judicious allowance of the most proper manures. Where these things are done, there are few spots so unfriendly to cultivation as not to repay his expenses and labor with a plentiful increase. But without these, the best tracts of land will in time become a barren waste or produce little but weeds."

We shall resume this subject in subsequent numbers.

From the Maine Farmer. Making Manure.

Mr. Holmes.—The manure heap is said to be the farmer's mine. It is truly the source of all his treasures. Were it not for the wonderful economy of nature in converting into vegetables and plants the off-filth and decayed matter, which is constantly accumulating around us, the ground would be tardy, in yielding a supply of its production for either man or beast.—The air would be filled with pestilential vapor which heaps of filth thus collected would send forth, and disease and death would be the consequence. But in the all-wise operations of nature it is differently ordered, and those offensive substances are made not only useful but absolutely necessary for the use of man. But what I was going to say is that farmers are not sufficiently cautious to improve all the opportunities within their means to profit by this advantage bestowed upon them by dame nature. There are many farmers, yes, a great portion of the farmers in our state about whose premises may be found the materials for large quantities of the very best manure untouched and apparently unnoticed. There are many farmers within my knowledge who manage their pecuniary affairs to the exactness of half a cent—who would shrink from the idea of seeing a crumb of bread or an ounce of meat wasted in the house—who glean the field with care that not a straw of grain or lock of hay be wasted, who are criminally slovenly and negligent in collecting the materials for making manures which are every day being thrown from the house and other ways accumulating around them. Thus leaving them upon the top of the ground not only to be wasted but to generate unwholesome gasses which are the seed of nearly all the diseases with which a temperate man is afflicted.

Farmer B. was once guilty in this respect, but now he is a fit pattern of economy in this respect. He is one of your closest fistled snug men that never lost a cent in his life, and supposed that he made every thing count, until one day a friend called at his house, and after walking round his premises asked him how long he had lived there.—"Ten years," said B.

"You have lost during that time two hundred dollars," said the other. Impossible said B., "I never lost a single dollar." "I should say, perhaps, that you might have made two hundred dollars more than you have made from this farm during that time." "How," inquired B. eagerly. By collecting yonder pile of old bones and the heap of old ashes and rubbish and saving all the soap suds and other slops that go from the house, and converting them into manure," was the reply. B. for the last five years has been cautious that not a particle of manure should be lost, and a short time since he told me that he had not the least doubt that the suggestion made by his friend had added fifty dollars a year to his crops.

Let others try the experiment, and no reasonable doubt can exist, but they will meet with similar success.
J. H.
China, Aug. 29, 1839.

Millet. We have often called the attention of our readers to the importance of growing this article for hay, and we would here again impress it upon them, and especially upon those of them residing in the South, where provender is so scarce. It delights in a warm sun and sandy or loamy soil, and will grow in almost any soil, naturally rich or artificially made so; may be put in as late as the middle of July, and will yield from 2 to 4 tons to the acre, according to the goodness of the land and nicety of its preparation. When we say that it may be put in as late as the middle of July, we do not recommend that the cultivator should delay sowing as long as that; but only mention it in order that, if circumstances should occur to prevent an earlier putting in of the seed, that he may rely on getting a crop as late as that. If we were asked our opinion as to the best time for seeding it, we should say, from the 1st of May till the 1st of June. The heaviest crop we have ever raised was sown on the 14th of May.*

*Last year we raised a pretty fair crop sown on the 28th July. This fact illustrates the advantages of its culture. Should the crop of grass be short, there will always be time enough after that fact may be ascertained to put in a crop of millet for hay, thus placing it always in the power of the farmer to secure a full supply of hay for his stock.

All ground intended for millet, should be thoroughly ploughed and harrowed: the seed to be harrowed in, and the ground then rolled.

If hay alone be the object of the cultivator, one bushel of seed to the acre is the proper quantity: if hay and seed be the object, half a bushel should be sown on that quantity of ground.

It makes a delightful hay, highly nutritious, and well relished by all sorts of stock.
Farmer and Gardner.

From the Farmer's Chronicle. Fences. It is a most erring policy that induces farmers under the name and notion of economy, to inclose their grounds with temporary and defective fences. It is in truth the very worst of economy, or rather the very reverse of economy. It would be well for those who feel inclined to neglect, or to be governed by the "do-for-the-present" doctrine, to open an account of debt and credit with their fences for a few years; and if that should not cure them, they might be given up as incurable.

Perhaps some of our readers might be edified by a sight of such an account at any rate; if it should not happen to suit their own experience, it may give them some idea of this sort of Book-keeping: and here it is.

