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THE GARLAND.

WOMAN'S HEART.

(By Mary Ann Drown, Author of "Mont Blanc," &c.)

Alas ! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart.

LEL.

SAW, what is woman's heart—a thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the sweetest dreams of thought;
A bark, that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love?—of ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream;
A smiling flower, that will not die,
A beauty—and a mystery!
It seems as light as a priest's flowers;
It joys as bright as April flowers;
It hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair!

What are its hopes?—rainbows, that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with ev'ry word,
Beguiling it, like summer birds;
That stay, while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate?—a passing frown,
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lightened by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion, that scarce hath a part,
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair?—a drop
Of fever, that leaves tears to weep;
A woe, that works with silent power,
As canker-worms destroy a flower;
A viper, that shows not its fangs,
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist, that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the sweetest dreams of thought;
A bark, that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"
'Tis over—that look to the fast-setting sun
Shows too plainly thy race of existence is run
That flash on thy cheek, and thy dim closing eye,
And that playful and puny "good-bye" to me
And the breast in the morning so haughty and bold,
With the shades of the evening is withered and cold:
How proud! when the death-fires in volleys were
Flashing.

When the comrades around thee thy comrades were clashing,
How scornful thy glance at the foe's array,
Yet subdued by a thought of the friends far away!
Oh! vain was the hope when the battle was o'er,
That thou shouldst revisit thy own native shore,
And that playful and puny "good-bye" to me
All their blessings and smiles on the conqueror's head:
That hope and thy life-blood are ebbing away,
And soon will be left thee inanimate clay;
Yet how noble on thy lips lingers tenderly yet,
Whom in joy or in peril thou'lt never couldst forget,
And the sigh and the tears you exchanged when you
Parted,

Are as fresh in thy heart as they were when they started.
'Tis over—that pang was the last thou wilt feel
From fond recollections or enemy's steel:
And though amidst heaps of the dead thou may'st lie,
The fame of thy victories never shall die!
For Albion will honour the brave who are slain
In defence of her rights on the blood-drenched plain;
And the powers of speech and locomotion, they seem
To possess every characteristic of sentient life.

A plant consists of a root, a stem, leaves, and a
flower or blossom.
The root is bulbous, as the onion, like the parsnip
or carrot; or branched out into threads, as the
greater number are, and particularly all the large
ones.—a bulbous root could not support a large tree.
The stem is single or branched, clinging for support
or upright, clothed with a skin or bark.
The flower contains the principle of reproduction,
as the root does of individuality. This is the most
precious part of the plant, to which every thing contrib-
utes. The root nourishes it, the stem supports, the
leaves defend and shelter it: it comes forth but when
Nature has prepared for it by showers and sun and
gentle soothing warmth;—colour, beauty, scent adorn
it; and when it is complete, the end of the plant's ex-
istence is answered. It fades and dies; or, if capable
of its perennial nature of repeating the process, it
hides in its inmost folds the precious germ of new being,
and itself almost retires from existence till a new year
begins.

A tree is one of the most stately and beautiful ob-
jects in God's visible creation. It does not admit of
an exact definition, but is distinguished from the hum-
bler plant by its size, the strength of its stem, which
becomes a trunk, and the comparative smallness of the
blossom. In the fruit-trees, indeed, the number of
blossoms compensates for their want of size; but in
the forest-trees the flower is scarcely visible. Pro-
duction seems not to be so important a process where
the parent tree lives for centuries.
Every part of vegetables is useful. Of many the
roots are edible, and the seeds are generally so; of
many the leaves, as of the cabbage, spinach; the buds,
as of the asparagus, cauliflower; the bark is often em-
ployed medicinally, as the quinquina and cinnamon.
The trunk of a tree determines the manner of its
growth, and gives firmness: the foliage serves to form
one mass of a number of trees; while the distinct lines
are partly seen, partly hid, like flowing tresses; they
wave in the wind with an undulatory motion, catch the
glow of the evening sun, or glitter with the rain; they
shelter innumerable birds and animals, and afford va-
riety in colours, from the bright green of spring to the
faded tints of autumn. In winter, however, the form
of each tree and its elegant ramifications are discerned,
which were lost under the flowing robe of verdure.

