

## AGRICULTURAL.

**ALSIKE CLOVER.**—As I have had some experience in raising this valuable variety of clover, I thought perhaps a few statements of facts concerning it might be of benefit to the farmers of Maine; especially now, when all other grasses are in so poor condition and there is so much more ground to seed this spring than common. I have thirty acres seeded to Alsike, and have cut it for hay, saved it for seed, and pastured it for five years. I commenced with one-half acre the first year, sowed on a moist piece of land bordering on a cedar swale. I raised one hundred and twenty-five pounds of seed the first year; the second year I cut one and one-half tons of hay on the same ground and had one hundred and sixty-five pounds of seed. I have saved the seed four years in succession from this one-half acre, and last season the clover was as thick on the ground as it was at the first. For hay, all kinds of stock prefer it to any other. My neat stock, which are all thoroughbred Durhams, (and I don't starve them) have eaten a large part of the straw this winter, after the seed was threshed off, preferring it to good red clover and timothy hay well cured. The stalk remains green after the seed is ripe, and does not lose so much as other grasses, if it is not cut in season. It grows quicker, and comes to maturity earlier, consequently is not so much affected by the drouth. I have ten acres of pasture; one acre I consider worth as much as one and a half of any other pasture ground I ever had. My stock last season would leave good feed in the other part of my pasture and graze on the Alsike as long as they could get a bite. It grows nearly as long as our Aroostook or Pea vine clover, but much finer; having more branches on the stalk, more leaves and heads, and the leaves and heads do not break off and lose in curing as much as red clover. The roots run very deep in the ground, which prevents the frost throwing them out and winter killing. The difference in expense of seeding with Alsike is but a trifle; as one pound will seed as much as two and a half of red clover, the seed being much finer. It wants to be sown after the grain is harrowed in, and then the ground rolled or bushed, as the seed will not germinate if they are put in too deep. I once used twelve and a half pounds of clover, and four quarts of timothy to the acre. I now sow five pounds of Alsike and four quarts of timothy and get a thicker set of grass. There will be large quantities of seed sown this spring in this vicinity, by farmers who have seen my success in raising it. There is no humbug about it, and farmers need not be afraid of it. It is a success as far as I can learn, wherever it has been cultivated both North and South.—*Cor. Me. Farmer.*

**HEDGES.**—The editor of the *Gardeners' Monthly* says that the honey locust is an admirable hedge plant for cold climates, and is far better than any other plant where the soil is poor and thin. There is one great advantage which it possesses over other plants. The osage orange, for instance, has thorns on its young growth, and that is the end of them; but thorns come out of the old wood of the locust, and continue to come out year after year, branching and growing simply as thorns, and nothing will dare go through a hedge of this plant, even although there should be a tolerably large gap invitingly open.

**CARE OF HORSES.**—The *London Horse-Book* says: All horses must not be fed in the same proportion, without regard to their ages, their constitutions, and work; because the impropriety of such a practice is self evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn (grain) is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

Mix chaff with corn (grain) or (horse) beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

When a horse is worked hard its food should chiefly be oats; if not worked hard its food should chiefly be hay; because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material

than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger, because the food is not then thrown out, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with the saliva, and turned into wholesome nutriment.

**HELP THE BEST PLANTS.**—Every meadow, every pasture is a battlefield where plants of different kinds are fighting for their chances. Supply your true friends with what they want freely and they will overpower their opponents without further assistance. The washing down by rain from hilly, stony pastures of soluble mineral substances takes subsistence from the plants we desire to encourage. Spread rich soil, guano, wood ashes upon a peaty, swampy turf, where you never before saw white clover or useful grasses, and suddenly they will make their appearance without even being sown. They have been there before, waiting only for a better chance, but you could not see them, for they were overrun by coarser plants, and powerless from starvation.

