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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Agricultural Department.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE WHEAT CROP.

Mr. Editor: I send you the following, which I clip from the Baltimore *Sun*, of a week or two back:

The Alton (Illinois) *Courier*, of the 7th inst., expresses its opinion that we may expect another very fine crop of wheat, and the opinion is based upon the following reasons:

"The early winter was very mild, so much so that the late sown wheat, of which there is much, continued to grow to a much later date than usual. Then the snow will have protected it from injury by the frost. Lastly, such uninterrupted cold weather for so long a period, and until so late a date, augurs an uninterrupted spring-time when it comes. It is further said that the number of acres put under wheat in that part of the country last fall was greater than ever before known."

The Chicago *Journal* says:

"We must have large crops next fall. The snow which has fallen during the past sixty days is equal to five inches of manure. People capable of estimating matters, imagine that the wheat crop of 1856 will be the largest ever harvested in this country. To estimate the value of snow upon the ground at ten millions of dollars would be a low figure."

These wise editors on the 7th of April predict immense crops of wheat, when the snow was four feet deep on it at Alton, and at Chicago. How could they tell whether there was wheat there or not? If, when the snow left it, if it has yet disappeared, it looked so winter-killed as did the wheat in Maryland, or in *Southern* Maryland at least, the e was no room for such *assinine* conclusions as above, for I never have seen the wheat crop at this season so unpromising. The *Chicago* man must be a *fast* man indeed! What a profound Philosopher! to be able to estimate correctly the value of snow on wheat. Let me tell him he but echoes the cry of other *would-be Philosophers*, but I would not give one ounce of practical rational common sense, united with fact and truth, for a ton of crack-brained Philosophy, and theoretical Agricultural Chemistry. Now, how could the snow help the wheat, when the ground was frozen or covered over with ice or sleet before the snow fell, and it remained in that condition until the snow disappeared? All the amonia that these *Philosophers* say snow contains, must have evaporated before the wheat took any of it up, for nearly all the snow was gone, so slowly did it leave, before the icy covering began to dissolve, and *that* even seemed to be exhaled without penetrating the frozen earth beneath it. This is fact and plain common sense. The snow protected the wheat from high winds, but it could impart no warmth, or fertilization to the wheat, because of the icy barrier. I dare say that the snow was of general benefit to the country, for we had pretty nearly run dry—the stock of water was nearly exhausted, and I hope it will be again replenished. We are a wondrous people! it is wonderful we are not all *too rich*. One sort of Philosophy would have the poor unsuspecting farmer believe that a great drought would benefit his land, that it was equal to a great shower of *guano*. Another Philosophy, coming from the *great west*, says we gain millions by the snows. Now who believes these teachings? Surely, not I,—for I know that I make *nothing* to sell when I suffer from a long drought, and if the *wise Chicago* man is believed by the buyers, when it snows or is seasonable, I shall get nothing for what I make.

Those articles above quoted will do more to injure the farmer's interest than the "ten millions at a low figure," which the snow was worth, or all the benefits that a drought could confer.—"*The Sun*" generally seems disposed to side with the Agricultural interest, at least so far as not to suffer itself, like most of its contemporaries, to pander to the vile passion for gain, which preeminently distinguishes the grain speculator. I admire the *Sun*, and appreciate the ability with which it is conducted, but I confess I was astonished that it should so early in the season, when the wheat was not to be seen hardly anywhere (even where it was free of snow) indirectly, by inserting those senseless paragraphs of perhaps organs of Western Millers, or speculating shippers of wheat in Alton and Chicago, assume it to be a fact, that a great crop of wheat "*must*" be made. Is it fair to the hard working farmer to begin to decry his products before they are ripe for the market? And is it not decrying an important article in a public manner in a public mart of trade like Baltimore, to say that the wheat crop will be immense, it shall, it "*must*," because science and Philosophy says the snow has made it so? If there be an immense crop made, without some unlooked for demand shall spring up, the prices must rule low. But if only a fair crop be made, prices must continue to be remunerating until the present empty granaries of *this* and the old world are once more filled,—unless this senseless cry be stopt about great crops, ere the crop be seen. If, *after harvest*, facts can be adduced, editors have a right, and it is their duty to state the results of the season, and farmers are the last people to be dissatisfied with prices in accordance with the laws of trade, that is, *supply and demand*. Great crops, low prices—small crops, high prices. These announcements before the proper time do a great injury to a large class of consumers and producers both. If the proprietors of the *Sun* wished to publish anything about the prospects of the wheat crop, they ought to have gotten it from the planters or farmers themselves, or from journals like yours and others devoted to the farming interests, and not from doubtful sources. They are *Abell* by name and *able* by nature, but they cannot "*fool me with their corn dough!*" The Agriculturists are of course thankful for the compliment the *Sun* pays them, by devoting to their interest about one-thirteenth of their weekly paper, but they hope they may be let alone if the *Sun* cannot shine on them without drawing its scorching rays from such *far* fetched Philosophic founts as those set up in *Chicago* and *Alton*, in the attractive forms of *Golden Coffees*.

