preserve this elevation. Hitherto I have not done so. But now I will no more descend; I will sit apart and above the world, with my mournful, yet holy thoughts."

"Whew! You had better go into society; the whirl and delirium will cure you in a week. If you find a lady who pleases you very much and you wish to marry her & she will not listen to such a horrid thing, I see but one remedy, which is to find another who pleases you more, and who will listen to it."

"No, my friend; you do not understand my character," said Flemming, shaking his head. "I love this woman with a deep and lasting affection. I shall never cease to love her. This may be madness in me, but so it is. Alas and alas! Paracelsus of old wasted life in trying to discover its elixir, which after all turned out to be alcohol; and instead of being made immortal upon earth, he died drunk upon the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into love potions, which after all do not immortalize, but only intoxicate us. By heavens! we are all of us mad."

"But are you sure the case is utterly hopeless?

"Utterly! utterly!"

"And yet I perceive you have not laid aside all hope. You flatter yourself that the lady's heart may change. The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing. But it is hard, very hard. Hope has as many lives as a cat or a King. I dare say you have heard the old Italian proverb, 'The King never dies.' But perhaps you have never heard, that at the Court of Naples, where the body of a monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physician tastes it, to see that it be not poisoned, and then the servants bear it out again, saying, 'The King does not dine to day.' Hope in our souls is king; and we also say, 'The king never dies.' Even when in reality he lies dead within us, in a kind of solemn mockery we offer him his accustomed food, but are constrained to say: 'The King does not dine to-day.' It must be an evil day, indeed, when the King of Naples has no heart for his dinner! but you yourself are a proof, that the King never dies. You are feeding your King, although you say he is dead."

"To show you that I do not wish to cherish hope," replied Flemming, "I shall leave Interlachen to-morrow morning. I am going to the Tyrol."

"You are right," said Berkley, "there is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid motion in open air. I shall go with you; though probably your conversation will not be very various, nothing but Edward and Kunigunde."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Go to Berlin, and you will find out. However, jesting apart, I will do all I can to cheer you, and make you forget the Dark Ladie, and this untoward accident."

"Accident!" said Flemming. "This is no accident, but God's Providence which brought us together, to punish me for my sins."

"O, my friend," interrupted Berkley, "if you see the finger of Providence distinctly in every act of your life, you will end by thinking yourself an Apostle and Envoy Extraordinary. I see nothing so very uncommon in what has happened to you"

"What! not when our souls are so akin to each other! When we seemed so formed to be together—to be one!"

"I have often observed," replied Berkley, coldly, "that those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together; almost as rarely as those who are akin by blood. There seems indeed, to be such a thing as spiritual incest. Therefore mad lover, do not think to persuade thyself and thy scornful lady that you have kindred souls: but rather the contrary, that you are much unlike; and each wanting in those qualities which most mark and distinguish the other. Trust me, thy courtship will then be more prosperous. But good morning. I must prepare for this sudden journey."

On the following morning, Flemming and Berkley started on their way to Innspruck, like Huon of Bordeaux and Scherasmin on their way to Babylon. Berkley's self assumed duty was to console his companion: a duty which he performed like an old Spanish Matadora, a woman whose business it was to attend the sick, and put her elbow into the stomach of the dying to shorten their agony?

Sensible to the very last.—The ruling Passion strong in Death:—We have somewhere read of a hard case whom his friends had tried every way to break of his confirmed habit of drinking.—As a last experiment, they took him one night, while dead drunk, and placed him nicely away in a coffin. In order to convince him still stronger that he was dead and gone, a friend consented to disguise and stow himself away in another coffin close by, in order to watch the effects and carry out, according to circumstances, the serious joke. Having got over his drunken nap, the hero of the story raised himself slowly in his coffin the next morning and looked around with no little wonder. Seeing the other man in the same bad fix, he shook his muddy head and rubbed his eyes, and said:

"Hallo, stranger, can't you give me an item,—

"You? why, you're dead and buried."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, but you are."

"Well, you're in the same bad snap, aint you!"

"Yes, I'm gone too."

"Poor fellow! Well I must have died very suddenly, any how. I was out on a regular spree last night."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken. You have been dead and buried three years!'

"The devil, I have! Well it don't seem long to me! How long have you been here, I'd like to know?"

"Five years."

