

of their horses. In Scotland and Lancashire, in some countries of Germany, especially south of Westphalia, the people look to Oats for sustenance. Scotch bone and muscle are chiefly indebted to oatmeal; for porridge (which consists of oatmeal and water, and is eaten with milk) is the staple—almost the only—food of the sturdy Scottish peasantry. Oatcake, a kind of mash, such as horses are fed on occasionally in this country, made into a thin cake and baked, is also much relished north of the Tweed. South of the parallel of Paris, however, the friendship of Oats is little cultivated. In Spain and Portugal nobody knows anything about Oats, except as a point of curiosity.

The RYE branch of the Grass family travels more to the north than Oats in Scandinavia. In our own country we decline to receive gifts from Rye: we succeed so well in the cultivation of more wealthy benefactors, that we consider the Ryes poor friends; and, like good Britons, hold them at arm's length accordingly. In countries where the land is poor, poor Rye is welcome to a settlement upon it. Rye is in great request in Russia, Germany, and parts of France, and one-third of the population of Europe look to its help for daily bread.

The most numerous and respectable members of the great Grass family, are those which bear the name of WHEAT. There are an immense number of different Wheats; as many Wheats among the grasses as there are in this country Smiths among the men. We know them best as summer and winter Wheats. The family seat of the Wheats, most probably will never be discovered. There is reason to believe that Tartary and Persia are the native countries of Wheat, Oats, and Rye. Strabo says that Wheat is native on the banks of the Indus. Probably, wherever the old seats may be, all trace of them was destroyed in very ancient times, when even a thousand years ago and more, the plough passed over them. The settlements of Wheat in Scotland extend to the north of Inverness; in Norway, to Dronheim; in Russia, to St. Petersburg. How far north the Wheats would consent to extend the sphere of their influence in America, it is not possible to tell, because enough attempt at cultivation has not yet been made there in the northern regions. Winter cold does not concern the Wheats. The spring-sown Wheat escapes it, and that sown in autumn is protected by a covering of snow. Wheat keeps a respectful distance of twenty degrees from the Equator. Indeed in the warm latitudes, new combinations of heat and moisture, grateful to new and very beautiful members of the vegetable world, who suit their gifts more accurately to the wishes of the people whom they feed, would cause the kind offices of Wheat to be rejected, even if they could be offered there. On mountains in warm climates, settlements of Wheat of course exist. On the north side of the Himalaya mountains Wheat and Barley flourish at a height of thirteen thousand feet.

The well-known name of RICE carries our thoughts to Asia. The family seat is somewhere in Asia, doubtless; but all trace of it is lost. The family has always lived in Southern Asia, where it supplies food, probably, to more men than any other race of plants has ever had occasion to support. No Rice can enjoy good health without

much heat and much moisture. If these could be found everywhere, everybody would cultivate a valuable friend, that is supposed to scatter over a given surface of ground more than a common share of nourishment.

Most liberal of all vegetables, however, in this respect, are the *BANANAS*. Humboldt tells us, that they spread over the said given extent of ground, forty-four times more nutritive matter than the Potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times more than any Wheat.

Where the benevolent among our Grasses cease to grow, because it is too far south, there it is just far enough north for the *Cocoa-Nuts*, who, within their limited sphere, supply a vast contribution towards the maintenance of man, that very wise and very independent creature. Very nearly three million of *Cocoa-Nuts* have been exported in one year from the Island of Ceylon.

Then there is in Brazil that excellent vegetable friend *MANIOC*, a shrub, whose roots yield almost the only kind of meal there used. An acre of *Manioc* is said to yield as much food as six acres of wheat.

And to come nearer home, there is a large-hearted plant, bearing the name of *MAIZE*, and the nickname of Turkish Wheat. Its native seat has not been fixed yet by the genealogist. It grows at a good height above the sea in tropical America, and it occurs in Eastern Europe on the banks of the Dniester, in latitude forty-nine. Maize does not care about the winter; it wants nothing but summer-heat, in a country which it is to choose as a congenial habitation. It will do, also, with less heat than the vine, for it has been grown in the Lower Pyrenees, at three thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, the vine stopping at two thousand six hundred and twenty.

We have here spoken only of a few of the great liberal families belonging to the world of plants; families, to which the human colony looks for support; upon whose aid we, in fact, depend for our existence. The whole list of our vegetable patrons would be very long. Respectable names must crowd down upon every memory, and take us off to

"Citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay us reclined
Beneath the spreading tamarind!"

in fact take us a long dance among roots, and fruits, and vegetables. It must be enough, therefore, that we have here briefly expressed a general sense of obligation to our vegetable friends, and hinted at a fact which, in our high philosophy, we now and then forget, that the outer world may be a shadow, or a reflex of our own minds, or any thing you please to call it; but that we, poor fellows, should be rather at a loss for dinner, if the earth did not send up for us, out of a kitchen that we did not build, our corn, and wine, and oil.—*Household Words*.

ENJOYMENT FROM STIMULANTS.—The enjoyment of persons who are in the habit of using stimulants is frantic while it lasts, but exceedingly short-lived. It is not the steady sunlight of the spirit, but the flash of the lightning passing from cloud to cloud.