EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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AGRICULTURAL

From the American Farmer.

FOR THE DORCHESTER (MD.) FARMER'S CLUB.

At the meeting of the Club on the 30th April, 1845, the President, Dr. Muse, read the annexed paper which he had prepared for the occasion in relation to some agricultural novelties of the day, and showing that some correction should be used, in this age of useful experiment, in too readily adopting and exclusively relying upon extravagant theories not sustained by the solid tests of practice. On motion, it was unanimously Resolved by the Club, that the President be requested to furnish a copy for publication in the Cambridge Chronicle, the American Farmer and the Albany Cultivator, and that the Board will take steps to give the said paper a general circulation:—

The many facilities offered within a few years, to the Agricultural community, for the improvement of the soil—and for the growth of crops, without such improvement, would seem to demand a passing review, by all agricultural clubs, and other Institutions, which profess to have the interests of agriculture, for their paramount, and final purpose.

With this sentiment, I take the liberty to suggest, a few considerations, in respect to some of the methods, most deserving of notice, which have been recently prepared by men of scientific, and practical research, in the mysterious works of nature, progressively, and rapidly developing the most astounding phenomena; and leading to the comfort, and convenience of man.

I offer my remarks with reluctance, having the misfortune to differ, in the physiological views that have been taken—whereby, we are taught to believe—that, by a *summary process*, luxuriant crops may be grown, without manuring the soil.

The mind of man is too apt on most subjects, and especially those of deep interest, to run off, unconsciously, into a state of "*ultraism*"—and from one point, discovered to be defective, to an opposite one, equally at variance with the sober dictates of reason, whose counsels, if seriously invoked, would readily afford a corrective to the frequent, and fatal errors of extravagance; leading to the disappointment and frustration of our hopes, and purposes.

On the subject before us, this error, has, in my humble opinion, been committed—and some of the novelties, in relation to the improvement of crops, and soils—by a short recipe,—have been too highly appreciated, and may thereby become pernicious;—yet, I hold it to be quite reasonable to anticipate advantages, from some of them, as auxiliaries—but unreasonable to conjecture the possibility of such great results, ac are promised by their inventors—from the *exclusive* adoption of any of these *philosophic nostrums.*

Chemical solutions—Poudrette—Guano—and Electricity are, each, offered by their respective advocates, to the practical Farmer, as an *agricultural catholicon*—a remedy curative, and preventive of all ills, and diseases, incident to his various crops.

It is asserted—and no doubt, conscientiously believed by those who assert it,—Mr. James Campbell, of Scotland—Mr. Hauterive, of France, and others—that manures may be so concentrated, that a seed, by a simple steep in their solution, will not only germinate more speedily—but, grow, and mature, in the poorest sand heap, or barren earth, dug up from many feet below the surface, as luxuriantly as in the best manured soil.

Experiments, too, with the electric fluid, have been made, and reported, as producing wonderful effects on vegetation.

In respect to the first class—the chemical solutions, it is wholly inconceivable, that a grain of wheat, or other seed, should absorb from a steep, of the highest degree of concentration, all the requisite food contained in ordinary manures: it is admitted, that one essential element—nitrogen—is required, in but small portions—but it is very doubtful whether all the demands of the plant, for this material, may be supplied in this manner, with the aid of the atmospheric source, alone;—these contribute a large portion, unquestionably, of this element, as well as of carbonic acid, &c. &c.—but, the structure of the spongioles of the roots, demonstrate that the *roots* as well as the *leaves*—the *earth* as well as the *air* furnish a share of the nutritive gases, and other soluble substances, placed in it, by accident, or design;—which experience has settled, beyond the power of a possible refutation.

Where, I would ask, will be found the potash—the soda—the lime—the magnesia—the silicates—the phosphates and other assential materials of the plant;—not in the barren sand, before named; neither will they be found in the *air*, for they are not vaporable—nor in the *steep*—and yet, the plant must find them, or perish.

Be assured, gentlemen, we must hold on to the compost heaps; if properly made, these will supply the *deficit* essentials, which the steeps did not possess, and which the small volume of the seed could not contain.

Tho' too much virtue may, probably have been assigned to these chimical solutions, yet, may, much benefit be reasonably expected from some of them; their nitrogen—the chief constituent of all of them, and of manures in general, being largely supplied by them, for the *embryon* plant—for the early and vigorous development of its organism, may enable it to draw more freely—by the early enlargement of its *infant* functionaries, upon the atmospheric source of nutriment, as well as that of the soil;—and thus its capacity to *receive*—*elaborate*, and *secrete* will be proportionably increased throughout its growth, to maturity.