Trees are beautiful in all combinations: the single
tree is so: the clump, the grove, rising like an amphi-
theatre; the flowing line that marks the skirts of wood
and the dark, deep, boundless shade of the forest; the
green line of the hedgerow, the more artificial avenue,
the Gothic arch of verdure, the tangled thicket.
Young trees are distinguished by beauty, in maturity
their characteristic is strength. The ruin of a tree is
venerable even when fallen; we are then more sensible
of its towering height; we also observe the root, the
deep fangs which held it against so many storms, and
the firmness of the wood; a sentiment of pity mixes too
with our admiration. The trees in groves and woods
shed a brown religious horror, which favoured the re-
ligion of the ancient world. Trees shelter from cut-
ting winds and sea air; they preserve moisture; but
if too many, in their thick and heavy mass they stagnate
and their profuse perspiration is unwholesome; they
shut out the golden sun and ventilating breeze.
It should seem as if the number of trees must have
been diminishing for ages, for in no cultivated country
does the growth of trees equal the waste of them. A
few gentlemen raise plantations, but many more cut
down; and the farmer thinks not so lofly a thing as
the growth of ages. Trees are too lofly to want the
hand of man. The florist may mingle his tulips and
spread the paper ruff on his carnations; he may trim
his mount of roses and his laurel hedge; but the lofly
growth of trees soars far above him. If he presumes
to fashion them with his shears, and trim them into
fantastic or mathematical shapes, offended taste
will mock all his improvements. Even in planting he
can do little. He may succeed in fancying a clump
or laying out an avenue, and may perhaps greatly incline
the boughs to form the arch; but a forest was never
planted.—English paper.

STRIKING CONTRAST.—If we compare the
present situation of the people of England with that
of their predecessors at the time of Cesar's
invasion; if we contrast the warm and dry cottage
of the present labourer, its chimney and glass window,
(luxuries not enjoyed by Cesar himself,) the linen and
woollen clothing of himself and his family, the steel, and
earthenware with which his table is furnished, the Asiatic
and American ingredients of his food, and above all, his
safety from personal injury, and his calm security that to-morrow will bring
with it the comforts that have been enjoyed to-day; if, I repeat, we contrast all these sources
of enjoyment with the dark and smoky burrows of
the Brigantes or the Cantii, their clothing of skins,
the food confined to milk and flesh, and their constant
exposure to famine and to violence, we shall be inclined
to think those who are lowest in modern society richer
than the chiefs of their rude predecessors. And if we consider
that the same space of ground which afforded an un-
certain subsistence to a hundred, or probably fewer,
savages, now supports with ease more than a thousand
labourers, and, perhaps, a hundred individuals beside,
each consuming more commodities than the labour of a
whole tribe of Ancient Britons could have produced or
purchased, we may at first be led to doubt whether our
ancestors enjoyed the same natural advantages as
ourselves; whether their sun was as warm, their soil as
fertile, or their bodies as strong, as our own. But let us
substitute distance of space for distance of time; and
instead of comparing situations of the same country at
different periods, compare different countries at the same
period, and we shall find a still more striking discre-
pancy. The inhabitant of South America enjoys a soil and
a climate, not superior merely to our own, but combining
all the advantages of every climate and soil possessed by
the remainder of the world. His valleys have all the
exuberance of the tropics, and his mountain-plains un-
der the temperature of Europe to a fertility of which
Europe offers no example. Nature collects for him,
within the space of a morning's walk, the fruits and
vegetables which she has elsewhere separated by thousands
of miles. She has given him inexhaustible forests, has
covered his plain with wild cattle and horses, filled his
mountains with mineral treasures, and intersected all
the eastern face of his country with rivers, to which our
Rhine and Danube are merely brooks. But the possessor
of these riches is poor and miserable. With all the ma-
terials of clothing offered to him almost spontaneously,
he is ill-clad; with the most productive of soils, he is
ill-fed; though we are told that the labour of a week
will there procure subsistence for a year, famines are
of frequent occurrence; the hut of the Indian, and the
residence of the landed proprietor, are alike destitute
of furniture and convenience; and South America, help-
less and indigent with her natural advantages, seems
to rely for support and improvement on a very small
portion of the surplus wealth of England.—Senior's
Lectures on Political Economy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MRS. SIDONS.—We under-
stand that not long ago Sir Walter Scott and Mrs.
Sidons met in the same room before Mr. Martin's pic-
ture of the Fall of Ninew—two such spectators the
world cannot match again, the one, by the common
consent of mankind, the foremost writer of his age,
the other, the queen and mistress of the tragic scene. For-
give us, gentle, ever-living shade of Jenny Deans, ag-
onised soul of Balfour of Burley, heroic spirit of Rebecca
of York, immortal memory of Dumbiedykes and of a
thousand more, if we should have turned from you and
from him who invented you, to bow the knee and kiss
the hem of the garment of her who represented to our
youthful gaze the Mourning Bride, Hermione, Belvi-
dera, Beverley's wife, and was the Muse of Tragedy
personified. Close to each other, within narrow space,
were placed two heads, on which glory sat plumed, but
two hearts over which had rolled the volume of earth's
bliss or woe, were interchanged glances that had re-
flected the brightness of the universe. Who would not
rather see Sir Walter Scott's fringed eyelids and storied
forehead, than the vacant brow of prince or peer?
When Mrs. Sidons used to sit in parties and at drawing-
rooms, the Lady Marys and the Lady Dorothy of the
day came and peeped into the room to get a glance of
her, with more awe and wonder than if it had been a
queen. This was honour, this was power. There was
but one person in the world who would have drawn the
gaping gaze of curiosity from these and from all the
crowned heads in Europe; and Sir Walter exults that
he perished like a felon in the grasp of a jailer. We
must indeed admire the talents, when we forgive the
use of them; or is it that genius, with its lofty crest and
variegated colours, seems destined, like the serpent, to
lick the dust, and crawl all its life with its belly on the
ground?—Examiner.—How singularly and absurdly
false! The following is the sentence in which Sir Walter
Scott concludes the life of man, over whom he is
said, by this party writer, to exult that he died the
death of a felon:—"In closing the life of Napoleon
Bonaparte, we are called upon to observe, that he was
a man tried in the two extremities, of the most exalted
power and the most illustrious calamity; and if he oc-
casionally appeared presumptuous when supported by
the armed force of half a world, or unreasonably que-
rulous when imprisoned within the narrow limits of St.
Helena, it is scarce within the capacity of those whose
steps have never led them beyond the middle path of
life, to estimate either the strength of the temptations
to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he op-
posed to those which he was able to resist."

