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The Planters' Adbocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "Truth Alone is Knowledge---Knowledge is Power." Two Dollars Per Annum.

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Selected Poetry.

O'ER THE HILL.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

One morning as we wended
Through a path bedight with flowers,
Where all delights were blended
To beguile the fleeting hours.
Sweet Youth pray turn thee hither,
Said a voice along the way,
Ere all these roses wither,
And these fair fruits decay;
But the youth paused not to ponder
If the voices were good or ill,
For, said he, my home is yonder,
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

Again, high noon was glowing
On a wide and weary plain,
And there, right onward going,
Was the traveller again:
He seemed another being
Than the morning's rosy youth,
But I knew him, seeing
His unaltered brow of truth:
Rest, stranger, rest till even',
Sang alluring voices still,
But he cried—my rest is heaven!
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

The shades of night were creeping
A sequestered valley o'er,
Where a dark, deep stream was sweeping
By a dim and silent shore;
And there the pilgrim bending
With the burden of the day,
Was seen still onward wending
Through a "straight and narrow way:"
He passed the gloomy river,
As it were a gentle rill,
And rested—home forever!
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

Original Papers.

For the Planters' Advocate.

THOUGHTS IN A BARN.—No. 2.

BY PATUXENT PLANTER.

One abominable custom that prevails in Baltimore among the commission merchants, to the great detriment of the *largest* number of farmers—*the small farmers*—is that the merchant who has the largest amount of grain consigned to him, has the selling of all the grain aboard the boat. Thus if I have one hundred bushels of superior wheat, and my neighbor has two hundred bushels of very inferior wheat, the merchant to whom he consigns his wheat has the right to sell *mine* too, and perhaps to please *his* patron, he averages the two parcels, say 80 cents for one parcel and $1 for the other, the average is 90 cents, whereby I lose 10 cents per bushel and my neighbor gaining ten cents. Farmers may rest assured when all the "tricks of the trade" have been played out on his produce he had better have sold it at *home*, if possible, at what might seem low prices. At least FARMERS ought to sell their own grain and buy for *themselves*, all that they may want on the farm and in their own families.

The Tobacco crop must fall short of a half crop—the worms are, and have been, down on us in myriads. The potato crop will be a short one and a bad one. There will be a fair crop of corn. It will, and must, turn out that the wheat crop of this year was not a full one. Talking of wheat reminds me of guano and the difficulties attending getting it, its scarcity and other things connected with it. *Should the inspection of guano be continued?*—is the question that now is being discussed by some intellectual farmers, and among them there is a diversity of opinion. The distinguished State-Chemist and many others are in favor of inspection, but of a more minute and particular sort of inspection than that which is now had. Once I thought so too. I deemed a vigilant inspector would be a perfect *protector* of the farmer's interest. Of late, I have been induced by reflection and information derived from examination into the subject, to alter my opinion. I look upon the present system of inspection in general, particularly of guano, as mere humbug. It opens the door to great frauds. The agriculturist pays the expenses of this farce, and the guano bought at first or second hands in Baltimore, with the inspectors brand upon it, is no better than that sold in the District of Columbia or Virginia without inspection. Hundreds of tons have been sold by the District agent to supply the demand in Baltimore. Thousands of tons that would go to the Baltimore market are diverted from there by reason of the delay, expenses and inconvenience of the Inspection laws. Vessels come within hail of the boarding officers of the port and are sent off to Alexandria and Richmond. Let the inspection be taken off and the price will be reduced, says the agent of the Peruvian Government. Then a competition would spring up between the markets of Virginia and Maryland, and no question but that the price would be lowered greatly. Now, when a planter gets his guano in bags, with the stamp of the inspector upon them, he feels that all is right, that he has the Simon-pure and exact weight, gives himself no trouble, and as often sows an inferior as a genuine article. If there was no inspection, he would be more careful, would often weigh it and watch its effect, or have it tested by experiment, or analyzed. If he found it a good article, he would go back to the same factor from whom he bought it, or if bad, he would expose the source from which he received it. Then every "tub would stand on its own bottom," and the dishonest dealer in the article would be exposed and soon driven out of the market.—How easily is the deception practised. A buys ten ton of Peruvian guano with the inspector's brand on each bag, and buys twenty ton of Mexican guano and gets five ton of sand, all of which is mixed thoroughly together and sold as pure Peruvian. Who is the wiser for it? The simple farmer buys, pays for it, and all that is heard of it is, the next year the poor farmer says, "*Guano don't suit my soil.*" If this or some such practice is not pursued, how comes it that we often hear of guano being bought for less money from third and *fourth* hands, than it can be bought from the agent of the Peruvian Government.