How far results may confirm the alleged agency of these chemical solutions, and its continuance throughout the life of the plant, remains to be tested by frequent, and careful experiments; which it is our duty, under the title we claim for our "Club" immediately to institute, and report, when obtained.

The efficacy of "Guano," too, and "Poudrette," and last, tho' perhaps' not least, of Electricity—to promote vegetation, merits our serious attention.

I have, now, in progress, all those various articles, upon a scale of experiment, so large as to justify the hope of very satisfactory evidences upon each of them.

The poudrette, which I am using, is made by the method of Dumas, noticed in a former communication, to our Club;—sct. by the "sulphate of iron," to arrest the escape of the ammonia; which, I found practically—in the manufacture of 80 to 100 bushels to verify most fully, the statement made by Dumas, in regard to its disinfecting powers.

This article—the "sulphate of iron," will be found more eligible, for many practical purposes, than the "*sulphate of lime*," or, the "*chloride of calcium*," or any other disinfector, perhaps now known. The "sulphate of lime" loses its force, of the double affinity; or its tendency to exchange bases—as soon as it has become partially decomposed; and necessarily, then, ceases to perform the office of disinfection; and the "chloride of calcium," so extensively used for this purpose, in hospitals and in the chambers of the sick, is, according to Liebig—very reliable authority—extremely injurious to health; "*Chlorine*" he says, "destroys ammonia, and organic bodies, with much facility"—"but it exerts such an injurious influence upon the lungs, that it should never be used, in places in which men breathe."

The action of Electricity upon vegetation is asserted, upon respectable authority, to be worthy of attention—indeed, astonishing; it will be in time to speculate on the "*modus agendi*," when its *action* shall be further established;—during the last spring, I made an experiment, with plates, too small for much effect; I have now planted a Battery, with plates, four feet in length, and about 14 inches wide, connected by a copper wire of large size; and embracing within its sphere, three rows of corn, as well as other plants: the results from this, and the other experiments before alluded to, will be reported to this Club when obtained.

JOSEPH E. MUSE.

April 30th, 1845.

From the Boston Atlas.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF *POPULAR PERSONS & PLACES,*

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

A SKETCHING PARTY.

[CONTINUED.]

There were others of our party, but none particularly worth noting down. And there we were one glorious morning late in August, with merry hearts and cheerful countenances, sailing down the sinuous Avon, on our way to Chepstow.

Delightful alike to poets, painters, and musicians, to say nothing of myself, who had gladly left the dissecting-room for a few too brief hours, was that sail, (if indeed, steaming can be called sailing) Many of my American friends, who have gone down the river from Bristol, on their way to the Great Western steamship, will bear me out in the assertion that we passed through a succession of views which are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the world. On emerging from Cumberland Basin, our vessel passed between two natural barriers. On our right, the magnificent rocks of St. Vincent towered four hundred feet above our heads; and, on our left the banks, from the river's margin to the same giddy height, were clothed with the living green of Leigh woods. Flitting by the far-famed Hot Wells, with the magnificent terraces of Clifton high above our heads, we came abreast a valley, or rather a gorge in the woods, which derives its name from the fact of

"Nightingales singing there all the day long."

BOWLES (a great antiquarian, by the way) pointed out to us, near the spot, the remains of a Roman encampment; and in return, I directed attention to a singular octagonal tower, (which crowned a rocky height,) called COOKE'S FOLLY, and which derives its name from a legend to the effect that a rich merchant of Bristol, one Mr. Cooke, had been warned by a soothsayer, that on his only son's attaining the age of twenty, he would be subject to a great & imminent danger, which danger would hang over him until he should be past the age of twenty-one. To prevent harm to his son during this period, Mr. Cooke built the tower in question, & placed his son in the upper part of it on the day before he attained his twentieth year. For almost twelve months he remained in the tower—only conversing with his friends, who daily visited him, from the window, and admitting no company, which, indeed, he could not do, as the doorway was walled up; his provisions and fuel were drawn up by him in a basket. The legend goes on to say—and it is implicitly believed in the neighborhood—that on the evening before the last day of his imprisonment, he drew up a bundle of faggots, in one of which a snake had concealed itself; and next morning when his friends went to liberate him, he was found dead, having been stung by the venomous reptile. From that time the tower has been called Cook's Folly.