It is impossible to form at present any estimate of the wheat crop of this wide spread land, and of the prices to be demanded or to be offered for it. All depends on future circumstances and occurrences. Then why begin to raise the cry of low prices, and great crops? because, speculators may get it in the beginning at low rates, and when the crop proves short, make fortunes from the producers and the consumers.

Very respectfully, your friend,

PATUXENT PLANTER.

Selected Poetry.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY L. H. NICHOLLS.

The following sweet and touching lines, "to the year thirty-six," from the pen of the late Mrs. LOUISA H. NICHOLLS, the sister of Dr. JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, we take great pleasure in presenting to our readers. They are now published for the first time.

Ere they toll thy parting knell,
Grateful tears a blessing mix,
With my sad and fond farewell
To the year of thirty-six.

Fare thee well! we part forever—
Thou art rushing to the main
Of past ages, and shalt never
To our world return again.

I a little longer stay,
On the treacherous waves of time,
But, like thee, must pass away,
To oblivion's dark abime.

Sweet and pleasant was our greeting,
As my little bark did glide,
No rude storm our whirlpool meeting,
In thy gently flowing tide.

Smiling heavens were shining o'er us,
Sparkling waters danced below,
Brighter prospects shone before us,
Soft each fav'ring gale did blow.

Health her rosy banner waving,
Love and Joy were in her train,
Hope came with her heavenly anchor,
Friendship with her golden chain.

Spirit of the passing year!
Gentle spirit, pritheee stay!
I, without a sigh or tear,
Fain would pass with thee away.

"Wouldst thou leave thy harvest growing,
In its vernal beauty bright?"
Aye, ere the rude storm be blowing,
Or the mildew falls to blight.

"Wouldst thou leave thy youthful race
Blooming round thy cheerful board?"
Aye, ere Time their charms deface,
Come the pler—the pall—the shroud.

Memory gives me such another,
Such a blessed band was mine.
Where art thou, my sainted mother?
Thou, my sweetest Caroline?
And my darling brother, say,
Father of the "Culprit Fay?"

Nature's noblest gifts adorned ye,
Hearts of feeling—souls of fire!
Forms of richest—rarest beauty,
All that love might well inspire!

Idols of my youthful love,
Ye have passed like shadows by,
And my heart has vainly strove
To resign ye to the sky.

Now, when with a mother's pride,
In my treasures I'd rejoice,
From the dark and silent grave
Comes a deep sepulchral voice,

Crying, "Mortal! what, again
Making idols formed of clay?
Hast thou, then, indeed, forgot
Those my hand has snatched away?"

Trembling like a frightened child,
In my mother's lap I'd rest,
Though they be but phantoms wild,
That my troubled soul molest.

Spirit of the passing year,
Gentle spirit, pritheee stay!
I, without a sigh or tear,
Fain would pass with thee away.

A Thrilling Narrative.

The CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE.

