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THE GARLAND.

[*SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.*]

MR. EDITOR—Please allow the following beautiful Lines, by the Rev. JOSIAH CONDER, to occupy the Poetical Department of the next Observer, and oblige

Your's, &c. F.

April 1st, 1830.

THE REVERIE.

O! that in unfetter'd union
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend!
Who the secret can unravel,
Of the body's mystic guest;
Who knows how the soul may travel,
While unconsciously we rest.

While in pleasing thraldom lying,
Seal'd in slumbers deep, it seems,
Far abroad it may be flying,—
What is sleep? and what are dreams?
Earth, how narrow's thy dominions,
And how slow the body's pace:
O! to range on eagle pinions
Through illimitable space!

What is thought in wild succession?
Whence proceeds the motley train?
What first stamps the vague impression
On the ever-active brain?
What is thought—and whither tending
Does the subtile phantom flee?
Does it, like a moonbeam ending,
Shine, then melt to vacancy.

Has a strange mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefin'd,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,
Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind;
As if he, whose strong resemblance
Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident remembrance,
Knew your thoughts—and thought of you?

When, at mercy's footstool bending,
Thou hast felt a sacred glow;
Faith and hope to heav'n ascending,
Love still lingering below;
Say—has ne'er the thought impress'd thee,
That thy friend might feel thy pray'r?
Or the wish at least possess'd thee,
He could then thy feeling share.

Who can tell? that fervent blessing,
Angels, did ye hear it rise?
Do you thus your love expressing,
Watch o'er human sympathies?
Do ye some mysterious token
To the kindred bosom bear?
And to what the heart has spoken,
Wake a chord responsive there?

Laws, perhaps unknown, but certain,
Kindred spirits may control;
But what hand can lift the curtain,
And reveal the awful soul?
Dimly through life's vapours seeing,
Who but long for light to break;
O this feverish dream of being,
When, my friend, shall we awake?

Yes, the hour, the hour is hasting,
Spirit *shall* with spirit blend,
Fast mortality is wasting,
Then the secret all shall end.
Let, then, thought hold sweet communion,
Let us breathe the mutual pray'r
Till in Heaven's eternal union,
O! my friend, to meet thee there.

PART II.

Oh! the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud;
When, amid the wild ethereal,
All th' invisible shall crowd:
And the naked soul, surrounded
With innumerable hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.

In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain?
Or, absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twin'd?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

No: the past she still remembers:
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widow'd lonely spirit
Mourns, till she be cloth'd afresh;
Longs *perfection* to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest:
Till the trump, which shakes creation,
Through the circling heav'n shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an *Angel's* care?
O, thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path has trod!
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their Sun, their Centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new-cloth'd myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must reason prostrate fall:
O the ineffable *For Ever*,
And *the Eternal All in All!*

THE MISCELLANIST.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS, from 1808 to 1814. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton." 3 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

If we were called upon to select the most important period of the history of England—nay, we may say, of Europe—we would at once fix on that which forms the subject of the present work—the Peninsular Campaigns, from the first landing of the British troops in Mondego Bay, till the civil redemption of the world was accomplished by the breaking down of Napoleon's despotism, and the expulsion of the French armies from Spain.

In so far as Britain was actively engaged in this memorable contest, this period of the war is out of sight the most interesting to ourselves. The war was now properly but commencing. Up to this period, England had supported the continental nations by her wealth and her marine; and by her high attitude and steadfast spirit alternately shamed or stimulated them to honourable resistance. But now—and time it was—a fair occasion offered of taking affairs into her own hands. The days are still fresh in the memory of every man—for even those who were boys cannot have forgotten our public rejoicings and bonfires—when the interest of this tremendous struggle grew deeper and deeper, till the whole civilized world hung in fearful suspense over the destinies of mankind for centuries to come, then contended for in the fields of the Peninsula. We cannot thus by possibility over-rate the magnitude of the subject which this writer has selected. Of this momentous contest the present work forms the only entire and continuous history yet laid before the public. Even in this humble view, we would be disposed to receive it with satisfaction. It, however, possesses merits of a much higher kind, in spirit, style, and arrangement. Of the many remarkable circumstances attending the Peninsular War, was the quantity of intellect and literary accomplishment found in the British army. A high degree of courage and of military skill might have been confidently reckoned upon; but it came out somewhat unexpectedly that our army contained some youthful Cæsars, who could not only perform martial exploits with skill and bravery, but narrate the story of them with force and elegance. We need seek no farther proof of this than the history before us.

The ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS commence with a masterly and comprehensive sketch of the political state of Europe, and especially of the internal condition of Spain, previous to the intrusion of the French troops into the Peninsula. This vantage-ground once skilfully taken, the reader is enabled at his ease to follow the course of the war, which proceeds henceforth in a clear and well-connected narrative down to the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons. This distinctness and clearness of narrative must have been no easy task. The Peninsular War was eminently episodical. Besides the main armies, each province had its siege, and its army, regular or irregular, and carried on a petty warfare of its own. The skill displayed in exhibiting this complicated machinery all at once at work, and in placing the spectator in a position whence he can, at one glance, see from the centre to the remotest boundary, is not of every-day occurrence, and gives this work a great superiority over any other we have met with. This could only be attained by a thorough and familiar acquaintance with the complicated events of the war, and by that spirit of order displayed in the luminous arrangement of materials, which may in some degree be a military quality. Accordingly, from the second landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the British head-quarters become the author's central point—the sun of the system round which all the secondaries are seen revolving, each in its own orbit. To change the metaphor, the artist has, with admirable dexterity, kept up all the detached threads and floating filaments, and skilfully interwoven them with his texture; thus adding not only to its strength and usefulness, but imparting to it brilliancy and grace, by the many beautiful pictures incidentally thrown up.

If the arrangement of these annals is thus commendable, the style is not less so—animated, perspicuous, and sedulously correct, and rising with fitting occasion into strains of eloquence not the less impressive from not being too "long-drawn out." And, indeed, that man must have been duller than the clod he trode upon, who had not been warmed to eloquence by the enthusiastic patriotism and noble heroism displayed by the Spanish people at many epochs of their struggle. The writer, however, still merits the praise due to the possessor of talents and eloquence admirably fitted to give language to the feelings in which every one who follows the events of the Spanish troubles must keenly share.

Many of the descriptions of natural scenery with which the work is chequered and ornamented, will agreeably remind the reader, that his author has already been a successful adventurer in the fields of romance. The local positions of the French and British armies, their marching and counter-marching in moonlight and sunlight, treading the mountain passes, or bivouacking on the river banks of the romantic country which they occupied, form a beautiful and unique feature in a grave, modern, historical work. It is handling the subject as the author of Waverley might have done. Instead of stiff military modelling, we have free, animated, glowing, and often magnificent pictures; the truth of history, with the witcheries of romance. The picturesque old chroniclers understood effects of this kind, or produced them without premeditation by the mere intensity of their feelings. Of this we have something in the historical compositions of Southey; and it is agreeable to see this style revived by those who are able to bring it again into credit. Had the author dealt as freely in portraits as in scenery, his labours would have had yet higher zest:—but another generation must pass away before the pencil is permitted free scope on these subjects.

Though our author has omitted nothing in filling up his outline, the great battles naturally occupy a prominent place. From the battles of Corunna and Busaco down to the fight of Toulouse, there is a clear and succinct account of each successive engagement, generally accompanied by a neatly executed plan of the field.—The more remarkable actions, movements, and manœuvres of the hostile armies are frequently followed by professional criticism, and opinions and speculations, on which it would be presumption in us to animadvert. His military strictures and speculations will afford topics of renewed discussion to hundreds of retired veterans. We can only wish that they may be treated with as much candour and fairness as they are laid down.—The spirit of the whole work is indeed singularly candid, liberal, and gentleman-like—just to the enemy, and liberal to our allies—showing a generous partiality for the Spanish people, however uncompromisingly the author deals with the degraded Royal Family of Spain, and the no less degraded nobles who formed their immediate court. Some excellent persons may think an undue degree of leniency is shown to the French troops in a few particulars. Till their reverses in the Peninsula, the French army had not utterly forfeited its moral character. Then it did so irredeemably! Whenever fair occasion offers, the historian of the Peninsular War adverts to the meanness, treachery, stupidity, cruelty, and unutterable brutality of the French corps with indignant reprobation. Those who would have excused a little more warmth on this head, must balance the force and severity of the historian's rebuke against its infrequency. We give him entire credit for passing over many particulars of French enormity, upon which some writers have enlarged: these could only have proved disgusting to his readers.

