

—when they spread the generous seed on the ashes, yet warm, of the giants of the forest—when the crops were so luxuriant as to conceal under the undulations of their golden ears the fences and the blackened stumps of the grand old pines, which formerly spread their shade over the place occupied by the rich harvest—where raspberries, cherries, or wild pear trees showed themselves here and there, with their fruits or their red plumes waving amid the white ears of grain. Antiquity has thus represented Ceres, crowning herself with the flowers of the forest.

"This abundance may be re-created, but not as formerly, by the spontaneous production of the soil, but by the violence which will be done to it—by a profound study of its resources, and by rational culture. Let the pupils run, then, to those invaluable schools, where they will acquire a science more precious than a patrimony—the science of preserving, improving, and fertilizing the exhausted womb of the country."

Farming on Shares.

We are afraid that the old negro's experience, as given in the following paragraph, from the Cincinnati Gazette, is too general among the Southern blacks.]

An old negro thus relates his experience in farming on shares, which does not seem to have been altogether successful: "Yousee, mas'r, I s'edde workenest cullud pussen you eber did see. I goes out early in de morning and nebar comes hum till plum night. Den Mary, my wife, she work all de day and night and a'most keep de children, so I lay up all my money. After I was sot free I speculate and make lots of money, put um by in de old woman's stocking and hide him in de logs. Ole mas'r he keep a ding-dongin' an' a ding-dongin' at me to come up and farm fo' him; and de ole 'oman, when mas'r speak ob de children and ole missus, bust out a crying and say she was a goin' an' show; so I specs I'd better go too. An' ole master and I went down to town, and a lawyer made a contract and read him all ober, an' he sound all right, an' I put my sign on him. Next day I move up an' gin de work. I hire all de han's and massa board 'em. Sometimes it rain, and sometimes de han's be sick; but it goes on all right until de money gum out ob de stockin'."

When the ole 'oman say de money was out ob de stockin' I tole her to fetch him up; and shu as you lib it was all gone. Den de ole 'oman cry an' say we break up; but I tell her de crop was fine, and when we gedder um and sell him, we have more money den afore. When I tole ole mas'r de money was out, he say, 'Dat's all right, Sam. I gum you lots.' Den I as: 'de ole 'oman lass at what a fool she be fo' crying ober de money in de stockin'.' After de crop be gedder, massa an' I settle; and, shu as you born I owe massa two hundred dollars. Mas'r say it all right and gum me de statement on a paper. Den I go down to town, an' take along de contract, and de Bureau man read de statement, an' ole massa charge me fo' de wet wedder, an' de sick han's, an' de board; and dat make more dan de work an' my money. I tole de Bureau dat was not de bargain; but he read de contract, and, afore God, dat contract change since de lawyer read him. Mas'r say I must work next year fo' make up what I owe him, an' I come down heah to see what I do about um. Tell you, it's mighty hard, mas'r, to lose all de money in de stockin', work hard all year, and den be in debt.—De regulationers come roun' one night, tie me up to a tree an' whip me most to death, to make me tole whar de money dey speer I hab, but I tole dem how I spen' um hirin' han's an den dey let me down, an' break up my furniture, and go off wid de bedclothes. Mary an' de children's mos' naked, and we's mighty poor now; and the old fellow brushed a tear from his eye and stood waiting for the decision of this mighty Bureau man. This old man lived near Lebanon, Ky., and had walked all the way to Lexington to lay his case before the head of the Bureau.—U. S. Paper.

Natrel History of the Black Man.

The Black Man emigrated twt this free and pious kuntry about 200 years formerly, in the lower story of a vessel; he wuz kindly furnished with a free ride, and sum rice and water for vittals.

Immediately upon his arrival he commenced bizness, for other folks, on our Eastern coast, and had plenty tew do.

He was very economical in his habits or clothes, wearing but fa, and those seldom made out of cassimere.

He okasionally changed his lokation, moving into an adjoining State, but in these journeys he was always kindly furnished with a guide, so that there wuz no danger uv his getting lost.

