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The Planters' Advocate.

"TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

By THOMAS J. TURNER. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Touching Story.

The Deserter's Mother.

BY H. J. VERNON.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half-savage, half-civilized part of Burgundy, known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades ever spoke of him as a "tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his colonel, in which he applied for a leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added, that his father being seventy years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The colonel's reply to Pierre's application was that as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained.

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; then a second letter was received by the colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying that he could not state his reason for this request—it was a family secret—but earnestly imploring the colonel not to deny him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! the regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pierre.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said, "Why do you not speak man, are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that, in less than a week, you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news—nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart for your news, which I consider very good."

"I thought you would," said the officer.

"But, captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence the very day before taking the field!"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are, then, on the point of taking the field, and at such a time, I suppose, leave is not given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."

"And you will do well," replied the captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany, and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphant entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of gensd'armes.

A court-martial was immediately called.—Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at that very moment when his regiment was to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried: "Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army; you, on whose breast the star of honor yet glitters; you, who never incurred punishment or even censure from your officers; you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you!—This motive the court demands of you, for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it ought not, perhaps, either to do or desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered: "I have deserted without any motive; I do not repent. If it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve death—pass the sentence."

Pierre Pitois heard the sentence read with the most unflinching gaze. He was warmly urged to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed. He was carried back to the military prison, and it was announced to him that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

In the middle of the night on which was to dawn the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed on which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping, and after gazing on him a short time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him said: "The hour, then, has come at last!"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

"And what do you want with me until then?"

"Dost thou know me, Pierre? No matter, I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz—and bravely did'st thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival in Strasburg, I learned thy crime and condemnation. I have prevailed on the gaoler, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee. And now that I have come I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a bad thought for a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with him some secret commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou will accept me, I will be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre.

"Why, hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What? not one word of adieu to thy sweet-heart—to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart? a sister? I never had either?"

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms!"

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated, "my mother! Ah, comrade, do not utter that name, for I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart—without feeling melted like a child; and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

"The tears would come—and tears do not become a man. Tears!" continued he—"tears, when I have but a few hours to live!" Ah! there would not be much courage in that?"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people, and yet I would not be ashamed of weeping, were I to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You a man, a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother! Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you, and you love her? Oh! then I may indeed tell you all. My heart is full—it must have vent; and, however strange my feelings appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then, for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart into which he can pour out his own. Will you listen to me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that since I came into this world I ever loved but one being—that being was my mother. But her I loved as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy.—While yet a babe I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweet-heart or wife; I never had a friend; my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take up arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose—

"'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go; it is my wish.'

"I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.'

"'Pierre,' she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil.—Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls thee—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own. It is thy country's. If its interest demands it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears; but I should say, *He gave and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!* Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.'

"Oh! how precious those holy words; I have never forgotten them—'Do thy duty,' she said. Now, the duty of a soldier was always, and in all things, to obey; and always and in all things I obeyed. It was to go straight forward—to face danger without hesitation—without second thought; and I went straight forward—faced danger without hesitation—without a second thought. Those who saw me thus seek, as it were, to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!' One day a letter brought me the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother! I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me; at any risk I determined to travel to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, and as she loves you, and you love her, you will understand me. We peasants of Morvan are simple and confiding race. We have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the town folks call superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, I have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now, one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower which blows in the grave mould, such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear, how sweet! With it death hath no terrors—for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep and calm repose after a long toil.—That flower—I panted to see it bud—I panted to gather it! I abandoned my post, and went on my way. After ten days of long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet afresh—no flower. I waited. Six weeks elapsed, and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'Forget-me-not.' As I plucked it I shed glad tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near, and under the form of a flower, had given herself to my heart once more. There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—'do thy duty!' I sought the *gensd'armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter, arrest me.' And now I am to die; and if, as you assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do me the only service I require. The flower, which at the risk of my life, I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me.—It is the link which unites me to my mother; and if I thought it would be broken—oh! I should not have the courage to die. Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise!" said the officer.

