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BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

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WHOLE NO. 583.

TERMS.

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☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIMPLE.

BY A. A. LOCKE.

One day as Love's queen was on Ida reclining,
Where the fount and the vine woo'd the wild zephyr's kiss,
She dream'd of Narcissus, his dark locks entwining
Around his fair face, blushing beauty and bliss.

Soon Cupid espied her so sweetly reposing—
"Why sleep'st thou, my mother, 'tis Cupid, oh speak!
Bright Phœbus is set, and night's curtains are closing,
Awake!"—and his finger imprinted her cheek.

"Befits it a goddess, so fair and enchanting,
On Earth's lowly couch among mortals to rest?
The moon curbs her steeds, for thy Star is yet wanting,
And Vesper awaits thee to shine in the west."

As soft as the peach down it sunk to his finger,
And kept like that fruit its impression awhile,
Unwilling to part, yet forbidden to linger,
It fled with her frown, and returned with her smile.

And thus, as 'tis said, a sweet dimple enhances
The cheeks of our maidens, so gracefully fair,
Adds charms to their smiles, and fresh fire to their glances,
And shows the young god has been revelling there!

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

BY THOMAS H. BAILY, ESQ.

Shade of evening close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely barque awhile,
Morn, alas! will not restore us,
Yonder dim and distant Isle:
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shades around us hover;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places,
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly "Fare thee well."

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon:
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well.

FROM THE FARMER AND GARDENER.

AN APPEAL.

[*Concluded from our last.*]

But there is another *field* open to those who desire to remain—a *field* rich in promise, and which should gratify even the most exorbitant thirst for the accumulation of wealth. We allude to the SILK CULTURE—a business which, if well conducted, is calculated, of itself, to make every owner of a small farm *comfortable*—each holder of a large one *rich*. We use both terms in their broad and most ample sense. As we have before remarked, by the adoption of this as a branch of husbandry, those very worn-out fields—which are now driving the people of *New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina* and *South Carolina*, to seek homes among strangers, and encounter all the hardships and privations incident to new and border settlements—may be converted into many mines of wealth. We ask no man to go into it as an exclusive business—we desire no one to risk the support of his family upon it; but we do ask—we do conjure every one, who still clings with affection to his first home—to his birth place—to engage in it as a *part* of his business. Let those who can afford to buy the trees from the various nurseries in our country, buy them and commence the work, so that the influence of their example may be felt and followed. Let those who cannot afford to make an outlay for the trees, buy one, two, three or four ounces of the *Morus Alba**—the White or Italian Mulberry—and begin the raising of the trees for themselves. Let those who cannot spare a larger quantity of land than *one* acre, appropriate *that* to the culture of the mulberry, and let each, according to his ability, set in mulberry, whatever number of acres which, to him, may seem fit and proper, from the number named, to *fifty*, either in hedges or standard trees, and we pledge ourself, that, if those plantations of the mulberry be nurtured with care, and turned to the advantage of which they are susceptible, the necessity for emigration will cease to exist in any of the middle or southern States—there is not an acre of those very lands about to be deserted, that may not thus, in silk culture, be made to produce more than twice as much in value as any western or south western lands which might be procured, if cultivated in the present staples of those States. Why, then, go beyond the boundary of domestic comfort in search of the land which abounds in the elements of wealth, when *that land* is at your own door, if you but improve the resources which God has placed within your reach? Let us test it by the results of experience. An acre of mulberry trees, full grown, will feed 540,000 worms, and these, as 3,000 cocoons are equal to a pound of silk, will make, if properly attended to, 180 pounds, which, when reeled, at the very *lowest* calculation, would be worth $4 per lb., equal to $530. Now let us see what would be the expense attending the feeding of the worms. The experience of Europe, as well as that of our own country, shows that two persons are competent to feed *one million of worms* the *first* week, four the *second*, and eight the *third*, and from sixteen to twenty the remainder of the time, which, for the sake of data, we will set down at two weeks more. This, we wish it recollected, is the calculation of the number of hands requisite to attend to 1,000,000 worms, but as we wish in all charges against the culture, to be rather over than under the amount, we shall tax 540,000 worms with the expense of almost twice that number for attendants. And now let us see how the account will stand.

