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JACOB H. FRANK, Commission Merchant, has returned from the West, and will remain in the city during the winter. Those wishing his services can find him at his residence, corner 5th and French Sts., Erie, Pa.

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A FANTASY,

BY REV. BARCLAY HENDERSON.

So close we stand together,
So near our hearts did beat,
There lay but a single shadow
On the greensward at our feet.

To their inmost soul of azure
Hang bare the heavens on high;
Slow up through the morning brightness
A mist-wreath climbed the sky.

Then in the silver silence
My heart became aware
Of a sound, so fine it moved not
The mike and delicate air.

'Is it the musical ocean,
The morning, musical sea:
Or is it a wind-witch singing
In the hole of the great ash-tree.

"Seven leagues away to the northward
Moan the sea-shells on the shore;
No wind in the hole of the ash-tree
Ever sang this tune before."

Then while the firm compression
Of his arm around me stole,
I felt how the eyes of my lover
Were looking into my soul.

And he softly said, "This music
Doth my heart make night and noon,
Full long have I waited, weary,
For thy heart to learn the tune.

"Oh leave the wind in the ash-tree!
Oh leave the sea on the shore!
For our hearts shall beat this measure,
Dear love, till they beat no more!"

THE SMITH'S APPRENTICE.

A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

CHAPTER I.

It was the darkest hour of the Revolution for the American cause. There were traitors in the camp, though the great mass of the people remained firm and determined in the cause of independence. The British army outnumbered the American forces as three to one, but liberty was the prize to be won, and brave hearts, led on by Washington, did not despair. What if they were clad in tattered garments, and their feet were shoeless, leaving marks of blood upon the frozen ground wherever they followed their loved commander, so long as they battled for the birthright of freedom.

At the period of our story, there stood in the vicinity of the Village of Brunswick a log house of rather large dimensions, and built in a manner that proved that its proprietor went in more for comfort than appearance as regarded his dwelling. There was an air of neatness and taste about the garden that seemed to prove that it was under the special care of a woman, even though currant bush, honey suckle and hop vine had been for many days under the snows of December.

The proprietor of the house followed the double calling of a blacksmith and a farmer. He was a hale old man of about sixty, and his family were composed solely of his wife Dorathy and his daughter Mary, a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood.

In his youth, farmer Jonas Hutton had advocated Quaker principles of peace, but in his age his sympathy was secretly enlisted in the cause of King George. His conduct, however, had been so circumspect—he appearing to maintain a strict neutrality as regarded both the British and American cause—that, though suspicions were rife of his extending aid to the former, he had thus far escaped actual proof.

The only person hired about his premises was a tall, ungainly youth, who had served as a helper in the smithy, when occasionally a neighbor wished his horse shod, or his wagon wheel tired. His name was Malachi Doolittle, and he hailed from the Bay State, from whence he had wandered to his present station, some three years before, binding himself to Squire Hutton till one and twenty. He had all the peculiarities of the migratory race of New England, and though, as we have stated, he was tall and ungainly in his deportment, a warm heart beat under a homespun vest, and he displayed much genius and tact for the benefit of his employer.

As a matter of course he had been in love for a long time with the fair form and blue eyes of his master's daughter, Mary, though she had always treated his case so coolly that any one else but a genuine Yankee wooer would have left the field in despair. No girl can bear to have it said that her lover is an object of ridicule, and Mary was well aware that tall Malachi—the name by which her father's apprentice was generally addressed—was the sport of all the young girl's in the neighborhood. Yet she might have made a good choice, for he bid fair to become a first rate mechanic, was a crack shot with the rifle, and could out run, out jump, as he expressed it himself anything that stood in two shoes. He was a firm advocate of the American cause, and when his boss was not by and he could gain a listener's ear, he would express his admiration for Washington in the highest terms.

It was the latter part of December, and close upon dusk when a young man, attired in the uniform of an ensign in the Continental army, and mounted upon a powerful gray horse, rode up to squire Hutton's smithy, and requested that his animal might be shod immediately.

"Friend, thou seemest to be in somewhat of a hurry," was Squire Hutton's reply, glancing at the stranger; "and as Malachi is busy foddering the cattle, and I have promised to have neighbor Parker's wheel tired in half an hour, perhaps thee had better apply to the next shop, which thee will find about a mile and a half from here, on the straight road to Brunswick, and ——."