In the history of a war in which he was personally engaged, written by an officer, there is peculiar pleasure in seeing so marked a distinction every where drawn between military capacity or incapacity, and moral character. To many of the French leaders, whose talents and military conduct are very freely condemned, the author, nevertheless, ascribes a high degree of personal worth. This is as it should be. Military talent possesses a captivating and dangerous brilliancy, which is but too apt to dazzle even sober civilians: it is good to find that there are military men who do not imagine it quite all in all.

For this history of the Peninsular Campaigns, so interesting in the subject—so full and clear in facts and arrangement—and withal so graceful and engaging in manner—the history of British achievement—of WELLINGTON's WARS—the brightest period of our military annals—we anticipate a high and an immediate popularity. We might say, we predict it, without claiming to be inspired; as we are aware that thousands who, from day to day, and from one position to another, were wont anxiously to watch the progress of the contest, now wait to compare notes with the historian, to balance their personal recollections against his facts, and to rectify their opinions on all obscure or doubtful points, by his fuller and more correct information.

As a specimen of the author's manner, we subjoin the close of the battle of Corunna. This, of all the Peninsular engagements, lives the most vividly in the memories and hearts of Scottish readers. We may, however, as well acknowledge that this extract is recommended to us chiefly by its brevity. Did our limits permit, we should have much pleasure in communicating more brilliant and more ample extracts. We could have drawn largely on the romantic—though not the romance—of history, in the description of the seige of Zaragoza; on its philosophy, in many of our author's masterly retrospects; or on its "beauty and bravery," in the hundred detached sketches and picturesque accessories which embellish his volumes. But we must pass from these to the short specimen suited to our limits.

The Campaign of Sir John Moore is perhaps the most delicate ground which a military historian has to get over in the annals of the Peninsular War. It has so chanced that this brave and lamented Chief has gained more heroic reputation, and won more love and esteem amid disasters and reverses, than others, equally brave and more fortunate, have earned by a series of brilliant victories. There is something so touching and generous in the sympathy and enthusiasm excited by the character and fate of Sir John Moore, that it would have been as dangerous as ungracious for any writer to have disturbed existing feelings on a subject become almost sacred. This delicate subject is, we think, treated in this work with the utmost propriety. The conduct of Sir John Moore, as a commander, is respectively investigated and even criticised, while his amiable and heroic character is described with tenderness and veneration, which is perfectly beautiful, and unquestionably heart-felt.

"Thus ended the battle of Corunna. Let no man say that it was fought in vain, because it was attended with no result of immediate benefit to the victorious army. It gave a glorious termination to an inglorious retreat. It vindicated, in the eyes of Europe, the character of the army. It embalmed the memory of their commander in the hearts of his countrymen. It erased a dark stain from the military blazon of England. It gave to the world an imperishable proof, that, after a retreat of unexampled suffering and privation, the firmness of British troops remained unshaken. The courage of her sons was assayed by the ordeal of fire, and it is, and will be, the pride of England, that it came forth pure gold from the furnace.

"While Sir John Moore was removing from the field, the expression of his countenance remained unchanged, and he gave utterance to no expression of pain. From this circumstance, Capt. Hardinge gathered temporary hope that the wound might not be mortal, and expressed it to the dying general. Hearing this, he turned his head for a moment, and looking steadfastly at the wound said, 'No, Hardinge; I feel that to be impossible.' Several times he caused his attendants to stop, and turn him round, that he might gaze on the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he signified his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

"On examination by the surgeons, the wound of Sir John Moore was at once pronounced to be mortal, and, from increasing pain he could speak but with difficulty. Observing his friend Colonel Anderson by his bed, he asked if the French were beaten, and then said, 'You know, Anderson, I have always wished to die this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing. Say to my mother—' Here his voice failed from agitation, and he did not again venture to name her.—When his strength was fast waning, and little more than a glimmering of life remained, he said to Colonel Anderson, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice.' After a while, he pressed the hand of Colonel Anderson to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

"Thus fell Sir John Moore. Kind in feeling, generous in spirit, dauntless in heart,—no man was more beloved; none more lamented. Other leaders have been more fortunate in life; none were ever more glorious in death. Whatever may have been the military errors of such a man, however little the cast and temper of his mind may have fitted him for the task he was called on to discharge, at a crisis of peculiar difficulty, what is there in this,—what is there in any failing which even malice has ventured to charge on Sir John Moore, that England should quench her pride in so noble a son?—Columns may rise to others, and temples and triumphal arches may consecrate a nation's gratitude, in the memory of posterity, to warriors of prouder fame, and more brilliant achievement; but the name of Moore will not die. It will be loved and honoured in all after generations, and his memory will stand undimmed by time."

