

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

VOLUME XLV.

CARLISLE PA. JANUARY 24, 1844.

NUMBER XXXI.

HERALD & EXPOSITOR.
Office, Centre Square, S. W.
Corner, at the Old Stand.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
The HERALD & EXPOSITOR is published weekly, on a double royal sheet, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable with three months from the time of advertising; or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, at the end of the year.
No subscription will be taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement. Advertising will be done on the usual terms. Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

POETRY.

DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

Depart not yet, fair spirit, go not yet—
A little longer bless me with thy smile—
With youth away, how many a regret
Would come to darken time and smother toil!
Thy joyous laugh, thy step of hazy glee,
Thy dreams, the romance of the eager soul,
The fresh blood mantling o'er thy guileless face,
The bright lip smiling falsehood's gay control,
The eye of light and love, the trusting heart,
Take these with thee, but let me not depart!

First-born and loveliest—Nature's chosen child—
Thine was the voice that erst in Eden's shades
Thrilled through the grove and groves with music wild,
And won the eye due from the quiet glades—
Thine was the spirit of that early time,
Golden and glorious with Creation's light,
When, rich in beauty, and unknown to crime,
Young Paradise, with innocence was bright—
When bird and bee and herb and flower and stream
Smiled in the splendor of their Maker's beam!

Oh! go not yet, sweet youth, enchanting me,
Or leave me all thy hopes or thoughts of bliss—
What though thy life before my eye is run,
They will but pass to happier worlds than this!
The pictures of thy pencil of the heart,
The visions, fong-horn, but oh! how bright—
The glory of thy glances—alas! for art!
Who can restore a single ray of light,
When age has dimmed the fire—who recall
The rose tints to the cheek of Beauty's fall?

The world—how gay its scenes—how fair and true
With youth to pioneer and pluck its flowers—
The stars above how bright, the skies how blue,
How winged with joy, passed on the airy height—
The ringing laugh of girlhood spoke of thee—
Hark! to your dell—thy lack-lustre notes e'en now
Re-echo on Zephyr's wings—glad melody!

And see, how smooth your beauteous creature's brow—
Youth still is there, bright-hearted, happy, blent!
The angel tint of a guileless brow!

And e'en thy tears—like April showers they fell—
But soon and silently they passed away—
Hope's sun shone through them and with a magic spell
Gave to the future—may a rainbow ray—
Along thy path a thousand places show
Of sunshine, and of peace, and of sweet cheer,
While whistled with an angel's strain alone,
And whispered low some fond dream's sweet ear—
Whispered with music voice and syren spell,
Love in her looks, and sometimes felicitous well!

Then go not yet, fair spirit—let me see
Thy face, beside my footsteps—let me dream
Of many an hour made bright by woman's smile,
Of many a lullaby on life's soft stream!
What though among my locks old Time has placed
A few unwelcome records of his power,
E'en summer has its tawny tresses cast—
The mind, the heart, are only in the flower;
Then bear not ill thy morning thus away,
The soul is thine—oh! why neglect the day!

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLES LANNAN.

All that life can care
Worth name of life, in her last estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and pride can buy or sell.

Lilly Larnard is an only child, the pride of her mother and the delight of her father, who is the clergyman of our beautiful and secluded village. I desire to make my readers acquainted with this dear girl; but what can I find to say which hath not been anticipated by the poet? Her character is already revealed. Well then, I will say something about her by way of illustration.