On my last voyage to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they also had a desire to travel some. Besides three owners, I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms, but never such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I ran her into the Avon without losing a life or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her rudder much damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers, and all doing their share of work at the breaks.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week before she could be fitted for sea, and if she had all the repairs which she absolutely needed, it would take her near two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work.—This left me at liberty, and I began to look around for some place to visit. I had heard of Salisbury Plain. The famous Stone-hedge was there, and so were three other relics of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly to Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner, who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman.—He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him, from his features and idiom, to be an Englishman. I told him that I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me that he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Devizes, and thence to take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse and travel where, and how, and when I pleased, and he liked the plan so well that he went immediately and bought himself a horse and saddle.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which ran many miles out of the way. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told me some passages of his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I was let to infer that at that time he ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States he had been engaged in the Western land speculations, and was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town six miles southeast of Bath, and as soon as our horses were rested we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow overcast and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Warminister we had taken the direct road for Amesbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when the storm had closed upon us we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed that we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross-road turned off to the right, and where a guide-board said it was five miles to Deptford Inn.

I proposed that we should go in this by-way and make for Deptford Inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily consented. We had gone about a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but as good fortune would have it, we espied a small cottage, not more than a furlong ahead, through a clump of poplars. We made for this place and reached it before we got wet. There was a good sized barn on the premises, and a long sheep-shed connected it with the house. Beneath this shed we rode, and just as we alighted an old man came out. We told him that we had got caught in the storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us he should have the best his humble place could afford, and that if we would put up with that we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of we followed the old man into the house. He was a grey-headed man, certainly on the down hill side of three score, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks upon his brow than those of old age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room, but yet free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered she arose from her work.

"Some travellers, wife, caught in the shower," said the old man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you're welcome," the woman said, in a tone so mild and free that I knew she spoke the feelings of her soul. "It's poor fare that we can give ye, but the heart of the giver must e'en make up for that."

"I thanked the good people, and told them that I would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the woman, taking her tea-kettle from the hob and hanging it upon the crane.

"Stop, wife," uttered the old man, tremulously. "Let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare out of their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as we to refuse the bounty."

I saw the woman place her apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door close by the fireplace stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond a bed, and I was sure there was some one in it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

"Yes," he said with a sad shake of the head. "My poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the little farm—and he's been sick now all the spring and summer. I have taken care of the sheep but I couldn't plant. It is hard, but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the trial with me, and I think she takes the bigest share."

"No, no, John, don't say so," uttered the wife. "No woman could do the work you do."

"I don't mean to tell too much, Margaret, only you know you have kept me up."

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man began to tell me, in answer to my questions, some of the peculiarities of the great Plain, for we were on it now, and I found him well informed and intelligent. At length the table was set out, the clean white cloth spread, and we were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some fine stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies—only the food was before us, and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved from the table a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been a half an hour after this—it was not more than that—when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men. The old man had just come in from the barn, and it was not so dark but we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle aged men, one of them habited in a sort of a jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks an officer. I turned towards our host for the purpose of asking him if he knew the new comers, and I saw he was very pale and trembling. A low, deep groan escaped him, and in a moment more his wife moved to his side, and put her arm about his neck. She had been trembling, but that groan of her husband's seemed to call her to herself.

"Don't fear, John," she softly said. "They can't take away our love, nor our souls. Cheer up, I'll be a support to ye, John, when all else is gone."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, but when another started he wiped it away, and having kissed his wife he arose from his chair. Just then two men entered. He in the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

"Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length it was fixed upon the old man.

"Well," said he, "what about the rent?"

"We haven't a penny of it yet, sir," answered the host trembling.

"What, not a penny? Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" murmured the old man, painfully. "Alas! I cannot pay it. You know Walter has been long sick, and every penny I could earn has been paid to the doctor. You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord—doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. "I know is that you have had the house and land for two whole years, and you haven't paid a penny. You know I told you a month ago that you should just have one more to pay me. That month was up last night. Can you pay me?"

"No, no! O, God knows I can't."

"Then you must leave the house."

"When?"

"To-night."

"You do not mean that. You will not turn us out as quickly as——"

"Out upon your prating! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago.—How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you haven't had time in a month to move, then you must look out for the consequence. To-night you move! If you want shelter you may go into the old house at the horse pond."

