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Volume VIII

The Standard,

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AGRICULTURE.

The means and art of cultivating the earth are thus spoken of in the *Farmer and Mechanic*, published at Kingston (Canada,) in September last:—

"We say agriculture is honorable because it gives in its results sustenance to all other classes of mankind in the civilized world.—None so high, polished, or refined—none so low, rough or ungraded, but depend upon and receive their subsistence from the fruits of agriculture. It then has the honor of sustaining all other classes, however refined or delicate. Agriculture is honourable because it is the most *ancient* profession. The sacred oracles inform us that immediately after the violation of the divine injunction the denunciation was, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." It is, moreover, added that "Thou shall eat of the herb of the field."—And to Cain it was said, in consequence of his wicked and fratricidal act, "When thou tillest the ground it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her increase." These facts show that agriculture was actually the first employment of the human race; and more than that it can boast of greater honor and higher origin than any other human art—its antiquity is coeval with Adam, and its author is God himself.

Agriculture is not only honourable *now*, but was so five thousand years ago—Then the first men of the first nations of the earth, Kings not excepted, were proud to be ranked as promoters of agriculture. All history teems with evidences of the fact. The Egyptian, Phenician, Carthaginian, Grecian, and Roman histories, are filled with evidences of the fact. By all those nations it was practised with attention and [illegible] care. Indeed, it was the b[illegible]et's song—the subject of the [illegible]e—the retirement of the succ[illegible]ral from the theatre of blood and strife—the Elysian fields of the learned student—the honor and delight of Sovereign majesty.

Ignorant, indeed, must that man be of the histories of times past who does not know that Daizens, Homer, Epictetus, and Virgil, all threw the "enchanting witchery of songs" o'er the bending corn, the purple vine, and the golden harvests of their time. Who does not know that Nama Pompilius, and the immortal Cato, the Censor, turned from the cares of State to the composition of works on agriculture? Did not the wise, the profound Seneca, captivated by the charms which the successful culture of the soil presented, quit the elevated and sublime study of the laws of nature, and devote his attention to the science of agriculture? Who does not know that twice when ancient Rome was in her greatest exigency, her Councils baffled, and her very walls invaded; that when all was terror and consternation in consideration of the wretched state to which they were reduced, that then all eyes were turned towards the immortal *Cincinnatus*; and when the messenger was despatched to invite him to be chief counsel of the State, this illustrious patriot, this saviour of his country, was found at the HANDLE OF HIS PLOUGH! Are any ignorant that the custom has obtained during the last five hundred years that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the "Celestial Empire" annually, on the return of his birth-day, goes to the field and holds the plough as an example to his subjects, and as a token of his regard for *agriculture?*

Although agriculture was anciently carried to great perfection, and a high degree of honor bestowed on it, during the ages of darkness which immediately succeeded the dissolution of the Roman Empire, little or no attention was paid to agriculture. Wars and tournaments became the order of the day, and pleasure and chivalry absorbed the public attention, and the cultivation of the soil was left to the ignorant vassals of the great alone.

During many years agriculture was uncared for, left unprotected, and the art held in disgrace. But from the time of Leo. X. learning began to revive in Europe, and science received again its votaries; from that time it became honorable as an art, and may now be considered as a branch of science of the first importance.

WINTER EVENINGS.

Those engaged in the mechanical arts, have but little time to devote to the cultivation of the mind.

But with the farmer, the case is happily far otherwise, and where there is a disposition for improvement, there is ordinarily no lack either of leisure or the necessary means.—Books are now so cheap—thanks to the fecundity of the press—that they are within the reach of every one. Elementary treatises, and text books upon all the sciences, as well as works of a more elaborate order, are now exhibited almost daily at the farmer's door. Newspapers, bearing the accumulated treasures of long experience, and scientific research, are pouring in their emending light from every quarter, and at a price so easy, that all who are so disposed, may read.

