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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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Original Poetry.

For the Planters' Advocate.

THEE.

BY HELEN ST. CLYDE.

When the gladsome sunlight streameth
On joyous day—
When the loving moonlight gleameth
With tender ray—
When the night her mantle girdleth
O'er earth and sea,
And with shade the world encircleth,—
I think of THEE.

When the golden Autumn cometh
To bless our store,—
When the chilling Winter gloameth
And iceth o'er,—
When the merry Springtime bringeth
Birdling and bee,—
Or the Summer zephyr singeth,
I sigh for THEE.

Oh come, my Idol, fondly cherished!
And cheer my woe,
For all other hopes have perished
Long long, ago.
Come! and let none other sever
Thy heart from me;
Oh come!—for now and still forever
I wait for THEE.

OAK GROVE, *May* 1857.

A LYRIC.

ONE OF HEINRICH HEINE'S STRANGE AND WILD, BUT POETICAL FANCIES, TRANSLATED BY LELAND.

My heart, my heart is weary,
Yet merrily beams the May;
And I lean against the linden,
High up on the terrace gray.

The town moat far below me
Runs silent, and sad, and blue;
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture
Spreads out beyond the flood;
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
And cattle, and meadow and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen,
They laugh as they go and come;
And the mill wheel is dripping with diamonds,
I list for its far away hum.

And high on yon old gray castle
A sentry box peeps o'er;
While a young red coated soldier
Is pacing beside the door.

He handles his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red:
He halts, presents, and shoulders—
I wish that he'd shoot me dead.

National Affairs.

CALEB CUSHING ON "MANIFEST DESTINY" AND AMERICAN PROGRESS.

On his recent return to Newburyport, (Mass.,) CALEB CUSHING, that wonderful "man of all work," was publicly received by his fellow-citizens, and made a very remarkable and brilliant speech, which has attracted considerable attention. We extract a portion relating to the mission of the United States. After speaking of the settlement of California and Oregon, and the great expanse of the Mississippi Valley, open to population, he says:

Is not that manifest destiny? Is not that a providential mission? Is not that one of the steps in the "march, march, march" of the Union which, when suggested by me, on a former occasion, as what the Union had perforce to do, was taken to be the personation of some awful monster, shaking forth pestilence and death from its horrid hair! Aye, in this pioneer colony of Massachusetts, doubted with Plymouth, on the very rock of Plymouth itself, where a free compact of self-government first found a footstand on earth, and from which point, together with the coevel starting point of Jamestown, there moved the two parallel columns of emigration which commenced America's march—at that very place, a good and honored friend of mine felt called upon to protest against my suggestion of the onward "march, march, march" of the advancing hosts of civilization, liberty and power which follow the westward flight of the eagle of the Union. I stand to my thought. I reiterate it. I stick to the purpose which brought my forefather, John Cushing, from Hingham in England to Hingham in Massachusetts. I say that every ship-load of colonists which came in the beginning to Virginia and to Massachusetts, and each one of us their descendents, who are but moving on with an acceleration of the original impetus which they gave us, and every ship-load from Ireland and Germany, all and each one of us are but the humble ministers of God, appointed to occupy, to cultivate, and to civilize America. It is oppression seeking to be freedom. It is want demanding to be want no longer. It is the strong man, without air and without room, and determined to have them or die gallantly in the struggle for them. It is the irrepressible expansion of the over-compressed human energies. It is the exodus of the nations. It is the outpouring of the too-full blood of the Old World into the all-capacious veins of the New World. *It is the foundation in America of Republican empires to outcount in numbers and outvie in strength the parent States of Europe. I say that is the work appointed of God for us to do, and, with the blessing of God upon us, that work we will do.* If rivers run across our path, we will bridge them; if mountains rise up to stop us, we will tunnel them; if deserts appear, we will reclaim and cultivate them; if oceans intervene, we will navigate them, to which last end, so long as there is an oak left upon the earth, gallant ships shall continue to be launched into the waters of this our Merrimac. No material obstacle can arrest our progress. We woo fair nature which lies before us, and we woo it as its conqueror, like the vi-kings of old time winning their brides of the sea in open combat.