"But there is not a window in it."

"Beggers shouldn't be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it hadn't been for hunting up the officer, I should have been here this morning. But tisn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house to-morrow. So there is not a word to be said. I shall take your cows and your sheep, and if they go for more than twenty pounds after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor peasant gazed for a moment, half wildly, into the landlord's face and then sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"My cows! my sheep!" he groaned spasmodically. "O, kill me and have done with it!"

"In God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife, "spare us them. We will leave the cot, and we will work with all our might until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die! O, you are rich and we are poor!"

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man. "I'm used to such stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you are paupers, you know where to go to get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go to-night, unless you pay me the twenty pounds, and your cows and sheep go too."

I was just on the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would not help me to make up the sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down, and she too, had covered her face with her hands.

At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look ye, sir," he said to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

"And when did the amount come due in the year?"

"It was just due one month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man pulling out a large leather pocket-book, from it took a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took out his purse, and counted out twenty golden sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord and took the bill.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm.

"Yes, sir," returned Vaughan, gazing first upon the man who had given him the money, to see if he was in earnest, and then turning to the window to see if the gold was pure. "Yes sir," he repeated, "this makes it all right."

"Then I suppose we can remain here now, undisturbed?"

"But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month has already run on an unpaid term."

"It is right you should have your pay, surely. Come to-morrow, sir, and I will arrange it with you—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one more glance about the room, but without speaking further he left, and the officer had to follow him without having done anything to earn a fee. As soon as they were gone the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," he uttered, turning toward Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?"

"Sometime you can," returned my companion.

"Yes—yes, John," said the wife, "sometime we shall, surely pay him."

"Alas! when?"

"Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

Both the old people looked aghast.

"Oh! you have only planted more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man. "We could have born to be stripped of our goods by the landlord better than we can bear to rob a noble soul. You must take our stock—our cows and sheep."

"But not yet," resumed Leeman. "I have another way. Listen: Once you had a boy—a wild, reckless wayward child."

"Yes," murmured the old man.

"And what become of him?"

For some moments the father was silent, but at length said:

"Alas! he fled from home, long years ago.—One night—we lived then for off here in Northamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment he fled—and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he told me so afterwards."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you never hear from that boy?"

"Never!" answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the oldman's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in the conviction. The quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire in the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his head, and tremblingly she whispered:

"For the love of heaven don't deceive me.—But speak to me—let me call you—*Nathan*—Nathan *Leeman?*"

"And I should answer, for that is my name!" spoke the man starting up.

"And what would you call me?" the woman gasped.

"My Mother!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy, and then I saw the father totter up and join them—and I heard the murmured words of blessing and of joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn; when I got there I took out my hankerchief and wiped the tears from my eyes.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of her returned boy was resting upon her shoulders, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all as well as I can tell you," said he. "When we first stopped here I had no idea of finding my parents here, for when I went away, sixteen years ago, I left them in King's Thrope-upon-the-Ken. I knew them, of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here," he added in a lower tone, "for only think what curious circumstances had combined to bring me to this cot."

It did truly seem as though some power higher than our own had brought about all this. But at all events, there was a higher power thought that night beneath the peasant's humble cot, God was praised again and again.

On the following morning I resumed my journey alone, but had to promise that I would surely call there again on my return. I went to Salisbury, from thence to Winchester, and thence to Portsmouth to see the great ships-of-war. I returned to the cot in eight days, and spent a night there. Money possesses some strange charms, for it had not only given the poor peasant a sure home for the rest of his life, but it had brought health back to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salisbury had visited him, and he was now able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in that earthly cot. Nathan Leeman told me that he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he should take his parents and brother to some luxurious home, when he could find one to his taste.

That was some years ago. I have received some letters from Leeman since, and he is settled down in the suburbs of Bradford on the banks of the lower Avon, where he has bought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories in that place, and I am under a solemn promise to visit him if ever I land in England again.