"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart. You are very kind to me; and if Almighty God were in his Omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They arrived at the place of execution, and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmur that ran through the ranks changed into almost deafening shouts.

"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and then, with his short, quick step, he walked up to the condemned.

"Pierre," said he to him.

Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. The officer who had visited his cell was the Emperor himself.

"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! she, too, is a kind mother! Love her as thou did'st thy first—thine own."

To Make a Pretty Spectacle.—Hand to some pretty girl, who has an expressive countenance and knows enough to appreciate a good joke, a newspaper or book containg one. In order to make the effect as perfect as possible, the witty paragraph should be of moderate length, requiring a couple of minutes or such a matter for its perusal, and should excite no suspicions of its risible character till it explodes in fun at the close. Direct the attention of your female subject to the mirthful article, and steal glances at her as she reads it. The transition from the quiet gravity of her face, as she goes over the more prosy part of the composition, to the sudden flash of mirth as she reaches the point, makes one of the prettiest spectacles of nature; much prettier than the fat woman, the big snake, the two-headed calf, the living skeleton, or the Kentucky giant. If you should be lucky enough to serve two pretty girls in the same way at the same time, then you will have *a pair of spectacles!*

A day or two ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarreling in the street. The broad-brimmed friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the sentence with an oath. "Stop friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."

Lessing, the German philosopher, being absent-minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant, looking out of the window and not recognizing him, said: "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," said Lessing, composedly walking away, "I shall call another time."

I have heard a woman of the world say: "The state of widowhood is inconvenient; for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance.

Selected Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

What You'd Better Do, Jenny Marsh.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Break your heart for Archie Dean?
Jenny Marsh, Jenny Marsh,
Break your heart for Archie Dean?
Not a bit!
'Tis the very thing he's after.
He would say to Kitty Carol,
With a careless, mocking laughter,
"Here's a pretty little chit
Who has died for love of me.
'Tis a pity—
But what is a man to do,
When the girls best him so?
If he gives a nosegay here,
If he calls another 'dear'?
If he warbles to a third
A love ditty—
Why, the darling little innocents,
They take it all to heart.
A-lack-a-day!
Ah! she was a pretty maiden;
A little too fond-hearted—
Eyes a little too love-laden—
But, really, when we parted—
Well, she died for love of me,
Kitty Carol?" Don't you see
You're giving him to Kitty
Just as sure as sure can be?
'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
By slyly showing to her,
What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.
And for all the pretty prating
Of a woman's "deathless loving,"
And her ever "faithful proving,"
And her "womanly devotion,"
I've a very wicked notion,
That to carry off the one
Whom Mary here is sighing for,
And Fanny there is dying for,
Is nearly half the happiness,
And more than half the fun!

Now, if I were a man,
Jenny Marsh, Jenny Marsh;
If I only were a man
For a day—
(I'm a woman, so I can't
Always do just what I want;)
But if I were a man, I would say:
"Archie Dean, go to thunder!
What's the use of sighs, I wonder?
Your oaths, and vows, and mutterings
Are awfully profane.
He away to Kitty Carol,
Your loss is but a gain.
Aren't there ladies enough a-swimming
Just as luscious every way
As those that hissed and sputtered
In the saucepan yesterday?"

But Jenny, charming Jenny,
You're a tender little woman,
And I can't expect you'll say what is
So shockingly inhuman;
And, besides, you'll never dare,
You little witch, to swear
But, when you're at the fair,
Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
Because, perhaps, you'll rue it.
And don't you dance too merrily,
Because he may see through it.
And don't put on airs at all
You're mortally offended;
'Twill be a feather in his cap,
And then your game is ended.
And if, with Kitty on his arm,
You meet him on the green,
Don't agonize your pouting lips
With "Mr. Arthur Dean."

But every throb of pride or love
Be ready to spring
As if your intercourse with him
Were but the merest trifle.
And make believe, with all your might,
You do not care a feather
For all the Carols in the world,
And Archie Deans together.
Take this advice, and get him back,
My darling—if you can;
But if you can't—why, right about,
And take another man!