As I passed by her cottage this afternoon, which stands on the southern extremity of the green about a hundred paces from the meeting house, I noticed an almost startling stillness about the premises, as if the place were deserted; but this was owing to the heat and natural silence of the hour. The closed window blinds, half hidden by a woodbine and honey suckle; the open doors, with a kitten sunning itself upon the sill of one of them, bespoke it not only inhabited, but the abode of peace and contentment. In a green grape-vine arbor beside the house sat our little heroine, engaged in drawing some curious flowers which she had gathered in the meadow during her morning walk. At this moment two of her female cousins stopped at the front gate, and called them to go with her on a ramble through the woodlands. I had just time to change from one hand to the other my heavy string of trout, for I was returning home from angling, when out she came, bounding like a fawn, robed in white muslin, her gypsy bonnet awry, and a crimson scarf thrown carelessly over her shoulders. This simple dress is a specimen of her taste in such matters; and the very thing to correspond with her dark brown curling hair, regular pearly teeth, blue-Madonna-like eyes, and blooming cheeks. A snow-white, ruffled, her constant playmate and companion, soon came following after, and having licked the hands of the two friends as a token of recognition, leaped a neighboring fence, and led the way across a clover field. When I turned to look again, the happy group

were crossing a rude bridge, at the foot of a hill, and following the path a short distance they were lost to view.

Lilly Larnard is now in her sixteenth year. She is passionately fond of the country; and I do believe, could she obtain permission, would spend half her time in the open air. If she has but one summer hour to spare, she goes no farther than her favorite brook, half a mile from home, where she will angle away her time, wading up the stream to where the overhanging trees throw a soft twilight upon her path; and, if necessity requires it, will wade with her slippers and wade in after a bunch of lilies or some golden pebbles. The neighboring farmer, as he comes to the post office early in the morning, if he chances to pass the parsonage, will most likely be saluted by a sweet smile and bow. And from whom do you think? Why, from Lilly Larnard, who is airing the parlor dusting the furniture, or arranging some creeping flowers beside the door, with her pretty face almost hidden in a "kerchief white." And it may be, when moving in one of his fields in the afternoon, he will be surprised by a hearty laugh in an adjoining copse, and on looking round behold a party of girls returning from the strawberry hills, with Lilly as their leader. She is a pure-hearted lover of nature, and everything, from the nameless flower to the cloud-clapt mountain, hath a language which causes her to feel that the attributes of God are infinite. For her gayer hours, Nature "hath a tale of gladness, and a smile and eloquence of beauty, and glides into her darker musings with a mild and gentle sparkle, which steals away their sharpness, ere she is aware."

But how does she busy herself at home? It will be asked. "She is an early riser; and the first thing she does in the morning, after she has left her room, is to put everything in its place which is out of place. She kindly directs and helps Betty, the servant, to perform those numerous little household duties, such as feeding the chickens and straining the milk, not forgetting to give pussy a saucer full of the warm sweet liquid. She sets the breakfast table, prepares the toast, and all those trifling delicacies, and pours out the coffee, sitting like a fairy queen in the old high backed chair, with her parents on either side. And when her father clasps his hands to implore a blessing, she meekly bows her head, sweetly responding to the solemn amen. If anything is wanted from the kitchen, she is up, and away, and back again, almost in a minute, so sprightly is she in all her movements. During the forenoon she is generally helping her mother to sew or knit, or do any thing else which is required to be done; or, if her father wants her to read one of his choice and deeply religious sermons, the sweetness of her eloquent voice makes it doubly impressive. In the afternoon she is generally engaged in some benevolent duty. Not one in a hundred is so well acquainted with the poor of the parish.

She enters the abode of the poor widow, and, besides administering to her temporal wants, gives her the overflowing sympathy of her own warm heart, administering at the same time the consolations of religion. It is a common sight to see her tripping along the street, with a basket on her arm, and the clerk or more stately merchant, as he sees her pass his door, takes particular pains to make a respectful bow, inwardly exclaiming, "who now is to become the debtor of Lilly Larnard?" And the stranger, who may have met her in his walk, fails not to inquire of his host, at evening, the name of the lovely creature who wears a white dress and gypsy bonnet.