A KENTUCKY friend writes us a very amusing sketch of Old Uncle Davy—a fair specimen of that class of negroes whose wit shows itself in making an excuse for neglect of duty quite equal to that of a Pathander. Davy's mistress sent him to market for some *salsify*, a delightful vegetable not much known at the North.—He returned with a bundle of *sassafras* roots.

"Why, Davy, I told you to get me salsify, and you have brought sassafras!"

Davy scratched his head, and stammered out, "Missus, me think sassafras and sassify *pretty much two things*."

Uncle Davy, some time afterward, came to his master, who lived a few miles out of Louisville, and asked him to allow him to go and live in the city, at which his mater was very much surprised.

"Why, Davy what on earth do you want to go and live in town for?"

"De church wants me, sir."

"What can the church want of you, Davy?"

"Well, massa, me will explain. De church has sent away down in Virginny for my pedigree, and dey say I'm one of de fus families in Old Virginny, and dey wants to buy me for a pastune or a sextune, or some such thing: let me go, massa?"

Selected Miscellany.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

At the May monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, immediately after the committee had been called to order, Mr. CALKINS rose and said:

Mr. President:—I have been requested to announce, in appropriate terms, the painful intelligence of the death of JAMES G. PERCIVAL—a name which should be preserved in the memorials of this Society, and an event to which is due the most solemn forms of public and private grief.—In his mature age, in the ripeness of his fame, with his honors thick upon him, a noble man—one of an imperial race—has passed to his long home. Terms more eloquent than I can command, should celebrate the sad departure which no returning follows, of one so gifted and so good as he. No common words or stinted measure of sorrow should mark the dissolution of that gentle soul from the form it animated. His death occurred on the morning of the second instant, at Hazel Green, in the western part of this State.

Dr. PERCIVAL, at the time of his death, had arrived at nearly the age of sixty-one. He was a native of Connecticut, and had been a resident of this State about three years. He was a graduate, at the age of twenty, of Yale College, and at the age of twenty-five commenced the practice of medicine. He held, for a brief period, a professorship at West Point—a position from which he retired solely on account of his excessive timidity, which rendered the discharge of his duties exceedingly painful. He has published several volumes of poems, a translation of Malte Brun's Geography, and Geological Reports of Connecticut and Wisconsin.

Dr. PERCIVAL was a man of vast learning. His researches had extended into almost every field of literature and science. As a linguist, he had no superior in his age. He was an accomplished botanist, geologist, physician and poet. He was a pioneer in American letters and study. Many of his poems were given to the world when all its corrogs echoed with the fame of Byron, Moore, Wordsworth and Scott. Amid the trumpet tones of their sounding verse, his pure melodies stole into life, and found their way into a nation's heart, and into a nation's love. Without genius so great, or so profound as theirs, he has yet married to immortal verse sweet thoughts and noble emotions—patriotism, beauty, truth, affection. The external works of nature had for him endless charms and ravishments. To him, the earth was veiled and mantled in beauty, and, to use his own fine figure, "the walls that close the universe with crystal in" were eloquent with echoes of music and voices, proclaiming beauties and powers—

"Unfading beauties and unyielding powers."

The everbending sky, the green-rested earth, the tempest swinging wood, the singing of birds, the sweetness of flowers, the parting day and returning dawn, were to him a passion and an appetite. He loved them with a poet's love.

With man he mingled but little. To the great world of pleasure and business he never entered. For ten years he lived in the strictest seclusion—his most intimate friends could scarcely obtain access to him; he refused all social intercourse, and was pronounced insane. It was not until driven by a celestial mandate, that he emerged from his retreat, and assumed the employment that brought him to the west. He here entered upon his duties, but his distaste for society abided with him. He prosecuted his searches alone with nature, its eternal forms and profound mysteries. He explored them with the eye of poetry and the pen of science. The one invested them with beauty, the other with utility, and in his results the loveliness and the use of the world walked hand in hand. The flower on which the dew-drops shone had for him poetical delight. The rock which concealed sunless treasures had for him more than scientific interest. The petals of the blossom were to him a curious laboratory, where sunlight and shower, warmth and winds, hidden causes and skyey influences, where a beautiful and wondrous chemistry were outvieing the dreams of the alchymist, and transmuting to color and perfume and sweetness the common earth from which it grew. The thunder smitten boulder carried his mind far back through unregistered centuries, to when its now impenetrable mass was yielding clay, through which insects and tiny monsters roamed at will, and left their forms in enduring petrefaction for the study of mankind, after a millennium of ages had passed away, after the deluge had transported it to a distant land, and successive races of men had become extinct around it. In him, the poet and naturalist were so curiously blended, that the lines of each were interwoven through all his large and polished mind.

