

General Miscellany.

America in a Race with the World.

America is now seventy-six years of age. During this brief period, she has endured the natural drawbacks of two wars with the most powerful nation of the earth; and one of these she was obliged to bear while struggling for her own national existence—at the very hour when she needed most the fostering care of the mother country. Surrounded by the attendant difficulties of a profound wilderness, which she was to clear and make fruitful—an uncivilized and even barbarous nation within herself, which she was to subdue; contending with a climate that seemed rough beyond endurance, and a soil that had rocks of iron; without wealth, without arms, without armies; she started upon her career as a nation, and demanded her rights from the world. We say nothing of a thousand other difficulties necessarily connected with her new position. But where is America now? Her race was with kings, queens, aristocrats, autocrats, with governments; with China, of the hoary age of three thousand years; with Russia, then in possession of one seventh of the globe; with England, already in her glory; with France, with the Turks; nay, with Rome, with the wide world. The race was for life; who could best live, best govern, best defend, best educate, best pray, best provide for her poor, her sick, her healthy sons?

How does the race come out? To-day America is seen with a territory equalling that of the whole of Europe, all under her control, with a population of twenty-five millions; with a soil so subdued, that, with the usual blessings of Providence, she could feed and clothe, beside herself, half of Europe. Her poor and sick have their thousand asylums; other nations are visiting to take their dimensions, and pattern by their internal economy. The people are educated; they are all readers. No nation in the world can present a like picture. They are all taught of God. Her sanctuaries are in every State, town and village. Her colleges, her academies, her other seminaries of learning, her common schools, are nowhere surpassed in the history of nations.

Recently America has been put to the test. Your readers all know of the great Industrial Fair of the World at London. At this place the nations have come together to be friends—to see how each has fared since the child America left the lap of England. And to give interest to the occasion, they have agreed to test each the other's skill, strength, wealth, beauty even. At the first, when the nations did look upon us, we did seem unseemly. They were arrayed in scarlet; we in wool and cotton. They had diamonds; we a machine to make candles. Their machines were exquisitely wrought; ours lacked the polish. They had beautiful designs, painting, sculpture; we had a plough!

But how does the race come out? As no human mind could have anticipated.—The trial gives America the command of all the great interests of life. It gives her command of the sea. Her yacht, the America, out-distances, in sailing, all nations in the world. It gives America command of the earth. Her plough turns the best furrow, and thereby draws from the earth the most fruitfulness with the least labour. The trial gives to America the command of the harvest world. Her grain reaper, though unpolished, controls the harvest fields as does none other, and is among those implements which takes the prize of the GREAT MEDAL OF THE WORLD. It gives America the command of the battle field. COLT'S REVOLVER out-generals all other experiments, and will put into the hands of the inventor a half million of dollars.

The trial has given us also precedence in providing for misfortune. One of our Springfield citizens has presented at the fair an ARTIFICIAL LEG for the unfortunate, that so far exceeds all others, that in walking one can scarcely distinguish the natural from the artificial.

What more could be asked for America? The Grain Reaper is worth more to the world than the Koh-i-noor diamond, or ten thousand of them. So is the Plough; so

is even the American Candle Machine; yes, it is worth more than all the diamonds of earth. It is worth more than silk, though that silk were scarlet.

Practical Illustration of Unitarianism.

Rev. Mr. H. was travelling in a stage coach with several passengers, among whom were a gentleman and lady, who for several hours engrossed nearly all the conversation, and it was wholly on the superior excellency of certain novels which had lately been published. After a while they seemed to have exhausted this subject, and having nothing else to talk about, they took up the subject of religion, and orthodoxy was the theme. The gentleman remarked that he had been brought up in orthodoxy, but when he came to read and think for himself, he renounced orthodoxy, and embraced Unitarianism. The lady remarked that this was precisely the case with her, and said she thought the orthodox, as they call themselves, could not be very close-thinking people, if they were, they would doubtless become Unitarians.

So here Mr. H. found himself in company with reading and close-thinking people, at least two of the company were of this description, if their own profession could be credited. He had hitherto kept silence, as had all the other passengers; but now he felt, when the subject of religion was introduced, he might take some part in the conversation, and perhaps he might obtain some light from such reading and close-thinking persons. So he ventured to make some inquiry what were the distinguishing features of the system of divinity which they so much admired, and wherein it differed from orthodoxy. After a while he gathered from them that Unitarianism denied human depravity, the sacrificial death of Christ, the doctrine of atonement, the necessity of pardon, and the renewing influence of the Holy Ghost. "Well," said Mr. H., "what do you do with your Bibles? The Bible declares thus and so respecting human depravity, atonement, &c.," and he quoted several passages in point, among which were the following: Jer. xvii, 9: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and Rom. vii, 7: "The carnal mind is enmity against God." "Why," said the gentleman, "you seem to think all who are not Christians are carnally-minded, and are enemies to God." "Yes," said Mr. H., "I do." Then said the gentleman, "I must have been born a Christian, for I am sure I never felt any enmity to God." The lady remarked that she should like to see the original of that passage which speaks of being carnally-minded; she thought there must be some mistake in the translation.

