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From the Home Journal.

ON PARTING WITH A POET.

BY ALICE CAREY.

All the sweet summer that is gone,
Two paths I sighed to mark,
One brightly leading up and on,
One downward to the dark.

No prophecy enwrapt my heart,
No Vala's gifts were mine,
Yet knew I that our paths must part,
The loftier one be thine.

For not a soul inspired by thrills,
Whose wing shall not be free,
To sweep across the eternal hills,
Like winds across the sea.

And wheresoe'er thy lot may be,
As all the past has proved,
Love shall abide and be with thee,
For genius must be loved.

While I, the heart's vain yearning stilled,
The heart that vexed me long,
Essay with my poor hands to build
The silvery walls of song.

Still thro' the nights of wild unrest,
That softer joyance bars,
Winding about my vacant breast
The tresses of the stars.

While at the base of heights sublime,
Dim thoughts forevermore
Lie moaning, like the waves of time,
Along the immortal shore.

A WISCONSIN DEBATING SOCIETY.

WISCONSIN is a great State, and Gen. Henry Dodge is her greatest man, in the estimation of her citizens. It was a good many years ago that a horseman might have been seen alighting from his jaded steed at the close of a pleasant day in the fall of the year, in front of a substantial looking tavern in the village of J——, and State of Wisconsin. A few moments later he might have been seen carefully directing the hostler to give proper attention to his panting horse; and a few moments later still he might have been seen devouring with avidity the substantial meal spread before him in the supper-room of his host.—All this might have been seen, and more too, if you, gentle reader, had been there to see.

"Landlord," said the dismounted horseman, as he pulled away at a Cuba short six, "landlord, any amusements in the village to-night?—meeting, singing-school, or anything?"

"Well, no, stranger," replied the host, "not exactly any amusements; if you'd only come a little sooner, now, for we had Howe and Mabus's Circus here a week ago, and they had a first-rate clown. But thar's a Debatin' Club over to the school house to night; spos'n you go over?"

Rejoiced to find anything wherewith to while away the tedious hours of night, our traveller assented, and to the "Debatin' Club" he went. The house was a country school-house, and I presume that you, kind reader, know how it must have looked, for who is there in this "ger-reat and gellorious ked'ntry" that has not seen one? There, mounted upon his throne in that temple of knowledge, sat the school-master, ex officio the President of the Society—the counterfeit presentment of Dominie Sampson, of "prodigious" notoriety. In front of the old dominie sat the Secretary, as is usual, while near at hand the debaters for the evening occupied the desks of the scholars; back from their line of desks the room was crowded—all J—— had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry.

The house was called to order, the "minutes of the preceding meeting were read and adopted," the Report of the Committee on "Hezekiah Pilcher, charged with nonpayment of dues," was offered and laid on the table, when the Chair arose and said—

"Is the house ready for the question."

"Aye! aye!" cried a dozen voices.

And the Chair proceeded:

"Gentlemen—the question for this evening is, which conferred the greatest benefit on mankind, Mr. Christopher Columbus, or Gen. George Washington? On the affirmative, Messrs. Van Dreezer, Dusenbury, and Penix; on the negative, Messrs. Foster, Milligan, and Sampson. Mr. Van Dreezer has the floor."

"Mr. V., the village lawyer, a smart, dapperlooking man, arose, and, taking a sup of water from the tin cup which was before him, did depose and say:

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen and Ladies—I arise to advocate the affirmative of this question; that is to say, that I affirm that Mr. Columbus did a greater benefit to mankind than General Washington. In order more fully to digest the interrogatory just propounded, to enter fully into the merits of the case, I will give a brief, succinct, and condensed account of Mr. Columbus's life and exploits. Sir, who was Christopher Columbus? Sir, echo answers, the greatest man of his times. Sir, Columbus was the offspring of a man of the same name, who was an indignant basket-maker in a small town called Rome, situated on the river Tigers, a stream which takes its rise in the Pyranine Mountains, & flows in a south-easterly course into the Gulf of Mexico. At an early age Columbus evinced a decided talent for the sea, and occupied the leisure hours of his infancy in pursuing books of travel and works on navigation; it was while engaged in these pursuits that he inadvertently met with the works of Robinson and Crusoe, and Capt. Cook, the definition he made from them was far away over the trackless main, thitherto untrodden by the foot of man, was an undiscovered country. As he approached manhood, he was filled with a desire to discover that country which he so often saw in his youthful dreams; actuated by this desire, he petitioned the great Pontifical Pope of Rome to give him three yawls and a jolly-boat to carry out his design. That distinguished man at first refused, but his wife Cleopatra, being pleased with the promising looks of Mr. Columbus, actuated with a magnanimity which is a caricature of her sex, prevailed upon him to grant Columbus's request, whereupon, providing his vessels with stores and men out of his own pocket, Columbus got ready, and on a certain day of a certain month, and in a certain year, he set sail from the Holy Sea of Rome, and after a long and tempestuous trip, he set foot, at last upon the Plymouth Rock, in the Island of Juan Fernandez; it was on that occasion that he exclaimed—'Breathes there any man with soul so perfectly dead as never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land!

"Sir, Mr Columbus did not long survive the hardships of that voyage, and was finally taken prisoner by the King of the Cannon-ball Islands, and, with all his crew, cast into chains and slavery, where he died, at an advanced age, an ignominius natural death, with his whole crew, leaving no one to tell the tale. Peace to his ashes and their'n.

"Sir, the discovery of this continent was the greatest invention of the year 1492.—Fernandez's Island was the stepping stone to the settlement of this country, Sir.—Look around you and behold the populated world, the United States, North and South America, Oregon and Asia, Hindoostan and Beloochistan, England and Turkey, France and China, and many others, too numerous to mention—behold these countries traversed by steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs, and ask yourself, would these things have been if it hadn't been for Columbus? and your reply would certainly be, 'Certainly not, sir.' If it hadn't been for Mr. Columbus, General Washington wouldn't have been born—but suppose he had, what then? What did Washington ever do that was a great benefit to this country? There is much said about his talents for war. To be sure he performed several masterly retreats, but what's that an evidence of? Sir, it is that he was a coward.

"General Washington a coward!" screamed Foster, the village doctor, in a voice of thunder. "General Washington a coward! who so base as dare say it? Look at him at the battle of the Nile, look at him at Waterloo, the Cowpens, on the Plains of Marathon, at the Pyramids, at Stillman's Defeat, at Bad Axe, and sir, look at him at the battle of New Orleans!"

"Gineral Washington at the battle of N. Orleans!" exclaimed a huge backwoodsman, gesticulating violently. "Mr. Speaker, is there such a ignoramus in the house? Sir, any school boy knows that the battle of New Orleans was fit before General Washington was born. Let the gentleman read Plutarch's lives, the lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, or let him read Arkwright's History of the Black Hawk War, and he'll find that General Henry Dodge fit the battle of New Orleans!"

Here the noise and confusion became so great that our traveller might have been seen wending his way to the inn, a wiser man than when he arrived at J——.—*Spirit of the Times.*

PUZZLING A YANKEE.

"Americans," says a contemporary, "are an inquisitive people;" yet from the very necessity which this engenders, there is no person better understands the art of parrying and baffling inquisitiveness in another than a Yankee. We were quite amused recently, by an account given by a city friend of a colloquy which came off in a country village through which he was travelling, between himself and one of the "natives" who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his affairs.

"How de dew?" exclaimed the latter, bustling up to him, as he alighted for a few moments at a hotel—"reckon I've seen you somewhere 'fore now?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "no doubt; I have been there often in my life."

"'Spose your going to—(expecting the name to be supplied."

"Just so—I go there regularly once a year."

"And you've just come from—"

"Exactly, sir, you are entirely right; that is my place of residence."

"Really now, dew tell! I s'pose you're a lawyer, or maybe a trader or perhaps some other professhun or calling?"

"Yes I've always pursued some one of those professions."

"Got business in the country, eh?"

"Yes, I am at this time engaged in travelling."

"I see by your trunk you are from Boston; anything stirring in Boston?"

"Yes; men and women, horses and carriages, and a furious northeaster."