Lilly is a Christian, not only a church-going Christian, but her life is one continuing round of charitable deeds and pious duties, almost worthy of an angel. She has a class of little boys in the Sabbath school, and they are all so fond of their amiable teacher, that I do believe they would undergo almost any trial for her sake. She loves her Bible, too, and would be unhappy were she deprived of the privilege of reading it every day. When she rises from her pillow at dawn, she kneels beside her couch, and breathes her offering of prayer; and so too, when the day is closed and she retires to rest.

Her father is a clergyman of easy fortune. The prayer of his youth seems to have been kindly answered by the Most High. About one year ago he bought a beautiful chested pony, and, all saddled and bridled, presented it to Lilly on her fifteenth birthday. As might be expected, she was perfectly transported with the gift. "Oh, father," she exclaimed, "how will I try to merit your approbation in every action of my life!"

A colored boy, named Tommy, is Lilly's groom and page, and he seems to love the pony and his mistress above everything else in the world. A smarter and better-heated page did not follow a high-born lady in feudal times. Lilly has now become a good rider, and often when with her friends, takes pleasure in tossing of her noble accomplishments, and the speed of her horse, as she gallops over the hills, she

almost always manages to canter through the middle street of the village on her return. Some times she is alone with her dog, and sometimes with a female friend; but the forelock of her pony is always surmounted by a few flowers or a cluster of green leaves, for she has a queer notion of ransacking the most secluded corner of the field and wood. Only a week ago, (the very day I caught that two-pound trout,) while standing upon a hill, I saw her trying to leap a narrow but deep brook, and she did not give up trying until she had accomplished the deed. I thought that if her pony had been gifted with the powers of speech, he would have exclaimed, "Well done, you courageous girl, you possess a wonderful deal of spunk!"

Lilly left school about two years ago, because her father chose to superintend her education himself. She is a good scholar in everything requisite for a lady. You can hardly puzzle her with questions in history, geography or mathematics. Her modesty and simplicity of character are so great, that you would be surprised at the extent of her book information and practical knowledge. She has a wonderful talent for making herself agreeable under all circumstances. If she meets a beggar woman in the street, she will talk familiarly with her about her sorrows, instructing her to bear up under every trial. She is the universal favorite of the whole village. All who know her, the poor and the rich, from the child of three years to the hoary head, all love her with the affection felt toward a sister or daughter. She smiles with those who smile, and weeps with those who weep. Servant girls consult with her about purchasing a new dress, and little children insist to participate with them in their pastimes.

Lilly Larnard is a lover of poetry. Yes, whether she sees it in the primrose and the evening cloud; or hears it in the laughing rattle and the song of birds; or reads it in the pages of Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth or Coleridge. And she is a writer too, of sweet and soothing poetry; just such as should always emanate from the pure hearted. To give my reader an idea of her poetic powers, I will here quote her last effort, which was written with her pencil on a fly leaf of Dana's Poems, while walking on the sea shore, for he it is known that the village of her birth is within sound of the never-ceasing roar of the Atlantic. The title of it is—

"A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

"Alone! and on the smooth, hard, sandy shore of the boundless sea! A lover's morning never dawned upon the waves of water, O! how balmy, how clear, how soul-subduing, how invigorating is the air! Calmness sits crowned upon the unmoving clouds, whose colors are like the sky, only of a brighter hue. One of them, more ambitious than its fellows, is swimming onward, a wanderer and companionless. O that I could rest upon its rolling skirts, and take an aerial pilgrimage around the globe—now looking down upon its humming cities, and fruitful and cultivated plains, and again upon some unpeopled wilderness or ocean solitude! But alas! the peerless beauty of that light cloud will be extinguished, when the sun shall have withdrawn his influence; and, if not entirely dispersed, will take another shape and make its home in darkness. And so have I seen a man, when wandering from the heavenly sunshine of religion, passing from the cradle to the grave.