1 Acre in Silk Culture, in account with J. B.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
Interest on one acre of land, valued at $20 at 6 per cent,	$1 20	By 180 pounds of Silk at $4 per pound,	$720 00
Interest on laboratory, valued at $500 at 6 per cent.,	30 00	By balance or clear profit on 1 acre in the Silk culture,	$565 80
Hire of 2 men 5 weeks, at $6 per month each,	15 00		
Their board at $1½ per week,	15 00		
Hire of 2 women 4 weeks, at $3 per month,	6 00		
Their board at $1½ per week,	12 00		
Hire of 4 women 3 weeks at $3 per week,	9 00		
Their board at $1½ per week,	18 00		
Hire of 12 children, from 7 to 14 years old, 2 weeks, at $1 per week,	24 00		
Their board at $1 per week,	24 00		
Balance per contra,	$565 80		
	$720 00		$720 00

Here then we have as the clear profit resulting from an acre of ground in the silk culture, after making the most liberal allowances for all possible charges accruing—after allowing $20 for an acre of worn out land, which in many cases would not bring one fourth of that sum, and but seldom more than a moiety, after taxing *one* acre with nearly the expenses of labor for *two*, and after putting the silk at the *lowest* or minimum value—we say after dealing thus hardly with the produce, we have a *clear profit* on one acre thus appropriated, of $565,80. This calculation allows 3,000 cocoons to make one pound of reeled silk, whereas the experiment of Mr. Elias Frost, of Plainfield, Massachusetts, proved 1243 yielded him 7¾ ounces of silk, when reeled, being rather better than 18¼ ounces of silk to 3,000 worms; or of one pound to a fraction less than 2,527 worms. This experiment was upon a small scale, it may be said—granted—it was upon a small scale—but by due vigilance, unceasing vigilance, and a proportionate increase of attendants, the same result might be realized to the extent of many acres. We do not wish to conceal the fact from the agricultural community, that those who enter into the silk business must imitate the worm in its toils. He who expects without exertion during their feeding, to realize profit from their labors, had better not engage in it. But if he will give during the very limited period of their probation here—say five weeks—*due vigilance*, he will, indeed, reap a harvest worthy of his garner.

The calculation of food for the worms is based upon the production of 108 full grown trees, placed on an acre, 20 square feet apart; but the same or a greater quantity of leaves might be raised on an acre of land planted in hedges six feet apart, the fourth year after sowing the seed, if the seedlings were pushed ahead by manuring and clean cultivation.

We have spoken of worn out lands being adapted to the culture of the mulberry tree, and we repeat that the experience of Europe shows that thin shady or gravelly lands, yield a nutriment which produces the finest, most elastic and glossy silk; but here we would not be understood as wishing to recommend, that the mulberry plant be confined to poor worn out lands without their being first liberally manured; and whether planted in standard trees, or in hedges, the soil should most assuredly, be kept in a state of generous tilth for the first four years, by cultivation. Clover between the rows, to be well plastered, and a lay turned in twice during that time, taking care to keep the young plants or trees free from the obstruction of grass or weeds, would be sufficient to ensure their subsequent growth. *Potatoes* or other roots, as *Parsnips, Mangel Wurtzel, Carrots* or *Beets*, might also be raised between the standard of hedge rows, so that while the mulberry was maturing, the ground appropriated to their culture, could be made to more than repay for all expense attending it. Thus would the bug-bear of having "to wait so long" be stript of its hideousness.

A few words more and we will bring this article to a close. How shall the good work be begun? There are various ways by which it might be. *Individuals* may, and we hope will, begin it. In the Eastern States, it has already been laid hold of in every possible form: *societies, companies* and *individuals* are there already exerting their respective capacities to give it motion. In Connecticut alone, four county societies have been formed for furthering its culture, since the 1st of March last, and almost daily we see notices of new companies about being formed. These things are as they should be, and we would appeal to the pride of the Middle and Southern States, whose soil and climate are so much better suited to the culture of the mulberry, not to let our Eastern and Northern brethren oustrip us in this lucrative branch of husbandry, but rather join with them in the generous rivalry of brothers, for the palm of victory. And may we not here ask every agriculturist living in those States immediately interested, to step forward to the rescue. In a business which equally concerns all, none should indulge in indifference of feeling. What we ask, therefore, is, that some gentlemen in each neighborhood will take an active part and give an "impetus to the ball of the revolution"—it needs but a beginning, and he who shall be foremost in this glorious work of regeneration, will deserve to live in the fondest recollections of his countrymen. The organization of societies for agricultural purposes wherever they have been formed, have conferred blessings, and we enjoin it upon those who possess influence to exert it *now;* for *now* is the time when their country needs it.