"You don't say so! Well, I declare now, you are tarnal cute. What d'you think they'll do with Sims?"

"Why, sir, it is my opinion that they'll either deliver him up to the claimant, or let him go free."

"You've had a monstrous sight of rain in Boston—did an awful sight of damage I 'spose?"

"Yes, it wet all the buildings and made the streets damp—very damp indeed!"

"Didn't old Fannil Hall get a soaking?"

"No, they hauled it on the Common, under the Liberty Tree."

"You are a circus chap I guess, you are kinder foolin. Pray, Mister, if it's a civil question, what might be your name?"

"It might be Smith or Brown, but it is not by a long chalk. The fact is, sir, I never had a named. When I was born, my mother was so busy that she forget to name me, and soon after I was swapped away by mistake for another boy, and am now just about applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it I will send you my card. Good morning, sir!"

And so saying, the speaker jumped into his carriage, and drove off, leaving the Paul Pry of the place scratching his head in bewilderment and evidently in more perplexity than ere he had commenced his catechisings.

From the Albany Cultivator.

WASTE OF MANURES.

The greatest defects in American agriculture at the present time, arises chiefly from *carelessness and waste.* The disregard of order, system and economy, is the bane of our farming. It is the occasion of constant and immense losses in many ways. The most striking example of this, perhaps is the great negligence in regard to the saving of manures. Notwithstanding the frequency with which this subject has been brought to the attention of farmers, there is scarcely a neighborhood in which many instances of the neglect and loss alluded to, are not seen. On most farms there is nearly a total loss of the urine of the stock, during the time it is kept at the barn; and even the other portion of the excrement is often so much exposed that half its value, probably, is lost. It is often washed into the highway, and is seen in the coloring of the water of brooks, which carry off the soluble portions. It would not probably, be an over estimate of this loss, to say that with many farmers, it is more than equal to the money they pay in taxes.

This loss might be almost wholly prevented, and with but little comparative expense. The first thing towards this would be to use plenty of substances to absorb all the liquids of the stables and yards. Cellars under barns and stables, where the shape of the ground would render it convenient to make them, would be preferable, as receptacles for manures, to any other plan. Where cellars are not made, there might be excavations under the stalls, and being filled with muck, peat-charcoal dust, the urine would be retained in a form convenient for application to the soil. Yards should be so formed by means of embankments, if necessary, that there will be no soak or wash from them. If the roofs of the buildings throw more water on the manure than is sufficient to keep it moist, (not wet) gutters and spouts should be put up to lead the water off.

The practice of having plenty of water in barn-yards should be more general. In many instances animals sustain much injury from the want of this requisite, and much valuable manure is lost from the same cause.

CAUSE AND CURE OF SMUT IN WHEAT.

A correspondent of the *Genesse Farmer* writes as follows, respecting the cause and cure of smut in wheat:

I am an old farmer, have been in the business of cultivating wheat for more than thirty years, and I have therefore raised a large quantity of smut. I have tried all the preventatives I have seen recommended in the *Farmer*, without an entire cure; but for the last ten years have raised no smut. I will now state my former practice when I did raise smut and my present practice, and hope other farmers will try the experiment, and I think they will give up the practice of steeping their seed wheat in any solution whatever; neither will they need a sieve to separate the large seed from the small; if it is ripe and sound it will not bring smut.

I will now say that I formerly harvested my wheat very green, or in other words before it was fully ripe, and made use of the same for seed, and from that seed I always raised plenty of smut. At length my "bump of causuality" whispered to me, "You cut your seed wheat too green;" and from that time I have selected the part of my wheat fields that ripens the evenest, and let it stand in the fields until it is dead ripe, and until the heads are weather-beaten, and I have raised no smut since I followed the above rule.

Some seasons my wheat does not ripen even, and if I find a green head when I am cutting my seed wheat I throw it out; for I am fully of the opinion that a small unripe grain of wheat, if it vegetates at all, will bring smut. Such a grain contains but a very small particle of vitality; and solution of salt, vitrol, or lime will sometimes destroy that vitality, so that the grain does not vegetate; and here is where farmers are mistaken—they suppose they destroy the smut, when in fact it is unripe sickly grain, which produces smut, that they destroy. I say again to my brother farmers, try it, and my words for it you will not be sorry.