Selected Miscellany.

A MARVELOUS CONJURER.

Ordinary "magicians" would feel rather nervous at the idea of undertaking the remarkable feats recited below. We must remark, however, that as regards the performance mentioned last in the following article, it does not appear to have been altogether original with him. It is related of Cagliostro, that having displeased Frederick, and receiving an order to leave Berlin, he went out in a coach at six through each of the six principal gates of the city at the same instant of time—exactly twelve, m. All the gate-keepers knew him, and testified to having seen him depart that identical moment.

The Russians have long exhibited a remarkable taste for juggling and all that smacks of the marvelous. Conjurors, professors of natural magic, ventriloquists, and the entire race of mountebanks, who in France and England astonish the gaping crowds at races and country fairs, ever find a ready welcome and liberal encouragement among the higher classes in the Russian cities. About the beginning of the present century, a species of Cagliostro, or rather a superior kind of Wizard of the North, made his appearance at St. Petersburgh, and astonished the natives by his marvelous performances. His name was Pirnetti, and his fame is yet retained in the memory of those who have witnessed his unrivaled talents.

The Czar Alexander, having heard Pirnetti much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him, and one day it was announced to the conjurer that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met, but the conjurer was absent. Surprised and displeased, the Czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Pirnetti had not only failed in not being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was not more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour and no Pirnetti! Messengers who had been sent in search of him returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations.

At length, after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front and the serenity of one who had nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was greatly displeased; but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied, with the greatest coolness: "Did not your Majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the Czar, at the height of exasperation.

"Well, then," said Pirnetti, "let your Majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock."

The Czar, pulling out his watch violently, in order to confound what he considered a downright piece of insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock! He looked at the clock of the saloon, which had been twenty times consulted during the space that the assembly were kept waiting; the clock also marked and struck seven o'clock! In turn the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found as usual exactly regulated by that of their sovereign.—Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord all the clocks and watches of the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifested in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration.—Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him: "Your Majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious truth is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell it to you, sir. If you will consult it now, you will find that it marks the real time."

The Czar once more drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight—the same ratification had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in the clocks of the palace.—This exploit was followed by others equally amusing and surprising. At the close of the performances, the Czar, after having complimented Pernetti, brought back to his remembrance that, in the course of the evening's amusements, he had declared that such was the power of his art, that he could penetrate everywhere.

"Yes, sire, everywhere," replied the conjurer, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sir, even into the apartment of your Majesty, quite as easily as I should enter into my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well then," said the Czar, "at mid-day tomorrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusement—one thousand roubles. Come and fetch them. But I forwarn you that the doors shall be carefully closed and guarded."

"To-morrow at mid-day I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your Majesty," and he bowed and withdrew.

Two gentlemen of the household followed the conjurer to make sure quitted the palace; they accompanied him to his lodgings, and a number of the police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter, were he prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced—confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of brilling. In short, for greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet. A few moments previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a dispatch which a messenger had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home.

"Aha! he has found out that the undertaking is impracticable, and he has abandoned it," observed the Czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated, the door which communicated from the bed-room of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary silence, while fixing a suspicious look on Pirnetti, he said, "Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied, "I am only an humble conjurer, with no ambition but that of amusing your Majesty."

"Here," said the Czar, "are the thousand roubles for last night, and a thousand more for this day's visit."

Pirnetti, in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the Czar, who, with a thoughtful air, inquired of him, "Do you count on yet remaining some time in St. Petersburgh?"

"Sire," he replied, "I intend setting off this week, unless your Majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn."

"No," hastily observed the Czar, "it is not my intention to detain you; and moreover," he continued, with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburgh as easily as you have found your way into this place."

"I could do so, sire," said Pirnetti, "but far from wishing to quit St. Petersburgh stealthily or mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital, a striking example of my magical powers."

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore, he announced that he should leave St. Petersburgh the following day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit by all the city gates at the same moment. Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburgh at that time had fifteen gates, which were encompassed by a multitude eager to witness this marvellous departure.

