

earth or 'mould,' is fertilized earth itself, caused by shade, and not the residue of vegetable decomposition.

The difference in the fertility of the soil in our native forest lands arises solely from the circumstance of the soil being densely shaded. Pine has no leaves, and white and red oaks, which part with theirs so reluctantly, never leave the surface soil so fertile as those trees which drop their leaves with the first frost.

Many plants do impart more fertility to the soil than they extract from it during their growth—not in "excrements," but by their shade.

The natural provision for the renovation of worn-out lands appears to be this; that some plants like some animals, require but little food; these thrive best on the poorest soils. Every practical farmer knows that if additional fertility be given to the soil, they disappear magically.

However industrious and energetic a farmer may be, he cannot continue to cultivate a farm exceeding one hundred acres and preserve its natural fertility by manures made on the farm. He attempts an impossibility and must fail.

Through the agency of shade, every farmer may fertilize every acre of land which he is able to cultivate. In this consists the perfection of agriculture.—*Dr. T. Baldwin.*

#### WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT THE FARMER? WHAT IS THE POSITION OF THIS CLASS?

If the farmer would only see his real standing, his true relation to society, he would be equally amazed at his own thoughtlessness and the temerity of other classes who would exalt themselves above him. The farmer is the head and front of community: he is the foundation of all prosperity, either in the commercial, or mechanical, or the literary world. Without him, the wings of the navy and the sails of the merchantman would cease to expand themselves to the winds of heaven. Without him, the busy hum of the factory and the machine-shop would be hushed in the silence of the grave; without him, the sparkling wit would grow dull; genius turn to stupidity; the pen of the historian would drop from his nerveless hand; the tongue of the orator stammer; literary men would cease to write, and lawyers to plead. The farmer sustains the same relation to the community that the sun in the heavens sustains to him; and as well might the community attempt to move without the farmer as the farmer attempts to grow his grain without the influence of the sun. He is emphatically the sun of their prosperity; without him, all would be wrapped in one rayless, starless, cheerless night.

And yet, Mr. Editor, this is the man who toils for the people, drudges for the community; more patiently of labor than the mule, more uncomplaining than the ox. He must be scorched by the sun, pelted by the storm, endure the heat of summer, the cold blasts of winter: rise early, toil the livelong day, and then—then feel himself happy to commit the effects of his hard labor to the non-producer, to send many, many miles to find a market, instead of making a market at home; and then, as the other part of this system, to send for those things he needs, and which ought to be produced in his own neighborhood. This is, as you and we all feel, the sad state of things at present; but the dawning of a brighter day begins to streak the distant hills, all radiant with the hope of a better time, not for the farmer only, but for every part of the community. No mistake can be greater or more fatal to the hope of all mankind, than to think that the different callings in life—to think that the plough, the loom, and the anvil clash in their respective interests."—*The Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

#### Poetry.

##### Beggary.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "POVERTY'S DREAM."

I stood by a desk in my little store,  
Turning the leaves of a volume o'er,  
Now of a monarch, reading slowly—  
Then of a God-man, far more lowly,  
Of whom the olden records say,  
He knew not where his head to lay.

I turned from that sacred book of yore,  
As a shadow darkened the small glass door,  
A shadow—but scarce more frail than she  
Who lifted her pitiful eyes to me,  
And, trembling, against the counter bent,  
And wept, and begged for a single cent.

Her cheek was white, and lean, and high,  
And little luster was in her eye;  
Though from its glances a wildness shot,  
That told of pleasures she now had not;  
And as a silent suppliant, she  
Stretched forth her pale hand to me.

I read on her wasted face the tale  
That has made a thousand spirits quail.  
O! I would willingly hear my knell,  
Were there no more such tales to tell,  
Cursed be the want and the woe that lent  
Such value to a coveted cent!

The woman—oh! thin and young she was—  
Shook like a blade of wind-stricken grass,  
And hectically she blushed to know  
That a world was witness of her woe;  
But with that hectic flush, a sigh  
Showed that death to her heart was nigh.

She paused a moment beside the door,  
Until the throe of her pain was o'er,  
And I, into her open palms,  
Had dropped a poor man's meager alms;  
And then she prayed on my soul might fall  
That Father's blessing who gives us all.

The shadow glides across the door,  
And vanished slowly, to come no more.  
May God preserve thee deserted thing!  
Thy sorrow my heart is harrowing.  
It was so mournful to see thee bent  
In supplication for a cent!

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

##### A MICHAELMAS NOTICE TO QUIT.

To all gadflies and gnats, famed for eventide hum,  
To the blue-bottles, too, with their goesamer drum;  
To all long-legs and moths, thoughtless rogues still at ease,  
Old Winter sends greeting—health, friendship, and these:—

Whereas, on complaint lodged before me this day,  
That for months back, to wit, from the first day of May,  
Various insects, pretenders to beauty and birth,  
Have on venturesome wing lately traversed the earth:—

And Whereas sundry haunches and well-seasoned pies,  
And a thousand sweet necks have been o'rrun with flies  
In his wisdom old Winter thinks nothing more fit  
Than to publish this friendly "memento to quit."

At your peril, ye long-legs, this notice despise!  
Hasten hence, ye vile gadflies! a word to the wise!  
Hornets, horse-stingers, wasps, fly so hostile a land,  
Or your death-warrant's signed by old Winter's chill hand  
—*Time's Telescope.*