

"Like leaves on trees the race of men is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have pass'd away."

Respecting the keen and chilling blasts so characteristic of the decline of the year, especially in this country, and which too often afford grounds for unreasoning distrust and complaint, the following remarks in the *Journal of a Naturalist* may be read with profit:—"These periodical winds, violent and distressing as they often prove, are yet unquestionably necessary in the economy of nature. In the autumn of our year, the foliage of trees and plants, &c., putrifies and decays; marshes and dull waters, clogged by their own products, stagnate, and discharge large portions of hydrogen and carbonic acid, gas, &c., injurious, and even fatal to animal existence: in summer, all these baneful exhalations are neutralised and rendered wholesome by the vast quantity of oxygen, or vital air, discharged from vegetable foliage; but these agents of benefit by the autumn are no more,—consequently the discharge of oxygen is suspended, but the production of unhealthy air increased, by the additional decomposition of the season. To counteract this is probably the business of the storms of wind and rain prevailing at this season, which, by agitating and dissipating the noxious airs, introduce fresh currents, and render the air we breathe salubrious."

Thus we find that the God of Nature is "from seeming evil, still educing good," and making those very tempests, which alarm us with their fury, and which, in times of ignorance, were looked upon as especial tokens of his wrath, the means of purifying our atmosphere and subserving the healthfulness of man. Happy they who, in seasons like this, can retreat to their comfortable homes and gratefully enjoy the blessings by which they are surrounded. To recognise the manifestations of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness in all the changes of nature through the varying seasons, constitutes the highest knowledge; while practical obedience to the Divine will forms the only sure basis of true and lasting enjoyment.

The more important agricultural labours of the year are now closed, and the farmer has only to finish the removal and proper storing of his roots and vegetables. These are matters which demand immediate attention, as frost in this climate, more or less severe, is sure to occur, and many valuable

roots are frequently lost for want of timely removal. It is of importance to see, before hard frost sets in, that on the newly-sown wheat lands the water furrows are sufficiently deep and regular to carry off all redundant moisture, so injurious to the young plant, especially in early spring. If farmers would pay more timely attention to such matters than is commonly the case, our crops would materially increase and improve both as to quantity and quality.

As stern winter, with his drifting snows and piercing cold is just at hand, it behooves the careful husbandman to see that his cattle are well provided with dry and comfortable shelter, and a sufficient supply of nutritious provender. There is no more economical application of money than what is expended in securing suitable accommodation for live stock. Unnecessary exposure to damp and cold is most inimical to their health and growth, and it is well known, though so frequently neglected in practice, that stock so exposed require a much larger amount of food to keep them in even a moderate condition.

The occupations which we have briefly alluded to, with others of a similar nature, afford full employment for the short and gloomy days of November, though there are frequent periods of suspended toil in consequence of the state of the weather. The poet *Clare* thus speaks of November's changing aspect:—

"Thus wears the month along in chequer'd moods
Sunshine and shadows, tempests loud, and calms;
One hour dies silent o'er the sleeping woods,
The next wakes loud with unexpected storms;
A dreary nakedness the field deforms—
Yet many a rural sound and rural sight
Lives in the village still about the farms,
Where toil's rude uproar hums from morn till night—
Noises in which the ears of industry delight.

"At length the stir of rural labour's still,
And industry awhile her care forgoes!
When winter comes in earnest to fulfil
His yearly task, at bleak November's close,
And stops the plough, and hides the fields in snows;
When frost locks up the streams in chill delay,
And mellow on the hedge the jetty sloes
For little birds;—then toil hath time for play,
And nought but threshers' sails awake the dreary day."

—B.

STUMP MACHINES.

MR. EDITOR,—Can you inform me where I can procure an efficient *Stump-puller*, and the probable cost? My farm is well stocked with Pine stumps; and the soil is mostly clay, and pretty hard to dig.