The spectators at these various gates all declared that at ten o'clock precisely, Pirnetti, whom they all perfectly recognized, passed through. "He walked at a slow pace, and with head erect, in order to be better seen," said they, and "he bade adieu to all his friends in a clear and audible voice." These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers placed at every gate to examine the passports of travelers. The inspection of Pirnetti's passports were inscribed in the fifteen registers. Where is the wizard, whether coming from the North or South, who could perform so astonishing an exploit.

Hints for Ladies Who Wish for Impatient, Discontented Husbands.

Let your husband return home from his labors at night, and find the fire out, his tea and toast cold, and you in the parlor reading a novel.

If he tells you he fears his expenses are going before his income, and proposes to move into a smaller house, set down and cry about it. Tell him you always lived in a large house before you were married, and you think it is very cruel in him to disgrace you now in the eyes of the world by putting you in a shanty.

If you ask him for money, and he says he has a note to pay on the morrow, but promises that you shall have it as soon as he can spare it, tell him you never asked him for money in your life but he had a note to pay; and if he is willing to disgrace himself by letting his wife wear her fall bonnet in December, you are sure you don't care—you will never ask him for a cent again as long as you live.

If at the end of a few months he fails in business, don't, like a sensible woman, make the best of his misfortune, or try to help him bear his troubles by giving your sympathy, but cry as though your heart would break. Tell him that, by mismanaging his business, he has brought a dreadful disgrace upon you and your family, and he cannot reasonably expect any of your or your parents' sympathy.

Hint occasionally, before him, of how much higher position you held in society before than since your marriage.

Let him know how many new dresses Mr. So-and-so buys for his wife, and how much better he loves her than your husband does you.

If he has business to call him out in the evening, be sure to fret, when he returns, about his being out nights; and about his disliking to be at home with his family. It may have a tendency to make him like home and the society of his wife better! You can try it.

If you have little children to keep you at home, whine every time he comes into the house about being tied at home. Then, if he proposes to take you and the children out to ride, tell him you are tired half to death and don't want to ride. Very likely he will leave the house, closing the door with force enough to shake its very foundations, thinking that you may stay at home until your dying day before he will ask you to go out again.

You must find fault on every possible occasion, and tell him regularly, every day, that you do not believe there is another woman in town who has so hard a time as you; and in return you will have as impatient and as discontented a husband as can be found, and one who will come home only at eating and sleeping hours—and you may be thankful to see him then

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A man was recently arrested in Kansas for stealing a cow and a bee gum. The jury, to facilitate matters, put both charges in one indictment, and convicted him of stealing the cow. He took an appeal. The justice, in making up his docket, made out the following report of the case: "The defendant in the case found guilty; he beats us on the bee gum, but we cotch him on the cow."

The Religious Character of Washington.

The foregoing are only a few out of the many passages which pervade all the private letters and public communications of Washington, touching a special Providence. Is it too much to say, that the communications of no King, Ruler, General or Statesman in Christendom ever so abounded in expressions of pious dependance on God?—There was an habitual reliance on God which must have been connected with habitual prayer to God. Nor can we forbear to institute a comparison between the language of trust in Providence as seen in the letters or orders of Washington and those of Cromwell. Who for a moment questions the sincerity and deep feeling of Washington in all he writes? Who does not sometimes suspect at least the hypocrisy of Cromwell and revolt at his cant? Who does not see and feel that while Washington was all for his country and his God, Cromwell was sometimes seeking his own?

