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## Poetry.

## COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,  
Born in the wild wood,  
Sweetly illustrating  
Innocent childhood;

Shy as the antelope—  
Brown as a berry—  
Free as the mountain air,  
Romping and merry.

Blue hair and hazel eyes  
Peep from the hedges,  
Shaded by sunbonnets,  
Frayed at the edges!

Up in the apple trees,  
Heedless of danger,  
Manhood in embryo  
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,  
Seeking the berries—  
Under the orchard trees,  
Feasting on cherries;

Trampling the blossoms,  
Down 'mong the grasses,  
No voice to hinder them,  
Dear lads and lasses.

No grim propriety—  
No interdiction;  
Free as the birdlings  
From the city restriction!

Catching the purest blood,  
Strength'ning each muscle,  
Domestic health armor  
'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!  
Born in the wild wood;  
Oh, that all little ones  
Had such a childhood!

God's blue spread over them,  
God's garden beneath them;  
No sweeter heritage  
Could we bequeath them!

Miscellany.

## A PECK FROM THE EAGLE.

(By Gail Hamilton.)

It is not necessary to believe that we are the people, and that wisdom will die with us. Neither is it necessary to assume that the monarchies of Europe are actually effete, and that her institutions have bred only decay in all the departments of human life. America and Europe, let us sagely admit, have each its own peculiarities, which are in their way admirable. Doubtless, too, Asia and Africa are not wholly wrong and irrational in many customs which we should be slow to adopt. But while it is unreasonable and childish to decry manners simply because they are foreign, it is certainly not reasonable and manly to adopt them for the same reason. As between the two it seems rather more respectable to grumble against everything un-English, as the English are said to do, than it is to be ready to drop your own ways and run after those of other countries, on the assumption that they are more refined and desirable, and that to do as the Europeans do, and not after the manner of Americans, is to be cosmopolitan and cultured.

For instance, in Europe, social life is more circumscribed in certain respects than in America. On the Continent, children and young girls, and even young ladies are not accustomed to go into the streets without a nurse or other attendant. In England there is less restriction; yet even there the Maggie Greys are brought to account for having driven alone with the Mr. Traffords to the Bain de Boulogne, and only wonder what would be said if it were known that they received calls from these gentlemen when the Mrs. Berrys are out. No one disputes the propriety of these customs in the countries where they originate. It is doubtless not within reason that girls are protected abroad. The reason unapparently is that men are so bad that such protection is needed against them. It is matter of evidence that American girls thoughtlessly and innocently following, in Paris, American customs, are misunderstood and insulted. That is a reason why they should do in Rome as the Romans do, but not why they should bring Roman ways to Boston. It is the glory of America that her men hold her women in honor. As a fact of the most commonplace character, young girls can walk down Beacon Street and Broadway and Pennsylvania Avenue from

morning till night, not only without insult, but without attracting any special attention. Little girls can play in the parks without nurse or without danger, except such danger as comes anywhere from crowded streets or reckless drivers; that is, if I may say so, without moral danger. Why, then, should we assume a weakness and wickedness which we do not possess? Since our ways of life has given us a society in which young ladies do drive with young gentlemen, and do receive calls from young gentlemen, without in the least degree detracting from either their dignity or their delicacy, why should we not continue to build ourselves with strength in that direction rather than put up barriers of weakness after the Continental fashion? I think the best men and the best women of this country are not only as strong, but as fine and noble, as the best Europeans. I think the rank and file compare very favorably with the rank and file of any country. It is therefore extremely painful to see our people of culture and travel doing anything that looks toward distrustful or deteriorating the inward self-respect and self-control, and quiet, unspoken, but universal faith in those qualities, which is, perhaps, the distinguishing feature of our society, and substituting for it outward guards. I like to see little children playing by themselves whenever it is safe, and not simply where it is fashionable, to play by themselves. When I see a tall boy led around by a nurse I do not feel, "Here is a young gentleman carefully educated," but "Here is a carefully-coddled." The native American young gentleman is doubtless at this moment shinning up an apple-tree, or sliding and stalling down the rough stone balustrade of the front door-step to the great detriment of the knee-breeches which he has not yet outgrown; but he is not more likely to grow up into a *petit maitre* than the much-burnished young gentleman, and the chances are also that he will have some occupation beyond boxing, billiards, and riding to hounds. When a young girl is guarded against dangers which do not exist the chances are not that she will be more delicate and exquisite thereby, but that she will be more affected and unreal. If we adopt foreign customs in preference to our own, let us do it because they are convenient, effective, or otherwise desirable, not because they are foreign.

When Ralph the Heir is putting force upon himself to marry Polly Needit, his breeches-maker's daughter, he wonders within himself whether, after they are married, he shall ever be able to make her call her father "papa." Now in England the true Shibboleth of high breeding may be whether you give your mother her proper natural history classification as a mammalian, or whether you call her by the ancient name of mother; but in this country it is not so. In many families and some communities of good birth and breeding, *papa* and *mamma* are common terms. Others of equal claims to refinement know only fathers and mothers. I confess to a liking for the more universal, and perhaps homely, but certainly poetical Saxon. It is nervous and strong. *Papa* and *mamma* suit well the infant lips that frame to pronounce them so quickly, and from which they come as fresh and sweet as babbling brooks, but they always seem like bubble. Grown men and women referring to their *papas* and *mmas* remind one of bibs and ankle-tie shoes. Yet doubtless this is mere matter of habit, and people who have grown up with their *papas* and *mmas*, find them as dignified as any father and mother. But what is puerile and ridiculous, is for the "paw" and "maw" of a merry sensible Southern or Middle State family or the father and mother of a sober down East household, to find them-

selves, in a year or so of cosmopolitan society or Continental travel, suddenly transmuted into a *papa* and *mamma*. And when this papified and mammalized family returns to its native community—a community in which ever individual approaching adult age does very nearly everything which is right in his own eyes, and attain an average rectitude quite equal to that of the family which is cribbed, cabined, and confined by strict European laws—when the grown-up daughters of this family of American citizenship and foreign travel suddenly discovered the necessity of asking "mamma's permission" every time they wish to go down town to buy a yard of ribbon or a sheet of music, the situation is not without humor in the eyes of the quaint untraveled Yankee.

