

the shape of gypsum; we have phosphoric acid, found in bones; we have muriatic acid, which is found in common salt; and we have silica, or sand, which is essential to all the straw plants. I think that one of the great requirements of the present day is to procure silica in sufficient strength to aid the stalk, so that it may be enabled to bear a good ear of wheat: and I am trying some experiments with that view. These mineral matters are sometimes supplied in sufficient quantity by the soil; but in many cases they have to be supplied by the farmer. The organic substances are carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen. The oxygen and hydrogen are always supplied by water; the carbon is, I believe, primarily supplied by the air; the nitrogen, though supplied in many cases by the air, yet is often required to be supplied by the farmer. I believe that some plants have the power of taking all they want from the air; I believe that others cannot, from the nature of their constitution, derive from the air all that they can need. The various substances thus mentioned which plants require, and which ought to be used. Now in the preparation of farm-yard dung there are two or three points worthy to be observed. The first is that many of these substances are soluble. Now the common way of preparing farm-yard dung everybody is acquainted with: a large mass of straw and excrement is allowed to rot in the midst of a quantity of water, where, instead of a genial heat being produced, it is washed by the water, which, saturated with soluble matter, is allowed to run to an adjoining brook; as if the farmer intended to wash his manure to make it look clean. Nay more: I have in some cases, seen the matter running into an adjoining horse-pond from which the poor animals are obliged to drink. Now, it so happens that everywhere those substances are most easily lost, which are the most valuable. A quantity of dung thus exposed to the action of water will lose its potash, its soda, the greater part of its ammonia, its soluble salts of lime, in fact, only the insoluble and comparatively worthless parts, will be left behind. I have not the least hesitation in saying that parties who allow these things to waste, lose, if they have four or five hundred acres of land, from £300 to £400 per annum. I believe that by saving them they would have an increased crop, equal to much more than that amount per annum. There are many ways of making manure heaps. Perhaps the best way is to make layers of animal excrements with straw, on a mould bottom; to lay thereon a foot or so of manure, and strew a little gypsum over that, and sometimes a little mould; then another layer; and so on, covering the whole with six or eight inches of ditch stuff. How, in that case, not turning it too often, for that does a great deal of damage, it allows too great an action to take place, and you lose too much of the ammonia, if it be not too heavy to allow of a small amount of heat. I believe that in a little time you will find the lower part enough decomposed, with the loss of a very small amount of ammonia, or other organic matter. But it is necessary to have some means of retaining the urine which flows from the cattle. This will be best done by having tanks for it to run into, and the floors ought to be strewed with gypsum every morning to prevent any loss. Providence has so ordered it that nitrogenous matters do not come out in the form of ammonia which is of an arid nature, but in form of urea, which is quite mild in comparison, and which immediately it has been ejected from the body begins to turn into carbonate of ammonia. When the decomposed urea begins to turn into carbonate of ammonia, you have a substance produced which is exceedingly volatile; but by an admixture of gypsum, sulphate of ammonia, which is not volatile, is formed. It may be laid down as a rule that those gentlemen who do not take good care of their liquid manures do exceedingly wrong, and lose a great deal of money in the management of their farms. It has been computed by Liebig that a pound of good urine is perfectly equal to the production of a pound of good wheat, and I believe that experience bears out that calculation. Mr. Warnes, of Trimmingham, near Norwich, has for some years adopted the plan of box feeding his cattle; and having seen it in operation, I think the plan, for the purpose both of feeding the animals and making the manure, is an exceedingly good one. The boxes used by Mr. Warnes appear to answer the purpose extremely well, at a very cheap rate. There is a quantity of straw laid under the bullocks in the boxes; there is a regular gangway at the head of the bullocks; and the bullocks are fed with linseed, turnips, and other things, which are boiled in order to prepare them properly for their use. Care is always taken to put sufficient straw to absorb the liquid manure, and gypsum is also occasionally added. Before I went there I thought the bullock must under such circumstances become mired, but such is not the case in the least. Mr. Warnes, by the plan which he adopts, retains everything which is useful, and allows nothing to be washed away which can be beneficially applied on his farm. I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Warnes's method is the nearest approach to perfection in this matter that I have yet seen in practical operation. There is no loss of ammonia—the gypsum prevents that; and the consequence is that Mr. Warnes fattens a greater number of bullocks per acre than any other gentleman with whom I am acquainted. I am sure that if any of you were to call upon that gentleman at Trimmingham, near North Washam, he would be happy to give you the fullest information.