Then we passed another "FOLLY," on the banks of the Avon—and as it is connected with a singular circumstance, which I *know* to be a fact, I will just mention it here.

Every one who knows anything about the manufacture of shot, is aware, that it is made in a tower. One of these may be seen in New York, and two in Philadelphia. The history of the shot tower is curious. Upwards of fifty years ago all the shot manufactured was made by letting melted lead percolate through the small holes of an iron vessel, and the small drops falling into water, suddenly cooling, became shot; but in this so made article there was a little depression on each sphere of lead, in consequence of its coming into contact with the water before it had cooled and become quite solid. To obviate this defect was a great object—and the way in which the difficulty was overcome was this:—

A Mr. Watts, was a manufacturer of shot in Bristol. One night his wife awakened him from his sleep, and informed him that she had dreamed of a plan whereby shot could be manufactured perfectly *round*.—Her husband, as many husbands, not having the fear of a Mrs. Caudle before their eyes do, laughed at her; but she was not to be laughed out of her notion. So, after much persuasion, she got her husband, next morning to fix some apparatus at the head of the well staircase in her house. At the bottom she placed a tub of water, and pouring in the metal at the top, the drops fell a considerable distance, became round and cooled sufficiently, before they touched the water, to prevent the contact making any perceptible mark. Her triumph was complete. Mr. Watts took out the first patent for shot, became rich, but lost all by commencing the building of a magnificent terrace at Clifton. All his money was sunk in the *foundations* alone, and to this day it is called WATT'S FOLLY. The poor man died of a broken heart. Such is the story—and whatever the credulous may say, I believe it; for my mother had it from Mr. and Mrs. Watts' own lips. A member of my family purchased the patent of Mr. Watts—and I was born in the house, that old staircase of which I have, hundreds of times, gone up and down—and, curiously enough, in that very house, whilst engaged in prosecuting some chemical researches into the nature of metals I discovered, not very long since a mode of making perfectly round shot, without the aid of a tower at all.

I quite forgot to say that Mr. Sedgwick, the distinguished geologist, and also Mr. Congbeare, were of our party. The former celebrated *savan* was tall and somewhat slightly formed. His complexion was very dark and swarthy, and had not, as he sometimes very playfully admits, any pretentions to beauty, excepting we admit of an *intelligent* handsomeness. But his eyes were very fine, and when he opened his lips we were so rivetted by his eloquence that his plain face went for nothing. Sedgwick has been called the Robert Hall of Geology, and he deserves the honorable title. Like Sir Humphrey Davy, he flings a charm round his subject; and in his hands Geology, in itself, perhaps, the most magnificent of studies, becomes as attractive as its more showy sister science, which enables us, as a poor tobacco-pipe maker and poet, says—

'To sail with science through the starry skies.'

Well, Sedgwick and Congbeare; (whose outward man defies description,) enlightened us with their discourse on the rocks, as we passed by them, and we had quite a delightful and learned little lecture on conglomerate—blue lias—red sandstone—Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri—Mastodons and Megatheria, which lasted until we made a bend in the river, and the waters of the Bristol Channel glittered before us.

Just before we entered the channel, however, our boat came to a stand still, as we wished to land and make a sketch or two. Then, we had left our homes breakfastless, and so it was proposed to take sundry hampers on shore, and make a lunch of it on the pleasant green sward.—It was quite a pic-nic affair, only there were no ladies, and that, perhaps, *was* a drawback. Nevertheless, we managed to get along wonderfully well, for Lover uncorked the bottles—Lisle Bowles almost broke his back in laying the cloth over so many times—for Rory O'More, I really fear purposely, whenever he passed by a corner like his own Handy Andy, did just what he ought not to have done, and kicked away the stones which kept the diaper from blowing away. Sedgwick set to work punning "like mad," on every stone he examined, whilst Congbeare gravely discoursed as before. Von Holst sat listening to Eulenstein, and quoting Schiller and Burger. Eagles set to work at sketching a locality, where it is said two mighty giants and the Devil once had a game of bowls together. Rippingille thummed his guitar—in short all were occupied, myself among the rest; for, as I couldn't originate anything, worth anything, I contented myself with taking pencil likenesses of the different groups, little dreaming then, that at a future day I should sketch the scenes in pen-and ink, for the ATLAS, when seated in the beautiful Athens of America, some thousands of miles away from it.