"Cornfield FENCE, Dr.
To corn destroyed by horses, cattle and hogs at different times, supposed one hundred bushels, say \$25.
To time lost in stopping hog-holes, repairing fences and mending water gaps, say six days, in harvest, \$5.
To wounding one of the plough horses, in breaking over the fence, by which his services were lost for ten days when they were most wanted, say \$5.
To price of a hog of my neighbor Hodge, for which I had to pay, having dogged it in my cornfield, so that it died, \$3.
To time lost in attending a law suit about said hog, and costs of suit, \$5.
To a loss of a valuable dog which I supposed Hodge had killed, in revenge for the killing of his hog by said dog, but which I could not prove, \$5.
To perpetual loss of Hodge's friendship; which had been steadfast for twenty years, amount not known.
To the spoiling of my young horses, Smith's cattle and Hodge's hogs, so that I shall never be able to fence them out effectually hereafter; loss not known.
To keeping me in bad humor, fretted and crabbed nearly all summer—damage incalculable.

Total, exclusive of the three last items, \$48.00
Credit,
By five hundred rails, the number wanting to make the fence good; but which, as they must be finished next spring, are only saved for one year, so that the interest on their cost is the only saving; cost 10; interest at 10 per cent. is \$1.00.
By labor which would have been required to put the fence in good condition; say \$10 at most, but which having still to be done, is only entitled to a credit to the amount of interest as in the former case.

Total, Balance against bad fences, \$46.00
And the said debtor (bad fences) being utterly insolvent the whole amount is irreparably lost; except that, it has taught a lesson which may be useful hereafter.

STEVENS'S SLOVEN. What came to pass in the case of neighbor Sloven, has happened to many others, and will continue to happen, until proper attention shall be paid to what should be a farmer's first concern, good enclosures.—Nothing can be more unbearably provoking, than after having toiled all the season to raise a good crop, then to have the whole destroyed in a single night.

But besides the security and actual gain of good fences, nothing more than this contributes to the neatness and good appearance of a farm, and without this it is impossible to do away the repulsive and condemning aspect of slovenliness, which indicates any thing rather than good husbandry.

But if he is censurable who neglects the enclosures about his fields, meadows and pasture grounds, what shall we say of him whose very garden—a spot which should of all others be sacred and secure, is constantly "profaned by vandal swine," and suffered to be trodden down by the "beasts of the field."—If he attempt his defence by saying there is nothing in his garden worth protecting, we say this too is his fault, and no less a one than the other. It is like making drunkenness excuse theft.

By the way, the subject of neatness, taste and utility in family gardens, deserves a fuller notice, and shall ere long have a full chapter. In the mean time let us improve the leisure of this winter in preparing to make all our enclosures substantial and secure before the vernal planting comes about.

How to Improve a Poor Farm. Richard A. Leonard, of Middletown, N. J. has furnished us an account of improving a worn-out farm, and of the sale of its products the last year; and we regret that from the great accumulation of matter on hand, we cannot give his letter in detail.—We are obliged to content ourselves with a brief abstract of material facts.

Leonard came into possession of 90 acres of cultivated but exhausted land, in May, 1833. In that year the sale of its products amounted to \$350.88; in 1834, the sales amounted to \$718.05; in 1835, to \$1,255.04; and in 1836, not including

his stock.

From the Maine Farmer. Making Manure.

Mr. Holmes.—The manure heap is said to be the farmer's mine. It is truly the source of all his treasures. Were it not for the wonderful economy of nature in converting into vegetables and plants the off-filth and decayed matter, which is constantly accumulating around us, the ground would be tardy, in yielding a supply of its production for either man or beast.—The air would be filled with pestilential vapor which heaps of filth thus collected would send forth, and disease and death would be the consequence. But in the all-wise operations of nature it is differently ordered, and those offensive substances are made not only useful but absolutely necessary for the use of man. But what I was going to say is that farmers are not sufficiently cautious to improve all the opportunities within their means to profit by this advantage bestowed upon them by dame nature. There are many farmers, yes, a great portion of the farmers in our state about whose premises may be found the materials for large quantities of the very best manure untouched and apparently unnoticed. There are many farmers within my knowledge who manage their pecuniary affairs to the exactness of half a cent—who would shrink from the idea of seeing a crumb of bread or an ounce of meat wasted in the house—who glean the field with care that not a straw of grain or lock of hay be wasted, who are criminally slovenly and negligent in collecting the materials for making manures which are every day being thrown from the house and other ways accumulating around them. Thus leaving them upon the top of the ground not only to be wasted but to generate unwholesome gasses which are the seed of nearly all the diseases with which a temperate man is afflicted.

Farmer B. was once guilty in this respect, but now he is a fit pattern of economy in this respect. He is one of your closest fistled snug men that never lost a cent in his life, and supposed that he made every thing count, until one day a friend called at his house, and after walking round his premises asked him how long he had lived there.—"Ten years," said B.