We give way to the temptation of another short passage, the observations on Lord Wellington's retreat from Burgos.

"The intelligence of the retreat from Burgos was received in England with clamours of discontent and disappointment. The hopes which the early successes of the campaign had overweeningly excited, were unreasonably depressed by its termination. Within and without the walls of Parliament loud accusations were heard against the Ministry. Even Lord Wellington, who, by a course of splendid achievements, had won his way to a high place in the hearts and hopes of all Englishmen, now ceased to be 'gracious in the people's eye.' He was accused of compromising the safety of his army by a series of rash miscalculations. The government were charged by one class of politicians, with wasting the resources of the country in a hopeless struggle,—with lavishing the best blood of England in defence of a people whose zeal and patriotism, if such ever existed, were long proved to have subsided into sluggish and imperturbable inertion. The events of the campaign were declared to have spread dejection throughout Spain, and renewed the confidence of her invaders. All hopes had been disappointed,—the allied army had been forced again to abandon the Spanish territory,—and the very name of Englishmen had become hateful to the people.—The clever sophistry, it was said, by which the nation had been so long deluded into the belief that we were contending for the independence of Britain and Spain, amid the mountains of the Peninsula, was at length powerless. Thenceforth it must be manifest to all, that the war was solely continued because a powerful faction were benefitted by the expenditure it occasioned.

"By such base and contemptible clamour it was little probable that Lord Wellington would be moved.—No man ever sacrificed less to the acquisition of mere temporary and vulgar popularity; none has ever done more to secure the lasting gratitude of his country. He knew that the campaign, which had thus exposed him to contumely and abuse, had shed fresh and unfading lustre on the British arms. It had been marked by three signal triumphs; the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo, of Badajos, and by the victory of Salamanca.—These had been achieved at a time when the military power of the Spanish was at the lowest ebb. With an army whose effective force did not certainly exceed sixty thousand men, he had traversed the interior of Spain—defeated a powerful army—occupied the capital—liberated the capital—liberated the southern provinces—and, by a series of nicely calculated manœuvres, baffled the pursuit of an enemy overpoweringly superior. At the very period when all this had been effected, the enemy had a force of two hundred thousand men in the Peninsula, commanded by leaders of high name and pretension, and whose fame had become familiar to all Europe.

"That the consequences of the victory of Salamanca were less brilliant than might have been anticipated from its decisive character, is attributable to causes over which Lord Wellington could exercise no control. He was entitled, nay instructed, to calculate on the co-operation of a strong force in the eastern provinces.—He was entitled to calculate on good service from the armies of O'Donnel and Ballasteros. He was entitled likewise to expect, that the patriotism of the Spaniards would have taken advantage of the liberation of the capital to burst the cerements of its sepulchre, and come forth in renovated strength.

"In all these—not vain but reasonable calculations, he was deceived. By the bungling of the Ministry, the force from Sicily was delayed till too late, and was most beggarly in amount. The army of O'Donnel was defeated a few days before its arrival. Ballasteros refused to co-operate with the allied armies, and did nothing. In spite of the victory of Salamanca, and the expulsion of the intrusive monarch from the capital, the tree of Spanish patriotism put forth no blossom. What, then, was to be done? The course pursued by Lord Wellington, in the circumstances of difficulty by which he was surrounded, has been vehemently censured; yet there existed no other to which objections of equal magnitude did not apply. One great object—the liberation of the southern provinces—was at least secured by it. The failure before Burgos was unfortunate; but nothing could exceed the skill of the manœuvres by which it was followed, and never was a retreat more imposing than that of Lord Wellington in face of the combined French armies. It may be fearlessly asserted, that no man of competent judgment can read the details of this most splendid campaign, without perceiving, that in tactic and combination, Lord Wellington proved himself throughout superior to his opponents.—While he repeatedly baffled their calculations, in no one instance was he taken at a disadvantage, or involved in difficulties, which he was unprepared to encounter and surmount.

"A general of less nerve would probably have fought a battle, to escape the clamour by which he must known he would be assailed in consequence of the reverse at Burgos. But Lord Wellington was not thus to be moved. He knew that the cause of his country and her allies would more effectually be promoted by a different policy; and in spite of every personal motive, he avoided battle, and continued his retreat to the frontier of Portugal. In truth, if there is any one quality in Lord Wellington which demands our paramount admiration, it is the self-command with which, under every temptation, he kept the natural boldness of his character in strict subordination to the dictates of the coolest prudence."

