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## TERMS.

advertisers by the year.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### England's Literary men.

We announced some weeks since that Miss Sedgwick's Journal of her tour in Europe was in the press of the Harpers. We you would find afterward you had married find in the Democratic Review the follow... another person. ing interesting extracts from its pages. The glimpses which they give us of the social the world, are in the highest degree enter. your married fortunes !" taining and valuable. We shall look for the appearance of the work with renewed interest .- Log Cabin.

A BREAKFAST AT ROGERS'S-" We had the pleasure of a breakfast at Rogers'. the best point of view for all best women .-Your long familiarity with his poetry tells She lives on Hempstead Hill, a few miles you the melancholy fact that he is no longer from town, in a modest house, with Miss the freshness with which he enjoys, and the this for J., for we women always like to little more than seeing the pictures of these generosity with which he imparts. I have know how one another look and dressheard him called cynical, and perhaps a head from his body at a single stroke. If nevolence that, I believe, always proceeds so, these are the exceptions to the general from it if the mental constitution be a sound current of his life, which, I am sure, flows one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. in the kindly current. K. told me he met | She has a pleasing figure-what we call him one winter in Paris, where he found lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and him enjoying art like a young enthusiast, graceful; not the large-boned, muscular and knowing every boy's name in the street frame of most English women. She wears vein, which is like a singer being in voice,

riends. He afterward expressed a regret | beau ideal of an old lady; an ideal she to me that he had not taken that morning, before we plunged into engagements, to show me Johnson's and Dryden's haunts— she is, free from pedantry and all modes of Dickens, and said that 10,000 of each the house where our Franklin lived, and affectation: but I think you would be sur. number of Nicholas Nickleby was sold .other classic localities. Ah! this goes to prised to find you self forgetting, in a doswell my pathetic reiteration of the general | mestic and confiding feeling, that you were | ing flushed with some recent literary suclament, 'I have had my losses!'

"His manners are those of a man of the world (in the best sense,) simple and natural, without any apparent consciousness of thing but that you were in the society of a name or fame to support. His house, as all the civilized world knows, as a cabinet of art, selected and arranged with consummate taste. The house itself is small; not, I should think, more than twenty-five feet front, and perhaps forty deep, in a most fortunate location, overlooking the Green Park. The first sight of it from the windows produces a sort of coup-de-theatre, for you approach the house and enter it by a narrow street. Every inch of it is appropriated to some rare treasure or choice production of art, Beside the pictures-(and 'What,' you might be tempted to ask, 'can a man want beside such pictures?')are Etruscan vases (antiques,) Egyptian antiquities, casts of the Elgin marbles decorating the staircase wall, and endless adornments of this nature. There are curiosities of another species, rare books, such as scribing Mackenzie as a jovial, hearty sort a most beautifully illuminated missal, exqui. of person, without any indications in his sitely delicate paintings, designed for marginal decorations, executed three hundred years ago, and taken from the Vatican by of the party remembered his coming home the French,-glorious robbers! In a catalogue of his books, in the poet's own beautiful autograph, there were inserted some ry, you put all your fine feelings on paper ! whimsical titles of books, such as 'Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses.

with Milton's name, by which he transferred to his publisher for ten pounds the copyright stable. Strange this is not the universal of Paradise Lost. Next in interest to this Washington and Franklin, and several from and agreeable being than Lady Byron." Fox, Sheridan, and Scott, addressed to the poet himself. Among them was that written by Sheridan just before his death, de- der of evening entertainments here, going scribing the extremity of his suffering, and from a six o'clock family tea up to a magpraying Rodgers to come to him. But I must check myself. A catalogue raisonnee of what our eyes but glanced over would fill folios. I had the pleasure at breakfast the Thames; my impression is, in rather of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name an humble way; but when your eye is filled is so well known among us as the author of with a grand and beautiful temple, you do the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as if it jects; and if any man can be independent might penetrate science or anything else he of them, you might expect Carlyle to be. chose to look into. He described the iron His head would throw a phrenologist into steamer now building, which has a larger tonnage than any merchant ship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron natural brilliancy. He reminded me of ships would supercede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and size of Webster's head, that he ' had brains which, I trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go has as strong a Scotch accent as Mr. Combe. to America in seven days!

talks too ruch; but none, except from their | count of his first acquaintance with E-n. own impatent vanity, could wish it were