It is to be hoped that our State Agricultural Society will look into this matter this fall, and adopt some course by which the farmers may act understandingly and with concert, so as to secure some safety in their purchases of this article, and place them on a common footing with their brother farmers of New York and Virginia and Pennsylvania.—"There is something rotten in Denmark." Let it be exposed to the light.

It may be said that I have handled some people without gloves; I mean to do so, for I write for the good of the Agricultural community, regardless of whom else it pleases or offends, knowing full well that I can give offence to none but such as are guilty of what I charge; and if there be any such, they cannot be handled too roughly. We are treated badly. Guano has become as fluctuating in price as the most variable commodity that is a subject of trade. This should not be the case It is wrong. It should be of one fixed uniform value. I mean each quality of guano should be the same in value at all times. It is of various qualities: Nos. 1 2 and 3. Let each one be sold as No. 1 or No. 2 or No. 3, at a *certain*, uniform *price*, and let the seller be responsible that the article he sells is what he represents it to be. There is nothing to prevent this. Most articles are liable to fluctuate in price, according to the settled laws of trade—the price being governed by the supply and demand. But, with guano it is different. The supply is inexhaustible, and the Peruvian Government has *one price only* for it. The freights are the same. There is nothing in the world to prevent "one price only" for it in this country, unless it be that it gets in the hands of *speculators*, which is prevented very quickly by farmers refusing to buy any at all for just six months, and the speculators, like the great Jersey monopolist of *cattle*, would soon burst their bubble. Or it may be that it will become a monopoly in the hands of *one* man, as I fear, is too much the case at present.

Saving Seed Wheat.

This is an important, but much neglected matter, by nearly all farmers.—There is another difficulty besides the habitual carelessness of wheat growers, which is degenerating this staple crop of America. The wheat intended for seed should be saved in the field; but this is a reform that we do not expect to live to see. But there is another, which sad experience may teach farmers to adopt, and that is not to thresh wheat with machines. We do know that much of the wheat which passes through the thresher will not germinate, and some which does, is so injured that it only makes a feeble effort to grow and dies, or only produces a sickly plant. Look at the pile of threshed wheat and you will find a great many broken kernels. These, of course, will not grow. There are many more which do not show any breakage of the skin, but if that is carefully removed with a pen-knife, and the interior examined with a microscope, it will be found fractured and of course injured for seed. This happens to the largest grains much more likely than to the smallest, so that in sowing machine threshed wheat, the difficulty is not only that all will not grow, but that all the poor shriveled grains will, and all the plump ones will not.

We have urged this matter upon the attention of wheat growers of this country for the last ten years, with much earnestness, because we consider it very important.—*New York Tribune.*

ALARMING DISCLOSURE.—One Professor J. W. Jewett, of North Carolina, informs the Fayetteville North Carolinian that he has made comets his study for the last thirty-four years, and that the one which has just left us has only made a brief detour—for the purpose of acquiring more momentum perhaps—and will return before the 13th of this month and strike this planet! The same results will then doubtless happen as in the case hypothetically put to Mrs. Partington, who, on being asked "if an irresistible force should come in contact with an immovable body," gave her opinion that "one or 'tother of 'em will get hurt!"—*New York Daily Advertiser.*

WHAT IS LAW LIKE?—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tierd out. Law is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic, too; they that take the least of it are the best off. It is like a homely gentleman, "very well to follow;" and a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; and "like bad weather," most people are glad to get out of it.

The genius who discovered the remedy for all *in*curable diseases, has been riding round the "shores of time" with the night-mare.

Some men's thoughts are so intensely directed to *the means* that *their end* becomes entirely forgotten.

Selected Miscellany.

Mr. MACAULAY ON JUNIUS.