These two extracts, taken together, will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate estimate of the sound and liberal spirit in which this history is written.

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.—How many salts are there? The precise number are not known, but there are above 2000. "The very large number of these compounds now known is naturally calculated to excite surprise in the mind of the youthful student. About forty years ago only thirty salts in all were known. I may with propriety take this opportunity of observing, that there are few subjects in natural philosophy, the contemplation of which is better calculated to exalt and improve the understanding, than the vast and almost inconceivable divisibility of matter. The vegetable and animal kingdoms afford the most wonderful instances of the attenuation of matter. The Vibria Undula found in duck weed is computed to be ten thousand million times smaller than a hemp seed; and the Monas Gelatinosa, discovered in ditch-water, appears in the field of a microscope a mere atom endued with vitality, millions of which are seen playing, like the sun-beams, in a single drop of liquid. It has been calculated, that the skin is perforated by a thousand holes in the length of an inch; and if we estimate the whole surface of the body of a middle-sized man to be sixteen square feet, it must contain no less than two millions and four thousand pores. These pores are the mouths of so many excretory vessels, which perform the important function of *insensible perspiration*. The lungs discharge, every minute, six grains, and the surface of the skin from three to twenty grains, the average over the whole body being about fifteen grains of lymph, which consists of water, with a very minute admixture of salt, acetic acid, and a trace of iron."—*Dr. Graham's Chemical Catechism.*

THE LAWYERS.—Of those pursuits which are thrown open to men of industry, talent and education, there is none which presents a wider range of thought, or exerts a stronger and more salutary influence on the mind, than the profession of the law. Immediately connected with the science of government, it leads the student to the constant consideration of those great and immutable principles, which form the ground work of social polity; and, by cherishing a habit of keen and subtle discrimination, gives exercise and vigor to the faculties of memory, judgment and perception. Nor does its advantages terminate here; the practical lawyer is hourly brought in contact with men of all ranks and of all characters. The theatre of his exertions is a world in itself, where we behold the wise and the weak; the industrious and the idle; the moral and the profligate, seeking the establishment of a right, or the palliation of a wrong. A thorough acquaintance with the human heart in all its beauty and deformity, is the necessary result of this close and constant association with men of every class and degree, and although the acquisition of this knowledge is often attended with toil and difficulty and disgust, yet its utility will, in the end, more than compensate for every evil suffered in its attainment.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

DUELS OF BEES.—In these fine spring days in which the sun is beautiful and warm, duels may often be seen to have taken place between two inhabitants of the same hive. In some cases the quarrel appears to have begun within, and the combatants may be seen coming out of the gates, eager "for blows." Sometimes a bee peaceably walking about, is rudely jostled by another, and then the attack commences, each endeavoring to obtain the most advantageous position. They turn, pirouette, throttle each other; and such is their bitter earnestness, that Reaumur has been enabled to come near enough to observe them with a lens, without causing a separation. After rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when his enemy uncovers his body, by elongating it, in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings, and expires. A bee cannot be killed so suddenly, except by crushing, as by the sting of another bee. Sometimes the stronger insect produces the death of the vanquished by squeezing its chest. After this feat has been done, the victorious bee constantly remains, says Reaumur, near its victim, standing on his four front legs, and rubbing the two posterior ones together.—Sometimes the enemy is killed in the hive; then the victor always carries the corpse out of the city, and leaves it. These combats are strictly duels, not more than two being concerned in them; and this is even the case when armies of bees meet in combat.—*History of Insects.*

VOLCANOES.—It is a remarkable fact, that in the old Continent, the principal chain of mountains contains no volcanoes, and that islands and the extremities of peninsulas are alone the seats of these; while in the new world, the immense range which runs along the shore of the Pacific Ocean possesses more volcanoes than are to be met with in the whole of the old continent, and its adjacent islands.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—A lady lately visited a school on infants for the purpose of witnessing its *machinery*. Imagine her surprise at the following exhibition:—Schoolmistress (unfolding an umbrella)—"What is this, my dear?" Pupil—"An umbrella, Ma'am."—"How many kingdoms does it contain?" "Three."—"What are they?" "Animal, mineral, and vegetable."—"Name the animal?" "Whalebone."—"The mineral?" "The brass."—"The vegetable?" "The cotton!"