"A plague on neighbor Parker and his wagon wheel," said the young man impatiently. "As you have stated, however, I am in a hurry, and bear important dispatches to Washington, who, I understand, is on his way to attack our enemies. May Heaven favor the right cause!"

"Amen," said the smith, earnestly. "But as I have informed thee before, it will be impossible to attend to the shoeing of the beast to night. It is nearly dark, and I seldom pursue my labors after nightfall."

The stranger mused a moment, and then muttered to himself: "It is not possible that I can have been misinformed;" drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to Squire Hutton.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"Something that would not be polite to let every one peruse in these times; but I have heard that you was a staunch man in the cause of King George, and I can trust you. The exigencies of my case did not admit of delay. My horse must be shod and I must be within the British camp, at Trenton by to-morrow morning."

The old smith with an air of surprise wiped his glasses to peruse the document, and by the last fading light of the day recognized the well known signature of Lord Cornwallis.

He instantly grasped the stranger by the hand, and said for the cause of King George he would neglect every job of work in the shop.

"But thee will have a tough ride of it, friend, the roads are in a bad condition, and the wind will blow cold and bitter in thy face, I observe, the whole of the journey."

The stranger remarked that he had learned to laugh at such adventures in the camp of the soldier.

"Ay, friend, but the night will be black as pitch an hour later, and if thy horse is not sure footed, thee will scarcely reach Trenton by sunrise.—However, I will see that thou art well prepared for the journey. A good cup of tea, equal to that the foolish rebels wasted in Boston Harbor, made by my wife Dorathy, and a few warm biscuits prepared by my daughter Mary will refresh thee greatly, previous to thy long ride."

"Thanks, kind Sir, for your hospitality, and be assured that it will be remembered to our commander-in-chief. My business is urgent, for if I reach Trenton by sunrise the plan I now bear about my person will place the rebel army wholly in our power."

"Sayest thou so?" said the smith, rubbing his hands joyfully; "then, indeed, we have no time to lose. Hallo, Malachi; ah, here thou art. Run up to the house and tell Dorathy that my friend, Ensign Spencer of the Continental army, is going to sup with us. He has important documents for the benefit of the American cause, and must be in the American camp to morrow morning. Thou canst shoe the horse, while I extend to him the hospitalities;" and Squire Hutton, taking the young man by the arm, ushered him in a few moments into the presence of his wife and charming daughter.

Meanwhile, Malachi, who had eyed the stranger very closely, lit a lamp and began to try the bellows.

"Well," he exclaimed to himself, if this don't beat all natur. I thought there was something in the wind when that critter halted at our place; so I just stopped foddering the cattle and sneaked up to the back side of the shop to listen. So if he gets to Trenton by sunrise to morrow morning the American army will be in the hands of the British. If you are there by that time, by Judas, Malachi Doolittle don't know nothing about shoeing. Whoa—you critter; can't you stand still a moment while the irons get hot? It's no wonder you're so restless with such a load of sins as you are about to carry, and I'm going to cut my indentures to night and join the American army. Who knows but I may come back a captain and marry Mary Hutton, and then strike a bee line for old Massachusetas. But I must hurry this job through, for I would not like the boss to inspect my work to night.—"There," he added, as he drove the last nail, "you will cast off a pair of them shoes about five miles t'other side of Brunswick; and then if I can't catch you, Ensign Spencer, on my old sorrel, I wish I may be blowed up in a powder mill."

Big with intentions to the benefit of the American cause, Malachi fastened his horse, and closing the shop door, wended his way to the house.

The wind blew keen and cold, and the sky was overcast with dark clouds.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had two foot of snow before to-morrow morning," said Malachi to himself, "and I'd rather, by a darn sight, go to an apple bee or a quiltin' party with Mary Hutton tucked under my arm, than take a journey to Trenton to-night. However, what can't be cured, must be endured, as my old school marm used to say, when she applied the birch; so all you've got to do, Malachi Doolittle, is to play possum, and not give the British so big a start."

He found the kitchen empty, for Ensign Spencee being considered in the light of an especial guest, the supper table was set in the parlor.