A HIGHLAND WELCOME.—The following
circumstance, which took place lately at Ding-
wall, is so honourable to the parties concerned,
that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of
recording it for the gratification of all and sun-
dry of our readers. Capt. Thomas Munro, for-
merly of the 42d regiment, having relinquished
the sword for the ploughshare, took in March
last the farm of Blackwall, the property of John
Gladstone, Esq. For the two preceding years,
the farm had been occupied in grazing, but the
Laird willingly allowed his tenant to lay down
this year's crop. A difficulty, however occurred
at the outset, which was likely to render the pro-
prietor's liberality of no avail. The season was
not advanced, and horses, it was to be feared,
were not to be had either for love or money. In
this dilemma, the Captain had almost abandon-
ed the idea of sowing where he had not reaped,
when a new and unexpected succour presented
itself. His friends and neighbours hearing of his
intention, and guessing at his difficulties, came
forward to a man with offers of assistance, and in
a few days there were on the farm no less than
eighty-one pair of horses, and fifty-five lab-
ourers, with divers masons, carpenters, and
plasterers—all working gratuitously, as the Irish-
man said, and all as careful and industrious as
if they had been dependant on the "sair-won
penny fee." Presents of seed oats, &c., were
sent by those who could not spare horses, and
offers of assistance, at the cutting down of
the crop, from all the lads and lasses in Ding-
wall ("brawny chiefs and clever hizzies")
brought up the rear of this truly Highland wel-
come. We need scarcely add, that Captain
Munro will long remember the warm-hearted
zeal and kindness of his neighbours.—Inverness
Courier.

LANGUAGE.—Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked
Johnson by what means he had attained his
extraordinary accuracy and flow of language.
He told him, that he had early laid it down as a
fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and
in every company; to impart whatever he knew
in the most forcible language he could put it in-
to; and that by constant practice, and never
suffering any careless expressions to escape him,
or attempting to deliver his thoughts without
arranging them in the clearest manner, it be-
came habitual to him.

CONVERSATION.—This rule should be observed in all
conversation, that men should not talk to please themselves,
but those that hear them. This would make them con-
sider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whe-
ther there be either wit or sense in what they are about
to say, and whether it be applied to the time when, the
place where, or the person to whom it is spoken.

