[From the New York Daily Express.]

## ALL HAIL!—THE TWO POLLIES IS AFLOAT.

Among the numerous "*all hails*" of late, and we have had a "*hail storm*," none gives us more gratification than the information contained in the following Letter from our friend *Major Downing*.

The release of the "Two Pollies" from her long perilous position, is in our opinion a mere prelude to the escape of hundreds from the mud and quicksands in which they have been plunged,—the moral is a plain one—we hope it will not be lost.

We commend the proposition touching rejoicing to the Committee of 75. It is well to bear in mind that we are called on, not to imitate bad examples, but to set good ones. We believe that is the Major's notion, and the Major is knowing in all these matters.

ON BOARD THE TWO POLLIES, }
*Rockaway, L. I.*, Nov. 11, 1837 }

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW YORK DAILY EXPRESS:

*Gentlemen:*—I thank you for sendin me the papers regularly,—but I haint had time to write to you now for some time.

I believe my last letter tell'd you about the condition of Uncle Sam and his buttons but I am pr' suttin.

I have now the satisfaction to tell you,—and you may tell it to all creation,—that THE "TWO POLLIES" IS AFLOAT, and this is nigh upon the way it come about.—Some weeks ago I got a letter from Uncle Joshua tellin me to keep a sharp look-out on the tides along about the beginnin of November,—that they had had a playy high one down there in Maine,—and shortly before that there was a considerable rise in Rhode Island, and it would surtinly be the same *all along shore*,—and accordin to his kalkulation, there would be a *reg'lar rover* along by York State somewhere from the first to the middle of this month,—and that if I ever expected to git the "Two Pollies" off this was the time to keep a sharp look-out, for Congress had done nothin to help at the last session, and might not at the next. And sure enuf, on the 8th last at sunrise, it began to rise and every hour in the day kept goin a leetle beyond the last one; and by sundown of the 8th—"THE GLORIOUS 8TH OF NOVEMBER"—the Two Pollies begun to lift out of the sand, and roll and to nights up she come on an even keel and swung off to her anker, which had been run out into deep water.

The next mornin the folks begun to gather along shore, and every livin critter who could git off, all come on board—and sich a time as we had there for a spell. I kalkulate haint been seen for many a day on board a vessel, sound as ever in her hull, but wantin spars, sails, and riggin. My old friend ZEKEL BIGELOW was among the visitors, and nothin would do but he must deliver an address to the folks—and he is you know, a complete hand at that—and so up he got on the windlass, and did *pore it out there* for about half an hour, most awful. He stood like a teapot, one arm a kimbo and tother spoutin—and sich a stream!! there was no gittin by it. He thanked *everybody* and *everything*, that had any hand in gittin the Two Pollies off shore—he said the same causes would lift more folks out of the mud than we had any notion on—for tho the Two Pollies was not the only object that had been run on shore by the wickedness, and the ignorance and selfishness of *some folks*, and when he come to speak of *them folks*, and tell HOW AND WHY all this trouble had been brought on the country entirely by their WICKEDNESS, their IGNORANCE, and their WILFULNESS, he just took up his swill tub and emptied the hull scrape on't right over em. I never in my born days hearn the like.

After this address was over, we all gave *three times three* good hearty cheers, and the Two Pollies, she rolled from side to side, like a good natured laugher, first one scupper in and then tother, just as though she was takin part in the fun; and which she had a right to do.

The Two Pollies, as I said afore, is sound in her hull, and all her ground tackle is as good as ever: but she wants refittin, and as yet, I am a leetle puzzled to know which port to carry her to for an outfit. Some think she ought to be rigged on a NEW PLAN, and that a "convention of riggers" is to meet in New York on the 27th of this month, to fix upon a plan for riggin vessels generally. This being the case, I dont know but it is best to take the Two Pollies to New York, and let them all take a look at her, and then decide. I must say, I haint got much confidence in any "new rig," especially if it has any thing like an "experiment" about it—all I know about it is, the Two Pollies was a *clipper* in her day, and with the rig she had, and unless, I am sartin that a change will be best, I won't give my consent. As the Two Pollies was never abandoned to the underwriters by the owners, who are all of the "*don't give up the ship*" order—there wont be any trouble on that score—but more of this in my next.