DEMOCRACY AND ABOLITION.

"The attempt to unite the Hunker and Freesoil factions of the Democratic party in New York has been successful on paper. Resolutions have, as usual, been adopted, equivocal in their terms, and differently construed by the organs of the divisions; and the Southern Democracy is called on to rejoice in the prospect of a reunion with John Van Buren, Preston King, and Co.

"In Pennsylvania the Democratic State Convention endorsed the compromise.—But we learn that Wilmot himself has been nominated as president judge of the thirteenth district, by the united and harmonious party.

"The Democracy of New York and Pennsylvania having done these things, now turns fiercely around and accuses the Whigs of making coalitions with Freesoil,—and of being tainted with abolitionism! and calls again most lustily on the South to support the Democracy of the North as the friend of the Union and the Constitution."

We find the foregoing remarks in the *Southern Press;* and they exhibit most truly and vividly the tactics of the so-called Democratic party, not only in the two great States to which they refer, but throughout the whole North. Day after day the Democratic organs in the city of New York shout hosannas over the Compromise, and declare its observance to be the only means of saving the Union. And yet these same organs glorify the proceedings of a convention in which abolitionagitators divide the honors of office and control the expression of sentiment.

In this city, the *Pennsylvanian* daily rings the changes on Col. Bigler as the peculiar friend of the Adjustment, and claims him as the Union candidate; while it is secretly conniving with the open and avowed enemies of the Constitution, and supports with equal zeal the ticket upon which William Bigler and David Wilmot are presented as candidates of the same party!—We call upon the South and upon our own people, who have been deceived by hypocritical professions, to denounce this corrupt coalition, and to fix the brand of reprobation upon the brows of those who, while protesting mock devotion to the obligations of the Constitution, are banded together with the fanatics who would tomorrow consume it and destroy the Union.

The Democratic party in this State have not only coalesced with the abolitionists, but they have prostituted the judicial ermine to the worst purposes of party, and conferred upon him who has conducted the persecuting war against the South an unanimous nomination for a President Judgeship, that his followers may be propitiated into the support of their ticket. Why is it that the *Pennsylvanian*, always so zealous to misrepresent the position of others, and so hypocritically eager to assail abolition, is now silent, and has been silent throughout the whole canvass, in regard to David Wilmot, whom it was heretofore accustomed to assail with so much fierceness? We will answer. It is because the party of which that paper is the recognised organ has bargained with him for his influence, that the *Pennsylvanian dare* not speak if it would, and because it is equally criminal and implicated in that negotiation. We shall continue to hold up to public indignation the treachery of these canting friends of the South, who are now leagued with Wilmot and his band until the last hour, that the whole country may fully understand the nature and the extent of the frauds which are now attempted by the reckless leaders of the Democratic party.—*Philadelphia American.*

ANOTHER EXCITING BALLOON ASCENSION.—Mr. King attempted to make an ascension in a balloon, on Thursday evening, from Philadelphia. At first it was dashed violently against some adjacent sheds, and he had to be hauled down; but a portion of the crowd insisted on his ascending, and he started up a second time, but came in contact with the Wire Bridge. The Philadelphia Sun says:

He soon became extricated, but unfortunately struck the telegraphic wire, which held him some time; the balloon all the time swaying to and fro in the ebbing gusts of wind. Presently he became loose, struck against another part of the bridge, and finally went down plump into the waters of the Schuylkill. An exciting, amusing, and withal, a terrible scene was enacted. The balloon bounced up and down, and in this way proceeded for several hundred yards. Every time it descended Mr. King would be plunged in, apparently, up to his neck in the water.

The people on shore ran in every direction; several boats put out to the assistance of Mr. King, but from all we can learn, he arrived on the shore on the opposite side of the river, more frightened perhaps than hurt. The whole scene was thrilling in the extreme. This was the first attempt on the part of Mr. King to make an ærial voyage.

A REBUKE.