If the spirit of the departed Junius ever "revisits the glimpses of the moon," and takes cognizance of what occurs in this mortal world, it is no doubt oftentimes annoyed by the curiosity of men of letters to explore the sealed mystery that invests his great production.

Any effort to discover Junius, to identify him with any of the great politicians and scholars of the period at which he wrote, is like an effort to attain perpetual motion, or to find out the philosopher's stone. Yet literature exhibits to us no theme on which more ingenious and learned disquisitions have been written. Not the least distinguished of the many who have sought to unravel this impenetrable mystery, is the great English essayist and historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay. With a learning as various, and a power as striking as that of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Lord High Chancellor of England, he far excels him in delicacy of expression. All that he writes is sought after with avidity, for his words are as pearls, and his thoughts as diamonds.

The following letter from Mr. Macaulay will, doubtless, be acceptable to our readers. It has just been published, for the first time, in a new edition of Lord Mahon's history of England:

ALBANY, January 3, 1852.

"SIR: I am obliged to you for the new number of the *Quarterly Review*; I cannot say that it has shaken my opinion. I wonder, indeed, that so ingenious a person as the reviewer should think that his objections have made any impression on the last mass of circumstantial evidence which proves Francis to have been 'Junius.' That evidence, I think, differs not only in degree, but in kind, from any evidence which can be adduced for any other claimant.

"It seems to me, too, that one-half of the arguments of the reviewer are answered by the other half. First, we are told that Francis did not write the letters, because it would have been singularly infamous in him to write them. Then we are told that he did write them, because he did not own them. Surely this reasoning does not hang well together. Is it strange that a very proud man should not confess what would disgrace him?—I have always believed that Francis kept silence because he was well known to have received great benefits from persons whom he had, as 'Junius,' or as 'Veteran,' abused with great malignity.

"It is odd that the reviewer should infer from the mistake about Draper's half-pay that 'Junius' could not have been in the War office. I talked that matter over more than ten years ago, when I was Secretary at War, with two of the ablest and best informed gentlemen in the department; and we all three came to a conclusion the very opposite of that at which the reviewer has arrived.—Francis was chief clerk in the English war office. Everybody who drew half-pay through that office made the declaration which 'Junius' mentions. But Draper's half-pay was on the Irish establishment; and of him the declaration was not required. Now, to me and those whom I consulted, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Francis, relying on his official knowledge, and not considering that there might be a difference between the practice at Dublin and the practice at Westminster, should put that unlucky question which gave Draper so great an advantage. I have repeatedly pointed out this circumstance to men who are excellent judges of evidence, and I never found one who did not agree with me.

"It is not necessary for me to say any thing about the new theory which the reviewer has constructed. Lord Lyttleton's claims are better than those of Burke or Barre, and quite as good as those of Lord George Sackville or Singlespeech Hamilton. But the case against Francis, or, if you please, in favor of Francis, rests on grounds of a very different kind, and on coincidences such as would be sufficient to convict a murderer.

"There is, however, one strong objection to the theory of the reviewer, which strikes me at the first glance. "Junius," whoever he was, wrote a long letter to George Greenville, which was preserved at Stowe many years, and of which I have seen a copy in Lord Mahon's possession. The letter contains no decisive indications of the writer's situation. But, on the whole, it seems to be written by a man not very high in rank or fortune. The tone, though not by any means abject, is that of an inferior. The author declares himself to be the writer of a squib, then famous, called "The Grand Council." He says that Greenville must soon be prime minister. "Till then I wish to remain concealed even from you; then I will make myself known, and explain what I wish you to do for me." I quote from memory; but this is the substance. The original I have not seen; but I am told that it is the handwriting of "Junius's" letters.

"Now this circumstance seems to be decisive against Lord Lyttleton. He was George Greenville's cousin. The connection between the Stowe family and the Hagly family had, during two generations, been extremely close. Is it probable that George Greenville would not have known Lyttleton's hand? Is it possible that a letter written by Lyttleton should have laid at Stowe eighty years, and that none of the cousinhood should have been struck by the writing?

"But in truth the strongest arguments against the reviewer's theory are the arguments which, in my opinion, prove that Francis was the author of the letters. I have the honor to be, sir, your faithful servant, T. B. MACAULAY."

A Texas Ranger's Best Shot.