Science has at length elevated her lamp, and the labors of the farmer are no longer to be pursued amidst doubt and gloom. The field of his servitude is hereafter to be consecrated, by a presence whose "wand of magic power," will make even toil a luxury, and the industrious and frugal farmer, the freest and happiest of men. That era, so significantly pointed out by the inspired poet, is rapidly approximating, and when, in his own fervid language, it shall be truly said, that—

"Honor waits o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations—
The art which calls the harvest forth,
That feeds the expectant nations."

The winter season, is one in which the farmer enjoys, or may enjoy, all that is requisite, so far, at least, as leisure is concerned, for the regular and systematic cultivation of the mind. The long evenings, especially, are peculiarly adapted to this labor, and even the days, should, as they often may, be devoted to this important, and all-essential task. Energy and perseverance in well-doing, will enable us to overcome all obstacles.

"Mother," said a Spartan boy, going to battle, "My sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply.

THE YOUNG HEIR'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

There was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment, for the young heir of the house of Rothseaton lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him. The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritor of an earldom, of wealth, titles, and distinction; the beautiful and spoiled child of prosperity was to be snatched from his parents and hid in the cold earth. Lord Rothseaton walked impatiently up and down the room; from the large windows with their heavy crimson curtains, which threw a mock glow on the cheek of his child, to the oak door with its ivory handles & curious carving. He paused and gazed into the faces of the three physicians whom a vain care had assembled around the bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-ringing at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy; and of his ambitious hopes of his hatred for his cousin, who was the next heir—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency. The physicians continued to converse in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the state of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day—births, marriages, and deaths—family grievances, and political intrigues. From time to time there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then they conversed again. A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, covered with lace and ribands, and drowsily examining the curiously fine linen belonging to the dying child, whose wardrobe she was prepared to prove, should by right of custom be hers, as soon as the breath had left the body. Close to the bed stood the young heir's own attendant, a French lady, who had been induced by distress to accept the office of *bonne* to the sickly and wayward offspring of the house of Rothseaton. The quiet sorrow of many years of trial was written on her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her three children had died of the small pox, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring the common necessaries of life—her husband had perished of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell. Sorrow has one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings that have been wrung intensely remain numbed and incapable of deep sympathy in the afflictions of others. Standing by the death bed of her little charge, she could not but grieve over him, for there are few hearts in which a child's faults will inspire dislike.—She could not but remember the death bed of her little ones; and the tears stole down her wasted cheek as she watched; but the predominant feeling of her mind was a dread of the approaching desolateness of her situation;—a few hours more and she would be again thrown upon the world, without a home—without friends—a lonely being, to endure the taunts of some, and the insulting compassion of others—and this thought was the bitterest of her heart.

Was there, then, no one among the gilded pomps and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the boy, whose numbered breathings still became shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father—the interest of his physicians—the mercenary calculations of the hired watcher of his feverish nights—the half selfish regret of the French woman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven—all that arose from mortal hearts to tempt God to spare the frail life he had given so lately? Was there no wild prayer like that which David breathed in agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him?—Was there no *mother* in whose gentle heart all was nothing in comparison of his existence!—There was.

Pale and exhausted, her dark and eager eyes clouded and heavy with watchings—sat that mother by the bed of the dying child.—Grandeur, and power and wealth—the inheritance of titles—the possession of riches; what were they to her—to him? life, *life*, was all she desired, *his* life, which gold could not buy—which pride could not command—his life, and bread to give him, and her soul would be satisfied. She held his hand in hers, afraid to move—afraid to speak, his languid head resting heavily on her bosom; and cramped, chilled, and aching as she felt, she smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her precious burden. Relieve her; it may be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast; the last time his breast might be warm on her cheeks: and as the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered on her lips, and a slight shudder told that she had choked back the tears which shedding might have broken his slumber. Daylight faded away, the gleams of parting sunset ceased to shed a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages through the square became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the close fog of a London autumn evening.