"Rot his picture! he will be making love with Mary next," said Malachi, uneasily; but if he does I'll pay off in his own coin. Ah! here is his pistols and heavy riding coat. Well, now, Malachi Doolittle, I don't think it would be unwholesome to your constitution to jerk the priming out of them barkers, for fear matters might come to rough and tumble. So here it goes," and suiting the action to the word the stranger's weapons were instantly placed in a harmless condition.

When the apprentice entered the parlor he found Dorathy Hutton and her daughter Mary in high glee and good humor. The supper was over, but the stranger seemed to be attracted to the smith's parlor by the bright eye of Mary, and looking twice out of the window into the cold, black night he gave a shudder as if loth to depart on his journey.

Tall Malachi devoured his supper in moody silence; but, notwithstanding his discontent at the notice the young officer took of Mary, he made fearful inroads on the johnny-cake and sausage. A genuine Yankee is seldom so deep in love that he forsakes his victuals, and such was certainly tall Malachi's case.

When there was no excuse for longer delay, the apprentice was deputed to fetch Spencer's horse to the door, and thanking his host and hostess for their kind attentions, and bestowing a kiss upon the blushing cheek of Mary, he bestrode the animal and set forth at a round gallop on his dark and dreary journey.

"I guess I'd better go and finish foddering the cattle," said Malachi, as the clatter of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance. "Old Bull has broken his sursingle all to smash, I calklate I'd better take the sorrel horse and go down to Brunswick to-morrow morning and get it fixed, as we want to sled some wood from the swamp. Suppose you can let me have old sorrel for a little while, Squire?"

"Why, how on earth can thee go down to Brunswick without him, Malachi? How foolish you do talk to-night."

"Well, I didn't know but that you might want to use him," said Malachi, closing the door behind him and starting for the barn. "Con' sarn his picture! kissed her lips, did he? Well, if I don't have a wrestle with him for that trick, my name ain't Malachi Doolittle. Jerusalem, how cold it is. I wish I had my other shirt on, but it's no use to grumble. Old Sorrel, put in the big licks, and you shall be kept on nothing else but oats and clover for the ballance of your eternal days. And now for a parting salute to the boss," he added as he strode up to the door of the house. "Hello! Squire Hutton, sunthin's broke loose!"

"Why, Malachi, what is the matter?" asked the smith, opening the door, "is the barn afire, or——"

"No, nothing of the kind, boss. But I've concluded to borrow old Sorrel to-night, instead of to-morrow morning. I know the whole plot, an' I am going to take them papers from Ensign Spencer and give them to George Washington."

"Why, his horse is as fleet as the wind, and he will get to Trenton before thou art half way," said the smith with a laugh.

"You forgot that I shod his horse, Boss Hutton."

"Well, he is armed, and will shoot thee as lead as a nail, if thou dost attempt violence."

"Can't be did, boss. I shook the priming from his pistols when he was in to supper."

"Thunder and Beelzebub—Lord forgive me—but—"

The rest of the sentence was lost on Malachi's ear, for a wild "Ya-hip! ga-lang, sorrel!" he was following in the track of the British Spy.

CHAPTER II.

The night was very dark, and the flakes of snow were falling fast over the already whitened ground, but the old sorrel was perfectly acquainted with every inch of the ground, and, as if prompted by an instinct that he was on business that admitted of no delay, it needed but little urging on the part of Malachi to make him stretch his neck through the village of Brunswick like a greyhound.

Occasionally his rider would rein up and listen if he could hear the clattering of hoofs in the distance, and when he could hear no sound but the moaning of the wind as it whistled through the forest trees, he would shout "Ga long," and the horse would resume his old pace. But this perseverance was not long to go unrewarded; for he had scarcely put the village of Brunswick five miles behind him, when he descried the object of his search a short distance ahead, and traveling at such a gait as convinced him that Ensign Spencer had little to thank Malachi Doolittle in his handicraft. As the matter stood it was no great feat for the sorrel or apprentice to rein up by the side of the officer in the space of a few moments.

It was too dark for Spencer to recognize his new acquaintance of the smithery.

"Fine evening, Squire," said Malachi, "sleighing will be first rate to-morrow, if it continues to come down in this way."