In commenting upon the course of certain party papers in this State, whose constant vocation has been to encourage the few fanatics who threatened resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law, by representing that the Whigs stood ready to aid and abet them, the Bradford *Reporter*—Col. Bigler's abolition organ—holds the following language, which seems specially directed at the *Pennsylvanian*, although they are both engaged in the same cause, and supporting the same candidates—David Wilmot included:

"These men are doing immense injury to the South. Claiming to be peculiarly National, they are the only truly sectional party in the North, and their insane efforts have in them more of hazard to the Union than the labor of the open disunionists. They create a false impression at the South. They fan the flame of prejudice and passion, and seek to sever the breach between the brethren of a common household. This they do, that they may seek at the hands of the South the recompense of their iniquity and guilt in the shape of lucrative office. We have some score of these gentry in our mind now, who are equally a disgrace to the Democratic party, and a damage to the Union. They will seize upon this occurrence to prove that the North is armed to resist the rendition of fugitives—they would open wounds of the murdered afresh, if it was necessary—to convince the South that they alone are ready to render her her rights. We would not desire upon our head the weight of responsibility which their efforts have incurred, in bringing about the bloody result which all good citizens are now lamenting."

It is rare to find so much truth candidly confessed in a partisan journal of the *Reporter's* stamp; and if it were not to be used for the local advantage of the very men whom it professes to condemn, we could applaud it without qualification.—The *Pennsylvanian* and its confederates in this section of the State,—who have the control of Col. Bigler—have done incalculable injury to the reputation of our Commonwealth, by daily calumniating one half of its population as false to their constitutional duty, and as enemies of the glorious institutions under which they live. And they have not only damaged its fame in this respect, but they have incited the zealots, who disregard law and authority, to acts of violence, by deluding them with the false hope that the first blow which was struck would rally thousands to their standard.—We shall not say how far the actors in the deplorable tragedy at Christiana were stimulated by these wicked counsels; but the whole tendency of such conduct as has been pursued by the Democratic organs has been to bring about some terrible catastrophe like that which has been recently witnessed. There is a moral, if not a political responsibility, in connection with this tragic event, which cannot be escaped by the men who wilfully excited the passions and nerved the arms of its mad and misguided authors.

And when the bloody details of the murder of Gorsuch and the outrage upon his companions were divulged to the public, what course did these political managers pursue? Instead of uniting with the law respecting portion of the community in bringing the criminals to justice, and in vindicating the character of our State from any reproach in this great wrong they seemed to revel in the opportunity of converting the murder into an engine of party, and to gloat over the supposed chance of making capital at the approaching election.—*Philadelphia American.*

LATE FROM NICARAGUA.—*The Revolution—The American Charge not Received.*—Advices from Nicaragua to the 2d of September have been received. The revolution was making some progress.—The legislative body at Managua had dispersed through fear of the soldiers of Munez, though they were some seventy or eighty miles distant. Montenegu, the new director elected by the legislature, died a few days afterwards, and a successor had to be chosen. The new government of Grenada had ratified a new contract with the Nicaragua Canal Company, which had been rejected by the government of Pineda. The latter protested against the ratification of the contract, and in the unsettled state of the country it is impossible to know what will be the result. The New York Herald says:

Mr. Kerr, United States Charge d'Affairs, has not presented his credentials, as was reported by the last arrival. He was informed upon reaching Leon, that by the federal contract the foreign and diplomatic relations of Nicaragua had been transferred to the federal government. This was done by decree bearing date on the 9th of January, 1851, at which time the fact was communicated to all foreign agents in the country. The federal government was organized, it will be remembered, at this date, in accordance with the compact signed by the representatives of Honduras, San Salvador and Nicaragua, November, 1849.

Although this was done long before Mr. Kerr's arrival, and before his appointment, and had been publicly proclaimed, yet he does not seem to take it in good part, as a thing impossible to be avoided. It is said he took the occasion to address a note to the government, which is not likely to have a conciliatory influence on the country; but the very reverse. He is now in Leon; therefore literally without occupation.