Lord Rothseaton approached the bed; his harsh, though handsome features were dark with deepair; he set his teeth and folded his arms as he gazed on his son's face, for death had thrown a deeper shadow there since last he looked on him. "If you had taken more care of yourself, Lady Rothseaton," murmured he with bitterness, "before our infant was born, instead of romping like a child, he would not have been dying now; it would have been better never to have had an heir, than to watch this poor boy through years of ill-health, and see him die at last." He lifted his eyes as he spoke, to the face of his young wife, as if he feared the impression of his own words. But she heard them not.—Worn out with watching she had yielded to a torpor between sleep and faintness—her pale cheek rested near that of the boy, whom she still clasped to her bosom, and her heavy half closed eyes, still glistened with tears.—"Emily," said Lord Rothseaton, in an altered tone, "this has been too much for you, come away, love, and rest."—She started wildly and exclaimed, "is he dead? is he dead?" and then flinging herself into her husbands arms, she wept long and bitterly.—A low moan of suffering recalled her to herself. In vain the physicians advised, in vain her husband entreated. "No," said she, "it will soon be over; *then* indeed, I may rest."

The day had faded; night crept on—Lady Rothseaton rose and looked from the window on the dim trees in the squares and the lines of lamps that lit the silent city. The confused murmur of night fell upon the ear, and involuntarily she reflected how often in the heated assembly, in the crowded hall, she had sought a moment's coolness on the balcony, and never as now, felt how many sighs of pain; how many drunken shouts; how many shouts of revelry, joy, sorrow, anguish and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur, which is termed the *silence of night*. Awful silence! in which every human passion mingles without power to convey itself to the listening.

Suddenly the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart: they were giving a ball within three doors of Rothseaton's house! "Alas, my dying boy," said the mother as she crept back to his bedside. The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it could not disturb him; that was a comfort.

Through the long and weary watches of the night, the well known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and *she sat* waiting for the last gasp of that failing breath.

The night passed away the long, long, endless night; the day-dawn came bright and blue through the window: the last carriage rolled from the door of the lighted house: the last guest departed; Lady Rothseaton still sat by the sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light—it seemed to her then as if *one* day more were a boon; as if to watch another sunrise, another sunset, in an uncertainty which admitted of wild unreasonable hope were something to be thankful for—and she knelt and prayed that he might not die *that* day.

The young heir woke, he called feeble and mournfully for water—the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips but in vain—the lips parted, and a wild and beautiful smile lit his brow—evidently there was a sudden sessation from pain.—"Mother, mother," he whispered "I am well now."—Lady Rothseaton bent over him—lower and lower she bent as he sunk back, and then a wild shriek told that hope and fear were over.

Who cared, who knew when the young heir died? The evening of that dawning day a large party were assembled at another house in the same square.

'The Rothseatons have lost their child,' said the lady of the house. "Was he the only son," said the guest, 'Yes.' "Indeed! pray who does the property go to?"

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame, and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy, at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficiently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps for the past week, where a loving wife, and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly peholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines, nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical time of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in his sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concearns, save spiritual, that he may feast on the joys, ever new—ever beautiful—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.

PHILOSOPHIC FACTS.

Sound travels at the rate of 1141 feet per second in the air, 4,960 in water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,936 to 17,000 in wood.

The greatest height at which the visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is obout 816 times lighter than water

Heat rarifies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5 or 600 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 pounds to produce the same effect.

Water, when converted into steam, increases into bulk 1,800 times.

One hundred pounds of water of the Dead Sea contains 45 pounds of salt.

Hailstones sometimes fall with a velocity of 113 feet in a second—Rain 34 feet in a second.

Electricity moves with a greater velocity than light which traverses 200,000 miles of space in a second of time.

Thunder can be heard at a distance of thirty miles

Lightning can be seen by reflection, at the distance of 200 miles.

The Earl of Harrowby has given £300 to increase the church accommodation within the diocese of Lichfield. Earl Talbot and Viscount Sandon have respectively given £100 and the Hon. J. C. and A. C. Talbot £50, in aid of the same Society.