[To be continued.]

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the London Spectator. MEN OF THE LATE PARLIAMENT.

The old favourites, indeed, still lead the van—Sir Robert Peel, who has been *facile princeps* since 'the hurried Hudson' sought him in the Vatican; and Lord John Russell, great with the traditions of the Reform Bill.—Palmerston is the St. Leon of politics:—time advances for others, but as for him, at each generation you have only to look for him, and he turns up, according to pattern, in untarnished brilliancy: whether for speech or despatch, he is to this day as good as new. Sir James Graham enjoys his own immortality, he pursues the even tenor of his way, an English country Phœnix of fortune, not too differential towards the many, nor too studious of appearances in the way of consistency, but only becoming more and more wedded to a sort of honest herdheaded sense according to its lights, a valuable man and more valued than some of us will believe until we lose him. Roebuck was still the aquafortia for testing official and patriotic metals; though the ungrateful sectarian cliques of Bath have done their best to put him out of use for a time. Hume is among the elders, for whom exemptions of age seem a supererogation. Tom Dancombe still 'sacrifices the pleasure of youth' to serve his country as tribune of the people; and Charles Buller, for all he is as great a wag as ever—the colonies may mourn his averted eyes but he cannot be a renegade to his own wit. These and others are accompanying the age in its progress, with more or less of elasticity in their step.

Some keep up beyond expectation, endowed with a sort of posthumous existence exceeding the ordinary term of political life. Men of history, they are also men of present life; they figure both in the books on our shelves and in the newspapers on our tables. Such is Lord Lansdowne, whose history goes back beyond the memory of man, until it is confounded with that of Sir William Perry; yet he is still leader of the House of Lords. Such the Duke of Wellington, whose history begins in the mythic times of Indian conquest; yet he is still active at the horse guards, and not yet free from pleasant impertinences and hymenial gossip. Such Brougham, ending as he began, the most resistless of advocates.

Many whom we remember in the vigour of political action, though yet alive in the flesh are gradually yielding to the benumbing influence of fatigue or disappointed ambition, and their silence deepens. Some are gone.—O'Connell is no more. Lord Melbourne is only remembered, not without regret; he took leave at fishmonger's hall in 1845, bequeathing his shield to Sir Robert Peel. Lyndhurst went out when Peel left office; his clear sense survives; his biting keenness yielded to time, and his last political rally was one befitting the benignity of years—his romantic attempt to reconcile old friends. Stanhope's existence may be learned from the peerage. Montague revels in the irresponsibilities of a green superannuation. Richmond and Buckingham, Rip Van Winkles of politics, cannot understand the almanack, nor the newspapers, nor the events of the day, nor the countenances they meet, nor the voices they hear. Born to a sinecure, instead of the camp, Ellenborough blazed his hour in the propitious sun of India, and reposes on the gates of Somnauth; he is his own monumental trophy, reclining in picturesque silence, while beauty perfects with its homage the symmetry of the group. Stasley, whose somewhat forward youth betrayed the public into the mistake that he was a powerful statesman as well as a sharp debater, is no longer baited like a mad dog to see if he would bite, but enjoys the repose due to his comparatively harmless character; having at last succeeded in convincing the people of their mistake. Lord Grey the son of the reform bill Lord Grey, once attained to a colonial reformer—he is now colonial secretary. Lord Morpeth is growing very gray, the last session he forgot that he had a bill to carry, though it happened to be the one on which he had staked his reputation; however people only laughed, for Lord Morpeth is such a good natured old gentleman! These are gone, or going, a goodly company; pleasant fellows, some of them in their day; smart some of them were, or accounted so; all busy in their time, and who grudges them a quiet evening or pleasant dream?