"It was either at Mr. Rogers's, or at neighbours, no communication with the breakfast few days after at Mr. R.'s sis- world, excepting once a week or fortnight, ter's (when house, by-the-way, is a fair This paper is published weekly, at Two Dottars and First Centre per annum, in advance; or There Dottars, if payment be delayed after the receipt of the 10th Number from the time of subscribing. If These terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publishers) until all arrearages are paid. If Advertishers until all arrearages are paid. If Advertishers will be inserted for One Dollar per square, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made from the regular prices for advertisers by the year. pendant fothis,) that we had much of Monkservice, each ave departed their separate way, which is preservation, no speculations upon the engagement, no congratulations before or after. Rogers, who seems of modes of law, or modes of faith. resolved to win the crown of celibiat martyrdom (is there a crown for it?) pronounc. and quoted a saying of some wicked Benedict, that 'no matter whom you married,

"No doubt; but, except with the idealizing lover, I believe the expectation is as habits and personal manners of some of often surpassed as disappointed. There is with his appearance. A gentleman said to these whose names are familiar throughout a generous opinion for a single woman of me, 'His eyes open, and open, and open,

> JOANNA BAILLIE AT HOME .- "I believe, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanno Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home; Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appeartalking with the voman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country; in short, forgetting every. against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows.

"We lunched with Miss Baillie, Mr. Tytler, the historian, and his sister were present. Lord Woodhouselie, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father. Joanna Baillie appears to as, from Scott's letters to her, to have been his favorite friend: and the conversation among so many personally familiar with him naturally turned upon him, and many a pleasant anecdote was told, many a thrilling word quoted.

"It was pleasant to hear these friends of Scott and Mackenzie talk of them as familiarly as we speak of W., B., and other household friends. They all agreed in demanners and conversation of the exquisite sentiment he infused into his writings. One one day in great glee from a cockfight, and his wife saying to him, 'Oh, Harry, Har- and dissipated our forlornness.

"I was glad to hear Miss Baillie, who is an intimate friend of Lady Byron, speak of "But the most interesting thing in all her with tender reverence, and of her conthe collection was the original document, jugal infelicity as not at all the result of any quality or deficiency on her part, but inevimpression, after Byron's own declaration was a portfolio, in which were arranged to Moore that 'there never was a better or autograph letters from Pope and Dryden, even a brighter, a kinder or a more amiable

CARLYLE, HALLAM, AND SIDNEY SMITH. -"I may say that we have scaled the ladnificent concert at L house; and the tea at this home-like hour was at Carlyle's. He is living in the suburbs of London, near not take the dimensions of surrounding obecstacies. It looks like the 'forge of thought' it is; and his eyes have a preterwhat Lockhart said to me, speaking of the enough to fill half a dozen hats.' Carlyle to America in seven days!

"Macauley was of the party. His conversation has the picturesqueness of versation resembles his writings; it is rich his writings, and flows as naturally, and as and delightful, filled with anecdotes and free from Germanism, as his own mountain illustrations from the abounding stores of streams are free from any infusion of Ger.

His manner is simple, natural, and kindly.

Tarenso.—An old toper in the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son (a with the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. The last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His manner is simple, natural, and kindly. illustrations from the abounding stores of streams are free from any infusion of Ger-

He was living with his wife in a most secluded part of Scotland. They had no when he went some miles to a post-office in the hope of a letter or some other intimation

"He said Webster's eyes were like dull furnaces, that only wanted blowing on to ed matrimony a folly at any period of life, lighten them up. And, by-the-way, it is quite interesting to perceive that our great countryman has made a cessation here. where it is all but as difficult to make one as to make a mark on the ocean. They have given him the soubriquet of 'the Great Western, and they seem particularly struck and you think they will never stop opening; and a painter was heard to exclaim, on iceing him, 'What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! and, my God! what coloring!