"You have lost during that time two hundred dollars," said the other. Impossible said B., "I never lost a single dollar." "I should say, perhaps, that you might have made two hundred dollars more than you have made from this farm during that time." "How," inquired B. eagerly. By collecting yonder pile of old bones and the heap of old ashes and rubbish and saving all the soap suds and other slops that go from the house, and converting them into manure," was the reply. B. for the last five years has been cautious that not a particle of manure should be lost, and a short time since he told me that he had not the least doubt that the suggestion made by his friend had added fifty dollars a year to his crops.

Let others try the experiment, and no reasonable doubt can exist, but they will meet with similar success.
J. H.
China, Aug. 29, 1839.

Millet. We have often called the attention of our readers to the importance of growing this article for hay, and we would here again impress it upon them, and especially upon those of them residing in the South, where provender is so scarce. It delights in a warm sun and sandy or loamy soil, and will grow in almost any soil, naturally rich or artificially made so; may be put in as late as the middle of July, and will yield from 2 to 4 tons to the acre, according to the goodness of the land and nicety of its preparation. When we say that it may be put in as late as the middle of July, we do not recommend that the cultivator should delay sowing as long as that; but only mention it in order that, if circumstances should occur to prevent an earlier putting in of the seed, that he may rely on getting a crop as late as that. If we were asked our opinion as to the best time for seeding it, we should say, from the 1st of May till the 1st of June. The heaviest crop we have ever raised was sown on the 14th of May.*

*Last year we raised a pretty fair crop sown on the 28th July. This fact illustrates the advantages of its culture. Should the crop of grass be short, there will always be time enough after that fact may be ascertained to put in a crop of millet for hay, thus placing it always in the power of the farmer to secure a full supply of hay for his stock.

All ground intended for millet, should be thoroughly ploughed and harrowed: the seed to be harrowed in, and the ground then rolled.

If hay alone be the object of the cultivator, one bushel of seed to the acre is the proper quantity: if hay and seed be the object, half a bushel should be sown on that quantity of ground.

It makes a delightful hay, highly nutritious, and well relished by all sorts of stock.
Farmer and Gardner.

From the Farmer's Chronicle. Fences. It is a most erring policy that induces farmers under the name and notion of economy, to inclose their grounds with temporary and defective fences. It is in truth the very worst of economy, or rather the very reverse of economy. It would be well for those who feel inclined to neglect, or to be governed by the "do-for-the-present" doctrine, to open an account of debt and credit with their fences for a few years; and if that should not cure them, they might be given up as incurable.

Perhaps some of our readers might be edified by a sight of such an account at any rate; if it should not happen to suit their own experience, it may give them some idea of this sort of Book-keeping: and here it is.

"Cornfield FENCE, Dr.
To corn destroyed by horses, cattle and hogs at different times, supposed one hundred bushels, say \$25.
To time lost in stopping hog-holes, repairing fences and mending water gaps, say six days, in harvest, \$5.
To wounding one of the plough horses, in breaking over the fence, by which his services were lost for ten days when they were most wanted, say \$5.
To price of a hog of my neighbor Hodge, for which I had to pay, having dogged it in my cornfield, so that it died, \$3.
To time lost in attending a law suit about said hog, and costs of suit, \$5.
To a loss of a valuable dog which I supposed Hodge had killed, in revenge for the killing of his hog by said dog, but which I could not prove, \$5.
To perpetual loss of Hodge's friendship; which had been steadfast for twenty years, amount not known.
To the spoiling of my young horses, Smith's cattle and Hodge's hogs, so that I shall never be able to fence them out effectually hereafter; loss not known.
To keeping me in bad humor, fretted and crabbed nearly all summer—damage incalculable.

Total, exclusive of the three last items, \$48.00
Credit,
By five hundred rails, the number wanting to make the fence good; but which, as they must be finished next spring, are only saved for one year, so that the interest on their cost is the only saving; cost 10; interest at 10 per cent. is \$1.00.
By labor which would have been required to put the fence in good condition; say \$10 at most, but which having still to be done, is only entitled to a credit to the amount of interest as in the former case.

Total, Balance against bad fences, \$46.00
And the said debtor (bad fences) being utterly insolvent the whole amount is irreparably lost; except that, it has taught a lesson which may be useful hereafter.

STEVENS'S SLOVEN. What came to pass in the case of neighbor Sloven, has happened to many others, and will continue to happen, until proper attention shall be paid to what should be a farmer's first concern, good enclosures.—Nothing can be more unbearably provoking, than after having toiled all the season to raise a good crop, then to have the whole destroyed in a single night.

But besides the security and actual gain of good fences, nothing more than this contributes to the neatness and good appearance of a farm, and without this it is impossible to do away the repulsive and condemning aspect of slovenliness, which indicates any thing rather than good husbandry.