On one other subject, in connection with the religious character of Washington I must ask the attention of the reader. Washington in word and deed condemned duelling. Nearly all our great men have done it by word, but if they have not recommended it by deed, they have been afraid to say that they might not do so, either by giving or receiving a challenge. When a young man in Alexandria and an officer in the army, a quarrel ensued on an election day, in which he used strong and offensive language to one, who with a stick prostrated him to the ground. On the following day he sought an interview with his antagonist, when it was fully expected that another rencounter, or the preliminaries for one, would take place. Instead of this, Captain Washington, conscious of being in fault, declared that the interview was sought in order to acknowledge it. Here was the true courage of the Christian, breathed into the soul by the spirit of God. God was training up the spirit of Washington for all the subsequent trials and duties of life. In the army he, of course, discouraged and prevented this most foolish and wicked practice. M. Lafayette, in a chivalrous spirit wished to revenge some supposed insult to his country on an Englishman, who offered it, and asked leave of Washington to send a challenge. Washington consulted the matter with consummate skill, and while fully resolved not to permit it, chose rather, by a grave irony, to laugh him out of it. What an example was this set to the gentlemen and officers and public functionaries of America. How does Washington tower above those who, while acknowledging that the practice is indefensible by any laws of God or man, (and utterly opposed to them,) and condemned by common sense, and true honor and humanity, yet in a most inconsistent and cowardly manner declare that, nevertheless, such is their apprehension of public opinion that they might be induced to engage in this murderous act. To receive a blow, be felled to the earth before a crowd, and then ask pardon of the knight, the hero and victor in so many fights, would go down into the dust. The impetuous young cavaliers were not long in responding to the general expectation, and clad in full armor, with nodding plumes and gallant air, they rushed into the arena, and hurled themselves against the old chief. A long and violent conflict ensued."

Here Tom paused for some time in the narrative, until his impatient auditors exclaimed:

"What was the result? Who whipped?"

"All I can tell you further of this contest," resumed Tom, "is that, after it was over, the old Knight went to the United States Senate, and his two young assailants doffed their sanctimony—the one took to the pulpit and the other to the cup"—and, after a long, serious pause, and in a loud and emphatic tone, he added:

"Dam-me, if I haven't stuck closer to my text than Bob Breckinridge!"

A Lucky and Contented Negro.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says that there lives in that city a negro, known by the soubriquet of Lucky Dick, who never fails to be one of the prize holders at every drawing of the Havana lottery. It adds:

A quarter of a year has not yet elapsed since a lucky turn of the Havana wheel of fortune brought Dick a prize of five thousand dollars, and since then he has been specially elated, and, more than ever confident that he was born under a lucky star. Indeed, he has an idea of getting a diamond star made to represent the Divinity of Luck.

On various occasions when Lucky Dick has drawn a prize his friends have pestered him with persuasions to buy himself, or, in other words, invest a portion of his surplus fund in his own flesh and blood. But Dick applied his philosophy to the proposition, and the result of his deliberations has always been a very emphatic nay. "I'm as free as I want to be," quoth Lucky Dick; "I've a master who is kind and good to me; when I gets old, as I know I must, he'll take care of me without me botherin' my head about it, and when he dies, I'd just as soon die too.—Besides," continued Lucky Dick, "I might lose my luck if I was to fool away my money in that way, for I own myself now just as much as I ever could, and more than any body else does. I think what I please, and enjoy eatin' and sleepin', and lovin', and all that, just as much as any body ever did, and twenty times more than a good many poor white folks that I knows on, who are already gettin' turned out, because they can't pay their rent, and go beggin' about to keep themselves and children from starvin'. I knows plenty of that kind—I does."

For these and other reasons equally potent, Lucky Dick refuses to negotiate either for the freedom of himself his wife, or his son. Instead, however, he furnishes them with costly apparel and luxuries, which appeal to the eye and appetite. In his vest pocket he wears a watch, which cost him $110, and for his wife he purchased a gold watch and chain, which stood him in $120; while the dresses of himself, his wife and son on Sunday are in the very height of fashion.

The man who pushes aside the paper with his first sip of coffee, and says, "there is nothing in it," and who turns up his nose at typographical blunders, might find a profitable exercise in trying to make a paper of his own some morning, and then get the candid opinion of his friends upon its merits.

When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.

A wife full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next his heart. The balm of a thousand such flowers would be a cure for all diseases.

If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money spent foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

A dog, which had lost a whole litter, was seen yesterday trying to poke a piece of crape through the handle of the door of one of the sausage shops of this city.

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep.

Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money." We are in excellent condition to be experimented on.