"We had a very amusing evening at Mr. Hallam's, whom (thanks to F., as thanks to her for all my best privileges in London) I have had the great pleasure of seeing two young; a fact kept out of your mind as far Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly or three times. But this kind of seeing is as possible, on a personal acquaintance, by and agreeable person. Miss Baillie-I write so brief and imperfect that it amounts to great people. Mr. Hallam has a very pleasing countenance and a most good-humored man of his keen wit may be some times ance; her face has nothing of the vexed and playful manner. I quite forgothe was over-tempted to demonstrate it, as the mag- expression that is often so deeply stamped the sage of the 'Middle Ages.' He remindmanimous Saladin was to use the weapon by a long experience of life. It indicates a ed me of ---; but his simplicity is more with which he adroitly severed a man's strong mind, great sensibility, and the be- genuine; not at all that of the great man trying to play child. You quite forget, in the freedom and case of the social man. that he is ever the hero in armor. We met Sidney Smith at his house, the best known of all the wits of the civilized world. The company was small; he was i' the be lived in, and in friendship with them all. her own gray hair; a general fashion, by. and we saw him, I believe, to advantage. Does not this speak volumes. the way, here, which I wish elderly ladies His wit was not, as I expected, a succession "He honored our letters of introduction of America may have the courage and the of brilliant explosions, but a sparkling ceiving us as cordially as if we were old brown silk gowns and boncets fitting the is at home, and i' the vein too; and, like been the sweet little one's reward. him also, he seemed to emov

There was a young man present, who, becess ventured to throw himself into the arena against the old lion-king, and to a lover of such sport, it would have been pleasant to see how he crackled him up, flesh, bones, and all."

A CONCERT AT THE MARQUIS OF LANDS. powne's.-The Concert at L- house was in a superb gallery of sculpture with a carved and gilded ceiling, and other appropriate and splendid accompaniments. I am told that it is one of the choicest collection of antique in the kingdom, but I had no opportunity of judging or enjoying, for the marble divinities were hid by the glittering mortals. When K. and I entered, the apartments were filled with some hundreds of people of the first station and fashion in the land, luxuriously dressed and sparkling with diamonds, a sea of faces as strange as their diamonds to me. It was an overpowering kind of solitude. Lady L. had politely directed me to a favorable position, and I slank into the first vacant place I could find, where I was beginning to feel quite comfortable in my obscurity, when K. said to me, with something of the feeling of Columbus's men when they first cried 'land!'

There is Mr. --- and Mr. --- !' These gentlemen soon after made their way to us,

In the course of the evening we met many agreeables persons to whom we had been before introduced, and several of the most noted lions of the London menagerie were pointed out to us, Bulwer, Taylor, and Talfourd Lady Seymour was there, a superb beauty certainly, and well entitled to the elective crown she is to wear, of Queen of Love and Beauty. I was intro. peace. This was no casy matter-neither duced to Mrs. Norton, who is herself a most queenly-looking creature, a Semiramis, a Sappho, or an Amazon (the Greek ideal Amazon, remember, uniting a mascufine force with feminine delicacy, or any thing that expresses the perfection of intelectual and physical beauty). There is another of these Sheridan sisters celebrated for her charms. I had read but a few mornings before, as I mentioned to you, that miserable death-bed letter from their pennyless grandfather, and I was somewhat struck with the shifting scenes of life when saw these women occupying the most brilliant position of the most brilliant circle in London. But what are gold and lands to the rich inheritance of Sheridan's genius

and Miss Linley's beauty. give one's guests such singing as Grisi's, Garcia's, Lablanche's, and Rubini's, and can, I suppose, only be given by those who have 'royal revenues.'

his overflowing mind. Some may think he man soil. He gave us an interesting action there was never any thing topped in our hou

#### [From the French.]

Rosannah, the ugly one. But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William ?

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife:

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say before a piano, was expressing her heart's food for cattle or horses :-- "We procure it one handred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so." Rosunna was a little girl of about four-

teen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly-"most revolting : with her little grey eyes, hat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry. Rose was, then, very ugly-but she was

sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensa. ted her with every good quality of the heart | frame. for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt as she listened to her mother's observation, "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

The clock struck eight: Mrs. Moore was orely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna." Trembling the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good-night. "Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye .-She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid

He kissed her tenderly. "I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother, when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of by coming immediately to see us, and re- taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest stream of humor, very like - when he those tender sentiments which were to have

neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly -they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness. ed the little ugly one's heart. A first im- to form finely pulverised soil on top as a proamiable, so amusing, that they approached, off from some places, where a mellow soil then listened, and then loved her. Now, on top would readily imbibe it. indeed, our little one was happy.