And pleasant enough, I may add, is the self imposed task, for as I sit in my silent chamber, penning these recollections, the "old familiar faces," come back to me from far away places, and from the land of silence; and I listen again to the pleasant voices of old. I listen, but not to mourn. No. I trust I have learned a cheerful philosophy. That was a pleasant faculty of Blake's, the painter. He, dreaming artist that he was, would sit for hours in the company of imaginary persons—old friends—and famous men, of whom he had heard but never seen; and he would converse with them and imagine their answers.—Well—so I thousands of miles from home, with not one of kith or kin on this great continent, feel a wholesome delight in *knowing* how those I loved, and do so love, once looked and spoke; and, realizing to my own spirit how they would look and speak were they here. Some one says that he used to "make pictures with his eyes shut," and why should not we? What is the use of hanging up in our image chamber, gloomy delinications, when by a bright touch of Fancy we may bring "sunshine into a shady place," and let it fall on pleasant pictures.—There may be such a thing as the blending of spirits or souls, when the bodies are sundered far, and memory was doubtless intended to afford us pleasures, as well as Hope. Happily did poor beloved Charles Lamb sing of a deceased friend—

"My sprightly neighbor gone before,
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning?"

But enough—perhaps too much, of this. Our luncheon passed off pleasantly, and how long we should have lingered, I know not, for the wine had made us rather social and sociable, had not an intimation from the "skippe." made us hurry off, for fear of loosing the tide.

We occupied about an hour in crossing the channel, and as there was a short, choppy sea, it was quite amusing to witness the change which gradually came over the spirits and faces of my companions. EULENSTEIN'S Jew's harp was hung upon the willows, and the performer himself hung mournfully over the vessel's side.—RIPPINGILLE had seen too much of salt water, to care much about it—so had Von Holst, and they sat smoking together.—Lisle Bowles's huge frame lay extended on the deck; he was not composing a sonnet, for I really believe that not even Dante could have described the intensity of his misery, in the small number of the allotted fourteen lines. SEDGWICK looked as stupid and astonished as the toad did, which Sidney Smith wrote about, when it first come out of its "catacomb of rock."—CONGBEARE, a thin, cadaverous looking man, whose look of sadness, like Brougham's nose, was a thing which could not be exaggerated, sat sipping brandy and water. Muller was invisible, and LOVER, pale and spiritless, could hardly perpetrate a pun, to the effect that the watery passage was the freest translation he had ever known of "Sic *transit*." In fact, we were most of us heartily sick, and the fishes fared all the better for our luncheon.

But the range of rocks called Goldcliff, from their shining with a metalic lustre in the sunlight, came in sight, and the little whitewashed cottages, on the sides of the Welsh mountains, grew more and more distinct, as we neared the shore. The clear stream of the Wye, too, imperfectly mixed with the muddy waters of the channel into which it fell, and streaked our pathway, or seaway; and before long we entered the mouth of one of the most picturesque streams of the most picturesque portion of Wales. As the vessel glided between low grassy banks on one hand, and a range of rocks, similar in some respects, to the palisades on the Hudson River, but on an infinitessimal scale; the spirits of our party revived—and the band on board struck up various lively tunes. It was known to the musicians, that LOVER was amongst us, and so of course, the lively air of *Rory O'More* was given with all the honors, and most obstreperous cheering followed it, to say nothing of the *encores*. Then LOVER ordered, out of compliment. "The Maid of Liangollen," and *of course*, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welch, united lustily in singing "God save the Queen." Had there been an American on board, (I wish there had, for I should have liked nothing better than to have gone with him or her, to see some remains of antiquity, such as he has little idea of) we would have had "Yankee Doodle" or "Hail Columbia."

As we were nearing Chepstow Bridge, and the old Castle just appeared in sight, one of the musicians shambled up to Mr. LOVER, made his bow, and asked for something to drink, insinuating that they had played "*Rory O'More*" for his especial gratification.