*We recommend the *Morus Alba*, not that we would not give preference to the *Morus Multicaulis*, if it could be obtained in sufficient quantities to make its introduction general. We believe it very far superior to all other kinds of the mulberry tribe, but we are not certain, though we could wish to believe otherwise, that, for some years at least, we shall have to depend chiefly upon the first named, for a supply of food for the silk worm, and, indeed, perhaps until the trees of the latter are sufficiently aged to produce seed. The Italians have for centuries made a most beautiful, rich and glossy silk from it. We see no possible reason why we cannot do so likewise, and we are for going to work with that which is at present attainable, in preference to waiting for hopes that may never be realized. We know that the Italian mulberry withstands our climate—we know the worm eats it kindly, and we know it makes good silk, and that should suffice.

From the European Correspondent of the Portland Advertiser.

LIFE ON BOARD A NEW YORK PACKET SHIP.

ON BOARD THE TORONTO, (at Sea,)
Off the Banks of Newfoundland, May 18.

After a week of horrible misery from a quiet, but most vexatious sea-sickness, we are scudding along here, over the Banks of Newfoundland. Why, in mercy for the human race, don't the Physicians discover some remedy for this terrible nausea, which, next to the tooth ache, is the most afflicting of man's ills? But thank our good destiny, there is an end some time or other to all the troubles of this earth. Our heads are all up now—a new face every now and then appears on deck—some hapless creature emerging from the empire of his berth, to the pure upper air. The sea-sickness is gone, or is going—and we are doubly happy from having so long been miserable. The icebergs, too, give us occupation. We gaze intensely upon these icy mountains of the deep, as they move in majesty along, turreted and towered—like some mighty city, drifting from its moorings. On this one now just before me, I think I see with a glass, churches and steeples, glittering gorgeously now and then, in the misty sunshine,—and here a valley, and there a ravine,—but how easy it is, when the mind is idle on the sea, almost aching for action, but without the resolution to act, to picture any thing one chooses to picture. Last night we shortened sail and moved along cautiously, for fear of meeting one of these most unwelcome islands amid the darkness,—but there is not much danger, for if the eye fails, the thermometer will do its duty, and our mate often used it, thus testing the near approach of the ice by the great change it made in the temperature of the water for miles around; and then we have just had music as a further occupation. Well trained fingers, with a master's skill, have swept over the keys of our piano, (for now-a-days all the packets have pianos on board,) accompanied with a female voice that our whole country has pronounced as one of the most charming of the day. Is it not a fine idea this—of having such a concert on the turbulent Atlantic—using old Orpheus, as it were, to lull the ocean, and to propitiate the foggy deity that reigns about Newfoundland? Indeed, music can never sound so delightful elsewhere—for though all is sea about us, and all is sky above us, yet music carries us all homeward as we hear the same notes struck on a like instrument as that we have so often heard, each in our own homes. Associations make the charm.

I have been peeping about to look at our ship, studying fore sails, and studding-sails, main-top gallant-sails, halyards, &c., with now and then a brisk look in Bowditch's Navigator, so as to understand the lingo of the sailors. But how the rascals bite the words off and chew them up! Studding-sail is *stud-sail*, and main-top-gallant-sail is *main-top-gal'n'-sail*, with many other yet worse abbreviations that defy all orthography on paper, unless you can tell me how to print the whirr of a spinning jenny or the buzz of a humble-bee. I have formed an acquaintance with Jimmy Ducks, the well-known personage who has the care of the live stock on board. Hens, chickens, ducks and turkeys he has on hand, as the auctioneers say, too numerous to mention,—with a variety of pigs, sheep and goats. To what use the cow was to be put I was for a long while puzzled, after I was informed she was not to be the victim of our appetites,—and it was quite a relief to learn that all that was demanded of her in her passage over the Atlantic, was milk, for which she was paid when on shore with rich pasturage just out of London and New York. Thus we have all the eatable and drinkable comforts we could have on shore. There is an ice-house on board for the preservation of meat, and to furnish ices. Every thing, even to soda and the best of cider, is in the steward's larder. No better dinner is served up in any New York Hotel than is daily on our table—with a dessert as fine as the appetite can desire. Our breakfast hour is half past eight. A lunch is given at half past twelve; dinner at half past four—and tea about eight. The price of a passage in the cabin, with wines, is $140—without, $120—but at least $10 must be added to each as perquisites for the steward, stewardess, &c. &c. The return passage is thirty guineas ($150); more is charged there because the passage is longer. These are the terms in all the packet ships to London and Liverpool. In the steerage—a most uncomfortable den—an outward passage is only $15—a return passage, five pounds sterling, or about $24—but each passenger must then find and cook his own provisions, and his promenade on the deck is very limited.