her young brains to discover why-but her will not conduct off the moisture so readily father still continued angry, and her mother as close earth. was still continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

-Mr. Moore was arranging the fire-when from him, snatched a book from the mantel, prove; and we must be governed by facts of green, and to remodel all that rough old and opened it abruptly: but after a moments that are well established, though there may Winter has destroyed. perusal, he closed it again, in a violent hu- be a seeming inconsistency from our not mor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling understanding the operations of nature. wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, nought remained but to establish the would make the first overture-and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and oined it to her father's, as it lay near her moment and cordially embraced each other. From that hour, Rose was the idol of them.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her .-Amiable, witty and observing, her conver-

sation was universally courted. One summer evening, the sun, which, during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, wide banks of red-clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky-the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

Others use a light horse had latter row, and stir the earth frequently, thinking ple in the wind like a sea of molten gold. Before the touch of the reapers that majest than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one. heat she had been receiving from the latter

In a soloon whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slight- ing milch cows, Mr. J. A. Grimes, of Harly agitated by the rising breeze of the eve-ning, offered something mysterious and po-method as practised by him. We would rocking chair, amusing himself with poking etical, whereon the imagination loved to add, there are few substances more nourishs dwell. A low, languishing whisper was ing than corn fodder, and the large stalks then heard, like the soothing murmur of that are usually lost, if treated in the way some distant rivulet. A woman, seated recommended by Mr. G., make the best sentiments by an extemporary melody, now in the fall, all the corn shucks we can, as

> No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for here was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine ble e-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the out and sprinkle three quarts of meal to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with bushel of cut shucks, and you will have a the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt better feed than three gallons of corn or an indescribable sensation thrill through his

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there of my friends, for feeding mules and horses was a charm in the witty and original trifle as well as their milch cows; and before I to which he listened, that transfixed him left, was told the cows had improved very where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. " Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he invol-

untarily sighed. Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupified-he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rose was indeed less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her grey eyes, small as they were, expressed, wonderfully well, her in- ending succession of change and variety in ternal sensations.

became the happiest of men in the posses. sion of the kindest and most loving of wo-

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

# Amricultural.

#### [From the Yankee Farmer.] Stir the earth often.

It is necessary to stir the earth often among vegetables, not only for the purpose of keep. His torrents of rain and sleet, too! The ing down the weeds, but for the purpose of magnanimous Mr. Espy may brag as he keeping it loose for the passage of the roots, pleases about raising the Obio at pleasure And then in the world-new pangs wound- for the admission of the air and water, and with his manufactured article, we believe pression alienated all the young girls of her tection against drought. When the earth ery day doing of old Winter, in this line of own age-but then she was so good, so is hard, the water in time of rain will run

In some cases we have observed that after

readily sink into the loose earth, running son, the release from his winter's inactividown between the particles; but if the ty, and the excitement of his rural labors; ground be close and hard, and very dry, it not reject her innocent coaxing, and the will run off, barely wetting the surface .little girl thinking she had succeeded in The dryness, which at first view would lead touching his heart, took in her hand the one to suppose that it would at once imbibe is now upturned in every direction, a change moistened handkerchief wherewith her mo- the water, serves only to repel it. This ther had been drying her weeping eyes, and fact will appear evident to any one, who, dried them a second time therewith; she in a dry time, examines the state of the then tenderly embraced her mother, who soil as to the moisture, before the fine, loose pleasing to the farmer. And if the black earth and the path or place beside it that | mould is, indeed, unsightly to the eye of rehas long remained unmoved.

Many experiments have been tried by was often stirred.

Writers on the advantage of frequent hoeing, attribute its valuable effect, in this respect to the dews penetrating more rapidly which shows these gaudy hues, and bring it, heart. Human pride could resist no longer the fine earth, and passing to the roots of with all possible speed to the color and qual--her alienated parents rose at the same plants; this opinion is erroneous, for a hea, ities which accord with the standard of true vy dew will penetrate the fine earth but agricultural taste. little-it will lay mostly on the top, and soon evaporate when the sun shines upon it.

do not go so deep. The great object is to directly downward, even when they come sion that the soil is no longer visible; while suddenly, in plentiful showers, and this is the stately corn, marshalled in ranks like

frequently and finely. Some farmers hoe their corn only twice, excepting they cut up the weeds after the

#### Feeding milch cows.

In reply to an inquiry in the Cultivator as to the best and cheapest manner of feedsmooth and tender, now weeping and trem- the farmers put little value upon them .-When we commence feeding, we have a large kettle in which we can heat water. and a basket holding the quantity we intend for each animal. We then take the shucks to a common cutting box, and cut them as you would hay or oats, and scald them a few minutes in the kettle. Then take them meal, fix it as you will. When I was last in Mississippi, the corn crop was very short, and suggested this way of feeding to some much in the quality as well as the quantity of their milk.