Woman, however lovely and worthy, as such, was never the object of his passion or song. But he nurtured in his lonely heart a dear and sweet ideal, unlike any woman that ever lived, but combining the virtues of all women that ever lived; and his creative fancy invested it with a thousand other graces and beauties—with odor from spring, with color from flowers, or the glowing dawn, with the warmth of summer, and with the life and light of a poet's dream. Soft traces of that angelic idea float along his sweetest lines, and left a radiance and softness in his sunken eye. None but a poet can know the anguish that tortures a poet's heart. None but a poet can know the beauties and delights that intermit his torture—the extremes of his grief and gladness—the glimmer and the gloom in which his spirit reposes. His is the vision, the joy and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth.

The most of us that knew Dr. PERCIVAL did not know him till he came to the west. He was then far past his prime. His appearance bore the tokens of extreme poverty. His step was uncertain and slow. His form was bent, and his aspect that of extreme dejection.

In the pursuit of his public duties, however, his ardor was great. He devoted to them unwearied industry and zeal. He formed here a circle of admiring friends, with some of whom he became as intimate as his retiring nature would permit. It is to them a congratulation that the sum set apart by our State for the encouragement of science, was so worthily bestowed, and that it furnished to one of the finest scholars of the age, the comforts of his last years, and the means of livelihood, when they were most needed.

Around the tombs of such as he, it is no weakness to mourn. Nor do we mourn alone. Wherever science has a devotee, or learning is reverenced, the death of PERCIVAL has been felt as a personal calamity. And a grander chorus of sorrow than ours will ascend. Grander forms will bow in grief and swell the profound lament. For we are not untruly told to

"Call it not in vain: they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say to tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distill;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

Mr. President, I move the appointment of a committee to report resolutions expressive of our sentiments upon this melancholy occasion.

"Class in middle aged geography, stand up. What is a pyramid?"

"A pile of men in a circus, one on top o' t'other."

"Where is Egypt?"

"Where it allers was."

"Where is that, you young vagabond, you?"

"Dunno, sir."

"Go down to the foot. Next, what is a bay?"

"A bay, sir, is a vast body of still water, bounded by numerous capes, highlands and promontories, with only the outlet to the sea, sir."

A BLUNDER IN HIGH LIFE.

The most capital illustration of successful and impurturbable assurance we ever read, is the following extract from a work just published in France, entitled "L'Inde Contemporaine," by F. D. Lanoye:

When Lord H——, the recently appointed Governor of Madras, was going out to India, he found at Suez, comfortably installed in the best state-room of the steamer, a Frenchman, whose beating, costume and language realized the conventional type of the perfect gentleman, irreproachably shod, gloved, barbered and cravated, wearing immaculate linen and putting on for every meal an entire new dress of the latest cut, and marked by the finest taste. If he were travelling without a suite, and had entered on the register only his first name, it was without doubt because he had good reasons for preserving an incognito—political reasons, perhaps. And if from the enormous mass of his baggage he might have been supposed to be a travelling clerk on his way to the east with samples of all the fabrics of Paris, his pithy conversation, the gravity of his manner, and his dignified reserve, sometimes slightly ironical upon the productions of the kitchen and cellar of the purser, disposed of this supposition as promptly as did the crown of an earl which was borne upon each of his numerous trunks.