Well, how about the late elections.—What in natur has got into folks? What has become of "the party?" Do tell, now—I want to know!!! I have hearn tell of "knocking folks into the middle of next week"—but if the news I got is only half true, you wont find some folks for a good many weeks to come—"Sich a gitten up stairs"—(as they say down in Georgia)—I never hearn on afore—why it seems to me them plagy Whigs have *hoed out* tother party completely, and not left enuf for seed.

I hear tell you are goin to have a jollification on this matter on the 22d inst.—I must git the Two Pollies up to town by that time, if possible, and take a hand in it—but I hope it will be one of that kind that will do more good than evil. Now I'll tell you what my *notion* is about it, and what I, for one, *mean to do*.—I mean to make a kalkulation of what it would cost to *illuminate* the biggest house (if I had one) in the city—then I would, instead of spendin this money in this way, jist lay it by till the winter comes, and either take it myself or give it to a ward committee, to buy wood or coal for such families as by misfortune are sufferin and destitute—I would make no distinction of party, but *wherever* there were found sufferin women and children, *there* I would go and make an *illumination* in their stoves or fire places—this is the kind of *illumination* I hope every good Whig will go for, and take my word for it, it will bring blessings on the cause and the party.

This course will be rank poison to the leadin dimigogues of the Loco Foco party—they are the chaps that tell the ignorant but honest poor that the Whigs are their very worst enemies, and some believe it, when it is well known—and none know it better than these Loco Foco leaders, especially the Buffalo tribe—that it is a rank lie. There are no people in the wide world more charitable than the American people. I know it—and who dares deny it? Let any man go abroad—and then come home—and then hear what he says about it. Well then, if this is so, who is it gives liberality of the fruits of his industry,—the man who has somethin, or the man has nothin?—and yet we hear some of these Loco Foco demigogues, who are too idle to work for an honest livin, talkin round among the ignorant and the wicked, and tellin 'em to join in the cry of down with the rich, and tryin, in fact to make it appear a sin in any man to have more with his industry and virtue, than *they* have with their idleness and wickedness. I dont like to trust myself in writin more on this matter, as my dander always begins to lift when I think on't

But about this jollification talk'd on I dont see that better could be done than the plan I propose,—and I hope something as nigh like it as possible will be adopted;—however I dont know but we must have somethin by way of markin this election: and instead of an ILLUMINATION, let a big gun tell the story from every hill top, 76 times—"SLAM, BANG"—from the sea shore to the lakes and back again—and I call on my friend Prentiss, of the "Louisville Journal" away over in old Kentucky, to charter that big thundercloud he promised a spell ago, to let off a reel roarer, and I hope every State will take it's own time to jump in with this victory, till it comes round thro' old Virginny, and let the last report of the big guns be heard on the day when Congress gits together, jest to tell the folks there, that the wind has shifted and its *high* time to tack ship.

And as regards *returnin thanks* for blessin's receiv'd, the Governor has already appointed a day for a general thanksgivin all over the State, and if any man will read that "PROCLAMATION" now, he will see that the Governor must had a notion that in addition to GOOD CROPS AND GOOD HEALTH, GOOD SOUND CONSTITUTIONAL PRINCIPLES would be established—and now if all these aint worth being thanked for, then are we most ungrateful. As a day then is appointed by the Governor, let us all, as our good old fathers and grandmothers did before us, go to church and have a good sermon and jine in the services of praise and thanksgivin and then come home and git the family together, and invite in as many as there is room for and who haint got no family, and if there be any PUNKINS in creation I hope they wont be neglected: and I hope no man of the HALE GAFF will, on that day, fail to top off a thanksgivin dinner with a GINUINE PUNKIN PIE, and do all in his power to see that his poorest neighbor has one too. I somehow feel sure things go right when PUNKIN PIES are respected: our pious and patriotic fathers patronized them—and no two things, in my mind, seem to hinge together so SNUG, and have hung together so LONG as Patriotism and PUNKINS.