Lord Abinger has intimated his wish to retire from the office of Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer on account of the state of his health. His Lordship will be succeeded by the Attorney-General. That Sir William Follett, the present Solicitor-General, will be the new Attorney-General may be regarded as a matter of course. It is not yet, we believe, decided who is to be the new Solicitor General.

The eldest son of the King of Sardinia is to be married, early in the ensuing year, to the Arch-duchess Adelaide of Austria. The betrothment took place on the 17th inst.

Parliament has been further prorogued to the 21st of December.

Orders have been sent to Portsmouth for the preparation of stores and rigging for several sail of the line and frigates, in case events should occur which may require an augmentation of the navy.

Three Lieutenants and three Easigns are to be added to the 98th Regiment, and it is to be recruited to 120 men above its establishment, in consequence of having been placed under orders for China.

Joseph Hume, Esq., has returned to London, after an absence of fifteen weeks with his family on the Continent.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Trade of Yucatan.—We learn from the Galveston Intelligencer that Mr. Rejon, Secretary of the commission from Yucatan, has left samples of the products of the country in the custom house at Galveston. Among these are Manilla bagging, rope and twine, twine hammocks, palms hats of different qualities, starce, yuca, rock salt, arrow root, soap and tallow candles. The Manilla bagging may furnish an excellent article for cotton bagging. The Government of Yucatan is desirous to establish a direct free trade with this country, and it is probable that the commerce this opening may prove advantageous to our Republic than that of Santa Fe.

The London and Brighton Railway.—On Monday night a heavy fall of snow took place which delayed the last train an hour and a half, as, notwithstanding some parts of the line three engines were attached, the rails were so slippery from the snow that they were unable to proceed at above 8 miles an hour. It will be some days before the earth is cleared away by New Cross.

The latest french papers still continue more occupied with their neighbours' affairs than their own. The late fire at the Tower, and the forgery of Exchequer bills form subjects of comment, and in almost all cases of ill-natured and malignant comment, on the supposed perplexities they have added to this country. "When," says one of the papers "Ministers received intelligence of the fire in the Tower of London and the destruction of 200,000 muskets, M. Guizot immediately wrote to the British Government to say that he would burn 400,000 in order to re-establish the balance of power in Europe." The point of the above paragraph however is intended primarily to annoy the French Government.

The latest intelligence from Spain represents Madrid to be quiet. Espartero had left it to restore order in the north. His return was uncertain.

Corn Sugar.—Specimens of Corn Sugar and Molasses were exhibited at the last meeting of the Agricultural Society of the New Castle County, Pa, and the papers state, were very much admired for their taste and appearance. They were manufactured by Mr. Webb, of Wilmington, who details the process in a letter to the President of the Society.

Mr. Webb says that 'an acre of good land will yeald 1,000 pounds of sugar, probably more,' and that the fodder taken from the stalks, after they have passed the mill, will more than repay the expense of cultivation.

The London Sun states, as a report, that it is contemplated by ministers to grant a drawback on all the Baltic timber used in Great Britain for ship building. "This measure," says the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette, "would be a great boon conferred upon the operative classes, as well as upon our maritime interests generally."

Such a step, we fear, would seriously affect the trade of the Colonies, and would effectually prevent the revival of a branch of business in this Province, which has hitherto been extensively followed, but which is now languishing, owing to the general depression that prevails throughout the whole commercial world. We trust, therefore, that such a measure as the one now said to be in contemplation, will not be hastily adopted, especially as it would confer benefits on a foreign country, to the serious injury of British Colonial possessions.—*Courier.*

☞ The "*Incarny,*" is the title of a very neat and spirited paper lately commenced in New York. It contains a vast quantity of reading matter, and is edited by T. L. Nichols, Esq; an elegant writer, and what is still more pleasing, a gentleman who respects the British Government. Any of our friends who may want a dash from New York had better send for it. Subscription, only $5 per annum.

To be a great man is desirable, but to be the son of a great man is distressing.

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