Besides, he spoke understandingly of the *alons* of London and Paris, of the balls of Lord C——, the entertainments of Earl W——, and the dinners of Baron R——, giving such details that it was impossible not to suppose that he had taken a prominent part in them, and more than that, a few words, carelessly let fall in his conversation, induced the supposition that he had lived on intimate terms with Lord Dalhousie, the Governor General of India, who was then expecting him at Calcutta. All these data, compared, computed and commented upon by the restless curiosity of his fellow travellers, Christians, and Lord H——, first of all, to conclude that this mysterious personage must be a commissioner, sent by the French Government to its establishments in India, or at least the Governor of Chandernagore.

This point being once settled, the stranger naturally became a lion, the centre of observation and attraction of the little coterie of the cabin. Lord H—— proclaimed him to be without a rival at whist, and would have no other partner, and thought himself perfectly happy when he could see seated on his right side at table a man who, on the first inspection, relentlessly reduced to the lowest degrees of the vinous hierarchy wines which were presented to him as the product of his most favorite soils. This Frenchman was in fact a universal genius. At the concert in the evening, at the very moment even, when on the quarter-deck he exchanged grave political remarks on men and things in Europe with Lord H., he would carelessly approach the musicians to correct a discordant note, or to approve, by patronizing gestures a difficult passage victoriously surmounted.

About the tea table he wore the same masterly condescension, not even disdaining to give his advice in relation to the best method of making the precious beverage, and he seemed to be as well acquainted as Robert Fortune himself with the varieties of the aromatic plant. Happy, then, the young miss who was intrusted with the delicate functions of Hebe, if she succeeded in exchanging for a smile approbation the sweetest cup and the toast which she had artistically prepared for this privileged mortal; for, although it must be said that he had evidently doubled Cape Forty, he might still be called a handsome man, and they were almost certain that he was unmarried.

So he reigned king of fashion on the steamer from Suez to Ceylon, where he excused himself from an invitation to dinner sent him by the Governor of that Island, alleging that he was indisposed, from Ceylon to Madras, where Lord H—— attempted in vain to induce him to remain, and at parting expressed his regret and esteem with such energy that he nearly broke three of his fingers; and from Madras to Calcutta, where his fellow-travelling friends were stupefied with horror to learn that he, whose influence they had all sought for, whose ease they had admired, whose manners they had applauded; whose regard, whose smiles and preference they had been intriguing to gain, was none other than a clever French cook, whom Lord Dalhousie was importing to take charge of his ranges.

One must be an Englishman to comprehend and describe the confusion of the voluntary dupes of this mystification. When I was in Calcutta and Madras, it was the topic of conversation in all European *salons*; people were talking about it, and perhaps are still, more in a spirit of sadness than of jest; and I am sure that in all India no man but Lord Dalhousie would have dared to laugh over it heartily.

A "Killing" Widow.

MRS. —— was a pretty widow of twenty-eight, left rich by her husband, a respectable and wealthy farmer of S. in the county of Oakland, who judiciously died at the age of fifty.—A sighing swain of twenty, fell in love with this charming widow during a school vacation, and was thereby distracted from study and nearly frantic. His father, who "designed him for the ministry," had a peculiar horror of the sweet widow, whom he regarded as little better than one of the wicked. Her black eyes, her heaving bosom, and her elastic tread, were to him only the symbols of Old Nick.

He was in despair, and in his despair he visited the widow, and besought of her, if she had a particle of mercy, not to ruin his son. In vain the widow protested that she had used no arts—had only seen the youth a few times, and was entirely indifferent to him; the father still insisted, and the pretty widow promised that if the boy came again to see her, it should be his last visit.

Not many days passed, when the enamored youth made his arrangement for a visit, of which the widow had notice. The few previous interviews had taken place under circumstances peculiarly favorable to romance and sentiment, upon moonlit vales, or in a parlor *tete a tete*. This time the timid youth was told that Mrs. B—— was at the barn, whither he went, and found his *belle ideal* with skirts knee high, dressed in a man's boots, and covered with a man's hat, *a pipe in her mouth*, a mug of cider in her hand, superintending her men—*killing hogs*. He never came again—it was too *killing!*

THE PIG AND THE MOCKING BIRD.—Mr. Gosse, in the History of the Birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all his might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in an agony of distress, pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give it up.