A model husband—he who, instead of pulling cracker bon-bons with the pretty young ladies at an evening party, fills his pockets with them to take them home to his wife.

Vice President Breckinridge.

John C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States, is a nephew of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D. D., of Kentucky. The reverend uncle of the Vice President is a great controversialist, splendid debater, and, if he had followed the law instead of the gospel, would have led Senates as he has the Church. So much is the said uncle given to discussion that he would be a fighting parson if he were not a praying one. It so happened, a few years ago, that the uncle and the nephew were both candidates for office—not the same office—in the same district, at the same time. The Doctor was up for the Convention to amend the Constitution, and John C. was running for the Legislature. They were candidates of opposite parties, and were, therefore, in danger of coming into collision. One day they were on the stump together, and the reverend Doctor took occasion to depreciate all feelings of hostility between himself and his nephew, who, he said, was always successful in obtaining whatever office he sought; and mentioning several instances in illustration, he added: "And during the war with Mexico, a regiment was raised in Kentucky, and as soon as it was known that Mr. Breckinridge was appointed to its command, the Mexicans made peace!" Young Breckinridge did not wait for his turn, but exclaimed at once: "If uncle Robert had been appointed, they would have been fighting till this time."

Those who know the parties, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, will appreciate the above as a very characteristic story. It suggests to us a hit at the reverend Doctor by Tom Marshall, which is equally good with that of the Vice President. Tom was discoursing on his favorite theme—the greatness of Henry Clay; his transcendant eloquence and unconquerable heroism. Many attempts, he said, had been made to supplant Old Hal in the confidence and love of Kentucky, and some of them under formidable auspices, but they all ended in giving him a higher, stronger, and firmer hold on the affections of the people. One of these assaults on Old Hal he had special reasons to remember:—

"When Mr. Clay was at the meridian of his greatness, there came forward on the public arena, in Kentucky, two young natives of the State who were regarded as very brilliant, promising young men; they had inherited talents of a very high order, and had cultivated them assiduously; they had enjoyed the advantages of the best schools and teachers the country could afford. They were both regarded as eloquent speakers, sound logicians, vigorous controversialists. The opponents of Old Hal looked to these two promising and gifted young men as the champions before whose strong arms and well-poised lances the brave old knight, the hero and victor in so many fights, would go down into the dust. The impetuous young cavaliers were not long in responding to the general expectation, and clad in full armor, with nodding plumes and gallant air, they rushed into the arena, and hurled themselves against the old chief. A long and violent conflict ensued."

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Hints to Horticulturists.

From the Southern Planter for April

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

SALT FOR ASPARAGUS.

Asparagus is very much improved by an application of salt as a top-dressing. The plant feeds on it to a considerable extent, but, what is perhaps the chief benefit, the saline particles, mixing with the earth of the beds, keep it moist, a most important consummation. Old fish salt, which can be procured of almost any retail grocer, at a small cost, will answer for this purpose as well as any other, but it will pay well to buy coarse alum salt, where the other and cheaper cannot be procured. Any person can satisfy himself of the economy of this application by trying it.

CUTTING ASPARAGUS.

During the month of April, the Asparagus begins to come forward, and we take time by the forelock to give some hints concerning the proper mode of cutting. None should be cut from a plantation until it is three years old, and from those only the larger stalks. In cutting from old plantations care must be taken not to cut too deep. In general the stalk should be cut off two or three inches above the crown of the root. Otherwise, it often happens that the buds upon the crown of the root, which are to furnish the future supplies of stalks, are much injured, if not entirely destroyed.

MANGEL WURZEL AND SUGAR BEETS.

These beets are cultivated for cattle and not for table use. To be cultivated to advantage they must be put on very rich, light land, and if the farmer has not such land for them, he had better leave them alone altogether. If he has such land, then let him plant as early as convenient in April, in rows not less than two feet apart, so that they can be worked with the plough. When they come up and have grown to be six or eight inches high they require to be thinned, so as to stand about ten inches apart, or even more widely; and while thus thinning them, those that are removed can be used to supply vacancies, caused by the failure of seed to germinate. In some parts of the country these roots form a staple crop, and are highly valued as food for all kinds of cattle.