## Sensible Talk.

There is an obvious purpose on the part of several journals to excite a popular hullabaloo over the supplemental article to the Treaty of Washington, and to create the impression that in some way the national honor will be lost by pursuing such a course as will secure the settlement of all our difficulties with Great Britain. We are glad to see that the ablest opposition journal, in New England the *Boston Post*, does not join in this effort to degrade a great international question by making it a partisan issue. It says:

"The honor of his country is the first thought in the mind of every American citizen. Whatever is lost, let that be sacredly preserved. Next to that comes the substantial considerations of commerce and trade, of a money market unshaken by scheming rumors, and of international relations growing continually firmer and closer. The indirect claims are nothing more than a sentiment at best; and it need not take long to decide whether it is wise, statesmanlike, practical, and humane to adhere to these at the cost of the treaty. We have before this characterized the danger as that of losing the substance by grasping for the shadow. The Senate cannot well hesitate over a question fraught with such grave consequences. It would be worse than folly to stand out longer, with this opportunity to escape from the results of ill negotiation. They are the direct claims in the balance, which it is the prime object of the treaty to fix and collect. American citizens, sufferers by depredations on the ocean, stand waiting for their actual damages, while others, for which no money is demanded, are allowed to supersede them. Commerce listens intently for the answer to this proposal from England, to learn if she is to lay aside her enterprises and furl her sails. The country will never excuse the act that shall further jeopardize these protracted negotiations, if it does not certainly bring them now to an end. In respect to consequential damages, by this supplementary article to the treaty, we shall be where we are now and where we were before—entirely free from paying, as we shall also be without authority for exacting them. It will be quite enough if all actual damages are finally settled and the principle of arbitration is accepted as the new rule for adjusting international differences."

This is the language of good sense and patriotism alike. The talk against the supplemental article which is based on the interest taken in its success by our heaviest financiers is transparent nonsense. Our great bankers and merchants are solicitous for the salvation of the treaty because they know so well what vast and beneficent results will follow its consummation. They have the largest interests at stake, but their interests cannot be helped or injured without the whole country sharing in their good or bad fortune.—*New York Mail.*

## Greeley as a Young Printer.

Editor Reporter: Most people suppose that Mr. Greeley as a young printer was about as modest, mild, money-saving, Benjamin Franklin kind of a man as one would wish to meet. Not so—he was running over with a vitality which nothing could control, and it seemed at times as though he could be rough and noisy enough to let fly his stick at the head of any of his companions who had the temerity to differ with him, especially if arguing a moral or political question. As a young man I had the somewhat equivocal pleasure of working with him. He was then in the employ of James D. Armstrong, who is now living in New York. Mr. Armstrong published at this time a paper called the *Spirit of the Times*. He found young Greeley hard to get along with. Mr. Armstrong was Greeley's first employer in the city, and the embryo philosopher had not yet been disciplined in city rules. He would work for some time quite steadily, and then run off at a tangent about something. Though but nineteen he was for ever talking about politics and social questions, in the discussion of which he would get greatly excited and not only lose his own time, but occupy the attention of the other workmen. This made matters so unpleasant for the publisher that Mr. Greeley was at last discharged. At this time he received a salary of six dollars per week. His personal appearance at this time was very peculiar. His hair was white and straight, his pantaloons did not seem to come much below his knee, and he looked rough and uncouth. On leaving here he went into partnership with a stranger, and they managed at last to make a weekly which met with some success.

I would add for the information of those who delight in calling Mr. Greeley the "second Franklin," instead of the "first Greeley" (as he should be called), that he has no particular claim to being a printer, as he was a very poor workman in the business, preferring to make a "time" in the composing room over a hot discussion of his pet theories, to becoming proficient in the art of printing.

Mr. Armstrong, his first employer, may be seen in New York to-day, as hearty and energetic as ever. He has had a publishing experience of nearly half a century. In 1832, as manager of that paper, he started the *New York Express*, and had it in running order in ten days after starting. He was afterwards foreman of the *Evening Post*. In every position he has had, he has commanded high salaries, and his services have been greatly appreciated.