And now for a view of our ship, for so many have their eyes on an Atlantic voyage in a packet ship, that I am quite sure such will thank me for particulars. Never was there a finer ship in America, than this, we are told. Apart from the sea-sickness, and the necessary pent up air of the berths in the cabin, to which one's senses are uncommonly acute, when on the water all is as it would be in one of our best built hotels. The cabin of the Toronto is pre-eminently beautiful, of superb wood with the highest polish, so that it almost resembles a fairy ground. There are two cabins, a large one for gentlemen, which is also used as a dining room—and a parlor for ladies, with doors partially folding, so that the two cabins can readily be made quite into one. The ladies' cabin is ornamented with a large mirror that doubly shows off by reflection, the cabins in front. In the centre there is a centre-table for books and engravings as in our parlors on land, and around are sofas and seats luxuriantly cushioned. Opposite this apartment the ladies have their berths. Many of the state rooms, in which there are two berths, are connected by a door that can be fastened or kept unfastened at the pleasure or convenience of the occupants. Each state room has a bell, as in houses on land, leading to the stewards' rooms—a luxury which one well knows how to appreciate, when the little strength he has left on the early part of the voyage, is just enough to reach for the bell rope near his berth, and summon whatsoever he wishes to his aid. The state rooms are well supplied with all the comforts one could have in his own chamber at home. True, they are not large, but they are large enough for a chest of draws, with all necessary appliances for washing, and with some conveniences for writing. They are much more comfortable, the loss of a window excepted, (supplied, however, in part, by sky-lights above,) than many of the bed rooms in which a traveller is thrust in some of the hotels of our cities and large towns, for they are kept with such clean linen, napkins, and beds that in-[illegible] really feels as if he were in the best house upon land. At least, I feel unusually happy just now, probably because I am forgetting the misery of sea sickness just over—the joy of a contrast, I suppose.

The Toronto is a ship of 650 tons, and cost, I am told, about $56,000. But notwithstanding this expenditure, and the cost of ship stores, which cannot be small where such outlays have been made as here, money is gained in the business, else so many superb ships would not be put upon the Liverpool and London Lines. A superabundance of every thing is on board, so as to provide for all accidents. For example, we had 5500 gallons of water, with a poultry yard in proportion, I believe,—and this, though there are but fourteen passengers in the cabin where there are excellent accommodations for forty, and but about forty or fifty in the steerage, who find themselves in all but water. By the way, the London packets seldom have as many passengers as the Liverpool. Men of business generally seek the latter, as leading them to the quarters where they have their chief business to transact, and objections being made to a long route up the English channel—objections, however, easily obviated by landing at Portsmouth, whence the voyage is as short as to Liverpool. In crossing the Atlantic, I should ever prefer a thin to a crowded cabin, as in the first week nothing can be more uncomfortable than forty sea-sick passengers, all hating the sight of each other—not that the hate can exist long, for I find that we are already growing wonderfully friendly,—but somehow or other it is, (*why*, I cannot tell,) that sea-sickness, one of the most miserable diseases which old Neptune exacts from us as a tribute on venturing on his domain, all of us are more or less ashamed of, for every body, you know, laughs at a sea sick sufferer and considers him fair game for all honorable sport. Our captain was a gentlemanly and excellent man, but I never shall forgive him for telling me the second day out, that "I should feel better in two or three days." Two or three days! as if one could endure such misery for two or three days. Never attempt to administer consolation to the man who is sea-sick, or who has the tooth ache. They are kindred plagues, beyond medicine or consolation.

MAY 20.—The fogs are thick yet on and about these Banks. The icebergs are seen no longer,—but the weather is cold. I have taken possession of a mattrass upon the sofa in the Round House, on deck, and I find that by taking the full and equal motion of the vessel in this prostrate position, I can read with care and pleasure. This is the time for devouring novels. One cannot take the trouble to think on ship board, but he can take in the thoughts of others, if they are easy of digestion. Book after book is read through,—for my fellow passengers are not yet sufficiently attuned to talk. I am afraid my stock of books will not hold out, for I read so rapidly with so much leisure time at my disposal,—but all must be finished before I reach England, as there I intend to let the Custom House take them for duties, for a passenger tells me that they made him pay a duty even on his pocket bible. Mine are worth nothing to me after they are read—and a few Yankee books will do John Bull's officers no injury at all. By the way, always lay in a stock of light reading when you leave for a voyage. One can relish nothing else,—and the days are so long, and there is so much of nothing to do, one will suffer much without good reading matter. Irving's Tour of the Prairies I have been reading. It is a delightful book, but Irving wanted enthusiasm for such a journey. Compare him with Chateaubriand, when he was in our forests, and see how far he lags behind him. His young Swiss companion ought to have dictated the book, and Irving ought to have been the scribe. Think of a man hunting Buffaloes on a prairie in such cold blood, when elsewhere we read even of rabbit-hunts as of the route of an army. By the way, all Englishmen, and we have some on board now, always speak of Irving as *the* great writer of America. His descriptions of the best part of English society when in England, undoubtedly fascinated them. He has never shocked English prejudices, and in this, as only a literary man, he has probably been wise. I had rather read Cooper, however; for though but few Americans have written more trash than he, yet he has also written what no other man in the world has written, or, as I believe, can write—I speak of his sea scenes, one of which would redeem whole acres of trash and vanity.