"Five, eh? Well, as you have been here longer than I have, and know the place better, just tell me where I can get a good gin cocktail."—[N. O. Times.

NOT EXACTLY GRECIAN.—A dandy in describing the features of his Dulcinea, said she had black eyes, ruby lips, and GREASY nose.

"Terrible pressure in the money market, as the mouse said ven the keg of specie rolled over him.

"Running a great risk for nothing," as the loafer said ven he picked the editors pocket and found an iron tooth comb, and a piece of Tennessee poetry.

A bachelor says that ALL he should ask for in a wife, would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversation, talents, elegant manners—MONEY.

RIDING.—An officer on a field day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in my riding but I find I have *fallen off*.

A teacher in Providence, in presence of company who had called to visit his school, asked the boy at the head of the class—"What were the DARK AGES of the world? Boy hesitated. 'Next—Master Smith, can't you tell us what the dark ages were?" I guess, said the boy they were the ages just before the invention of spectacles,"

A pretty girl was complaining to a young Quaker, last week that she was dreadfully troubled by chaps on her lips. "Friend Mary," replied Broadbrim, thou shouldst not permit the CHAPS to come so near thy lips!"

A genuine Jonathan, who had long been PAYING ATTENTION to Farmer C—'s daughter Sally, invited his dearly beloved to ride to the store with him. They arrived, and after looking at all the pretty things, said Jack, 'Mr. draw me a glass of rum and sweeten it well with Molasses.' It was done and Jonathan swallowed it at a draught then smacking his lips he turned around and thus addressed his dearly beloved, I SAY SAL, THAT WAS DARN GOOD, WHY DON'T YOU BUY A GLASS YOURSELF.

A country girl attending a quaker meeting was asked by a friend how she liked it. "Like it! why I see no sense in sitting for hours without saying a word, it is enough to kill the d—l."

"Yes my dear" replied he, "that is just what we want."

"What is the reason of your intolerable thirst, Brougham?" asked the candid Basil Montague, the other day of the exchan. "Upon my word," answered his ready lordship, "I can't tell, except that I must have been brought up by a *dry* nurse."

HUNTING DEER BY STEAM.

We have heard of boots being blacked, clothes washed, love letters written, and butter churned, by the application of steam, but we never before heard of deer being caught by the same omniscient agent. The Naomi on her late passage down the Mississippi, encountered a fine large buck swimming in the middle of the river, and immediately gave chase. Having soon come up with the enemy, she rounded to and threw out grappling irons; but the deer letting out a reef in his topsails, scudded away from their reach. Now commenced a regular and interesting trial of skill. The deer doubled and tacked with the skill of an old privateer, but the steamboat was "there" at every turn. At length, the deer, wearied at his exertions, and dismayed at his persevering adversary, surrendered himself an unconditional prisoner of war, and was treated with great honor and attention at a public dinner given on board the boat the next day.—[St. Louis Bulletin.

THE BIBLE.—The attentive and repeated reading of the Bible in small portions every day, leads the mind to natural meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct towards others in our social relations. In the Commandments delivered from Sinai—in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets—in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon; in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and take it up again to-morrow without finding in it advice for our own conduct which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth: and when we pass from our Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality, founded upon precepts of universal application, pointing us to peace and good will towards the whole race of man for this life and to peace with God and an ever blessed existence hereafter.

BAGS OF WIND.—We witnessed an interesting experiment on Tuesday forenoon on board the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, Capt. Sturgis, which was intended to illustrate the practicability of raising a vessel by means of cylindrical bags, placed under her bottom, and filled with atmospheric air. The bags were each of large size, capable of containing 2500 cubic feet of air. They were confined by means of ropes passing under the keel—and afterwards filled by working pumps, propelling the air through tubes into the cylindrical floats. The bags were made of three parts of stout cotton canvass, made air and water tight by means of India rubber—and were prepared by Mr. Howard of Roxbury, under the direction of the inventor, Mr. McKean. The cutter was raised considerably by this process—but the floats were made for a larger vessel, and when inflated, a large portion of them rose above the water.

The utility of this apparatus—thus adopting a well known principle in pneumatics to practical use, must be obvious to every one. It will enable vessels with large draughts of water to pass over barred harbors, as New Orleans, Mobile, Ocracoke inlet, &c—without lightening. It may be used also with advantage for various other purposes, as raising a vessel sunk in several fathoms of water, &c. &c.—[Boston Mer. Jour.