"There we don't agree, friend," said Spencer, placing his hand by way of precaution on one of his pistols, "for the night, to my mind, is a cursed dark and stormy one."

"Well, 'tis something dark, that's a fact," was Malachi's response, "for a man that's got considerable distance to ride. Got a fine horse? I can't see for sartin. Critter goes kinder lame, don't he?"

"Yes, thanks to a bungling fellow that shod him about two hours ago, I shall not be able to reach my destination by daylight."

"Rather guess you won't, Squire, at the rate you are traveling now. Trenton is a long way off yet, and it's a rough road to travel. Now, Squire, seein' it's you, I wouldn't mind swappin' horses. Old sorrel is sure footed, and only ten years old, some next grass; though I should require a little boot, under the circumstances—not Continental, but hard Spanish, and—"

"Hold on, my friend; for heaven's sake. I have no wish to trade horses at any rate, and your loquacity is perfectly overwhelming. I have but one question to ask, and you can act your own pleasure in answering it. Who gave you information that I was traveling to Trenton?"

"Jest as slick as grease, Squire. You are on our side. God save King George and down with the rebels. I am Malachi Doolittle, Jonas Hutton's apprentice boy, who shod your critter this very night; and it appears that it was so confounded dark in the shop, that I made a pesky job of it."

"Pesky job, indeed," said Spencer. "Why, my horse is going dead lame, and I must be in Trenton by to-morrow morning—my business is of the most vital importance."

"Could I do the business for you?" said Malachi, "you can go back to Squire Hutton's while I carry the dispatches you bear about you to the British camp."

"No," said Spencer with a laugh, "that, sir, would hardly do. A British officer placing important despatches in the hands of a blacksmith's apprentice, is altogether out of the question."

"By Judas, I've got it!" exclaimed Malachi, as if struck by a certain thought; "we will swap horses for the present. I'll take your critter back to Hutton's, and doctor him up until you call for him, and lend you old sorrel—he is just as fresh now as when he left the stable, and can keep the same gait for four and twenty hours to come."

Ensign Spencer was delighted with the proposition, and halting at a favorable place, they both dismounted to make an exchange. But no sooner had the officer's foot touched the ground than he found himself in the close embrace of Malachi.

"Now, Squire," he exclaimed, "before it comes to a worse tussel, I'll trouble you to fork over them papers."

"Why, what do you mean, you plebian hound, by insulting an officer of King George?" struggling to free himself from the grasp of the apprentice.

"I mean just what I say, you gol darned cantankerous Tory varmint. Hurrah for George Washington and the Continental Congress. Kiss Mary again, will you? Well, I'm not going to be cruel, but if you don't fork over them papers in a jiff, by the sixteenth chapter of the Revolutions, I'll make mince meat out of you! I will, by Judas!"

"Don't throttle me, and they are yours!" exclaimed Spencer, for his opponent's grip had been tightening every instant.

"Don't you attempt to come any of your games; you tory varmint. I can out run, out jump, out wrestle, and whip anything in our diggin's, and—"

"Such is not my intention. There are the papers; much good may they do you. And now, sir, be kind enough to release my collar," said the officer.

"Wait a bit, Squire—so, ho, sorrel—must make all right;" and at the same moment he let go of Spencer, he leaped into the saddle and said: "Good night, Squire, and pleasant dreams to you."

Spencer instantly aimed one of his pistols at Malachi, but it missed fire. He dashed it to the ground with a curse, and leveled the other; the trigger clicked, but there was no discharge.

"Ha, ha, ha! You'll find the primin' scattered around Jonas Hutton's kitchen floor, where I left it," said Malachi. "Ya-hip, go-lang, sorrel. Three cheers for George Washington and the Continental Congress."

CHAPTER III

The sun was not above one hour high when a tall slab sided Yankee mounted on a bony horse, rode up to the American lines, where he was hailed by the sentories, and to whom he made known that he had something of the most vital importance to communicate to the General. His invincible pertinacity finally procured him the coveted audience with the commander in chief of American forces, and tell Malachi placed the documents he had procured with so much trouble in his hands.