Wilson and Cameron stood apart from their companions. With folded arms and thoughtful faces, they watched the shadows of night stealing over lake and chapparal.

"An hour like this casts a spell upon my spirit," said Cameron. "I love to see the glare of day fade and give place to the dim, placid twilight."

"I have similar feelings," replied Wilson, "but I like night best when more advanced towards the small hours, and the moon and stars are brightly beaming."

Cameron made no reply, and the parties remained silent. Wilson was the first to speak.

"That's a heavy rifle of yours," he said, glancing at the weapon upon which Cameron was leaning. "I dare say it has been of service to you in its time?"

"No money could induce me to part with it, because I have proved its metal on many occasions. Did I ever tell you of an adventure that I once had near the Red River?"

"You never did; I should like to hear it," said Wilson.

"Several years ago," resumed Cameron, "I was hunting near Cross Timbers, not far from Red River. The Indians were then troublesome, and frequently committed their depredations on the frontier settlements; but I was fond of hunting, and cared little for them, willing to trust to my own courage and ingenuity in any emergency that might occur. I carried this same rifle, and was called one of the best shots in the country.

"Many people said the piece was too heavy for common use; but I was accustomed to it, and it didn't feel burdensome to me—and when I fired, it was sure to do the right thing, for what animal could carry off an ounce and a half of lead, skilfully sped on its errand?

"Having discovered Indian signs one day, I thought it best to change my hunting ground, and so put a considerable distance between me and the spot, and encamped on a wide prairie, bounded on the east by the Cross Timbers.—Not long after this event, I was sitting on the bank of a small stream, resting my weary limbs after a long and fatiguing hunt, when I was fired upon and slightly wounded.

"I was fortunate enough to discover the marksman, who proved to be an Indian, of what tribe I do not remember. I instantly shot him dead, and then perceived that he was not alone, for one of his brethren was with him, who made good his escape. Time passed on, and I was undisturbed in my amusements for a long time.

"One day, not feeling very well, I returned to my camp sooner than usual. I laid down to sleep, but could not. I felt uneasy and nervous, and so arose and went on the prairie. The grass was not very tall, and the hot suns of the season had dried it until it was crispy, and rattled as I walked through it. I ascended a gentle swell and looked around me. The scene was a grand one. On one hand were the Cross Timbers dimly seen in the distance, resembling a dense wall of wood built of human hands, while in every direction the prairie stretched away until lost in the distance. The sun was getting low, and looked like a sunset on the sea. As my eyes wandered from point to point, they were suddenly fixed upon a solitary figure several hundred yards distant, at the foot of the long swell or roll upon which I was standing.

"He stood in an open space, and I at first wondered how that could be, as the grass was so high in every other place; but the affair soon explained itself.—More careful examination showed me that the solitary object was an Indian, and his object in packing up the dry grass was evident; he was going to fire the prairie! It was doubtless the same fellow that had escaped at the time I had been fired on. He had discovered my retreat, and was about to revenge himself in a singular manner.

"The wind was blowing fresh towards me, and if the grass had been set on fire, no power on earth could have saved me, for the fleetest horse could not run fast enough to escape its devouring flames. A terrible dread of that kind of death came over me. I stood like one fascinated, and gazed at the preparation of the savage. He stood in the middle of the open space he had made, with a blazing torch in his hand. Innumerable thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant of time. I was never so completely paralyzed and stupified before in my life. The power of thought seemed to be the only power left me, and that was stimulated to an unnatural degree. The past, present and future were reviewed and speculated upon in that brief and broken fragment of time in which the savage stood waiting for the brand to burn more brightly before he thrust it into the grass.

"Yes, my destiny was to be burned! Some hunter or traveller would find my body charred or blackened; and others, after a time, would pass my bones bleaching in the sun.

"I shuddered, my eyes felt hot, my throat dry, and I imagined that I felt the flames creeping over me. If it had been a danger that I could have battled with, or if I could have seen any chance of escape depending upon my own exertions, it would have been different; but now all I could do was to stand and stare the most dreadful of all deaths in the face.

"You must remember that all these ideas and reflections ran through my mind in the shortest possible space of time; for you must know that the sudden prospects of great danger, from which there is no apparent mode of escape, impart to the brain a horrible faculty of thought of which the mind at ease can form no possible conception.