A BALTIMOREAN FOUND.

(Extract of a letter from a young friend of the Boston Transcript, attached to the Exploring Squadron]

"RIO NEGRO, PATAGONIA, Monday, } Jan. 28th, 1839. }

Capt. H. sent us up to the Pilot's House, with orders to bring off some of the scientific corps that were understood to be there. The tide running out at the rate of four or five miles an hour, would not permit of our pulling up in a four oared boat, so that we ran upon the starboard shore which is quite bold, and tracked her up. My feet were on the shores of Patagonia! The land whose misty and unknown deserts have been long peopled by Giants—whose southern extremity was for so many years surrounded by the early navigator with so many horrors. Upon landing, we were greeted by one of the fiercest hot winds from the sand hillocks around us.

Little did I expect to be scorched in this way in Patagonia. Upon one of the sand hillocks was a flag staff: further up was that near the Pilot's house. On gaining one of these hillocks we saw nothing but a descent of sand hills. When near the house, which was respectable, with tiled roof, a *Gaucher* came up at full gallop, with his red cap and his picturesque costume of shawl and white trowsers, and boarded to the eyes. Ah, thought I, not exactly a Patagonian two feet between the eyes but probably a perfect Arab in the way of robbing.—'Buono dias, Senor,' said I, very civilly, as he came to a halt. 'Good morning sir,' replied he, to my utter astonishment I am your countryman, Dr. Ducatel, of Baltimore.' 'The devil you are!' was a natural exclamation," and we soon entered into conversation.

Correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.

NEW YORK, Thursday, P. M.

We have again experienced an exceedingly heavy day in the stock and money market, and a greater want of confidence is apparent than I have before observed in some time. The distrust and want of unanimity that exists amongst the Banks, has too clearly been the great cause of this panic, and the large amount of specie which has been drawn by the U. S. Bank and other Banks of your city from our institutions in settlement of balances within the last few days, confirm this. Our Banks having, from these circumstances, felt themselves necessitated still further to contract their already limited accommodations, have thereby added much to the present difficulties, and so many inducements for investment are offered by the capitalist in post notes, bonds, and this description of paper that the man of business is truly to be pitied. It is impossible to conceal that things look exceeding ly gloomy. In the meantime we are watching the movements of your monied institutions with, it appears to me, a jealous and continually watchful eye.—The sales of stock to-day included Delaware & Hudson at 67; Morris Canal 27; Canton Co 33 1-2 Bank of Kentucky 25 days, 78; and Ohio Trust 94 3-4.

From Rhode Island we have most satisfactory intelligence. Cranston and Fillinghast are re-elected probably by 300 majority. Block Island, alone, is yet to be heard from, admitting it gives 50 against us, the result will be what I state. It is to be trusted that the election of a Whig Speaker to the next House is now secured.

The weather has been cold enough for a fire all day, and is most uncomfortable.

We have full particulars from New London of the capture of the *L'Amistad*. It appears she was, when first seen from the Washington, taking in wood and water off Montauk, and on being boarded by a boat from that vessel, two white men came forward and claimed protection. The account given is that the schooner had sailed from Havanna for the Principee with 45 blacks and two passengers on board; the former after they were four nights out, rose and murdered the Captain and three of the crew, they then took possession of the vessel with the intention to returning to the coast of Africa. Pedro Montes, passenger, and Joes Rues owner of the slaves and part of the cargo, were only saved to navigate the vessel.

After boxing about four days in the Bahama Channel, the vessel was steered for the Island of St. Andrews, near New Providence, from thence she went to Green Key, where the blacks laid in a supply of water.