Washington saw at a glance that, had the plans they divulged been carried out, the American army would have been placed in great peril, if not utterly annihilated. Of his master's share in the transaction, Malachi Doolittle said nothing, for he was too much in love with Mary to betray her father; but all other questions he answered with a promptness that proved that he had a large share of good sense to make up for his uncouth appearance.

"And you wish to serve in the army," said Washington, kindly.

"Such is my intenton, your excellency, if you think my services worthy of regard."

"We are always glad to receive such good recruits in the cause of freedom as thou art. The service thou hast rendered is a great one to the American cause. Captain Doolittle, allow me to congratulate you! for such is the commission you hold henceforth in the Continental army!"

The heart of the new made officer was too full to express his thanks, but he resolved to prove by deeds, and not by words, that he was worthy of Washington's consideration. The Commander-in-Chief saw that some immediate step must be taken not only to take Philadelphia—which, as he learned by the dispatches brought by Doolittle, the enemy were determined to possess—but to arouse the spirit of the nation, that had now sunk to the lowest depths of despondency. He resolved to anticipate the British, and cross the frozen Delaware on the night of the 26th of December, where he learned that a large body of Hessians had encamped. He followed up his plan with eminent success; for the attack being totally unexpected, more than nine hundred of the enemy were taken prisoners of war. He recrossed the river again, and, though his shadow of an army was weary and exhausted, he determined to make an attack on the British forces at Princeton. Here he had the good fortune to kill sixty, and take three hundred prisoners more. This good fortune served to dispel the gloom that had settled over the American cause.

It is an undoubted fact that Malachi Doolittle held a Colonel's commission in the army before the close of the war, which took place when Great Britain acknowledged the Independence of the United States, November 30, 1782.

On the banks of the River Raritan, some ten years after the incidents detailed in our story, there stood a fine house, built in the style of the Elizabethan period—the residence of Colonel Doolittle and his family, which was one of the wealthiest families in the whole country. He was one of the most hospitable of men, and neither friend nor stranger could pass his house without being asked to take a mug of the Colonel's good cider, or if it happened to be about tea time, a cup of tea and a slice of short cake, made by the fair hands of his wife Mary.

There was an old man, too, who sat in the cosiest place by the fireside, who for a long time after the close of the war would advocate the cause of the King, and talk about having some body arrested for stealing a sorrel horse—at which his daughter would wink slyly at her husband—but he finally came to the conclusion, as peace and prosperity crowned the land of freedom, that George Washington was not so much of a rebel after all.

There was an old lady, too, who appeared to never grow tired of praising her son in law, and a little boy, the very image of his mother, who, at the close of many a summer's day, would climb upon his father's knee and say, with a tone of earnest entreaty:

"Now, pa do tell me about Ensign Spencer, and General Washington, and the Hessians, and how you hooked grandpa's horse, and how you listed for a soldier."

"Willingly, my son," the Colonel would reply; "but I have related my story so often I should think you knew it by heart." Yet son and heir often related the story over and over again.

Such is one of the many incidents connected with the dark hours of the Revolution. Though purchased with the blood of thousands, it left the legacy of freedom to mankind, and few, in those "times which tried men's souls," acquired greater fame in the American cause than Malachi Doolittle, the Blacksmith's Apprentice.

How Byron Prevented Fatness.

Byron had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great that he reduced his diet to the point of absolute starvation. He was of that soft, lymphatic temperament, which is almost impossible to keep within a moderate compass, particularly as, in his case, his lameness prevented his taking exercise. When he added to his weight, even standing was painful; so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone or shoot himself. He said every thing he swallowed was instantly converted into tallow and deposited on his ribs. He was the only human being I ever met with of sufficient self-restraint and resolution to resist the proneness to fatten. He did so; and at Genoa where he was last weighed, he was ten stone and nine pounds, (149 pounds), and looked much less.—This was not from vanity about his personal appearance, but from a better motive; and as, like Judge Greedy, he was always hungry, his merit was the greater. Occasionally he relaxed his vigilance, when he swelled apace. I remember one of his old friends saying, "Byron, how well you are looking!" If he had stopped there, it had been well; but when he added, "You are getting fat," Byron's brow reddened and his eyes flashed. "Do you call getting fat looking well, as if I were a hog!" and, turning to me, he muttered—"The beast! I can hardly keep my hands off him!"