Mexican News.

New York Albion, October 9.

Events since the rupture of the Armistice.
Gen. Scott in possession of the Capital.

The Sun published last evening in a letter from a Spanish Mexican in the city of Mexico to a Spanish house in this city, which gives a more full account of the recent proceedings at Mexico than from any other quarter. Indeed, its narrative comes down to the 13th, three days after than was received in accounts brought by the James L. Day at New Orleans, which have been published.

This letter, which, moreover, is Mexican authority, states that General Scott was in actual possession of the Capital. We publish it as we find it in the Sun.

It is said to have come by way of Orizaba, under cover to Mr. Diamond, at Vera Cruz:—

CITY OF MEXICO, 19th Sept. 1847.

Respected Friends:—I have an opportunity to send by the Courier who leaves to-night this letter, in which I shall briefly attempt to describe to you the horrors we have just experienced. On the 7th inst. our commissioners rejected the treaty propositions of the American Government, and decided on resuming the war, Gen. Herrera inviting and urging the clergy to rouse the citizens to the utmost resistance. On the same day General Scott, the American Chief, charged Santa Anna with breaking the armistice by forbidding his commissioners to obtain food in the city, and threatened unless reparations were made, to commence hostilities and bombard the city. Santa Anna replied, severely charging Scott with breaking the armistice by sacking our villages, and expressed his perfect readiness to renew the war. On the 13th inst. the Americans made a demonstration on Chapultepec and the mill of El Rey, but our Generals were prepared for them. Anticipating a breach of the armistice, Santa Anna for several days had caused to be conveyed, in every possible manner, so as not to excite suspicion, arms, munition, and food, to the fortress of Chapultepec. Our citizens carried under their mantles and on mules a great quantity of powder, balls and provisions without being once discovered, so great was the feeling of security and confidence among the Americans. Gen. Scott was not a little surprised to find on attacking Chapultepec, such obstinate resistance.

Chapultepec you know is situated between Cacubya and the City, within cannon-shot of the former and some three miles from the latter. It is a bold hill overlooking a vast range of country, which enabled our soldiers to watch every manœuvre of the enemy. It also commands the road from Tacubya to the city, which runs close to its base, and it can only be ascended by a circuitous paved way, which after turning a certain angle, is exposed to the full range of the fortress guns. As the Americans ascended the hill a perfect storm of musket balls and grape shot drove them back with heavy loss. They recovered and advanced again but were repulsed. Our troops fought with desperate valour, worthy the character of Mexicans. The enemy also fought bravely, his men seemed like so many devils whom it was impossible to defeat without annihilation. He made a third and last charge with fresh force and heavy guns, and our gallant troops having exhausted their grape-shot were forced, very unwillingly, to retreat and yield up the fortress, of which the enemy took possession. Our soldiers retreated towards the city, but were unfortunately cut off by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry, and about a thousand were made prisoners, but were soon released, as the enemy had no men to guard them. The enemy then opened his batteries on the Mill El Rey (King's Mill) close upon Chapultepec, which, after obstinate fighting and great loss to the Americans, we were obliged to abandon.

The two actions continued over nine hours, and were the severest, considering our small number of soldiers and the enemy's large force, that have been fought. Our loss in killed and wounded was not more than 300, while the enemy lost over 400, for at least such was the report of deserters from the American camp who came to us in the evening. Seeing that the city would inevitably be attacked, General Santa Anna during the actions, caused a number of trenches to be cut across the road leading to the city, which were flooded with water. On the morning of the 14th, before day-light, the enemy with a part of his force, commenced his march upon the city. Our soldiers posted behind the arches of the aqueducts and several breastworks which had been hastily thrown up, annoyed him so severely, together with the trenches which he had to bridge over, that he did not arrive at the gates until late in the afternoon. Here he halted and attempted to bombard the city, which he did during the balance of the day and the following, doing immense damage. In some cases, whole blocks were destroyed and a great number of men, women and children killed and wounded. The picture was awful. One deafening roar reached our ears, one cloud of smoke met our eyes, now and then mixed with flame, and amid it all we could hear the various shrieks of the wounded and dying. But the city bravely resisted the hundreds of flying shells. It hurled back defiance on the blood-thirsty Yankee, and convinced him that his bomb could not reduce the Mexican capital.