After leaving this place the vessel was steered by Pedro Montes for Providence, the negroes being under the impression that she was steering for the coast of Africa—they would not, however, permit her to enter the port, but anchored every night off the coast. The situation of the two whites was all this time truly deplorable, being treated with the greatest severity, and Pedro Montes, who had charge of the navigation, was suffering from two wounds, one in the head and one in the arm, their lives threatened every instant. He was ordered to change the course again for the coast of Africa, the negroes themselves steering by the sun in the day time, whilst at night he would altar their course so as to bring them back to their original place of destination. They remained three days off Long Island, to the eastward of Providence, after which time they were two months on the ocean sometimes steering to the eastward, and whenever an occasion would permit, the whites would altar the course to the northward and westward, always in hopes of falling in with some vessels of war, or being enabled to run into some port when they would be relieved from their horrid situation. Several times they were boarded by vessels; once by an American schooner from Kingston, on these occasions the whites were ordered below while the negroes communicated and traded with the vessel; the schooner from Kingston supplied them with a demijohn of water for the moderate sum of one doubloon—this schooner, whose name was not ascertained, finding that the negroes had plenty of money, remained lashed alongside the "Armistad" for twenty four hours, though they must have been aware that all was not right on board and probably suspected the character of the vessel. This was on the 18th of the present month: the vessel was steering to the northward and westward: and on the 20th instant, distant from New York 25 miles the Pilot boat No. 3 came alongside and gave the negroes some apples. She was also hailed by No. 4. When the latter boat came near, the negroes armed themselves and would not permit them to board her: they were so exasperated with the two whites for bringing them so much out of their way, that they expected every moment to be murdered. On the 24th they made Montauk Light, and secured for it in the hope of running the vessel on shore, but the tide darted them up the bay, and they anchored where they were found by the brig Washington, of Camden port. The negroes were found in communication with the shore, where they had in a fresh supply of water, and were on the point of sailing again for the coast of Africa. They had a good supply of money with them, some of which it is likely, was taken by the people on the beach. After they were disarmed and sent on board from the beach, the ringleader jumped overboard with three hundred doubloons about him, the property of the Captain, all of which he succeeded in loosing from his person, and then permitted himself to be captured. The schr. was taken in tow by the brig and carried into New London."

There are now alive about 44 negroes, three of whom are girls—about 10 have died. They have been at sea 63 days. The vessel and cargo were worth forty thousand dollars when they left Havana, exclusive of the negroes, which cost from 20 to $30,000. Vessel and cargo were insured in Havana.

TUESDAY, 12 o'clock, A. M.

We have just returned from a visit to the Washington and her prize, which are riding at anchor in the bay near the fort. On board the former we saw and conversed with the two Spanish gentlemen who were passengers on board the schooner, as well as owners of the negroes and most of the cargo. One of them Jose Rues is a very gentlemanly and intelligent young man, and speaks English fluently. He was the owner of most of the slaves and cargo, which he was conveying to his estate on the Island of Cuba. The other, Pedro Montes, is about fifty years of age, and is the owner of the slaves.

He was formerly a ship master and has navigated the vessel since her seizure by the blacks. Both of them, as may be naturally supposed, are most unfeignedly thankful for their deliverance.—Jose Pedro is the most striking instance of complacency and unalloyed delight, we ever have witnessed, and it is not strange, since only yesterday, his sentence was pronounced by the chief of the buccaneers, and his death song chaunted by the grim crew, who gathered with uplifted sabres around his devoted head, which, as well as his arms, bear the scars of several wounds inflicted at the time of the murder of the unfated captain and crew. He sat smoking his Havana on the deck and to judge from the martyr-like serenity of his countenance, his emotions are such as rarely stir the heart of man.

When Mr. Porter, the prize master, assured him of his safety, he threw his arms around his neck, while gushing tears coursing down his furrowed cheek, bespoke the over-flowing transports of his soul. Every now and then he claps his hands, and with uplifted eyes gives thanks to "the Holy Virgin" who had lead him out of all his troubles. Senor Rues has given us two letters for his agents, Messrs. Shelton, Brothers & Co of Boston, and Peter A. Hatmony & Co of New York. It appears that the slaves, the greater portion of whom were his, were very much attached to him, and had determined after reaching the coast of Africa, to allow him to seek his home what way he could, while his poor companion was to be sacrificed.

On board the brig we also saw Cinques, the master spirit and hero in this bloody tragedy, in irons. He is about five feet eight inches in height, 25 or 26 years of age, of erect figure, well built, and very active. He is said to be a match for any two men on board the schr. His countenance, for a native African, is unusually intelligent, evincing uncommon decision and coolness, with a composure characteristic of true courage, and nothing to mark him as a malicious man. He is a negro who would command in New Orleans, under the hammer, at least $1500.