"As I gaze upward into yon blue dome, the anxieties of life are all forgotten, and my heart throbs with a quicker pulse and beats with an increasing thrill of joy. How holy and serene those azure depths of air! Strange, that aught so beautiful should carry a world of tears, decay and death! Yonder sky is the everlasting home of countless worlds; the vast ethereal chambers where are displayed the wonders of the thunder and lightning and rainbow; and a mirror too, reflecting the glorious majesty, the wisdom and power of the Omnipotent. Lo! across my vision there is floating another cloud—whiter than the driven snow! Rearward, there trails along another, and still another, until pile on pile they reach upward to the very zenith— and oh, how gorgeous the scenes which my fancy conjures up, delighted with their changing loveliness! One moment, I behold a group of angels reclining at ease upon the summit of a pearly battlement; and now, summoned by a celestial strain of melody, they spread their pinions for a higher flight—a flight into the diamond portals of the New Jerusalem. Again, a river of pure white foam rolls swift and noiseless through unpeopled valleys, hemmed in by icy mountains of wondrous height, until its waters empty into a tranquil sea—boundless and beautiful beyond all thought; and on this a myriad of swan-like barges are gliding to and fro without a breeze, while the voyagers are striking their golden harps and singing hymns of sweetest strain and holiest import, whose echoes die away on the shadowy waves. There! all things like the dreams of youth are melting into nothingness, and my eyes are now fast only upon the dark and blue

"The green waves of the Atlantic, with their undulating swell, come rolling in upon the sand, making a plaintive music, sweeter than the blended harmonies of a thousand instruments. Would that I might leap in and wrestle with them, and when overcome by fatigue, lay my heated brow upon those cool watery pillows, rocked to sleep as in a cradle, while my lullaby would be the moaning of the sea. The mists of morning are all dispelled, and the glorious sunshine, emblem of God's love, is bathing with effulgent light the ocean before me, and behind me the mountains and valleys of my own loved country. Loek! how the white caps chase each other along the watery plain, like milk-white steeds, striving in their freedom to outstrip the breeze. Whence comes this breeze, and whether is it going? Three days ago, at set of sun, it spread its wings near to a sandy desert of Africa, where a caravan of camels and horses and men had halted for the night; and at the dawning of to-morrow it will be sporting with the forest trees of the western wilderness!

"Far as the eye could reach, the sea is 'sprinkled o'er with ships,' their white sails gleaming in the sunlight. One of them has just returned from India, another from the Pacific, and another from the Arctic Sea. Years have elapsed since they departed hence. They have been exposed to a thousand dangers, but the great God, who holds the earth in the hollow of his hand, has conducted them back to their destined homes. How many silent prayers of thanksgiving, and what a thrilling and joyous shout echo to the shore, as those storm-beaten mariners drop anchor in their native waters! Yonder, too, are other ships, bound to the remotest corners of the earth. They seem to rejoice in their beauty and speed, and proud is their bearing; but will they ever return? Alas! the shadowy future alone can answer. Farewell, a long farewell, ye snowy daughters of the ocean."

But to return. Lilly Larnard is fond of music, too, and plays delightfully on the harp. Her voice is sweeter than the fall of waters when heard at a distance in the stillness of the twilight hour. She knows nothing of fashion, and if she did, would consider it beneath her dignity to be in command; or coaxed by it. Instead of decking herself with gew-gaws for a brilliant appearance in the gay saloon, within sound of the rude jest and English flattery, she strives by watchfulness and care to purify her daily conduct, for hers is no less prone to sin than all other human hearts. "Necklaces" does she sometimes wear in her playful glee, made of the purple fruit that feeds the small birds in the moors; and beautiful is the gentle stain then visible over the blue veins of her swan-like bosom."

Beautiful as she is, a feeling of vanity never yet entered the heart of the rectory's daughter. She feels too deeply the truth that personal charms, which are the only pride of weak-minded persons, time will eventually transform into wrinkled homeliness; and that an affectionate heart and good understanding will endure, and become more perfect, until the pilgrimage of life is ended.

