

THE FARMER'S LIFE.—What a means of imparting pleasure is an improved agriculture. How many charming examples present themselves among us of improvements, which every eye gaze upon with unmingled delight.—Let a man, according to his power, take his ten, his twenty, his fifty, his hundred acres. Let him comb the hair and wash the face of nature. Let him subdue, clear, cultivate, enrich, and embellish it. Let him smooth the rough places, and drain the wet, and fill up the sunken, and enrich the barren. Let him enclose it with a neat and substantial fence. Let him line its borders and road sides with ornamental trees, and let him stock every proper part with vines and fruits. Let his fields and meadows wave with their golden harvest, and let his hills be covered with the herds, rejoicing in the fulness with which his labours, under the blessing of God, have spread their table, and who, when he goes among them, hasten from all sides to meet, and gratefully recognize in him a friend and benefactor, and lick the hand which is accustomed to feed and fondle them. Here now let us see the neatly painted cottage, with green shades, its piazzas trellised with vines, its sides covered with the spreading elm of flowing accaci, with here and there the beautiful fire to shade the picture, and the mountain ash showing its rich clusters of crimson fruit among the deep green foliage, and the smooth and verdant lawn stretching its smooth and beautiful carpet in the front view; then look again and see the parents at the close of day, resting from their labours and enjoying the calm evening, with the pledges of mutual and devoted affections rioting before them in all the buoyancy of youthful innocence and delight, and if, at such an hour as this, you can hear the hymn of grateful praise rising from this humble abode of peace and love, and its charming notes mingling with the music of the gurgling brook that flows near by, or broken by the occasional shrill and hollow notes of the gentle and fearless birds, which deem themselves members of this lov-

ing household, if then, whether traveller or sojourner, your heart is not touched with this charming and not unusual picture of rural felicity, cease to call yourself a man. If still you sigh for the bustle, and the noise, and the confinement of the city, with its impure water and offensive odours, with its despicable affectations, with its heartless formalities, with its violent excitements, with mid-night festivities, with its utter destitution of sympathy, with its squalid poverty, its multiplied forms of wretchedness and crime, its pride, its vanity, its ambition, its pomp, its servility; then go back to yon gilded prison house, and to pleasures, which an uncorrupted and refined taste, accustomed to drink in the free air of heaven, and to appreciate its freshness, its purity and its salubrity, will find no occasion to covet or envy. The man who by his cultivation and good husbandry, presents such a picture to the passer by, shall he not be called a benefactor to the community? Has he not done much to improve and bless society by his example? Has he not built a monument to his own honour more eloquent than the marble?



Assassination of Kotzebue.

AFTER the war of 1813, Kotzebue was accused of turning his literary talents to the subjection of Germany under the Russian yoke; he was accordingly sentenced to death by one of the numerous secret associations then prevalent in Germany, and which went under the name of "Tugensbund," or "coalition of virtue." Lots having been drawn, as to who was to commit the deed, fate chose Charles Frederick Sand, a young man of about 24 years of age. Called upon, then, to perpetrate this crime, Sand, whose character was of a hot temperament, and whose spirit was boiling with ardour to free his country of one so obnoxious, set out from Jena, on the 9th of March, 1819, and arrived at Manheim, where Kotzebue resided, on the 23d. He put up at an inn, where he stayed conversing with a country curate till 5 o'clock; at which hour, having resolved to fulfil