Your friend, and obt. servt.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

A HARD HIT.—The following incident, at the famous Whig Supper in Boston on Friday evening, is given by the New York Courier:

Among the toasts drunk was "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," to which Governor EVERETT replied in a manner which has rarely been equalled. His manner and his matter was beyond all description most felicitous: & his picture of the consequences of the Whig triumph in this State was most cheering & just. Among other beautiful & appropriate figures which he used complimentary to our state, he likened it to a magnificent THREE-DECKER that, after lying long dismantled at the docks, had suddenly broke from her fasts, put forth her whole panoply of glorious arms, and bellying sail, and with ports uplifted and guns run out, and matches lighted, was bearing down in sweeping majesty upon what "A LONG, LOW, BLACK RAKING PIRATICAL SCHOONER,"—the rest of the figure was lost amid the instant and enthusiastic cheerings of the company.

## THE PORK TRADE.

The Chillicothe Gazette, premising that for several years past, that town has been a mart for buyers and sellers of pork, to a great extent, remarks, that owing to certain influences over which neither party has any controul, there have been no transactions in the article there worth mentioning, this season. Purchasers had thus far made no offer exceeding $3,50 per hundred, and this price had not been acceded to by sellers. In some parts of Ohio, as stated by that paper, occasional sales had been made at $4. The Gazette adds that hundreds of hogs have been driven from that great pork country, within a few weeks past, seeking an eastern market, where better prices seem to prevail, and that "thousands more will probably follow."—(Balt. Chron.

## CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR AT CAMBRIDGE DORCHESTER COUNTY, MD.

The Cattle Show agreeably to previous notice, took place on the 2nd and 3rd ult. The following is a list of persons who received premiums on that occasion.

COMMITTEE ON CROPS AWARD

For the greatest quantity of Wheat on five acres, 90 bushels.
To James Dixon, $10 00

For the greatest quantity of Indian Corn on 5a 1r 24ps—295 bushels
To Thomas Hayward, 10 00

For the greatest quantity Irish Potatoes on 1a 1r 29p's—254 1-2 bushels,
To Martin Goldsborough, 6 00

For the largest quantity of Sugar Beet, 23 1-2 barrels on 25 square perches—specimen wt. 17 lbs.
To Joseph E. Muse, 6 00

For the greatest number of Mulberry stocks above 3 feet high,
To A. C. Thompson, 6 00

For the greatest number Cocoons,
To A. C. Thompson, 6 00

For the largest quantity Timothy Hay, upon 2a 1r 4p's.
To Edward P. Lecompte, 6 00

For the greatest quantity Spanish Tobacco, upon 6 acres,
To Joseph E. Muse, 6 00

For the most profitable species of Crop, and its manufacture, upon 1 acre:—Segars made of Spanish Tobacco, grown by Joseph E. Muse, and Manufactured on his farm; nett profit of $501 99 cents. on one and a half acres, or $336 66 cents on one acre,
To Joseph E. Muse, 21 00

HORSES.

The Committee on Horses, award to E. N. Hambleton the premium for the best Stallion, $10 00

For the best brood Mare; to Tench Tilghman, 8 00

For the best Colt, to Salisbury Collins, 6 00

CATTLE.

The committee on neat Cattle, not having seen on the ground, a Bull over two years of age, which they deemed worthy of a premium, decided as follows:

That Martin Goldsborough, of Talbot county, was entitled to the premium of $6 for the best Bull under two years of age.

That the same gentleman was also entitled to the premium of $6, for the best milch Cow.

That Wm. T. Goldsborough, of Dorchester County, was entitled to the premium of $6 for the best heifer, under 2 years of age.

That Thomas Hayward, of Dorchester county, was entitled to the premium of $3, for the best pair of well broke Oxen, under 5 years of age.

SWINE.

The committee on Swine, award to John Dorsey the premium for the best Boar over one year old, $6 00

To Thomas Eagate, for the best brood Sow, with a litter of 9 pigs, 6 00

To Thomas Hayward for the best Sow pig, under 10 months, 4 00

To Allen Vane for the best Boar Pig, under 10 months old. 4 00

To Allen Vane for the fattest and heaviest hog, 4 00

SHEEP.