Never has Lilly Larnard been more than thirty miles away from the village of her birth. She has read of cities and the busy multitudes that throng them; of armies and navies; of politics and war; but all these things to her are but as the visions of a dream. She is ignorant of the real condition and character of the great world, for naught but the echo of its din has ever fallen upon her ear. She listens with wonder to the deeds of which I sometimes tell her I have been an unwilling witness in the wilderness of men. She thinks it strange that the inhabitants of cities think so much of the present life, and so little of the future. Her days have been spent in innocence beneath the blue dome of the limitless sky, inhaling the pure unadulterated air of the country, now sporting in the sunshine, and now sprinkled by a refreshing shower; while the loveliest of flowers and birds, and holy and tender affections, have been her hourly companions; and her nights have passed away in pleasant dreams of the bright world beyond the stars.

DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A historical romance, lately published in London, closes with the following striking scene, in which the reader is introduced to the death bed of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty has summoned Lucy Fenton to wait upon her. The scene is powerful and melodramatic—

The Queen lay in her bed; she had ordered her attendants not to draw the curtains over her windows, and she watched the leafless trees waving to and fro before them, and the ruddy flame of her fire dancing upon the tapestry. Elizabeth had sunk into that partial torpor in which, though the mind has not altogether yielded to the influence of sleep, the memories, the visions that pass over it, have the indistinctness of a dream. A long train of shadows flitted before the mental eye of Elizabeth; there was the fair face of Gertrude Harding and another face fairer; the features too of the ill-fated Essex rose to blight her in her sleep; but ever were those female faces present, even when the others had passed away. Suddenly Elizabeth started up—she was wide awake, but an unutterable horror had seized upon her soul!—any thing to escape from that bed; and when her dismal shriek had summoned her attendants to her apartment, they found her standing in her night dress on the floor, her hands clenched, her eyes fixed as in a convulsion, and specks of foam upon her parted lips. It was a frightful spectacle, the strongly marked but withered features and stony blue eyes of the miserable Queen.

But what needs it to prolong the description of scenes so horrible; the struggles of a soul which had used its greatness to destroy; and which, summoned to quit that world it had too much loved, shrunk from the contemplation of its past career.

No entreaties could prevail upon the wretched Queen to return to her bed; she raved, screamed, and wept at the proposal. Cushions were brought, and upon them she was extended; bitterly bemoaning her miserable fate, and refusing all refreshment and consolation.

Who does not know that for ten days the unhappy Queen thus remained, still refusing to enter her bed. The Bishops, and the Lords of the Council, alike in vain entreated her to alter this resolution. To Lucy Wilington, whom she still detained in attendance, she expressed strong indignation against Secretary Cecil, the son of her old favorite Burleigh.

"He telleth the people, Mistress Wilington," said Elizabeth, "that I am mad; but I am not mad; oh, would to God that I were!"

"Gracious madam, be comforted!" said Lucy, who was moved by the pitiable condition of the Queen.

"Do not then mock me, fair dame, with such empty words," replied Elizabeth; "had thy poor conscience me thus, she had known the better than to talk of comfort. Alas, alas, why does her face still pursue me?—God knows how bitterly I mourned her fate; but it cometh, it cometh for ever, and still accompanied by another, which may soon sicken thee to behold." While Elizabeth spoke, entered Sir Robert Cecil, with the Lord Admiral, a relation of the Queen; they came to entreat that she would suffer herself to be conveyed to bed.

Elizabeth looked round shuddering at her costly couch. "Oh, never, never!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Cecil, if thou hadst seen what I have seen, thou wouldst not drive any mistress to that couch of horrors!"

"What has your Grace there beheld?" said Cecil; "have you seen the dwellers of another world?"

"Nay!" answered Elizabeth, "assuredly that is an idle question, and beneath our notice."

"In sooth your Grace must retire to bed," persisted Cecil, "if it be but to satisfy the affection of your people!"