In these trips he seldom took his family with him;

they were either allowed to remain a hum, or made excursions in search of work i' other States, un: ler the guidance of experienced guides.

Once in a while the Black Man would stray away to the cold and bitter North, and get cruilly lost.

Hiz guides would mourn for him then, and search for him, but hiz family soon got reconciled tew the loss.

Everybody sed, whare he lived, that he was the happiest critter that had ever bin discovered yet, with nothing tew do but work, and a kind guide tew watch over him awl the time, and mourn for him when he got lost.

But the Black Man is a very phoolish critter.

After 200 years or this bliss, he grew cross tew hiz guides, and wouldn't follow the guides, and the konsequenz iz, that the guides have got mad, and I am afraid that the Black Man will have tew take care or himself now.

He will find it very different from what it was before.

He haz got tew educate his own young ones now, and learn them how tew spel korrekty, one ov the most difficult things in the world; and he has got tew vote, and keep hiz familee together, and pay when he rides in the street kars.

I am afraid the Black Man haz made a mistake; if he haz, it iz a bad one, for hiz guides never will take him into their hands agin—no, never! They are mad, an don't like the way the Black Man quit them, when they was driv with bizness, and after they had took so much care or him fo' so menny years.

I feel sorro fo' the guides; they alwus seemed tew have a great interest in the Black Man, but they are mad now and I don't know az I blame them much, for Black ingratitude is the poorest kind or pay.

It perhaps would be well enuff for me to stait, for the benefit of new beginners, that the Black Man formerly resided in Africa, before he cum here to look fo' work.—Josh Billings.

Horace Greeley's Barn.

THE philosopher of the *New York Tribune* is a farmer as well as an editor, and appears to have very correct views about most agricultural matters.

His ideas about barns and sheltering stock may be gathered from the following description of his barn from his own pen:—

"My barn is a fair success. I placed it on the shelf of my hill, nearest to the upper (east) side of my place, because a barn-yard is a manufactory of fertilizers from materials of lesser weight; and it is easier to draw these down hill than up. I built its walls wholly of stones gathered or blasted from the adjacent slope, to the extent of four or five thousand tons, and laid in a box with a thin mortar of (little) lime and (much) sand, filling all the interstices and binding the whole in a solid mass, till my walls are nearly one solid rock, while the roof is of Vermont slate. I drive into three stories—a basement for manures, a stable for animals, and a story above this for hay, while the grain is pitched into the loft or 'scaffold' above, from whose floor the roof rises steep, to a height of sixteen or eighteen feet. There should have been more windows for light and air; but my barn is convenient, impervious to frost, and I am confident that cattle are wintered in it at a fourth less cost than when they shiver in board shanties, with cracks between the boards that will admit your hand. No part of our rural economy is more wasteful than the habitual exposure of our animals to pelting, chilling storms, and to intense cold. Building with concrete is still a novelty, and was far more so ten years ago, when I built my barn. I could now build better and cheaper, but I am glad that I need not. I calculate that this barn will be abidingly useful long after I shall have been utterly forgotten; and that, had I chosen to have my name lettered on its front, it would have remained there to honor me as a builder long after it had ceased to have any other significance."

A FRIENDLY PASSENGER.—The *Haverhill Publisher* relates that during the Vermont State Fair a conductor on one of the railroads innocently extended his hand to a rustic young lady, expecting she would produce her ticket. To his great surprise Miss Verdancy quickly seized his hand, squeezed it most affectionately, and with that peculiarity of manner that always marks the so-called "capable girl," propounded the cheerful conundrum of "How's your folks?" adding the remark that "it was nice weather." A stern sense of duty compelled the conductor to undecieve the fair creature and to explain to her that he wasn't a "friend of the family," and that he must see her ticket or the money for the ride. Amid considerable confusion "Jeroosha" produced her papers and allowed the conductor to pass without further inquiry about his "folks."

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Hampton, Nov. 14, 1868.

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