With Capt. Gedney, the surgeon of the port, and others, we visited the schooner, which is anchored within musket shot of the Washington, and there we saw such a sight as we never saw before and never wish to see again. The bottom and sides of this vessel are covered with barnacles and sea grass, while her rigging and sails present an appearance worthy of the Flying Dutchman, after her fabled cruise. She is a Baltimore built vessel, of matchless model for speed, about 120 tons burthen, and about six years old. On her deck were grouped amid various goods and arms, the remnant of the Ethiop crew, some decked in the most fantastic manner in the silks and finery pilfered from the cargo, while others, in a state of nudity, emaciated to mere skeletons, lay coiled upon the decks. Here could be seen a negro with white pantaloons and the sable shirt which nature gave him, and a planter's broad brimmed hat upon his head, with a string of gewgaws around his neck, and another with a linen cambric shirt, whose bosom was worked by the hand of some dark eyed daughter of Spain, while his nether proportions were enveloped in a shawl of gauze or Canton crape. Around the windlass were gathered three little girls, from eight to thirteen years of age, the very images of health and gladness.

Over the deck were scattered in the most wanton and disorderly profusion, raisins, vermicelli, bread, rice, silk and cotton goods. In the cabin and hold were the marks of the same wasteful destruction.—Her cargo appears to consist of silks, crapes, calicoes, cotton and fancy goods of various descriptions, glass and hard ware, bridles, saddles, holsters, pictures, looking glasses, books, fruits, olives and onye oil and "other things too numerous to mention,"—which are now all mixed up in a strange and fantastic medley. On the forward hatch we unconsciously rested our hand on a cold object, which we soon discovered to be a naked corpse, enveloped in a pall of black bombazine. On removing its fold we beheld the rigid countenance and glazed eye of a poor negro who died last night. His mouth was unclosed, and still wore the ghastly expression of his last struggle. Near by him, like some watchful fiend, sat the most horrible creature we ever saw in human shape, an object of terror to the very blacks, who said that he was a cannibal. His teeth projected at almost right angles from his mouth, while his eyes had a most savage and demoniac expression.

We were glad to leave this vessel, as the exhalations from her hold and deck were like anything but "gales wafted over the gardens of Gul." Capt. Gedney has despatched an express to the U. S. Marshal, at New Haven, while he has made the most humane arrangements for the health and comfort of the prisoners.

From the American Farmer.

FREE NEGROES AND NEGRO SLAVERY.—These are two subjects of the deepest interest to the people of the slave-holding states, and to none so immediately as to those of *Maryland* and *Virginia*. In those who set themselves up for Legislators would study these problems in all their bearings, existing and prospective, they would qualify themselves to benefit the present and succeeding generations; instead of that the beginning and the end of their study and their principles consist in establishing their claim to be themselves counted abject slaves of a *party*, and that party slaves to some man, for whose sign they wait, before they dare think; and according as their Master says, they are ready to swear, that the same thing is a *chest, a wench, or a wheel!*

To indicate our opinion of the course of legislation which ought to be followed, as a measure of self preservation by the slave-holders of Maryland, is we are well aware, to alarm the fears of the timid, and bring down upon us the anathemas of the fanatical—to the first view that is taken of every question, however clearly it may involve the principles of private right and public liberty, is to ask, *will it be popular?* what use can be made of it by the political huckster? For black slaves we profess to have the kindest feeling. To feed and clothe them well, and abundantly, to supply their every rational want, and to pay parental respect to their feelings, and the more so because of their dependence, is the duty and will be the pleasure of every man of benevolent and well regulated mind.—Not so as to *white* slaves, who voluntarily put on the shackles of a leader, and to the gravest question of public concern, have but one stereotyped answer, *will I gain or lose popularity, if I support it? Such* slaves deserve only contempt from every man of intelligence and true patriotism.