The man who thus offended him was the husband of the lady addressed as "Genevra," and the original of his "Zuleika," in the Bride of Abydos. I don't think he had much appetite for his dinner that day, or for many days, and never forgave the man, who so far from wishing to offend, intended to pay him a compliment.—Byron says he tried all sorts of experiments to stay his hunger, without adding to his bulk. "I swelled" he said, at one time, to fourteen stone, (196 pounds,) so I clapped a muzzle on my jaws, and like the hibernating animals, consumed my own fat." He would exist on biscuits and soda-water days together. Then, to allay the internal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog. On either of these unsavory dishes, with a glass or two of Rhine wine, he cared not now sour, he called feasting sumptuously.

Upon my observing that he might as well have fresh fish or vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed, and answered, "I have the advantage over you; I have no palate. One thing is as good as another to me." "Nothing," I said, "disagrees with the natural man. He fasts and gorges; his brains don't bother him; but if you wish to live—" "Not I. The Byrons are a short lived race on both sides, father and mother. Longevity is heriditary. I am nearly at the end of my tether. I don't care for death a d—; it is the sting! I can't bear pain." By starving his body, Byron kept his brains clear. No man had brighter eyes or clearer voice, and his resolute bearing and prompt replies, when excited, gave to his body a muscular power that imposed on strangers. I never doubted—for he was very indifferent to life, and prouder than Lucifer—that, if he had drawn his sword in Greece or elsewhere, he would have thrown away his scabbard.

AN ODD ROMANCE.—As queer things as ever happen now-a-days—Listen:

A Welsh wife of an Irishman in St. Louis quarrelled with her husband and went to New Orleans, and with a young child roamed about the streets endeavoring to find some who would kindly give her food and a place whereon to lay her head. One day whilst walking on the Levee she met a Puebla Mexican who noticed her forlorn condition and took pitty on her. He gave her half a dollar, and furnished her a place to stay. Next day he called and provided food for her. In this way the Mexican helped the poor female along for some time, until finally she consented to live with him. They came together to St. Louis, the woman thinking that her husband cared no longer for her, and would not trouble himself about her. But the Irishman by some means discovered she was in town, went to a Justice of the Peace, and took out a warrant for her arrest for adultry. The Justice heard the woman's story and was so moved by the plain, unvarnished relation of her troubles and trials that his heart was moved, and he induced her husband not to prosecute the suit. On the case being reasoned with him he consented to do this.

His wife promised to live no longer with the Mexican, and they actually did separate, the Puebian returning to New Orleans. Her husband, though at first disposed to a feeling of reproach towards his wife, gradually relinquished his animosity and condemned himself as the cause of the unhappy arrangement. As soon as this sentiment got apparent a reconciliation was thought of and last week the two were united in marriage.

Agriculture, a Learned Profession.

A Paper read at the Anniversary of the Kingville Academy, June, 30th, 1858, by J. D. WILSON.

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The subject of Agriculture is one that has been much neglected. It has been regarded by the mass of mankind as an inferior calling, unworthy the attention of the learned. We, however, conceive it to be one of transcendant importance, WELL WORTHY OF BEING ELEVATED TO A POSITION AMONG THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS OF THE DAY.

The three learned professions, Divinity, Law and Medicine, seem to have become so venerable for their age and reverend for their science, that the introduction of a fourth into the sacred trio, would seem to many almost a sacraligous profanation. That any occupation may be entitled to the name of profession, it is necessary that it shall embody principles which are profound and philosophical and interests of more vital importance and higher rank than the ordinary pursuits commanding the attention of man. He who would be an adept in any of them must necessarily be educated. It is not enough that he possess an ordintry education, that he be merely sufficiently informed to enable him to grasp with ease the common topics which occur in general life, but he must be master of the more abstruse departments of science which present themselves for investigation, in short, he must be a scholar. We admit the deplorable fact that many of the present day *assume* the *title* of professional men who are unworthy of the name; who would be of more service to the world, were they to spend their lives in some secluded place apart from the elevated callings which by their interference they disgrace; but we are free from admitting, indeed we emphatically deny that the attainments of such men are any just standard of the requirements of a profession.