The enemy then changed his plan, and determined to enter the city, where we were prepared to meet him, having barricaded the streets with sand bags, and provided on the house tops, and at the windows, all who could bear arms or missiles, stones, bricks, &c., to throw on the heads of the enemy. Before General Scott had fairly passed the gates, he found the difficulty of his position. A perfect torrent of balls and stones rained upon his troops. Many were killed and more wounded. Still he kept advancing until he gained the entrance of two streets entering direct to the Plaza. Finding that he could not oppose himself to our soldiers, who were all posted out of sight, and that he was losing his men rapidly, Gen. Scott took possession of the convent of San Isidor, which extends back to the centre of a block, and at once set his sappers and miners to cutting a way directly through the blocks of buildings. In some instances whole houses were blown up to facilitate his progress; but after several hours he again emerged into the street, and finally regained the Plaza with great loss. On entering the Plaza a heavy fire was opened on him from the Palace and which were filled and covered with our patriotic troops. Finding himself thus assaulted, the enemy drew out his forces in the Plaza and opened a cannonade on the cathedral, firing over one hundred shots, which did immense damage to the buildings and caused a severe loss of killed and wounded. Seeing further resistance useless, our soldiers ceased firing, and on the 15th of September (sad day!) the enemy was in possession of the Mexican capital. Though we inflicted havoc and death upon the Yankees, we suffered greatly ourselves. Many were killed by blowing up of the houses, many by bombardment, but more by the confusion which prevailed in the city, and altogether we cannot count our killed, wounded and missing since the action commenced yesterday at less than 4000, among whom are many women and children.

The enemy confessed a loss of over 1000, it is no doubt much greater. What calamity? But Mexico will yet have vengeance. God will avenge us for our sufferings. Alas that I should write this letter within sight of a proud enemy who has succeeded by his ferocity in trampling on our capital and our country. An enemy who only prides himself with shooting well with his rifle and cannon. But thus it is—we are prostrated—not humbled. We may be forced to silence but the first moment that presents us a chance will be devoted to a terrible revenge. Santa Anna has gone with his generals and all the troops he could draw off to Guadalupe. He is said to be wounded severely. We have lost heroic officers and brave men in these two days. I cannot foresee what is to come. Thousands are gathering upon the hills around the city determined to cut off all supplies and starve the enemy who had so audaciously entered it. Gen. Scott may yet find that Mexico is not vanquished. He may find our lakes bursting their banks and filling this beautiful valley to annihilate the infamous Americans. We scarcely hope, yet do not quite despair. Our brave generals may recover what is lost, and Mexico with her ten millions of people arise to sweep the invader from the land he has desecrated. Be sure that whatever we do in the way of submission is only for the moment. No Mexican will respect beyond the hour that forces him to it, any bond indicated by the swords of the enemy. My heart is too full of grief and indignation to write more. Adieu.

Colonial News.

New Brunswick.

Fredericton Head Quarters, Oct. 13.

Post Office Affairs.—The surrender of the control of the Post Office in North America to the Local Authorities, is one of a train of measures which sooner or later must lead to a more uniform system of Legislation throughout British North America. The commissioners who have repaired to Canada, from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to confer on this and other matters with the Canadian authorities, will have a difficult and delicate duty to perform towards the respective colonies to which they belong; for it is a fact within the knowledge of almost every body, that a system of smuggling letters, contrary to law, exists in the lower provinces to an extent which has outgrown any calculation. The present high rates of postage have, without question, led to much of the evils which follow smuggling of every description, and nothing short of a low uniform rate