To return to our subjects—and first to the question of FREE NEGROES—We start with the proposition, startling as we are aware it may prove to some, that measures ought to be taken, prospectively, to *remove and exclude all free negroes from every state where slavery exists.*—The two conditions of existence, the one being slaves and the others only half free, are incompatible with the welfare as well of the one as the other. There is not, nor will there be any security or happiness for the slaves while free negroes live in daily communion with them—A total separation of the two and the banishment of the free blacks beyond the confines of the state, is the only thing that can give any thing like security to the master, & contentment to the servant. The intermixture of the two is deleterious in every way in which it can be examined, without being attended with one solitary advantage to either. The presence of the free, living in indolence and going where he listeth, even though it be, as it often is, in rags and squalid misery, excites the envy of the slave—he becomes impatient of all labor, and instead of being as he would, contented with a lot that combines more of the comforts, and less of the cares of life than that which is allotted to *any other class of human beings* in existence on the face of the earth, his mind is ever on the rack to devise the means of escape from all restraint. True, he sees in the abject condition, the complicated diseases, the criminal lives and premature death of the free negroes of the cities, enough to deter him from desiring a change from a condition of careless abundance to one of precarious and miserable subsistence; yet hope flatters him that he will be an exception to the almost invariable lot of the free negro, and he never rests until, by his aid, as a medium of communication and concert, with the abolitionists of the North, he succeeds at last in absconding; to become the hated rival or worse than slave of his seducer, or, more happily for him, to be arrested and sold to the South.

Let any man take the pains to read over the N. Intelligencer and Globe, and count up the amount offered in one year for runaway slaves by the slave-holding counties of Maryland, lying contiguous to Pennsylvania, and say whether it is not time that something should be done to stop the payment of this *enormous tax* for our proximity to a "free State," and what single measure would so effectually contribute to remedy this intolerable evil as the banishment of all free negroes from among the slaves. At present the former are constantly going by railroad and steamboat between the slave and the free states, availing themselves of the greater facilities and security which personal intercourse with the abolitionists offers, to devise the ways and means to ensure escape to the runaway slave. Even while the slave remains, the fear of his associating, forces on the master a relaxation of discipline, until his slave's support is scarcely balanced by the profits of his labor—the master is worried into indifference, and while at last he surrenders or looses his property, the slave himself becomes, in a free state the victim of indolence, vice and fanatical cupidity. It is impossible to contemplate this subject without being struck with wonder that it does not engage the attention of the people of Maryland more seriously than it has hitherto done. It is time, if indeed it be not too late, to look it boldly in the face, and to decide whether any thing, and what may yet be done—by fixing a distant day for their removal, no grievance would ensue to be compared to the present evil arising from their being mixed up and intermarrying with slaves. It is in fact a question of self-preservation. Slave-holders your backs are against the wall! will you use the means of protection yet within your power, or will you submit to lose your slaves one by one, until the non-slave-holder overpowers you, first at the ballot box, and then, as surely as might has ever trampled upon right, *in the halls of legislation!* Be true to yourselves, and you shall have at least one faithful, though it be but a feeble voice, at your service. If it be the cause of the Constitution it is equally the cause of *sound humanity* that prompts the offer.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—Mr. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery.—For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What is the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!"

A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. H. in reply said, 'No sir it aint the devil as is doing on it it's a lady with's fainted; and she's a very fat un, sir, so don't seem likely to come too again in a hurry."

"Oh! that's it, is it, observed Mr. Hill drawing his hand across his chin: 'then I beg one lady's pardon—and the Devil's too."—[Metropolitan Pulpit

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From the Hagerstown Torch Light.

CHINESE OR FLINT CORN.

The subscriber was induced to purchase this corn, from the representations of respectable gentlemen in the East—The attention of the Agriculturist is particularly directed to this new variety of Corn. Its growth may be seen at the residence of William Stonebreaker, one mile east of Kennedy's Mill—or on application to the subscriber, at Hagerstown.

WM. B. CLARKE.

The following notice of this corn is taken from the American Farmer, Vol. I. No. 11, for August, 1839.

"John S. Skinner, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I purchased last spring of Gideon B. Smith, Esq., an ear of the above corn; which had been grown by G. Thornburn of Hallet's Cove, N. Y., a part of which I planted in a bed in my garden, and as the success which has attended this experiment, may, in part, be owing to the preparation of the ground and mode of culture, it may be as well to detail it. The bed was at first highly manured with fresh stable dung, then spaded deep. The ground being thus prepared, I had holes dug, four feet apart about four inches deep, in each of which I dropped two grains of corn, the which I covered with a compost of equal parts of spent ashes and rich mould—when the corn first came up it looked yellow; and supposing that it might be owing to too much acidity being in the ground, I sprinkled over each hill about half gill of equal parts of air slacked lime and plaster, which I mixed with the soil by gently stirring the earth around the plants of the corn. I subsequently gave it three thorough weedings and hoeings, taking care each time to make my hoe penetrate deeply into the earth, and each

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