The committee on Sheep, award to Samuel Stevens of Talbot county, the premium for the best Ram $4—for the best Ewe, $4, and also for the best lot of Wethers, $4.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

The committee on Domestic Manufactures after a careful investigation of the Articles submitted to their inspection beg leave to report that they have awarded the premiums as follows: to wit—

For the best 12 yds Domestic Flannel to Mrs. James Dixon, $4 00

For the best 16 yd's of Linsey, to Mrs. Robt. Rawleigh, 4 00

For the best 28 yd's of Carpeting to Mrs. Benjamin Woodard, $4 00

For the best Hearth Rug, to Mrs. Joseph Byus, $4 00

The committee also awarded to Mrs. J Bayly, Mrs. Leah Goldsborough, and Miss Mary Slaughter a premium each for Hearth Rugs.

Best Counterpane, to Mrs. James Vickars, $4 00

Best Sheeting Linen, to Mrs. Thomas Barnett, $4 00

Best Table Linen to Mrs. Benjamin Woodard, $4 00

Best pair knit Silk Stockings, to Mrs. Susan Thompson, $3 00

Best pair Woolen Stockings, to Miss Emily Dorsey, $2 00

Best pair Cotton Stockings, to Miss Elizabeth Woodard, $2 00

The sewing Silk exhibited by Mrs. Henrietta Tilghman, of Talbot co., and Mrs. Sarah Goldsborough, (Shoal Creek) were superior specimens of the article, and equal to any we have ever seen of the imported Italian Silk and we think it highly deserving a premium.

Dr. A. C. Thompson, exhibited one and a half bushels of Cocoons from 5,000 silk worms, also a report of 1,000 Mulberry Trees raised by him, who for his zeal in promoting the interests of the farmer and agriculturist is eminently deserving of a premium and the thanks of the society.

The Committee on Agricultural Implements, award a premium to Tench Tilghman, of Talbot, for a wheat cutting machine invented by Mr. Hussey, $8 00

The Committee on Butter, award to Mrs. Martin Goldsborough, for the best 5lbs of Fresh Butter, $4 00

To Mrs. James Vickars, for the best 10lbs of potted Butter, $4 00

The Committee on Fermented Liquors, award for the best barrell of Cider to Benjamin Woodard, $4 00

The Committee on Ploughing, award to J. G. Henry, a premium for the best Ploughing in the shortest time, $4 00

And to the ploughman, $3 00

The Committee would also, had they the power, award a second premium to Tench Tilghman, of Talbot Co.

## ADDRESS
### TO THE DORCHESTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.
By DR. J. E. MUSE.

ADDRESSING an audience so highly respectable, intelligent and informed—and too, upon a theme so full of dignity, utility and science, as the present, it is natural that I should feel embarrassed in the undertaking, and solicit their favorable indulgence; resting my claim upon the integrity of the purpose and the excellence of the cause, rather than upon the hope of a successful performance of the task.

The character of AGRICULTURE, the great object of our present devotions, has, from the earliest memorials of man, been highly estimated—because, it had been ordained by the AUTHOR OF ALL GOOD, and was coessential and coincident with human life and sustenance—from the remotest periods of CIVIL HISTORY, it has occupied an elevated rank, correspondent with that of the human intellect; and at the *present day*, the *impress* of its DIVINE AUTHORITY, is to be found in the loftiest eminence of the natural scienes.

In this sublime group of omniscient creation, we behold the faithful CONFEDERATES of AGRICULTURE, in unremitting attentions upon this "ALMA MATER" of the universe. At the shrine of this dignified majesty, we behold her numerous votarists, "geology," "mineralogy," "zoology," "chemistry," "physiology," "botany," "meteorology," and a host of others, offering up their daily contributions.