"I closed my eyes in prayer, and commended my soul to God; but it was impossible for me to close my eyes against the one great and absorbing idea in my mind—that of being burnt up like a vile reptile that crawls in the weeds.

"My lips unclosed, and as they did so, my eyes rested upon my trusty rifle; it was the first time I had thought of it, for the distance was great between me and the enemy; but now it looked like an old friend, the only one that had the power to save me.

"I embraced the thought that the sight of my rifle called up—a species of joy which is nearly overpowered by an agonizing feeling.

"One chance still remained; a small chance it was true, but still a chance; and despair cannot paralyze and subdue the heart, while one faint hope remains.

I lifted the instrument upon which hung my destiny. As my glance ran over the intervening distance I felt how desperate was my prospect of life, for an hundred good marksmen might try their skill in vain in aiming at an object so far off. Then I remembered that my weapon was of uncommon calibre and weight, and would throw a ball farther than any I had ever seen. I recollected also that I had loaded it that very day with uncommon care, and for a long shot.

"The Indian moved the torch, and was about to apply it to the combustible material; there was no time to lose.—The rifle came to my shoulder quick and firm, and I braced up my nerves for a steady aim with a strong effort of the will. I looked through the double sights, and the muzzle covered the Indian's head. My heart seemed to stop beating, held in the grasp of that terrible suspense. It was but an instant—then the rifle sent an ounce and a half of lead on its mission, with a crack that was unusually loud and sharp, and a recoil which threw me back a few paces.

"The smoke curled away, but I dared not look. I passed my hand slowly across my forehead, for my brain was throbbing painfully. Every moment I expected to be greeted by a dense smoke from the burning prairie, and to hear the hissing of the burning flame; but nothing of the kind occurred, and I ventured to look towards the spot where the savage had stood with his torch; I took courage; reloaded my rifle, and hastily walked towards the place.

"I reached it—the Indian lay upon his back, the brand, half extinguished, beside him; an ounce and a half of lead had passed through his head. I sank down overpowered with gratitude, and the various emotions which such an incident was calculated to inspire.

"This was the greatest shot I ever made, and probably shall never equal it again. Can you wonder that I am attached to my rifle?"

"*Not at all!*" said the Captain earnestly—"*I should never part with it if it was mine!*"

From the Washington Sentinel.

Winged Words and Flying Toughts,

In the form of Aphorisms,

Original and Selected,

BY A MEMBER OF THE 29TH CONGRESS.

You may concede to the sceptic all he asks, and upon his own argument prove the existence of a God. Nature's laws are uniform, and if she could create a male and female, she could create them only in a state of infancy. Beyond this, nature could not go. Nature cannot produce a tree, yet, by process of natural law, an acorn becomes a giant oak. If it were possible for nature to throw out spontaneously from her womb a male and female, or myriads of males and females, they must be produced *in a state of infancy*, and, with no hand to feed, they must necessarily perish.

The conclusion, then, is irresistible that the male and female were originally created in the full exercise of physical and mental strength, and nothing but a Power superior to nature could create man and woman, conceding that nature might create a *male and female infant.*

It is not true, as Tacitus supposed, that the most degenerate States have the greatest number of laws. Mighty questions have been stirred, and deep interests have been created in modern days, of which the ancients dreamed not. We are on the confines of a new era, and the progress of civilization multiplies enactments in order to suit the extended relations and the diversified forms of property, introduced by the advancement of society.

The power of the press is felt so sensibly in the United States because of its important aids in upholding and adjusting that nice constitutial balance which determines the general welfare.

Coleridge has said that, to most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed. There is great depth and felicity in this illustration, which presents us with three classes of men in this world—those who profit by the results of *other men's experience*, those who profit by *their own*, and those *who profit by neither. Wise men belong to the first class.*

God has left NATIONS to acquire experience by the sufferings *their own errors bring upon them.* Reasoning on principles of analogy fails, because of the peculiar features of each distinct nation. A public debt in England *may* be a national blessing, while in the United States it would prove to be a national curse.

Those politicians are the most dangerous who, like the spider, weave their web with *noiseless* artifice.

The poet Campbell would have established a nobler fame if he had not been so acutely alive to the fact, that an author's reputation, unless it increases with each succeeding work, must diminish.