We think we do not claim for agriculture more than it deserves, when we claim for it a place among the highest of human vocations. It may not be regarded as embraced within the narrow limits which have been generally ascribed to it. We would not consider it to consist merely of plowing, sowing and reaping, without any other considerations. It is true the early efforts in agriculture appear everywhere to have been feeble and limited, working on what might be termed the surface of the subject. Among the uncivilized, roving tribes, in the early stages of society, but little vegetable matter was secured for their sustenance, except the spontaneous productions of the earth, which were everywhere the offspring of fertile soil; but as they became more civilized and possessed a more permanent abode, it became necessary to adopt some means by which to increase vegetable products. Hence a system of agriculture was commenced, which was at first *very imperfect*, consisting of nothing more than merely taking advantage of natural fertility. The subject has received many improvements during a long series of ages, but there has been but little developement of its true fundamental principles until recently. Recent investigations prove it to be based purely on principles, profund principles, which are susceptible of the minutest scientific investigation.

Chambers defines it to be "the art of disposing the soil in such a manner as to make it produce in the greatest abundance and perfection those vegetables which are useful to man and the animals depending on him for subsistence."

This definition we consider not merely the best we have ever seen, but absolutely the true one. A moment's attention to it will show that for a man to realize its idea of an agriculturist, he must thoroughly comprehend the phenomena of the three great kingdoms of nature—the mineral, vegetable and mineral—not only in the analysis and combinations of each within itself, but also in the varied and complex relations they sustain to each other. Soil is valuable in the ratio of its adaptedness to sustain vegetation. Vegetation derives its chief importance from its properties as food for animal life. Beginning then with the ultimate object, the sustenance of men and animals, the agriculturist should understand the physiology of both himself and every animal and vegetable he rears. In addition to this, he should be familiar with organic and inorganic chemistry. Should know the constituent elements of each vegetable he cultivates and of each beast, bird and insect he owns. To illustrate; if he is rearing a flock of sheep for the meat market, he should know the constituents of muscle and fat, and adapt his food to their production, while on the other hand, if wool be the desideratum, knowing its components, he should feed accordingly; if he desires to produce a certain crop to furnish that food he must analyze the soil on which he wishes to raise it and ascertain its constituent elements, and the proportion in which they exist, and if it does not contain the elements necessary for the production of the desired crop, he must apply such ingredients as will supply the deficiency. To do this, it is indispensable necessary that he is a profund scholar, and otherwise he is unfit to labor successfully in the sphere of the agriculturist.

This science, too, is much more difficult than many others, inasmuch as it is inductive, while they are deductive. For instance, take the science of Mathematics; after certain axioms and definitions have been laid down, the science consists chiefly in deducing conclusions from them; and any mathematical problem may be solved by the application of principles previously established, while the agriculturist has no definite rule by which to act, but he must classify and arrange the phenomena of a heterogeneous mass of facts as varied as they are numerous. This classification, involving as it does the perception of occult relations between things apparently the most dissimilar, has ever been one of the most difficult and at the same time important works of human genius. No superficial education will enable the student of agriculture to investigate understandindly the deep and sublime truths which are embraced within this extensive field; a field where angels tread amid the living verdure which decks the agriculturists domain; every feature of which presents the impress of the Deity. In no occupation is the hand of Providence so plainly observable as in this; for every object embraced within it, grows in the light radiated from it, and recognising the supremacy of the one great Operator in the agricultural field of the universe.

From the high intellectual considerations connected with this subject, the unlearned are wholly excluded. They are unconscious of its sublime attributes and merely pass over its surface, while beneath lies buried as it were a mine of gold, to which by mental exertion they might have access. They blindly regard it as an employment which consists entirely in physical labor, whereas it is emphatically a work of the head as well as the hand; and when physical labor and that of the intellect go hand in hand, and not till then, will agriculture have attained the standard which its importance demands, which from an investigation of its principles it is but reasonable that it should occupy.

It is more worthy of our attention than the three vocations which we at present recognize as learned professions, because it involves interests which are of a more universal character than are embodied in them. Though we would not say that their influence is limited in its extent, for each one is in itself a noble profession, worthy both of our admiration and the exalted position it occupies, yet are there not some considerations connected with the science of agriculture which render it more important? In regard to the clerical profession, it is well to say but little, for it must be acknowledged that its moral worth is