MILLARD FILLMORE.—Every day, says the Richmond Republican, shows that Mr. Fillmore's popularity is widening and deepening. It has not been a popularity of rapid growth, but it has sprung from the knowledge of his character which is derived from its action, and bids fair to take deep hold and be of permanent endurance. The popularity of Mr. Fillmore is the best kind of popularity, because it has been won by moral courage, and by refusing to seek popularity at the expense of principle, as well as by exalted statesmanlike qualities. Every Whig in favor of Mr. Fillmore or some other candidate for the Presidency will at least concede that he *deserves* to be President. No man need deserve a higher tribute. He deserves it by his pure, calm, wise, patriotic administration of the government in the most critical period of its history. He deserves it because he has proved by his acts that the government can be safely entrusted to his hands. He not only deserves it, but in our opinion he will obtain his deserts.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN NAPLES. —*Over Two Thousand Lives Lost—Cities Destroyed and Damaged.*—The Washington Republic publishes a letter from the Hon. E. Joy Morris, the American Minister to Naples, giving a minute account of the terrible earthquake which occurred in the western portion of the kingdom of Naples, on the 14th of July, by which some 2,500 lives were lost, and several towns either totally prostrated or greatly damaged.—Mr. Morris says that previous to the shock a small stream that runs near the city of Melfi suddenly disappeared, and adds:

At the first shock, Melfi, which contains ten thousand inhabitants, was *prostrated in the dust*, nothing but a few crumbling walls surviving the general ruin. An unknown number of its inhabitants were buried under the falling mass of fabricks. Up to the present moment seven hundred dead bodies have been disinterred, and many others are constantly being found. More than two hundred persons lie in an adjacent hospital, suffering under grievous wounds, while many have been dug out *alive from the ruins. Amongst others, a female infant, a year old,* after lying buried for two days, was brought out living and unharmed, and restored to its afflicted mother, widowed by the same calamity.

The shocks and rumbling of the earth still occasionally occurred at the time of writing his letter, and all eyes were turned upon Vesuvius as the safety valve thro' which the struggling fires might escape, although no local signs were yet apparent.

The neighboring towns of Atella, Rionero, Barile and Rappola are sufferers by the same convulsion. Rionero is a general wreck, not a sound house remaining—more than a hundred persons have here perished, and as many have been maimed or wounded. In Barile, the only edifice not entirely destroyed is the orphan asylum, while the discovered dead amount to about one hundred and fifty. In the *commune* of Bari, the towns of Cerato, Minervino, Spinazzola, Andria and Trani were all injured more or less. In Canossa, the ancient *Canosium*, founded by Diomed, and whose walls once enclosed a circuit of sixteen miles, three hundred and seventy-six houses were thrown down. At the last report the shocks around Mount Volture continued, and one-half of the city of Venosa, the ancient *Venusia*, containing six thousand inhabitants, and celebrated as the birth-place of Horace, was destroyed.—The mountain provinces of the Abruzzi and of Calabria, where the earthquake of 1783 destroyed three hundred cities and buried thirty thousand human beings have thus far escaped.

DARING OUTRAGE.—*Gov. Johnston Shot at—Rioters Arrested.*—A most daring attack was made upon Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, and his friends, in Schuylkill county, on Monday night. He had been speaking at Tamaqua, and the Pottsville Journal says, on the return of the Governor and his escort to that place, a most villainous attack was made upon them after leaving the cars, by a party of rowdies at Mount Carbon.

A pistol was discharged, whether at the Governor or not is unknown, but fortunately without taking effect upon any one. Clubs and stones then followed, striking several persons and injuring them considerably. The attack was made at a late hour on Monday night. Four persons were arrested, and brought before Esquire Reed, on Tuesday afternoon, but no one appearing to prove their identity with the rioters, they were discharged.

Two persons, knocked down with stones or clubs thrown at the party, were close beside the the Governor, and it is probable that he owes his safety to the fact that he was received at Mount Carbon by a procession of Miners, in their working dress, with their lamps and torches, and escorted to his lodgings at the Exchange, where they were dismissed, after a short address from the Governor, upon their frequently calling for him.

HEALTH OF MR. CLAY.—It is said that Mr. Clay is in an extremely delicate state of health. The news is too painful to be admitted without confirmation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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