Before an audience, so enlightened as that by which I am now honoured, to dwell upon the merits and excellence of an object of universal admiration, by all whom providence has blessed with capacity to admire, would be vain and superfluous—to demonstrate the importance of agriculture, it has been justly said, would be "like demonstrating the advantage of having food to eat, and clothes to wear," and the CLASSIC "OVID," before the period of the Christian era, has registered in strong and comprehensive terms, the devotion of the Roman citizen to this *tutelar divinity*. "*prima dedit fruges—prima dedit leges—cerreris sunt omnia munus.*"

I shall therefore call your attention to such topics as may appear to come within the immediate scope of the purposes of our society, and to form the great motives of our *institution*—the promotion of this DIGNIFIED CHARACTER—a few of the reasons why she *slumbers*—and some of the measures which may contribute to her *revival*.

These are the grave and weighty subjects of consideration which hang upon the minds of all her advocates—of all who are worthy of estimation in the community. Who is not her *friend*, is *her foe*—and *her foe* is the *foe* of *mankind*. Will this sentiment be controverted by the pies "I am a lawyer"—a "physician"—a "divine?" Are *these* not concerned—*deeply concerned* in the promotion of agriculture? Shall these honourable members of society say, "we have no crops—no stocks—no articles for exhibition, or premium, and our moneys shall not be wasted in this idle pageant? I hope the day may not arrive, when experience too late may teach the error of this evasion—when too late, they may revoke their judgment and expiate their delinquency by the adverse destinies of their country, themselves and their posterity.

In taking a view of the agricultural interests of Dorchester—indeed of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and perhaps of the state at large, the first alarming fact presented to the mind, anxious for the welfare of its *native home*, is the rapid emigration of its citizens, to other growing and rival sections—and the menacing prospect of *depopulation* and *impoverishment*.

The question naturally occurs, "whence comes this fatal course of events? Why should Maryland, whose geographical position and geological resources are equal to any in the Union, *loiter* in the *rear* of other sections of our promising territory, and when they are *swimming* in the flowing tide of successful experiment, is *she sinking* in the stagnant pool of adversity! With every natural advantage, which providence could reasonably bestow upon her, she is on the brink of *perdition—yes, merited perdition—spontaneous* and *suicidal*. Whence comes then, this imminently impending fate, at once so *wanton* and so *unnatural*!

This is a grave question, full of consequences, and one which it becomes our duty to our *country*, to *ourselves*, and to our *children*; to investigate, and remedy by all the moral force we can command—by all the intelligence and information we can acquire—by all the physical abilities we can bring into action—without the concurrent influence of these powers, our native and beloved state will be abandoned, forlorn and desolate—our children impoverished, and our memories handed down to posterity, as *just* and *fit subjects* of *desecration* and *contempt*.

Whence comes then, I repeat, these physical and moral evils?

With due respect to the honourable body of our legislature, I maintain that their apathy and their injustice have contributed largely to these misfortunes.

I am conscious of the obnoxiousness of this sentiment—but I wish to be understood as applying my remarks to the principle, "*ad rem*," and not "*ad personam*," not to the agent but to the action. That honourable body have refused a fostering hand, when supplicated for assistance, and under circumstances of the most imminent peril; when redemption and preservation were within their command.—When other interests were regarded and sustained—rail roads and canals indefinitely countenanced—rocks and mountains excavated—embankments erected upon valleys, at the cost of millions—all these bounteous acts of beneficence have been conferred upon other interests, when the needy and supplicant farmer has been rejected, and refused a dollar from the munificent chamber and its overflowing coffers; with a sad and ominous veto upon his last hope—yes, upon his rightful claim and demand, he is told to retire, "we have other bantlings to nourish, more deserving of our favour, more congenial to our fancy; you are a passive subordinate creation; others there are more bold, more prominent—when they are satisfied, you shall have the fragments, if any there be, remaining of the feast."

When this key-stone of the ark of safety, wealth and independence, is already loosened, and the great fabric is tottering before the eyes of that honourable body, when in this perilous condition, this devoted class, "the tillers of the soil," are driven from their native attachments by successive and continuous losses and misfortunes, in their professional occupations, to a land of strangers—to the west and south, where the youthful vigour of nature, has not yet been impaired—or to the north and east, where, under the auspices of a more liberal and propitious policy, the menacing approach of decay is arrested; and the consequent impending evils averted by legislative wisdom—by bounties, and premiums for the growth and manufacture of new species of crops, which an altered climate and other circumstances had demanded, in place of the old and accustomed routine—when these things were known to the most uninformed—this depressed class is rejected—unassisted—unheeded—and unregarded.