Mr. G. is a most successful breeder of Berkshires, and has sold great numbers of the pure breed, as well as crosses with the Irish and Bedford. Mr. Grimes' stock is represented as one of the first quality, of which there can be little doubt, it having been derived from the best sources.

#### [From the Tennessee Farmer.] The pleasures of country life.

One of the most exhilerating circumstances in the Agricultural life, is the never the scenery and labors of the farm. This pleasing diversity makes itself felt through-Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and out the lapse of the seasons. There is some little monotony, it istrue, in the bronze countenance and icy breath of surly old Winter; but even he, hard-featured and cold hearted old gentleman as he is, has his freaks of fancy to beguile the usual dulness of his presence; treats us to an occasional glance of most blessed sunshine; and now and then throws off his rusty brown coat, and puts on his robe of state so exquisitely white and cleanly, as no ermined judge of ball-room beauty may ever aspire to rival. And then his storms and tornadoes! where is the theatrical mechanism which can ever compete with him in these ? he will never be able to come up to the evbusiness.

Winter, too, witnesses many cheering changes in the arrangements of the farm. Under the magic of the woodman's axe, the One day Mr. Moore went home in a vio- a powerful rain, where the ground was hard tangled forest suddenly becomes the open lent passion, and became, in consequence it was not wet down half an inch, while it field, and takes its place as an internal part of some trifling prevarication, highly in- was thoroughly wet where the surface was of the regular plantation. The stately censed against his wife. Their domestic loose and fine. In dry weather the advan- fence rises up erect, in its long lines, with felicity was troubled for eight long days- tages of frequently stirring the soil are its formidable appearances of strength and for eight long days Mrs. Moore was con-tinually crying. Rosanna in vain racked evaporation of the moisture, as loose earth and enclosures often strikes the eye with a

sentiment of gratification. But, sad as is the havoc he makes in the We are aware that some persons will say vegetable world while he does stay, even "it is a poor rule that will not work both stormy old Winter passes swiftly on his They were all three seated in the parlor ways," and if loose earth readily absorbs way; and with his departing footsteps, that rain, it will allow the escape of moisture, famous young artist, Spring, comes forthis was concluded, he threw the tongs but this is not the case as experiments plainly a and to touch the whole scene with her tints

> Spring brings her balmy skies and fragrant breath to all; but none so sensibly us Water falls by its own weight, and will the farmer feels the exhileration of the seanone looks forward, to the prospect before him, and to its succession of changes, with more joyous expectation. The fresh soil of scene which some may regard as not very decidedly picturesque. But as a preparation for his crops, it is inexpressibly finement, one might suppose that the most fastidious could not fail to be pleased with hoeing frequently, in a very dry time, part | the various fancy colors which are brought of a piece of land on which corn or vege. to light on some of our farms by this hantables were growing, and leaving a part; dy work of the plough. The most brilliant and it has been found that the crops suffer. dica are often exhibited—red, yellow, ored much less from drought where the earth ange, &c. &c. This might please even the Indian taste, which delights in lively colors, but we appeal to the farmer if he had not better go to work with the soil Very soon, however, this aspect of the

> fields is succeeded by another far more viv-In this country the dews are too light to id and pleasing. Nature's own favorite penetrate to the roots of the plants, as they | color, green, sheds its soft mantle upon the whole scene. The small grains, in disorretain the moisture in the earth, and prepare | dered array, but beautiful in their disorder, the surface to receive and convey the rains thrust up their bright spires in such profu. done most effectually by stirring the earth regular troops on review day, stands erect as a grenadier, and rustles its flags in the breeze with great dignity.

> \_But another glorious change comes with haying season is over, to prevent their pro- the coming of harvest. The small grains ducing seed. Others use a light horse har- have shed their verdure, and they now rip-