## AN OLD PRINTER.

—*Newspaper Reporter.*

## The Olden Time and New—Mothers and Daughters.

The female world is all in agitation. Like the uneasy ocean, its bosoms heave with constant commotion; but like the ocean, it is only the surface that is disturbed, for down in its azure depths all is serene and calm and cool. The surface of female society is as restless and fickle as the waves of the sea; the light and fast ones, like the lesser fishes, come to the top and sport themselves among the wild waves and breakers, enjoying their dangerous frolics, while the staid and sober ones keep far away down below the rolling billows, safe from the storms that endanger and the winds that disturb. The good old times of long ago—the plain old fashions of the earlier days—the quiet home life of our mothers are too frequently ignored and forgotten. Woman's sphere and woman's vocation are now the subjects of common jest. Our mothers, with their old-fashioned ways, are laughed at by the high-colored, noisy, fast and fleshy Dolly Vardens of the present day. The maidens of the olden time could milk and spin and knit—could weave and work. The miss of to-day can play and dance and flirt—can dress and paint. Our mothers were content to go to housekeeping with linen of their own looms and dresses of their own handiwork. Now a bridal trousseau is something wonderful in its silks and laces, its ornaments and jewels. The half dozen silver spoons, the one silk frock and the China tea set would be laughed to scorn by the joyous modern bride. The cottage home and housekeeping, the single maid-of-all-work—half servant, half friend—give way to the mansion with its gorgeous upholstery and its retinue of servants, or the equally showy and thrice uncomfortable rooms

of a fashionable hotel. Our mothers could, long after the first baby, blush at remarks which to-day call no color to the peach blossom on the cheeks of a modern belle. Our girls must begin far beyond the point where their mothers left off. The innocent amusements of the early times are lost and forgotten. We preserve only traditions of the apple-paring frolics in the meadow, nutting in the forests, sugar-making and Maying, and in their place we accept the throng and crush and scramble of a fashionable jam. For the Virginia reel, we have the Lancers and the German; for the primitive fiddle, the full orchestra with its crashing sound; instead of the "things passed around," the burdened supper table, gorgeous with glitter of glass and silver, pastry of chalk and starch, and nothing to eat. What was a "spat" between our parents is now a quarrel; a "pout" an angry row; a little unpleasantness, that was followed by prompt reconciliation, sweetening the kisses of forgiveness that drove the clouds from the matrimonial horizon, now ends in separation, divorce, homes made desolate and children dishonored. Our strong-minded mothers, after they had passed the age of fun and frolic, founded Dorcas societies, worked for the poor, aided their neighbors at a daughter's wedding, gave their consolation and assistance when sickness brought its sorrow and death its terror to a neighbor's home. Now a marriage is not celebrated in the good old family mansion, but at the fashionable church, and over the last remains of the loved dead the paid undertaker does his solemn work. Our strong minded women call conventions, demand concessions from the tyrant man, political privileges and equal rights, make speeches in the synagogues, would be colonels of regiments, and would find congenial employment in the filthy pool of politics, in the fight for plunder on Wall street in stock speculations. This is, however, but the surface of the agitated social sea; it has lower, purer depths. All women are neither fast, brazen nor bad. Still away in the quiet nooks of social life are the pure and good; content to be pure and good and to do the work and bear the duties of the wife and mother; content to love and be loved in the quiet home circle—to double the joys and share the sorrows, cares and troubles of the husband's life. It is well that Montgomery street is not the mirror of the domestic life of San Francisco.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

**PROFESSOR FAWCETT AND HIS WIFE.**—Professor Fawcett, the Liberal member of Parliament, is blind. When a pretty well-grown boy, but before entering the university, an accident destroyed one eye, and the spreading inflammation soon took the other. As soon as his health was restored he continued his studies with an attendant, who acted as guide, amanuensis and reader. High honors and finally a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and subsequently the publication of a work on political economy, secured him a professorship in this college. Other publications on "Pauperism," "Land Tenure," and the various questions that English Radicals are airing, won him great favor among the working classes, and in 1865 he entered Parliament as the representative for Brighton, a constituency composed chiefly of trades people.

Professor Fawcett follows in the line of Mill, but as he is far less subtle, he has the good fortune to be much more popular in the ordinary mind. He is honest and has a steady nerve. He is now thirty-eight, just in the prime of his powers, with a markedly strong physique, as opposed to fineness of fibers and nervous receptivity. On the evening of the day that the telegram announced the death of President Lincoln, Professor Fawcett was in a social gathering of Liberals, and heard from a girl of eighteen the exclamation, "It would have been less loss to the world if every crowned head in Europe had fallen." He asked to be introduced to this spirited girl, who has been Mrs. Fawcett for the last five years. Mrs. Fawcett is now twenty-five, and is, with the exception of her sister, Mrs. Anderson, perhaps the most popular woman in England. She is the best speaker of any of the women who have come into public life.—*Ex.*

The Italian journals are crying out against the increasing emigration from that country to America.