While I have the faculty of speech, to utter the sentiments of my heart, and to express the convictions of my mind, I will denounce, because I abhor this action of our legislature, as a violation of the principles of political justice, and true political economy—and leading to the ruin of the best interests of our country;—it inclines me to exclaim with the astonished poet, "*proh superi; quantum mortalia pectora, cæcæ noctis habent.*"

In concurrence with other causes of a physical character, this policy—this false judgment of that honourable body, has nearly extirpated the last hope of agriculture in Maryland. And without a speedy relief, this radical interest, from which all others spring, and upon which they subsist, with its numerous retinue of dependents, will languish and irrevocably be lost.

In regard to the physical causes of the menacing condition of our agricultural interests, the most general and prominent may be found in the fluctuations of "climate" and the present unfitness of "station" for the "wheat" crop—a term used by geologists, to denote that locality of animal and vegetable existence, where a combination of physical circumstances favourable to the developement of their respective organization, may have established them.

Many centuries ago, the classic farmer of Mantua, the immortal Virgil, impressively taught the importance of this inquiry—the fitness of "station"—and to "learn the winds and the various qualities of the "climate," for successful cultivation, "*hic segetes, illic veniunt felices uvæ*," and he adds, "these laws and eternal regulations, nature from the beginning, ordained,"

Without occupying your time, to dwell upon the beauties of this arrangement—upon this conspicuous instance of providential wisdom, goodness and power, which all nature is daily unfolding to our view—it is sufficient for the present purpose, to notice the fact of the geographical distribution of the whole organic world, by this rule of specific self-adaptation, implied in the term 'station'—it is one which is accepted as a truth, by the common consent of mankind, because it is founded in the natural and necessary sequence of cause and effect—it is one which offers a rational solution to the difficult problem, that '*pestis vexata*,' the loss of our wheat crop—and it is full of interest to all, more immediately, perhaps, to the agricultural class of our community. On this important fact, geologists too have instructed us—differing only on some relative questions of theory and individual opinion.

At that eventful olden time, when the first creative hand converting chaos into form, consummated the great work by organic life, innumerable evidences are furnished in the fossil remains, 'that the animal and vegetable structure was simple and imperfect, in conformity with the rude condition of the 'earth,' 'climate' and other physical circumstances, under which they were placed. As this condition altered and improved, so did their structures become more perfect and more complex, until by an uninterrupted succession of physical events, we behold 'nature' as she is, enchanting to admiration, and in her sublime works of mechanism and design, bespeaking her *divine* authority; and by her infinite wisdom and power, confounding the infidel, and establishing the conviction of his folly and his imbecility.

Whether this progressive improvement of animal and vegetable life, was effected by a successive creation and destruction of new species, or by a transmutation of the originals, and their progressive advancement to a more perfect state, are questions not essential to our purpose; as the important truth remains in either case unaffected, that fit 'stations' are essential to the life and prosperity of the respective species, and they must find them or perish by the established laws of nature.

That many animal and vegetable species have become extinct since their first creation, cannot be reasonably questioned; numerous fossil evidences establish the fact, yet in the general, the doctrine of progressive improvement and transmutation, is consistent with experience and daily observation; and in the instance of our 'wheat' plant, we have many of us witnessed and I have long since maintained upon good authority, its partial 'transmutation' against the bold assertions and inveterate dogmas of adversary opinionists, who seem to hold their creed of physiology as a code of moral law; and from their sentimental asperities it would seem, under equal penalties for transgression.

Upon the fact of 'transmutation' of the wheat plant, much evidence might be adduced; it is sufficient for the purpose to name that of a learned friend, 'Mr Featherstonhaugh, the United States' geologist, whose acute observation and high and well merited fame, and acquirements in the natural sciences, are ample pledges of its accuracy, 'that he has seen stocks of 'cheat' developed from a grain of wheat, under the most infallible circumstances; and I might name others which leave no doubt, on my mind, of the fact of transmutation occasioned by the influence of various physical accidents.