STIRLING.—A worthy minister, belonging to a
parish in the west of our Sherrifdom, had occa-
sion while lately subjecting a number of his con-
gregation to catechetical examination, previous
to communion, to address a few questions to his
man John, who, to the important offices of bell-
man and grave-digger, added that of beadle.
Not holding the functionary's theological know-
ledge in the highest esteem, he thought he would
put such a question as John could not fail to solve
credibly. Accordingly, addressing that per-
sonage, he said, "John, as I don't intend to
trouble you with many questions, can you tell me
what is baptism?" "Atweel can I, Sir," replied
John,—"it's just a shilling to the Session Clerk
and a groat to me."—Stirling Advertiser.

DANISH PERIODICAL PRESS.—The first Journal
published in Denmark was in the year 1644.
This was soon followed by several others, one
of which was in verse! There are at present,
eighty periodical works, daily, weekly, monthly,
and quarterly, published in that country, seven-
ty of which are in the Danish language.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prodigious size of the whale,
such is its muscular power, that it is enabled to move at
such a rate as would, if continued, carry it round the
world in a fortnight.

PERSIAN MAXIMS.
There was in Persia, a golden crown which had five
sides. On every side a number of admirable lessons
were written. The most remarkable are as follow:
FIRST SIDE.
Give my regards to those who know themselves.
Consider the end before you begin, and before you
advance provide a retreat.
Give not unnecessary pain to any man, but study the
happiness of all.
Ground not your dignity upon your power to hurt
others.
SECOND SIDE.
Take council before you commence any measure,
and never trust its execution to the inexperienced.
Sacrifice your property for your life, and your life
for your religion.
Spend your time in establishing a good name; and
if you desire fortune, learn contentment.
THIRD SIDE.
Grieve not for that which is broken, stolen, hurt, or
lost.
Never give orders in another man's house; and ac-
count yourself to eat your bread at your own table.
FOURTH SIDE.
Take not a wife from a bad family, and seat not thy-
self with those who have no shame.
Make it a habit to be happy, and avoid being out
of temper, or thy life will pass in misery.

FIFTH SIDE.
Be envious of no man, and habituate not thyself to
search after the faults of others.
Be sensible to your own value: estimate justly the
worth of others; and war not with those who are far
above thee in fortune.
Respect and protect the females of thy family.
Be not the slave of anger; and in thy contests always
leave open the door of reconciliation.
Never let your expenses exceed your income.
Plant a young tree, or you cannot expect to cut
down an old one.

MEDICAL.

THE USE OF TEA.—There are so many op-
inions among physicians in relation to the use of
tea, as there are stars in the milky way, and we
are therefore in a state of perplexity in the out-
set—because our lucubrations will have but lit-
tle influence where tea has many friends. Per-
haps there is no one habit which has become so
general in commercial nations as tea drinking,
and although it has done no particular good in
the world, we are not prepared to say, in direct
terms, that it has been strictly injurious. It is
no less strange than true, that almost every per-
son, however peculiar the idiosyncrasy, can use
tea, and whether it is actually loved or not, every
body drinks it as a thing of course. There are
many nervous affections which are unquestion-
ably produced by excessive tea-drinking, and
many chronic diseases and even mental disor-
ders, aggravated by it, when the individual is far
from suspecting their cause.
When we find such numbers of aged people,
in the full enjoyment of health, who from the
earliest periods of childhood have drank it con-
stantly, and still are sipping down their favo-
rite draught, there would scarcely seem a chance
to raise an objection to a custom as ancient as the
Chinese monarchy; but when, on the other
hand, the mortality of young people, and particu-
larly the untimely exit of such an astonishing
number of youthful women as every changing
year presents, by an infinite variety of diseases
which were wholly unknown to the fathers of
the healing art before the introduction of tea in-
to Europe, is taken into consideration, we are
led at once to suspect that tea has had, and still
has, an agency in slaying thousands.—Boston
Medical Intelligencer.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.—"Small clo-
sets and concealed beds are extremely injurious,
especially to young people and invalids.—
When persons are from necessity obliged to
sleep in them, it will be advisable every morn-
ing immediately after rising, to displace all the
bed-clothes, and if the sky be serene, to open
the door and windows. The various methods
which luxury has invented to make houses close
and warm, contribute not a little to render
them unwholesome. No house can be whole-
some unless the air has a free passage through it.
For which reason, houses ought daily to be
ventilated by opening opposite windows and
admitting a current of fresh air into every room.
Beds instead of being made up as soon as peo-
ple rise out of them, ought to be turned down,
and exposed to the fresh air from the open win-
dows through the day. This will expel any
noxious vapour, and cannot fail to promote the
health of the inhabitants."