"Bedad, that's quare, any how," said Lover, goodhumoredly, giving the man half a crown; "that's a lefted handed way of satisfyin' the piper, *to make a man pay for hearin' his own music!*"

On reaching Chepstow, we landed close to the bridge, as we had agreed to perform the rest of our journey on foot, that is, the younger and brisker portion of the party. Mr. BOWLES left us, for the purpose of paying his respect to his Diocesan, the Bishop of Llandaff, who resided close by, promising to meet us at Tentern Abbey.—Sedgwick and Congebeare strolled onward and the rest of our party proceeded to the Castle, for the purpose of making sketches. As we entered the great doorway, a tall loosely dressed lady came from within the Castle, and principally attracted my attention from the circumstance of her carrying a large folio under her arm. Two sweet little girls were with her, I felt curious to know who she was, and enquired of the old woman who kept the gate. She informed me that it was lady Charlotte Guest, (formerly Lady Charlotte Lindsay) wife of Sir John Guest, the great Welsh Iron Master. Lady Charlotte is well known in England, as the able and laborious translator of the *Mabinogion*—the Welsh Arabian Nights—which work is now in course of publication. But I must entreat the reader to wait patiently until next week, when the sayings and doings of our SKETCHING PARTY, amidst ROCKS, RIVERS and RUINS, shall be duly chronicled.

THE USEFUL.

A DREAM—YET NOT A DREAM.

In one of the recent numbers of Parley's Cabinet Library, entitled "*Enterprise, Industry, and Art of Man*," the author furnishes us with a preface in the form of a dream. It appears to us to be hit off with great felicity, and taken in connexion with the contents of the book, is in a high degree significant and striking. The preface is as follows:

"I was dozing by my evening fire-side when one of those hasty visions passed before my mind, which sometimes seem to reveal the contents of volumes in the space of a few seconds. It appeared as if every article in the room became suddenly animated with life, and endowed with the gift of speech, and that each one came forward to solicit my attention, and beseech me to write its life and adventures.

"The portly piano, advancing with a sort of elephantine step, informed me that its rosewood covering was violently torn from its birth-place in the forests of Brazil; its massive legs of pine grew in the wilds of Maine, the iron which formed its frame was dug from a mine in Sweden; its strings were fabricated in Rouen; the brazen rods of the pedals were made of copper from Cornwall, mixed with silver from the mines of Potosi; the covering of the keys was formed of the tusks of elephants from Africa; the varnish was from India; the hinges from Birmingham and the whole were wrought into their present form at the world-renowned establishment of Messrs Chickering & Co., Washington street, Boston.

"While I was musing on the singular fact that the four quarters of the globe had been ransacked for the materials of which to construct this single instrument, I heard an extraordinary rattling in the china closet. On opening the door and looking in, I beheld with amazement every article—plates, plaiters, bowls and tumblers, casters and cream pots, salvers and salt dishes—attitudinizing, as if inspired with some extraordinary emotion. All began to speak at once, and a confusion, worse than that of Babel saluted my ears. Amid the din, I could gather only a few detached sounds. The set of phials in the castor-stand seemed to have the advantage of lungs, and I therefore gathered the following sentences: "I," said Mustard, "was raised by an old woman in France, and manufactured in Paris." "And I," said Pepper, "was cultivated by the swarthy Malays of Sumatra, and made a voyage half round the world to get here!" "And I," said Ketchup, "came into existence as a mushroom, and was pickled by Underwood of Boston." "And I," said Soy, "was reared and manufactured in Japan!" "And I," said Sweet Oil, came from the sunny climes of Italy." "And I," said Vinegar, with a scowl and a scream, "I came from hard cider!"

"Bewildered by the clamors of the china closet, I shut the door in the face of the insurgents; but if I silenced one source of annoyance, another was before me. The carpet rose and fell like waves beneath my feet, and at length one of the large circular figures stood erect, and with goggling eyes and enormous mouth, addressed me as follows:—"I was born on the backs of sheep that were fed in Asia Minor; I was spun by those who pray five times a day to Mahomet; the colors that decorate me were gathered from the three kingdoms of nature, and I was woven in a machine, the invention of which consumed twenty centuries!"