There is no safe anchorage in rapids; and in all streams steerage is obtained by going faster than the current.

The holder of a mirror is not responsible for the reflection.

Precocious reasoning weakens the understanding, while precocious emotion breaks down the physical structure, and robs the child not only of the gladness of infaccy, but of that elastic spring which is the great preserver of happiness in after life.

The rudest instrument, in the hands of a skillful and patient mechanic, will produce better work than the most highly finished, in the hands of him who has neither skill nor patience.

To the working man, Saturday is the voluptuous sunset of the week.

OPIUM SMOKING.

The following graphic description of opium smoking and its effects among the Chinese and adjacent islands of India, is furnished by an English gentleman at one time connected with the China mission. He says:

"One of the objects at Singapore that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and wallowing in his filth. The idiot-smile and death-like stupor, however, of the opium debauchee has something far more awful to the gaze than the beastiality of the latter.—Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being abandoned to the power of the drug; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication.

"One of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly devoted to the shops for the sale of this poison; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labors of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

"A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain extent under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages—some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; while the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building—a species of dead-house—where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium eater madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying."

The rumor that has been going the rounds of the papers, to the effect, that the man who could not *contain* himself, had issued a *supplement*, turns out to be a hoax.

The Autumn and its Lessons.

All that is earthly must fade. This is an annual lesson, taught by the falling leaf, the withering frost, the silence which pervades the air, and the wreck and decay of vegetation, as each recurring Autumn assumes her reign. Another Autumn is upon us now. The tassels of the corn are dead and the husks of the standing ears have lost their green. The scythe is shearing the hay fields of their last burden. Small, yellow leaves, that have exhausted their vitality before the advent of frost, are dropping one by one from the trees. Flower stalks, that but a few short weeks since stood green and glowing, bearing proudly up their wealth and floral beauty, now stand stark and dead. The first intimations of approaching dissolution rest upon all vegetation, yet, amid these scenes, the fruits of Autumn are spread upon every side. Apples bend from the bough, nuts wait on the trees for the loosing fingers of the frost, wains go creaking home laden with homely roots, the granaries are already filled, and soon, housed and garnered, the product of the year will await the grateful use of man and animal.

All that is earthly must fade. "We all do fade as the leaf." Man has his Spring, his Summer, his Autumn and his Winter. Some leaves wait not for the frost, and fall early, but we who grow crisp and dry with age, and we who grow golden and glorious in the frosts of time, must all alike follow them to the earth. There are worm-eaten fruits and blasted corn-ears in the fields of humanity, as in the fields of vegetation. The good ones only can find a place in the storehouse of the great husbandman. The lesson of the Autumn bears upon and illustrates the whole subject of the close of human life. The year is but a hollow farce without fruit as the grand result. A human life in its Autumn, in which is seen no fruit, betrays a perversion so foul that it might make an angel weep, and as the angels look down upon the world, may they find graces which blush like apples among the leaves, characters well filled out and clean from all impurity, true wisdom filling all the storehouses, and the seeds of an immortal life perfected, and ready to be unfolded in

Those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens.

German Agriculture.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up and tie together and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn-plot, his plot of marigold wurtzel, or hay, or potatoes, or hemp, &c. He is his own master, and he, therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motive for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and his economy.

In a German nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market; much früit is dried for the winter use. You see it lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook, where the grass grows by the road-side and brook is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home on the heads of the women and children in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use, is lost; weeds, nettles, nay the very goose grass which covers waste places, is cut and taken to the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle.

They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in America—of the vast quantity of grass on banks, by road-sides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church yards, where grass from year to year springs up and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further the subject of German economy, the very cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuse of hemp serve as bedding for the cows—nay, even the rough stocks of poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers familiar with Germany, will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn, the falling leaves are gathered and stacked for the same purpose. The fircones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasants are an example to all Europe. They have for years—nay, ages, been doing that, as it regards agricultural management, to which the American public is just now beginning to open their eyes. Time, also, is as carefully economized as every thing else. They are early risers, as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come from a considerable distance, are at school at six in the morning. As they tend their cattle or their swine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantities of stockings and other household things which they accumulate, are astonishing.—*Howitt.*