THE REFLECTOR.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.—The sorrow for
the dead is the only sorrow from which we re-
fuse to be divorced. Every other wound we
seek to heal; every other affliction to forget;
but this wound we consider it a duty to keep
open. This affliction we cherish and brood
over in solitude. Where is the mother who
would willingly forget the infant that perished
like a blossom, from her arms, though every re-
collection is a pang? Where is the child that
would willingly forget the most tender of pa-
rents, though to remember be but to lament?
Who ever, in the hour of agony, would forget
the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even
when the tomb is closing upon the remains of
her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it
were, crushed—in the closing of its portals,
would accept of consolation that must be bought
by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives
the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the
soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its
pleasures; and when the overwhelming burst of
grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollec-
tion, when the sudden anguish and the convul-
sive agony over the present ruins of all that we
most loved, is softened away into pensive medi-
tation on all that is in the days of its loveliness.—
Who would root out such a sorrow
from the heart, though it may sometimes throw
a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or
spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom,
yet who would exchange it even for the song of
pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is
a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is
a remembrance of the dead to which we turn
even from the charm of the living. Oh, the
grave! the grave! it buries every error—covers
every defect—extinguishes every resentment!
From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond
regrets and tender recollections.—Sketch Book.

RELIGION has planted itself, in all the purity
of its image and sufficiency of its strength, at the
threshold of human misery; and is empowered
to call the wanderers from their pilgrimage of
wo, and direct them in the path to Heaven.
It has diffused a sacred joy in the abodes of po-
verty and wretchedness; it has illuminated the
dungeon of the captive; it has effaced the
wrinkles from the brow of care—shed a gleam
of sacred and tranquil joy in the chambers of
death—gladdened the countenance of the dying

with a triumphant enthusiasm, and diffused
throughout the earth, a foretaste of the bless-
ings of futurity. It is as benign as the light of
Heaven, and comprehensive as its span. And
it is in the sky of the christian, it quickens per-
severance with the promise of reward—reani-
mates the drooping spirit—invigorates the de-
crepitude of age—and directs, with a prophetic
ken, to the regions of eternal felicity. Like
the sun, it glides every object with its rays, with-
out being diminished in its lustre, or shorn of
its power.

SPEDY THE PLOUGH.

"The task of working improvement on the earth, is muc-
h more delightful to an undebauched mind, than all the van-
glory which can be acquired from ranging in the most un-
interrupted career of conquest."

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.
Professor HITCHCOCK'S ADDRESS.—After some very
unflattering introductory remarks, Mr. H. notices the an-
cient history of AGRICULTURE.

The building of the Tower of Babel indicates a state
of prosperity and an acquaintance with architecture; and
hence we derive presumptive evidence in favor of
a correspondent advancement in agriculture.

When the descendants of Abraham were securely set-
tled in Palestine, they devoted themselves almost ex-
clusively to agricultural pursuits, from the chiefs of the
tribes to the lowest menial.

The Chaldeans made improvements in husbandry,
before unknown. They seem to have ascertained some
method of recurring an exhausted soil, and were thus
prevented the necessity of frequently changing situa-
tions, like most other ancient Oriental nations.

The proverbially fertile soil of Egypt enabled its in-
habitants every year to raise vast quantities of corn,
and so highly was agriculture esteemed among them
that they ascribed its invention to their chief god, Osiris;
and even paid divine honours to the animals em-
ployed in cultivation, and to the products of the earth.

In India too, in ancient times, Bacchus was worship-
ed as the inventor of planting vineyards, and other
agricultural arts.

The Persians kings also, once each month, laid aside
the splendors of royalty, and ate with their husband-
men. Agriculture was incorporated into their religion;
and it was one of their maxims, that he who sows the
ground with diligence, acquires more religious merit,
than by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.

The Phenicians or Phalinsians, and the Carthageni-
ans were not unacquainted with agriculture; and Ma-
go, a celebrated Carthaginian general, is said to have
written twenty-eight books on the subject, which were
translated into Latin by command of the Roman Senate.