At these words, the embers of an almost extinguished fire again blazed in the heart of Elizabeth, and lighted up her worn features with something of the dignity of old; she raised herself on her cushions.

"Must!" she exclaimed; "is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word. But alas! alas!" continued the Queen, wringing her hands, and speaking in a tone of deep dejection, "thou art grown presumptuous, because thou knowest that I shall die!"

"Good madam, be comforted," said the Lord Admiral, again approaching the Queen.

She again raised herself with Lucy's assistance, and grasping him by the hand, she looked him pitiously in the face, then bursting into tears, she exclaimed—"My Lord, my Lord, I am dead with an iron collar about my neck; I am dead, and the case is altered with me!"

From this time the Queen gradually sunk falling into a lethargy, which released her from those mental torments which it had wrung from the compassionate heart of Lucy Wilington. The great snows of the month of February, during this lethargy, she was placed in her bed. As her end was evidently fast approaching, the Lord Keeper, the Admiral, and the Secretary Cecil, were deputed by the Council to attend Elizabeth.

AGRICULTURAL REVIEW FOR 1843.

In looking back on the state of the country, the crops, and the condition of agriculture for the past year, we find much cause for pleasurable gratulation, and for gratitude. The season has been a favorable one on the whole; the crops have been abundant, and the condition of the farming and planting interests, and as a matter of course the country, has been constantly improving. In a country like ours, embracing such a variety of climate, and so many objects of culture, it would be little short of a miracle, if in every part, and with every variety of product, there should be no failures; if every where the proper condition of temperature, of heat, moisture, and duration, should be precisely what is required. Such a state of things it is unreasonable to expect; but local failures scarcely effect the general result.

The temperature of that part of the year which has the most influence on the labors of the farm, has been favorable to the maturity of the crops. September, however, was warmer several degrees than it has been for several years past. There have been numerous and sudden fluctuations of temperature the whole season, and these have not been without their influence on the crops as well as the general health. Thus, on the first day of June, more or less snow fell over most of the northern states, and about the middle of September, frosts sufficiently severe to injure corn, occurred in many places. From the 25th of September to the present time, the weather has been very unfavorable, and its effect on the sowing and preservation of crops, has been very injurious and will be widely felt. Snow, to the depth of from 10 to 20 inches fell over most of the north, previous to the middle of November; and the frosts at the south in October, were destructive to the late cotton and tobacco.

The Wheat Crop of the United States for the year 1843, is greater than has ever before been produced. Immediately before the harvest, prospects were discouraging. In some places the Hessian fly had appeared, in others the grain worm, and nearly everywhere the grain was standing thin upon the ground, having in some places been smothered with snow, and in others frozen out in the spring. To the surprise of all, the insects did comparatively little damage, the heads came up large and long and the berry was of the finest quality. The yield per bushel, was unusually large, and more great crops of wheat have been grown the present year than in any previous one. About two millions of barrels of flour passed down the Erie canal, and the quantities received at Baltimore and New Orleans, have been unusually heavy. A great quantity of land has been seeded this fall with wheat, but those who were late in their labor, were obliged to put in their seed when the soil was not in the best condition. Wheat should always be sown before the 15th of September; later than that the probability of getting seed in well, lessens daily.

Indian corn is good; not better than in previous years, but a fair corn. The cold of early summer retarded its growth, and in some places the extreme dry weather of the month of August and a part of September, had a bad effect. Still the old adage that so far as corn is concerned, "dry weather scares folks to death, and weather starves them to death," has, as usual, in general held good. Where the corn has felt its influence most, it was not so much in hindering its growth, as in preventing the formation of the ears to maturity. In some instances, on very dry warm soils, we knew some fields that seemed to remain stationary for nearly a month, the plants simply obtaining moisture enough to prevent their dying, but not enough to form or aid the maturing of the ears. In such cases the corn was late, and in many, perhaps most instances, suffered from the frosts of September. The great snows of the fore part of the month following found much of the corn still in the field, and it required no little skill and exertion to save it in good condition.