DEATH OF A SPECKLE-ATOR.—A singular genius died in Framingham one day week before last.—He had been all his life trying hard to discover something which would take the specks off of goose eggs.—he being an abominator of freckles, and thinking that the geese-eggs of the present day placed the goslins in danger of having freckled faces.—*Boston Post.*

A Yankee describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry!"

The Yankee who was lying at the point of death, whittled it off, and is now recovering.

A Scrap of History.

In looking over Capefigure's last work, "Louis XVI, ses relations diplomatiques avec l'Europe, l'Inde, l'Amerique," &c., a passage struck me as likely to afford some entertainment for the readers of the *Intelligencer*, and with that object I have translated it and enclose it to you:

THE EXTRACT.

Before the fall of the Choiseul Ministry, agents had been sent to Boston and Philadelphia for the purpose of observing the dissatisfaction of the colonists already shown in their resistance of the stamp act. In India alliances with Hyder Ali, the father of Tippoo Saib, were leading the way to an insurrection against the immense establishment of the company. The highly agitated condition of the English colonies appeared more serious when the spirit and character of those by whom the standard was raised was taken into view. The two leaders placed at the head of the insurrection, the one to direct military operations, the other to conduct negotiations, were admirably calculated to meet every difficulty. The one, George Washington, raised by acclamation to the rank of commander-in-chief, had already exercised command in war, with that combination of coolness and judgment which, in the decision of a question, always arrives at definite conclusions and perseverence in their accomplishment. Benjamin Franklin, a man of great activity, had raised himself from a very humble condition to a certain degree of elevation by means of real science and education. Franklin united an appearance of modesty with a desire for fame and éclat. His demure looks, together with his calm and deliberate manner, made a great impression upon the multitude; his words, though often very commonplace, were uttered, like those of the Delphic oracle, at long intervals; moreover, he was very shrewd and discerning with regard to the interests of his country and of his own reputation, thoroughly acquainted with France, where all charlatanry is successful. A strong and determined resolution had just been taken by the American insurgents. Victory having crowned the first efforts of the colonists against Gen. Gage and Gen. Howe, the Americans were emboldened, and the provinces, in Congress assembled, had proclaimed the republican principles drawn from the writings of the Abbe Raynel and of Rousseau. Congress was thoroughly imbued with the prevailing spirit of the people. At the very beginning of the insurrection the insurgents, under pretext of advancing commercial interests, had sent to France Mr. Deane, an influential member of Congress; but he not being a person of sufficient reputation or influence, it was resolved to dispatch Franklin on a sort of embassy connected with the Academy of Sciences, in correspondence with all the philosophers of renown.—Mr. Franklin could not fail to make a certain impression in Paris. Courted on all sides, he became the fashion. His Quaker costume, his linen, which looked so purely white under his drab coat; his forehead, bald and broad, without a wig; his slow and deliberate speech; the retirement to which he condemned himself in the village of Passy, all contributed to his renown.—His air of good nature concealed extreme shrewdness. He had discovered that in France a man must keep himself continually *before the public* if he desired to influence public opinion, and this he did not fail to do.

Singular Case---Supposed Clue to the Murder on the Canal in 1839.

It will be recollected by most of our citizens, says the *Alexandria Sentinel*, of the 10th instant, that on the 9th of March, succeeding the inauguration of President Taylor, the dead body of a white man was found on the tow-path of the Alexandria Canal, near Arlington, and an inquest held on the occasion by Coroner White, resulted in the verdict that the deceased came to his death by the inflicting of wounds on the neck by a knife or dagger in the hands of some person or persons unknown.

The body was brought into town, and remained some days in the jail yard. The neck was laid open from the nape to the jugular vein; the deceased was a man of apparently 35 or 40 years of age, light complexion, brown hair, and had on a drab sack coat and dark pantaloons. Thrust in his bosom was a large knife stained with blood; but nothing was found to indicate his name or residence.

Soon after his arrival here his body was recognized by a relative, (who fainted on seeing the corpse) as that of Thomas W. Hoye, of Nottingham, Prince George's County, Maryland. Notice was sent