The high regard in which agriculture was held among
the Romans is well known. Even their most illustrious
Senators and commanders, in the intervals of public du-
ty, devoted themselves to its pursuits. Regulus re-
fused to be recalled from his command in Africa,
because he might attend to the cultivation of his farm. And
Cincinnatus received the summons to lead the armies of
the republic when following the plough; and when
that call of his country was obeyed, and success had
crowned his arms, he returned again to his interesting
occupation. Cato, the Censor, composed a treatise on
agriculture, in which he laid down a more regular
work; and finally, Virgil gave immortality to Roman
agriculture, in his Georgics.

In a very concise manner history is glanced over to
the present time, when the science of science in connexion
with agriculture is introduced, and upon this topic we
are desirous to select one or two short extracts.

The first point that should engage the attention of
the enlightened agriculturist, is to ascertain the nature
and situation of those minute vessels by which plants
absorb water from the soil and the atmosphere, and by
which these principles are modified and circulated thro-
out every part of the vegetable, and are converted into
the plant itself. So minute are these vessels, that even
microscopic observation has not been able to detect all
the intricacies. But their general structure and ar-
rangement have been ascertained. And it is found
that they bear a most striking analogy to those vessels
of animals by which nutriment is conveyed, in ceaseless
circulation, to every part of the system. In every
plant we find a set of small vessels, running from the
roots to the extremities, through which the sap ascends;
while in the progress it is undergoing those changes that
will fit it for becoming a part of the vegetable. These
vessels resemble the arteries in the animal system.

When the sap is thus conveyed to the leaves and other
extremities of the plant, it there comes in contact with
the atmosphere, gives off its redundancies, and absorbs
water, and perhaps other principles, essential to the
health of the plant. The leaves of plants, therefore,
perform nearly the same functions as the lungs of ani-
mals. A second set of vessels, exterior to the first and
very minute, extend to every part of the plant, and
prepare, to every part that needs nourishment; even to the very roots from which it pro-
ceeds. These vessels correspond to the veins. Other
vessels are found in plants, corresponding to the vessels
of animals; and situated in the animal system; yet too
complicated for explanation on this occasion. Suffice
it to mention, that in the vegetable, as well as animal
economy, we find the principle of life—itsself insurta-
ble—modifying and controlling every operation, and
keeping the wonderful machinery in ceaseless play.

So much for the botany, or rather anatomy, of the
vegetable kingdom. We next inquire what are the
simple substances that enter into the composition of
plants; for until the agriculturist knows this, he
shall be uncertain what materials are best adapted to
their nourishment? And Chemistry stands ready to
answer the enquiry. Out of the fifty simple substances
or elements known to exist, we find vegetables almost
entirely composed of three, viz. charcoal and two gases.
A few others are occasionally present, and in some ca-
ses seem essential to the constitution of the plant; such
as silica, lime, iron, manganese, &c. It is by variously
combining these few elements that the numerous gra-
mate principles of vegetables, such as sugar, gum,
starch, and the like, are produced; and also the un-
numbered forms and properties of the stalks, the bark,
the wood, the leaves, the roots, the flowers, and the
fruits. A beautiful example of the simplicity of nature
is the compound of three, viz. charcoal and two gases.

By the science of geology we are made acquainted
with the nature of the rocks that constitute the great
mass of our globe. Now it is a well established fact,
that soils are nothing more than rocks worn down or
decomposed, and mixed with animal or vegetable mat-
ter. Hence, in most cases, the nature of a soil is de-
termined by the nature of the rock beneath it. For
instance, the soil along the Connecticut is in many pla-
ces, of a reddish hue; because that is the colour of the
rock beneath it. Not unfrequently, however, the ma-
terials that are worn away from one rock, are trans-
ported a considerable distance, and mingled with those
from other rocks; and thus a soil is formed extremely
compound in its characters.

And Mr. H. closes by saying, "It is not therefore, a
mere poetic dream, that invests agricultural scenes and
pursuits with a peculiar charm. Imagination may
never resign her pencil into the hands of experience,
nor fear that the picture will want in vividness and in-
terest. Indeed, it was a deep acquaintance with rural
and with courtly scenes, that constituted the in-
spiration of the poet, when he sketched an eulogium
upon agriculture, which the lapse of a thousand years
has divested of none of its beauty and truth.

"Ah! happy swain! Ah! race beloved of heaven!" &c.