The famed Lamarck quotes many examples of the changes of plants in their forms, faculties, and even in their organization, by a change of the physical conditions under which they are placed: and he justly observes, what 'nature' brings about in a great lapse of time, we may occasion suddenly: some plants are made to lose their thorns; some, the acridness of their juices: others have their ligneous converted into herbaceous stems, and some, which are perennials become annuals: an unfavorable climate, exposure to winds, and other accidental causes, may give rise to a stunted and altered race; and *mutatis mutandis*.

The extravaganze to which Lamarck has carried out this doctrine, should not vitiate his truths; that "man" should have sprung from a "*monad*" of animated matter, and by progressive improvement have arrived at his present state of superiority, is absurd; yet it is unphilosophic to reject, absolutely, physical, moral, or religious truths, because they may have been mingled with fanaticism or extended to absurdities. Gold is not contaminated by the base matrix in which it may be found, nor should the lights of truth, which this talented author may have thrown upon this interesting question, be extinguished by his casual follies; his lucid intervals make ample amends for his odious hallucinations.

We will leave this controversy and revert to the important and settled truth, "that plants as well as animals require certain physical conditions for their well-being," an essential point of which is "climate," which for causes not fully known, has been and continues to be suffering variations throughout the globe, and tending to a diminution of temperature, and consequently no locality continues to be suitable for the same vegetable or animal at all times; and if our crops are not changed with the change of climate, by the force of intelligence and judgment they will perish and disappoint us; they will change themselves by the force of the laws of nature.

In the present regions of Siberia and many other northern countries, are found direct proofs of this fact, in the fossil remains of living species, the elephant, the lion, the tiger, the tree fern, the palm, and many others, 'as we are informed by Mr. Lyell and other distinguished naturalists,' inhabitants now, only of more temperate climates.

To this cause, then, this gradual but continued lowering of the temperature of the globe, may be referred the failure of our wheat crops; and hence may be seen the necessity to supply the loss by others, adapted to the new physical condition of the country.

Twenty years and more have borne witness to the fact, that this great staple with us, is annually declining; the progress of this evil, though gradual, has been with few exceptions constant, and within the last few years, alarmingly conspicuous; the progressive revolution of the climate has been equally manifest, to all who are in the habit of observation, clearly indicating the cause and the effect; this essential incident of "station," once so congenial to the developement of our favourite plant, has assumed a new character adversary to its physiological constitution.

With the decline of the general temperature of the globe for ages past, and established upon accumulated and unquestionable evidences, collected by distinguished naturalists already named, another important and relevant fact is equally attested, "that under the influence of this change, plants and animals, with the exception of a few individuals, have been from the most ancient periods of time, regularly and gradually migrating from higher to lower latitudes; the latter from the general decline of heat, having acquired that degree, for which they had been constituted; and which the former had previously possessed and now lost; hence, we have no reason to flatter ourselves with the hope that our wheat plant will continue; and resist the instinctive impulse given it for its own preservation, by the commanding hand of nature.

And *a priori*—it is deducible from causes, obviously still in operation, that a comparatively short period, perhaps half a century or a little more, will find the wheat plant flourishing only in the most southern sections of our vast empire; and another period still longer, may in all probability, cancel it from the catalogue of vegetable life.

Our sister States of higher latitudes, have long since experienced the effects of this mutation of climate upon their wheat crop: the "Northern Farmer," of New England, informs us that fifty years ago, their "wheat" was a *certain* and *profitable* crop; and that *now*, they cannot by *any mode of practice* produce enough of this grain to defray the costs of cultivation.

Thus by a diligent review of the *past*, we are enabled to direct our course for the *future*; we are furnished with a key to unlock the magnificent temple of nature, disclose her enchanting secrets, and contemplate her wise and providential plans for the general good of her creation.

A fallacious ground has been assumed, and on very respectable authority, against the continuance of our wheat

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