TRANSPLANTING CABBAGE.

Often when cabbage plants are removed from the beds where they were raised to the garden square, a large portion die, and in a few days the gardiner must re-set the square with other plants, and this has occurred so frequently that most persons have concluded that it is inevitable. Many will doubt when we tell them that it is wholly their fault that every plant does not live. Yet such is the fact. It results from two errors which are easily avoided. One is, that in drawing the plants the roots are broken, and the other, from keeping out of the ground too long, until it becomes more or less dry. The gardiner, instead of having the land prepared fully before he takes up the plant, and going through the whole process of drawing and planting in a few minutes, often draws the plants, then lays off the ground, and then drops every plant where it is to be put, before he begins to set the first one, and by the time he gets to the last they are hopelessly injured. Sometimes, we have seen such instances, the plants are lying thus on the ground, exposed to the heat of the sun, for hours before they are planted.—If they grew afterwards it would be very wonderful.

The plan which we have pursued for many years seems to us to be far more reasonable, and certainly is much more successful, than that usually followed in this region. We prepare the land thoroughly first of all, and then lay it off before a plant is drawn from the bed. Some hours before the plants are drawn, water is applied freely to the beds in which the plants are growing, to soften the earth, so that the plants can be taken without breaking the roots. The plants are then carefully drawn and taken at once to the spots where they are to be planted. There, meantime, a mud puddle has been made, by scraping away the soil and pouring down water, and mixing all therewith until a tolerably thick mud has been formed, into which the root of each plant is immersed. A considerable portion of mud will adhere to the root, and then as quickly as possible they are planted. The result of this mode of planting is, that a plant rarely ever fails to grow off at once and flourish vigorously, and, unless the worms or insects attack the plants, we never have occasion to re-set cabbage plants.

ANNUALS, BIENNIALS, PERENNIALS.

The month of April is the proper time for sowing all annual, biennial, and perennial flower seed. These terms embrace a very large and very well known class of plants, such as China Asters, Mignonnette, Larkspur, Venus' Looking Glass, and others too numerous for mention. Many of these varieties sow themselves, by which we mean the plant scatters its seed in the soil without human intervention. Whenever this is the case, it is advisable to give these seeds thus sown by the plants sufficient time to germinate, as they produce much better flowers than those obtained from the seed store, or saved by the gardiner. Persons often destroy these by spading up the flower plat too early. Mignonnette has to be resown always, as the seeds are tender and rarely survive the extreme cold of the winter, and it is so delightful that no person who pretends to cultivate flowers at all, should be without it.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Every other year the Chrysanthemums should be taken up and divided into small pieces, and then replanted. They do not thrive well when this is neglected. They are gross feeders, and should be planted in an extremely rich soil. April is the month for planting them.

DAHLIAS.

This beautiful class of plants has always been a favorite and well deserves its repute, and ought to be planted, part now for early flowers, and others later in the year for late flowers. By a little judicious management they can be kept blooming throughout a considerable part of the year.

Some persons fail to raise dahlias for want of a little information as to the mode of dividing them. Attached to the root, or more properly to the bottom of the stalk, are tubers like those of the potato. Sometimes ignorant persons cut off these tubers and plant them, and are surprised that they do not grow. The error lies here; the tubers, it will be observed, are joined to the stalk by a *neck*, much smaller than the tubers. It is that neck which produces the plants, and not the tubers. Now in dividing for planting, the neck may be cut into as many pieces as there are sprouts upon it, and wherever a piece with a sprout attached is properly planted, a dahlia will be produced. The dahlia, kept in a moderately warm place, will sprout just as the potato does, and, when this sprouting has taken place, there can be no difficulty in dividing them as we have directed.

VERBENAS.

Of all the summer flowering plants these are perhaps the most grateful. They are pretty, and some have a most delicious odor. There are, in all, about twenty species, all of which flourish in the open air. They are, however, too well known to need description. They should be planted in April. They flourish well