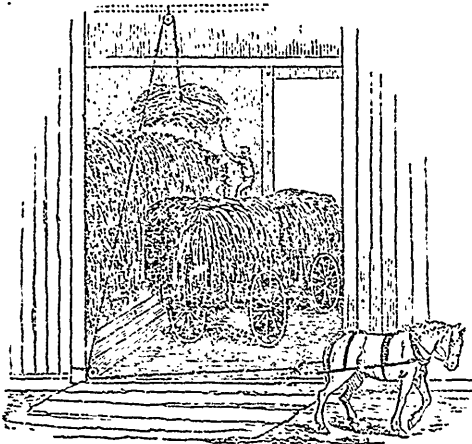


or three feet over the mow. The rope is passed down under another pulley, fixed to the lower part of the door post, in order to change the direction of the rope, and admit of a horizontal or level draft for a horse. Everything being prepared, and the gearing complete, the wagon load of hay is driven into the barn floor, and the process of unloading commences, as exhibited in the following cut:—



The fork is inserted into the load of hay, and the horse, attended by a boy, is put in motion, and the hay drawn to any required height. The fork is kept level by means of the rope G, attached to the end of the handle, until the time of discharging the fork-full. The rope in the hand of the man on the load is then slackened, and the hay deposited; or a person in the mow can, if he chooses, give direction to the fork-full, while it is still suspended, so that one man can ordinarily dispose of it in the mow. The horse is then backed up, and the fork drawn down by the small rope attached to the handle, and retained in the hand of the person on the load. In this way six tons per hour can be pitched 20 feet high; and in a great hurry, and changing hands, even double that much may be pitched in an hour.

EXTRAORDINARY YIELD OF WHEAT.—Wm. Wallace, Esq., Township of Cavan, has informed us, that he imported from Rochester last year, 11 bushels and 40 lbs of the Soli's wheat, which he sowed on 7 acres, and which yielded the large quantity of 327 bushels of superior wheat and averaging over 46 bushels and 42 lbs to each acre. This is truly gratifying and must prove greatly encouraging to our agricultural friends to imitate the laudable example of Mr. Wallace, and strive with all their might to get similar results from their well cultivated fields. If Mr. Wallace has not already disposed of his wheat, we would recommend every practical farmer within 25 or even 50 miles of his residence, to try and get a few bushels of his celebrated Wheat for seed, and give it a fair trial, and we have no doubt they will be fully and amply rewarded by a rich and abundant harvest.—*Port Hope Watchman.*

THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the Summer Harvest-fields all green with grass
again;

The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the woodland
gay

With the hues of Summer's minnow, or the meadow
flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning, the sun rose dry
and red,

At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noon-tide glory fell chastened and subdued.
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and the softly pic-
tured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted breeches he glorified the
hill,
And beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener
still.

And shouting boys, in woodland haunts, caught glimpses
of that sky,
Flocked by the many tinted leaves, and laughed they
knew not why;
And school-girls gay with sister-flowers, beside the mea-
dow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sun-shine of sweet
looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weather
cocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks;
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's drop-
ping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as
they fell.

The Summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields
lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale
green waves of rye,
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with
wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop
stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that
dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow
ear.
Beneath the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere
of gold.

There wrought the busy harvester: and many a creaking
wain