"Scarcely was this speech ended, when I saw the mirror swaying rapidly back and forth, and after a moment it exclaimed: "Listen to me! The glass which forms my face was once the waste sand of the pit: this was purified and exalted by fire. I was then polished by the artisans of Paris. The quicksilver which gives me my magical power, was dug from the mines of Almaden a thousand feet below the surface of the earth: the gold which gilds my frame was washed from the mountains of the Moon by the Niger, & having passed through the purse of the king of Ashantee, was beaten to the thinness of the thirty thousandth part of an inch." Hardly was this burst of rhetoric ended, when the Argand lamp declared that its oil once dwelt in the head of a whale seventy feet in length, and which had ploughed the Pacific for half century: A book that lay upon the table spoke of containing in its leaves a variety of rags, gathered from the four winds, each of which could tell a tale; and a sofa said something of hair from the tails of wild horses, caught on the Pampas of South America, and lofty trees of mahogany, cut down amid the mighty forests of Campeachy. The scene grew more and more bewildering—and as each object seemed to be endowed with a fiercer aspect and a louder tone, my heart beat violently, and I awoke. Looking around, I saw before me a note from the printing office, which ran thus:—

"'Dear Sir,—Please furnish us copy for the preface to the 'Enterprise, Industry, and Art of Man.'

Yours, J. R."

"If the kind and considerate reader will bear in mind that a preface, though placed at the beginning, is the last thing written; and if, moreover, he has the patience to peruse the following pages—he may come to the conclusion that the preceding dream was neither unnatural, nor a very unapt interpretation of the contest of the volume."

The pages which succeed this fanciful introduction are designed to exhibit the enterprise, industry and art of man, as displayed in fishing, hunting, commerce navigation, mining agriculture, & manufactures. They are replete with entertaining sketches, likely descriptions, & striking reflections. We make two or three extracts, which will be read with interest, and give some idea of the scope of the subject, and the happy style in which it is treated by the author.

Whale Fishery.—But if the dangers and privations of the whale fishery are great its beneficent results are an adequate compensation. It is impossible to compass in a single view, the blessings bestowed upon mankind by this branch of enterprise. There is no member of society who is not indebted to this source for many of his enjoyments. Let the ladies consider that the perfection of their stays is derived from whalebone, and let him who carries an umbrella, make a similar reflection. Let the traveller who glides along twelve miles an hour in a steamboat, or twenty five in a locomotive, consider that he is under obligation to the whaler for the oil, which thus smooths his way and expedites his journey. Let the man who buys cotton for a shirt at ten cents a yard, thank the whaler, for it was whale oil that lubricated the machinery which produced it. Let every human being that wears cloth, or consumes any other article produced by machinery, acknowledge the obligation he owes to the daring perseverance of the whaler, for these are all, in some degree, the result of his toil and enterprise. Let even the dainty readers of books consider that by the light which is the product of the whaleman's skill, its pages are perhaps, composed; & let every family circle happy and cheerful in the blaze of the astral lamp, remember that they, too, owe their enjoyment, in part, to these adventurous men of the harpoon. Let even the members of the brilliant evening party remember, that the light which gleams from ranges of spermaceti tapers, and bestowes on beauty more bewitching charms, is the fruit of the seaman's danger and the seaman's privation. Alas, how "little do one part of the world consider in what manner the rest live!" While the dance and the song enthral the gay circle of the saloon—how far are the joyous throng from reflecting that thousands of their fellow beings are upon the treacherous wave, toiling and suffering to provide a luxurious light to shine upon their pleasures!

The Seal Fishery.—We are little apt to consider the romance which is involved in the history of many of our commonest comforts. The boy with his seal skin cap is content to feel its warmth in the bitter breath of winter, without reflecting upon the tale that cap could tell, if it were gifted with speech. Its original owner was born and nursed upon an Arctic shore where winter holds an almost eternal dominion. There, amid fields of ice, and in daily familiarity with the whale, the walrus, and the white bear, it pursued its joyous and sportive career. Diving in the depths of the sea, or migrating on floating fields of ice, it seemed forever happy in companionship with its fellows, and gave even to the ghastly scenes of the Arctic world, an aspect of cheerfulness. At length it was slain by the spear of the Esquinaux, or the club of the sealer; the skin was stripped off, and transported to Europe.—Having undergone a process of dressing, it crossed the Atlantic, passed under the hammer of the auctioneer, reached the shop of the furrier, and after due conformation from the sheers and needle, arrived at its ultimate destination on the school boy's pate.

Extent of Agriculture.—If we reflect that about.

800,000,000 of human beings;
50,000,000 domesticated horses, asses and mules,
150,000,000 domesticated cattle,
300,000,000 domesticated sheep,
80,000,000 domesticated swine,
12,000,000 domesticated goats,

are to be fed every day, by the industry

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