Rye, Oats and Barley have been good crops, and large quantities of oats in particular, have been raised. Barley is not so

extensively been cultivated as formerly; as in the great barley producing districts of central New York; it is probable not more than half as much was sown in 1843, as in previous years. Two causes may be assigned for this falling off. There was not so much demand for barley for brewing as formerly; the temperance reformation having reached the consumption of beer, and farmers found that the constant cultivation of spring crops was getting their best lands so foul as seriously to injure their productiveness. As the price of barley rendered its cultivation as an article of profit, of little consequence, much barley land has been seeded down, put into hoed crops, or fallowed for wheat. The barley grown was of good quality and very productive.

The main root crop of the country is POTATOES—indeed, we question whether there is any one that in all the Middle or Northern States contributes more to the food or comfort of the inhabitants than the potatoe. We are sorry to say that this crop has suffered much from several causes, and that while in some districts there is a general failure, in no one, as we can learn, has it reached an average crop. The potatoes are small and few in number, were late in maturing, and many were gathered prematurely. In those places where the drought was more severe, the potatoes have suffered more than the corn, and their maturing more sensibly retarded. In many cases, indeed, the tops died in the fields long before the roots had ripened, and thus all possibility of improvement from the late rain was cut off. We saw many instances in which the first set of tubers had sprouted for the second crop, owing to the early stage in which they had ripened. It is doubtless to be attributed to this premature ripening that decay or rot is so extensive among the roots gathered, so much so as in many cases to threaten a total loss.

In England and Scotland, the potatoe crop has for several years past been liable to great injury, and in some cases a total failure from a disease called the *curv*, in which the tops died immediately after the formation of the tubers commenced, leaving them wholly unfit for use. We have seen some cases of the same difficulty here, and it is not impossible that it may become as destructive here as abroad. No satisfactory solution of the cause of the evil has been given, though it has received attention from the ablest men of these countries; and it would be well for the American farmer to be as far as possible on his guard, and, as a preventive, never plant potatoes successively on the same soil, or use any but sound mature seed. Raising new varieties from seed, it is probable, will eventually be found the best method of preventing diseases in this important vegetable; although the opinion that varieties degenerate and run out, has yet received no positive confirmation.

The other crops, such as hay, roots in general, garden vegetables, &c., have been very good, and the early appearance of winter indicates that all will be required for the flocks and herds before the next spring. In this respect, our friends at the South and West have greatly the advantage of us Northerners, as it demands no small part of our summer labor to provide food for our animals during our winters. It is evident great improvements in the wintering of stock might be effected by the adoption of the practice of stabling, or providing good warm shelter for animals, and by cutting or grinding the food furnished them. Grinding the cob with the corn adds fully one-third to its value for feeding, and the converting straw or conestalks into chaff before using, is attended with equal advantages.

That there has been decided progress made the past year in the agriculture of the country; that the prospects of the planter and farmer are steadily and constantly improving; that the importance of agriculture to the country is becoming more apparent; and more forcibly impressing the minds of our statesmen and economists; and that nothing but the diffusion of intelligence, and a proper spirit of independence among the tillers and owners of the soil, is wanting to place this great interest on its true foundation, is apparent to all who are observant of the signs of the times. The numerous cattle shows and fairs that have been held the past season in all parts of the Union, and the increased interest and spirit with which they have in general been conducted, affords a cheering proof, not only of the advantages of such associations, but of the better feelings which the assurances of improvement and success always impart. We conclude this brief retrospect with the remark that in the past the agriculturalist has abundant cause for gratitude, and in the future he may anticipate a still further development of that improvement in his business and its profits, of which he already beholds the dawn.

These are excellent oysters, said a lady the other evening.

"Indeed!" said a friend, "I was surprised to hear you say so. I have never before seen you running them down this hill hour