Mr. H. replied to the gentleman, "I have good reason to believe that you are now in a state of enmity to God, under the influence of the carnal mind, and that you do not know the deceitfulness of your own heart." And turning to the lady, he said, "I think, madam, you have the original of this text in yourself. The conversation of both of you give very strong proof that, with all your reading and thinking, you have never read or thought much on the Bible; and that you are both strangers to religion. People who can spend most of their time in reading and talking about novels, give pretty good evidence that they are carnally-minded and at enmity against God. The gentleman remarked that he read novels to kill time. "That remark," said Mr. H., "only serves to furnish stronger proof of your depravity, and enmity against God. Who authorised you to kill time? I am pretty sure, from your own remarks, that you never saw yourself yet, and know very little about religion. If you could only see your true character as it is exhibited in the Bible, your depravity, and your love of sin, you would feel your need of an atoning sacrifice, and the necessity of being renewed by the Holy Ghost. And, sir, with these views you would, I have no doubt, quit reading novels to kill time, for you would perceive you would have none too much time to get ready to die."

Mr. H. continued the conversation by endeavouring to make it appear that novel-readers were rather poor judges of orthodoxy, and that what is called orthodoxy, so far as it respects depravity, atonement, and the ne-

cessity of being born again, is in perfect accordance with the Holy Scriptures, whatever novel-writers and novel-readers may think of it.

The Sandhills of South Carolina.

Most people know that the white inhabitants of South Carolina are separated into two classes,—the wealthy, proud, imperious planters, and "the poor white folks." These "poor white folks" are degraded and miserable, made so by that influence of slavery which degrades labour. A correspondent of the New York Herald says:—

"The sandhills of South Carolina are a notorious race, for they may be called a race by themselves. Between the alluvial sea-board country and the primitive, lies the sandhill region, from ten to thirty miles wide, and extending from Georgia to Virginia. In this State we find this region hilly, very thickly wooded, (where not cut out) with a principal growth of pines; capable of being converted into various sorts of lumber, and a dense undergrowth of numerous varieties of shrub oaks, and whortleberry or huckleberry bushes. The soil is a white sand, resting upon hard clay. Little patches of it can be profitably cultivated. This is the country of the sandhills—they seem to like the shelter and idleness of the woods. They are squatters on the land, either with or without the consent of the State or the other owners, who care but little about them. They make shingles and baskets, fish and hunt, gather wild berries, pine knots, and sometimes a few cucumbers and melons, which they sell in the village; but their chief employment and their chiefest luxury seems to be a jug of whiskey. Here, on the road, we meet a family who have been to town. A little girl of ten years old, with a coarse old fragment of a dress on, is sitting on the back bone of a moving skeleton of a horse, which has the additional task of trailing along a rickety specimen of a wagon, in which is seated a man, a real outside squalid barbarian, maudlin and obfuscated with bald-faced whiskey, with a child of four or five years old at his side. Behind this, a haggard looking boy upon another skeleton of a horse is coming.—What an odd, outlandish low wheeled cart the horse is pulling! There sits the old woman and her grown up daughter, with nothing on apparently, except a very dirty bonnet and a coarse and dirty gown. The daughter has a basket by her side, and the old woman holds fast to a suspicious looking stone jug of half a gallon measure, corked with a corkcob. Your life on it, that is a jug of whiskey. The family have been to the village, with a couple of one horse loads of pine knots used for light wood.—They have probably sold them for a dollar, half of which has doubtless gone for whiskey, and now they are getting home. Degraded as they are you see it is the man who is helpless, and the woman who has to take care of the jug, and conduct the important expedition. There are hundreds of such people dispersed through these sand hills. You see the whole of this party are bare legged and bare footed. And how bonny and brown they are! And it is a curious fact, that in temperate countries, the children of all semi-barbarous white people (except Sir Henry Bulwer's black-headed or red-headed Ceits,) and all Anglo Saxon backwoods, or mountain, or prairie people, have cotton-headed or flaxen-headed children."

For Farmers.

The Philosophy of Soil, &c.