We have much to learn from English scholars, and there are points of style in English writers which we shall do well to observe; but must we cease to swing free the to of our infinite mood at their bidding? "I will do as I like to," says the American, and the Englishman laughs at his inelegance. "I will do as I like to do" unnecessarily cumbersome, and "I will do as I like" answers every purpose. In this case we will give in to our English *Yankee*. But suppose he says to the American, "I can not do this and so." "You will have to," replies the Yankee, curtly. In this case to say "You will have" is less nervous and forceful than "You will have to." If the whole phrase is too inelegant for cultivated use, we shall still not be at a loss for cases in which the meaning is essentially modified by the presence or absence of "to," and in which the addition of the whole infinitive is clumsy and unnecessary. The to of these *Yankees* and *Yankees* the preceding verb. Since, therefore, this use of the word to makes the sentence equally accurate and more competent without the implied verb, I do not see what are the qualities which should should not be retained as a part of the flexibility and adaptability of the language.

When the English distinguish between rifling (on horseback) and driving (in a carriage) they make a convenient but not an imperative distinction. Ordinarily such a classification saves words, and if it be only recommended to us, and not enforced upon us, we will adopt it. But we will not change our "ears" into carriages at the command of any minion of despotism. A *car* is short, sharp, and decisive. A *carriage* is capable of any amount of misconstruction. Nor shall we lower our stars and stripes to the banner of St. George, even if we do choose to break our eggs into glasses of purest porcelain and crystal rather than follow the example of our British brother in scooping them from their native shell! *Vive la Republique!*

## MANAGEMENT OF MANURE.

At this season a farmer rarely looks over his stock of manure with satisfaction. It is one of those things of which he never has enough and the need for which grows the more, the more he supplies the need. As soon as one wheat crop is safely housed the preparations for the next are in order, and the first thought is of the manure. The time has gone by when a farmer can afford to neglect this first necessity. American farming pays now only in proportion to the labor and skill exercised in manuring the soil. There are a few exceptions yet remaining in some of the newer Western States, but foresighted farmer even there see clearly before them the early disappearance of the present order of things, and the gradual decrease of their crops. The farmer who depends upon his stables alone for the stock of manure fails greatly to secure all the advantages he possesses. There are many sources from which he may add to the stock thus derived. With the good farmer, his

stables furnish mostly the leaven with which he may leaven a much greater lump, the basis upon which he may construct a larger heap. The art of composting is but little understood. A week or two ago, in describing the action of nitrogen, we referred incidentally to the value of this art. At the present we desire to impress strongly upon our readers the propriety of putting the suggestions made in that article into immediate practice. The general condition of barnyards during the busy season of Summer is a grievous thing to behold. The manure made in the Winter that is past lies bleaching in the sun. The Spring rains have washed away most of its soluble and most valuable portion. It is yet as coarse and unrotted as when the snow melted from its surface. The few additions which have been made to it are dry and fresh as when put out. In this condition it is useless as plant food. Decomposition must take place before organic matter, or anything that has lived and grown, can become a part of another living and growing thing. If the manure had been, or is even now, gathered and piled into a compact heap, it will rapidly ferment and decompose. This fermentation and decomposition disorganizes the substances of which it is composed, and reduces to its original elements, in great part. Then its becomes fit food for plants. But the fermentation induced by moisture and heat in organic matter rapidly spreads through a mass from any central point. A large mass of soils, coarse weeds, rakings of harvest fields, potato tops, swamp muck, animal offal, or such matters, is brought into active fermentation by the mixture through it of a small portion of stable manure, bone dust, sweeping of poultry-houses, lime in a caustic state, or unbleached wood ashes. In a month such a mass, say of a hundred loads, may be brought into condition for use upon Fall wheat, and if only one-tenth of it consists of stable manure the other nine-tenths have acquired an almost equal value. Where stable manure is not to be had, or bone dust cannot be afforded, but where the other materials are at hand, a valuable fertilizer may be obtained from them alone. Swamp muck, mixed with one-twentieth its bulk of fresh lime, will be brought in four weeks of the present warm weather to a fine condition for use, and ten to twenty loads per acre of such a compost upon a field sown to wheat early in September will go far to replace an equal amount of fair stable manure. If there is an ample supply of stable manure, the admixture of lime is not advisable. It would set free the ammonia produced by the fermentation as soon as formed, and unless some absorbent were provided in large quantity it would escape into the air and be lost. The better plan would be to sow the lime after the manure had been spread and mixed with the soil. It should then be harrowed in with the seed, or left upon the surface to be dissolved by the rain and carried into the soil.

## Send in your Names.

Our subscription list is rapidly increasing. Instead of decreasing in the Grove it has increased since we left there. If our friends will each work a little we can get one or two hundred more names easily. Now is time to subscribe. Begin with the new paper. We charge \$2.50 where; nearly all the papers in Oregon charge \$3.00. Send in your names, girls or boys, women or men, all of you. We will trust you for a subscription any how. We will make liberal reduction in the price of subscription for clubs.

Bill Watkins Supt., is going, to put the prisoners of the Penitentiary in irons and lock them up in their cells for the next two years, because the Legislature did not appropriate enough money to keep the Institution running under its past mode of management.