

should make a large opening, and would admit the wet and rot them. About this time we plant out those that are not likely to keep, and serve them in like manner by topping them in the spring. We find the Lisbin to pull green, and the Tripolian to bulb, best to sow in August. The Tripolian is not so free to run in the spring; it is not easy to save the seed, and is frequently very much mixed, unless from an honourable seedsman. Is our Devonshire farmer acquainted with the Italian Ryegrass; and the best way to cultivate it?—is it best to sow it alone, or with what crop does it succeed best, in drill or broad-cast?—how to save the seed the best way? I think its manner of cultivation is not yet followed out, or it would be more recommended. I have enclosed two leaves, Mr. Editor, about half an inch wide, and 18 inches long, to let you see it. I have never grown any quantity; having some near relations in the way of farming, I wish either to shame them or that they may learn its cultivation more perfectly. The grow green crops, and seem to think very little of its merits. As I wish my letter to be useful, I would just notice your Lancashire correspondent respecting pitting potatoes. In moist or wet soil the potatoes should be laid on the top of the ground in long or round ridges, and a trench formed at bottom to draw the wet from them. If air at top is left, as he recommends, they would in general heat themselves dry. You want to know if worms are hurtful to grass land. On some crops they are very hurtful, especially when young; and on pleasure ground they cause the poor gardener to whet his scythe oftener than he could wish, because of their casts or dung. However, I have heard say that the earth without worms would not be so healthy, as they draw stagnant water from the surface.

I am, yours, &c.,

Moors, Cheltenham, Nov. 13.

R. BLAIR.

P. S.—I observed the success of growing and cutting three crops in the year; but did not say how cultivated—the rye-grass.

THE MIND.—Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realization of the great ends for which he was designed; without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere mercenary motives and desires; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform, having no heart beating in common with those of his fellow men, no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may be well said not to live. His mind is shut in by a moral darkness, and he merely exists a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a regret.

Such beings we have seen, and wondered at—wondered that a mortal, endowed with so many qualities, and capable of the highest attainment of intellectuality, should slumber on in a world like ours, in which is everything beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind and the heart, and of such a diversified character that we may never grow weary.

If, then, you would wish to live in the true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings; and pen not every thought

or desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow men, and in seeking their happiness you will promote your own.—*Zion's Herald.*

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity will suffice to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour.

The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; that is, about twice as high as St. Paul's church in London, and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river, Magdalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance. Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata, has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paragua, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, ships are seen, which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, which on a beautiful inclined plane of the stream have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spire.—*Pottsville Gazette.*

HILLINGDON HALL; OR, THE COCKNEY SQUIRE.

Colburn, Great Marlborough Street.

No bubble-mongers ever did so much to put themselves into notice as the Anti-Corn-Law League; they have all the vanity, desire of notoriety, and furor for making public exhibitions of themselves, that so strongly characterize Young England, without, however, one atom of that unquestionable, though somewhat eccentric, talent which equally distinguishes the New Generation. The latter, not content with eloquent orations in the House, opinions of the press, or the sensations in the club-rooms, struck out a new course, and scattered their sentiments far and wide in *Coningsby*, or the novel of the season. It was a bold stroke, a good idea that told well, and one the leaders of the League saw and sorrowed at, as it drove them to the shade. Covent Garden, with its immense success, crowded houses, and for one night only, sunk to absolutely nothing by the side of it: a fact the performers were forced to admit, without turning on one "move" for regaining the attention of a discerning public. Mr. Cobden, with all his strong powers of fiction, felt himself unequal to the task, and friend Bright lacked that terrible stretch of the imagination necessary to working up his party into an agreeable and, at the same time, respectable history. A good Samaritan, with the will and the way, with a wonderful knowledge of all their different "draws" and designs, perceiving and pitying their distress, plunged at once with vigour and ability into his labour of love, and explained—laid open to every eye—their grand considerations, their real intentions, and truly philanthropic feeling, in the pages of "Hillingdon Hall, or, the Cockney Squire."

The plan of this work, as the reader will almost guess from its title, is to illustrate the life of a retired London tradesman, one Mr. Jorrocks, after having just settled at the Hall, a new purchase from the profits arising by the retail of figs, sugar, bohea, and such like commodities. Letters follow him here from a half-friend half-hanger on in town, who, having no