I say this in the same confidence of conviction as one who, seeing the sun set forth from the portals of the East, may speak of its onward course to the West. For time was when the United States were but weak little Colonies of England, scattered along the sea-shore. Then they overflowed the Alleghanies into the Valley of the Mississippi. Next they absorbed the vast domain of France from Lake Superior all around to the Gulf of Mexico, and westward to Oregon. Next they possessed themselves of the two Floridas, and then of Texas. And finally they have marched on through New Mexico into remote California. But in our conquest of nature with our stalwart arms, and with our dauntless hearts to back them, it happens that men, nations, races, may, must, will, *perish before us. That is inevitable.* There can be no change for the better save at the expense of that which is—one generation gives place to another. Out of decay springs fresh life. The tribes of Indians who hunted over the land, without occupying it, retire before us like the hunted deer and buffalo themselves,—deeper and deeper into the innermost recesses of the Continent. And the Hispano Mexicans, wasting away by apparent incapacity of self-government, are suffering one province after another of theirs to relapse into pristine desolation, and thus to become prepared to receive the people and the laws of the United States. All that is now history. Yet, wise men saw long before that so it was to be. From the present they inferred the future, and spoke of it with the positiveness and precision of inspired prophecy.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Of this a most remarkable proof is to be found in the secret memoir, but recently published, which the Count of Aranda confidentially addressed to his sovereign, Charles III. of Spain, on occasion of signing, in 1783, the treaties acknowledging the independence of the United States.

"I have just concluded and signed," he says, "a treaty of peace with England, and this negotiation has left in my mind a painful sentiment. We have recognized the independence of the English Colonists, and that is to me a subject of grief and of dread. France has few possessions in America; but she ought to have remembered that Spain, her intimate ally, has many, which now remain exposed to terrible convulsions. I will not stop to examine the opinion of statesmen, as well countrymen as foreigners, who agree with me in estimation of the intrinsic difficulty of preserving our domination in America. Without entering into those considerations, it suffices merely to speak of the perils with which we are menaced, on the side of the new power just created in a part of the earth where no other power exists capable of withstanding its progress. This new federal republic has come into being a pigmy, so to speak, and in order to attain its independence has needed the support and forces of two great powers, France and Spain. The day is it hand when in those regions it will be a giant—a terrible Colossus. Then it will forget the benefits which it has received from us, and will think only of its aggrandisement. The liberty of conscience—the facility of establishing new populations in immense territories, and the peculiar advantages held forth by the new Government, will attract thither cultivators and artizans of all nations, since men rush in pursuit of fortune; and thus, in a few years, we shall witness with sorrow the menacing existence of the anticipated Colossus. The first step of this power, when it shall have grown to strength, will be to possess itself of the Floridas, in order to command the Gulf of Mexico. After having thus interposed itself in the way of commerce with New Spain, it will aspire to conquer that great empire, which it will not be possible to defend against a formidable power, established on the same continent, and, as it is more, contemptuous with it. These apprehensions are well founded, and cannot fail to be realized within a few years, unless, indeed, before then, revolutions still more disastrous should break forth in our Americas."

Is not that remarkable? The Count of Aranda saw the white cloud in the sky; when it was no bigger than a man's hand, he knew that a tempest was wrapped up in its folds; and he sought to ward off the imminent peril by constituting the Spanish Colonies at once into semi-independent monarchies, governed by vassal Spanish Princes under Charles as Emperor of Spain and the Indies, the latter retaining the immediate government only of the island of Cuba and Puerto Rico. If those provident counsels had prevailed, twenty years of revolution and of civil war would have been spared to Spanish, as by timely application of the same policy they have been to Portuguese America. Just so it was that, thirty years previously, Thomas Downall, the Royal Governor of Massachusetts, sought to anticipate the independence of the Thirteen British Colonies, by raising them to the condition of federal members of a great British union, a grand marine dominion, as he terms it—so as to bestride the Atlantic, with one foot of the Colossus resting on Europe and the other on America. If the far-speaking views of either Thomas Pownall or the Count of Aranda had been adopted, how different would be our present condition! But the wisdom of kings is nothingness and vanity, when weighed in the balance against the purposes of Providence. The Count of Aranda well knew that the results which he apprehended in regard to the Floridas and New Spain were still more certain as to Louisiana. The annexation of that province to the United States was not, as too many suppose it to have been, a mere Democratic ambition of the times of Thomas Jefferson. There is a memorable letter, addressed, years before that, by Alexander Hamilton to Harrison Gray Otis, in which Hamilton strongly expresses the longings after Louisiana entertained by the men of Washington's particular school, and avows the conviction that the possession of it is indispensable to the continuance of the Union. He did but see and feel as to Louisiana what, in similar circumstances, others, at a later day, distinctly saw and felt as to Texas, and be it now declared, as to California also, the necessary companion of Oregon.

WALKER AND AARON BURR REPUDIATED.