MAY 22.—We have sailed onward most merrily under full sail, the wind just abaft, with studding sails all out—the wings of the ship, I call them,—larboard and starboard, having made about 230 miles the last 24 hours. The fog of the Banks is now far behind us. A bright sun is over our heads, and a wild sea all about us. How wonderful that science is, which tells us just where we are on the broadest ocean!—Every thing about and around looks as when many days ago I left New York and stretched my eye in vain for a last peep at the hills and shores of my own land. The same water is under us,—the same sky apparently above us—the same [illegible] us—yet we are half over the Atlantic, rapidly approaching Europe! Our captain daily tells us where we are, and we trace our course and our progress on the chart just as if we were upon the roads between our Atlantic cities.—The compass points our course, the quadrant gives our latitude at noon, and our chronometer enables us to decide on our longitude toward evening, while our log tells us the progress we hourly or momentarily make, as often as we choose to drop it into the ocean. What an astonishing difference from that day when Columbus tremblingly launched upon his great voyage of discovery, or when the navigator fearfully crept from cape to cape, shuddering as he lost sight of land! What a stride it is in the advance of intercourse, and thus in the advance of knowledge;—and now when steamboats go over the deep, insuring a regularity of communication, Europe will be to us just what she ought to be—though separated by an ocean, yet near enough for all to visit her, and to study with profit what she has worth studying. Steamboats are already talked of in New York as packets, I see. We have as yet had no weather that a steamboat would not easily buffet. But, after all, I should be loath, even for the certainty of a shorter passage, to exchange so beautiful and graceful a companion as ours, even for the steamer that defies the winds and waves. Nothing can be more beautiful than the gallant ship with her sails gently swollen by the wind, as one sits on her quarter at night, and watches the path of phosphorescent fire that her prow cuts in the water.

The very ocean seems pround of bearing on its bosom such a freight, and Neptune, as it were, plays his fire works in honor. For hours I watched the mock-moons that we had some days ago,—the ten thousand reflections of light from every variety of surface,—from the lofty and curling wave, and the broad spread ripple, extending for miles and miles, as if the whole ocean were one magnificent Vauxhall. Men talk of the sublimity of the storm,—but give me the calm, and I so often prayed for calms, that our mate has almost believed me the Jonah in the early part of the voyage, when that gave him "ill luck" with the winds. Give me the calm, I say, on the ocean, when I can admire in peace, with the moon and stars about me, reflecting their glorious imagery from a quiet mirror as broad as the whole horizon,—when our way is sparkling with living light, so bright and so joyous,—while the sailor is singing his merry ditty, or playing some fantastic sport, as if he were on shore in the circle of the family from whence he has roamed, to make his home upon the waters. These calms are happy hours for all but the anxious officers of the ship,—happy to all, if they do not often come, too often upon us, for then we can take note of what we have done, and sport and play, and let loose the barque in all the buoyancy of unemployed and exuberant spirits. B.

SALT AND LIME.

It is recommended by writers on the subject, to sow Salt and Lime over ground infested by Slugs, Snails, Grubs, and other insects of their character. Lime, when spread over soil in a hot or caustic state, it is stated, will destroy insects and their larvæ or eggs. When it becomes slacked, and is held in solution by water, it is readily taken up by plants as food, and forms a constituent part of them.

"It is astonishing," says a writer in the Gardener's Magazine, "how ignorantly neglectful are the cultivators of the soil, when their crops are devastated by slugs not to dress the soil so as to render its surface quite white, during the promise of a few days dry weather, with caustic lime. It is instant destruction to every slug it falls upon, and those that it misses are destroyed by their coming in contact with it, when removing in search of food."