We hail with manifest pleasure and gratitude this all-glorious age, when the science of agriculture is being looked upon, not in its former degraded and disgraceful light, but as a science truly worthy of our profoundest research;—when the office of the "tiller of the soil" is not considered as the drudgery of all labour, nor the farmer's life as devoid of whatever interests; but to the contrary, he who earns his bread "by the sweat of his brow"—he who labours from morn till night over his harrow and plough, is in fact being deemed equal in position with him who, from day to day,

—pores o'er the many lusty volumes
Of his heart's forgotten lore.

There has been truly a great revolution in the agricultural world within a few years. Indeed, it

has been comparatively wholly regenerated and reformed. And now this science is regarded as of vital importance to the perpetual growth and increase of our—I trust—yet infant republic. It is being looked upon with a philosophic—a scientific view, with a view to raise its standard of true merit, to promote its best interests, and give it that position in the scientific world which its real merit demands. Philosophers and men of letters are turning their attention to it. Men of great and gigantic minds, of powerful intellects and of great wisdom, are being engrossed in the cause. And by their continued developments in relation to it, still render it a theme of increasing interest, and an occupation replete with many sources of enjoyment.

We find that to be a true farmer, we must fully understand our business—not only the practical part thereof, but the theory, the rudiments, the grand fundamental principles. By thus preparing ourselves, we render us emphatically independent works, not dependent upon the opinion, the doctrine or "say so" of any other man.

He is not truly an engineer who is simply capable of putting in motion or stopping at an appropriate time his omnibus car, but he should render himself able to tear in pieces, to build up, to separate and examine every component part and portion of his structure, then reconstruct again. Then will he be competent to look upon his completed fabric, each part separately considered, and turn every portion to the very best practical advantage and benefit.

Likewise with him who follows the pursuit of agriculture. He first must have an accurate knowledge concerning the nature and essence of the soil which he is about to till. He should be perfectly familiar with its ingredients and elementary principles, the relations which they bear to each other, and what they would be best capable of producing under certain combinations. Thus then he comes into immediate contact with the sciences of geology and chemistry, without a good practical knowledge of which he is, in fact, unfit for his profession.

We observe, then, that this occupation is far from being that decidedly uninteresting and monotonous one formerly represented to be, but is engrossed with a never-ending variety of speculations which demand the closest possible scrutiny of philosophical research.

But I perceive I am spinning far too lengthy for a preface, and must proceed immediately to the theme upon which I propose to expatiate, and if in the course of the following remarks I should chance to "rake up" from the unbounded resources of science any truths, or throw out any hints which may prove of any use to tend to increase the fund of knowledge of any of your numerous readers in regard to the fundamental principles of agriculture, I shall feel myself fully rewarded.

The vegetable kingdom, we find, may with propriety be considered as the connecting link between the mineral and animal creation, and serves to unite them into a common chain of beings, for it is through the means of vegetation alone that mineral substances are introduced into the animal system, since generally speaking, it is from vegetables that all animals ultimately derive their sustenance. Vegetation then seems to be the method nature invariably employs to prepare food for animals. Nor does the vegetable exhibit more wisdom in this admirable system of organization, by which it is enabled to answer its own immediate ends of preservation, nutrition and propagation, than in its grand and ultimate object of forming those arrangements and combinations of principles which are so well adapted to the nourishment of animals.

But a question arises here. Where do vegetables obtain those principles which form their immediate materials. Indeed this is a point said to be somewhat in the dark, but let us see. The soil which at first view seems to be the aliment of the vegetable, is found on a more minute inspection, a thorough investigation, to be in fact little more than a channel through which they receive their nourishment, so that it is very possible to raise plants without either earth or soil. We have instances of this in the hyacinth and other bulbous roots which will grow and blossom so beautifully in glasses of water. But methinks I hear some one say, "You would have something of a job of it to raise trees thus?" No doubt I should, as it is the burying of the roots in the earth which supports the stem of the tree. But this office, besides that of affording a vehicle for food, is by far the most important which the earthy portions of the soil perform in the process of vegetation, and it is discovered in the process of analysis that but an extremely small proportion of earthy matter is found in the vegetable.

In this connection another question of no small importance arises. If the earth does not afford nourishment to the plant, why is it necessary to be so attentive to the preparation of the soil? It is to impart to it those qualities which render it a proper vehicle for the food of the plant. Water is found to be the chief nourishment of vegetables; if, therefore, the soil be too sandy, it will not retain a sufficient quantity of water to supply the roots of the plant. If, on the contrary, it abounds too much with clay, the water will lodge there in such quantities as to threaten the decomposition of the roots. Calcareous soils, upon the whole, are the most favourable to the growth of the

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