BEAUTIFUL ANALOGY.—*Inadequate Views of Heaven.*—There is some ground to imagine, that the accomplishment of the inscrutable designs of the Divine Providence may require, that the pious should entertain not only imperfect, but very mistaken notions, of the unseen and the future worlds. Neither the discharge of present duties, nor the exercise of right affection nor a substantial preparation for taking a part in a glory that is to be revealed, is perhaps at all necessarily connected with just anticipations of the unknown futurity.

Thus, when the infant wakes into the light of this world, every organ presently assumes its destined function: the heaving bosom confesses the fitness of the material it inhales to support the new style of existence; and the senses admit the first impressions of the external world with a sort of anticipated familiarity; and though utterly untaught in the scenes upon which it has so suddenly entered, and inexperienced in the orders of the place where it must ere long act its part, yet is it truly "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance" of life. And thus, too, a real meetness for his birth into the future life, may belong to the Christian, though he be utterly ignorant of its circumstances and conditions.—*History of Enthusiasm.*

EXCERPTS.

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth, which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.—*Johnston.*

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—*Cowley.*

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.—*Swift.*

People are better found out in their unguarded hours, than by the principal actions of their lives: the first is nature, the second art.—*Burgh.*

To a man of business, knowledge is an ornament. To a studious man, action is relief.—*Ib.*

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich may be filled; and happiness and peace established throughout our borders."

STEEP FOR WHEAT.—We have heard a practical and judicious farmer recommend the following process as the best preparation for seed wheat. In order to destroy smut in the seed to be sown, 6 or 7 gallons of water will be wanted for 4 1-2 bushels of seed, and from 2lbs. 6 ozs, to 2lbs. 10 ozs, of quick lime, according as its quality is more or less caustic, or to the greater or less degree of smut in the grain. Boil a part of the water, and slake the lime with it, after which add the remainder of the water. The heat of the whole of the liquid ought to be such as we can with difficulty bear the hand in it. Then gently pour the lime water on the grain, placed in a tub, stirring it without ceasing. The liquor should at first be three or four-finger's breadth over the wheat. Leave the grain to soak 24 hours, turning it five or six times, when it may be sown.

Grain limed by immersion does not incommode the sower, like that which is limed the ordinary way. The lime adheres like a varnish to the surface of the grain; its germination is quicker, and it carries with it moisture enough to develope the embryo, the wheat will not suffer for want of rain; insects will not attack it, as they cannot bear the alkaline taste of the lime.

USE OF THE ROLLER ON GRASS LANDS.—In no branch of husbandry is the roller more an implement of utility than in the cultivation of grass. It renders the soil compact and solid; it encourages the growth of the plants, by bringing the earth close to every part of the root; it assists in filling up and levelling any inequalities in the surface of the field, thereby preventing surface water from remaining stagnant, and eradicating the grass from particular spots; and it tends to hinder the drought from penetrating, which is an effect of the greatest importance. In fact, a grass field cannot be too often rolled; and it is not going too far to assert, that the application of the roller in Autumn to prepare the roots for resisting the winter frosts, and in Spring to firm them after those frosts every year while the field remains in grass, will amply repay the expense.—*Trans. of the Highland Society.*

Let every farmer divide his pasture ground as he pleases. Let the fence between his arable and pasture land be as strong as an external fence.—But, if possible, let all his arable ground, though it be a hundred acres, be in one lot. Then his plough runs clear in a long furrow. His tillage is divided only by the different species of grain and vegetables he cultivates. There are no fences of consequence, no inconvenient and worthless headlands, no apology for thistles and nettles.—The scene is beautiful to the eye. The whole has the appearance of a garden, and begets in the farmer a sort of horticultural neatness.—*Gardener's Jour.*

CARROTS.—The following mode is recommended of rendering the cultivation of this valuable root less expensive and troublesome, viz:—to sow the seed on some very rich mould under a hovel, about a fortnight before the field is ready, and then drill mould and seed altogether, having had it well stirred every second day, and kept sufficiently wet to cause it to vegetate. This operation enables the grower to clean his land, and to pulverise it, so as to eradicate most of the troublesome annual weeds, and to give the carrot a considerable start.—The crop is much preferable to mangle wurtzel, or Swedish turnips, for feeding oxen, and as a winter food for milch cows; for the latter purpose its superiority is very evident in improving the quantity and quality of the milk and butter.—*Westfield Register.*