I pray you not to misunderstand me. I reprobate, not war itself, but all irregular enterprises of war. I hold that the great issues of peace belong to the sovereign power of the Union, and should not be wantonly usurped by individual rashness. I *glory* in the acts, which it has fallen to me to perform, towards the repression of all such undertakings in the United States, whether on the part of a *presumptuous British Minister, recruiting troops within our jurisdiction for the purpose of warfare in the Crimea, or of a reckless American adventurer, recruiting them for the purposes of plunder and bloodshed in Nicaragua.* No, let not the small man, Walker, be honored for this, on account of which the great man, Burr, was damned.

Non tali axilio, nec defensoribus istis;
Tempus egit.

The United States require no such instruments to help them forward to the consummation of their destinies in America. On the contrary, they impede us, just as Walker, without capacity or power of possible good in himself, has only served to obstruct national purposes in Mexico, in Nicaragua, in all Spanish America. And such things tend to discredit us also. Thus far, if there be, in all the annals of time, a case of a mighty nation speedily advancing to its zenith in the shining light of untarnished honor, it is these United States. So mote it be—*noblesse oblige.*—Independence of England, with our limits of original dominion intact, we achieved bravely on the field of battle, in righteous war, with Bunker Hill at the beginning of the contest, and at the close of it Saratoga and Yorktown. Our succeeding great step was Louisiana, and that came to us by the spontaneous act of our oldest—and may she never cease to be our constant—ally and friend—generous and glorious France. Followed by the Floridas—not extorted by us from Spain, but ceded to us by her, as John Quincy Adams once, with his forcible eloquence, explained in my hearing—ceded to us in fair exchange for our own province of Texas. That again returned to us of its own free will, after having been raised, through the gallantry of her sons, with Hunter and Rusk at their head, to independence of Mexico, by the same identical right that Mexico was independent of Spain.—And now California is ours, which we acquired in just war, and might have kept by the just right of war, but disdained to do so, choosing rather to hold it by the tenure of cession and of contract, with contribution of ample indemnity therefor to Mexico. I say, all that is a record of which any nation might, with good cause, be proud; and so may it be continued on hereafter in the same bright line of glory and of justice to the end.

On a wet, miserable, foggy, London day in autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days."

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I, it's a miserable day! Good bye! good bye!"

"Many," says Newton, "have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a *way to escape it;* and with this I begin and end."

Selected Miscellany.

From the Knickerbocker.

A Tale of True Love.

We publish the following with the impression that nothing, since the story of "The Seven Dragoons; or the Enchanted Princess of the Appennines," has equaled it. The author will be readily discovered in the floridness of the style and the extreme delicacy of the delineation. It will published in book form, the proceeds to be appropriated to the artificial propagation of honesty among rascals:

CHAPTER FIRST.

Treating of the persons of the story, and a few peculiarities in the plot, essential to the proper understanding of it.

Hiram Mullen and Susan Place were engaged. It had been a fixed matter for a year, and the young girls had left off setting their caps for Hiram, and Susan was beyond the aspirations of the many who had fluttered in her train.—Everybody said it would make a good match, and Hiram and Susan believed they were fully right. It was pleasant to see how prettily they got along together. The wheels of their love moved on smoothly. In speaking of her before her face, he called her the most pleasant Place that ever was known, and she, in turn, said that of all the plants that grew there was none in her eyes so fair as the Mullen. These were playful things that the intensity of their affection justified, and everybody smiled to hear them out of friendly regard for the parties. They wished to marry, but a lack of the "ready," which prudent people have an eye to—and they were prudent people, were Hiram and Susan—prevented.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Showing how Trifles may tend to interrupt the longest happiness, and what the Trifles were.

It was all about a hoop made of rattan, that was intended to go around the bottom of Susan's dress. Hiram, with a view to sport—he was such a Satan, as they all said—said he thought such a thing, to be worn by Susan, would be out of Place. Place was her name, don't you see? She blushed and pouted, and then said that all he had uttered was mere Mullen's talk, which sounded like Mullen stalk. At this he bridled up and looked grave, and she bridled up and looked serious; and then they looked away from each other.

Such mischief is there in crinoline! Would any one believe that any trifle like that would drive two souls asunder?

Hiram stood on the door-step unaccompanied, and he left the door-step with anger in his heart, with no good-night spoken, no parting kiss exchanged!

"That's my last visit to that Place," said he between his teeth. "I shall not have to endure that Mullen's talk any longer," said Susan.—And so they parted forever.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Showing how they felt about it, and what happened thereon.

The next morning Hiram noticed, as he was tying his cravat by the little seven-by-nine looking glass in his room, that he looked pale. By a queer freak, his mind saw, in the glass, Susan Place! She was not there, however, as he ascertained, by looking over his left shoulder. He thought her face was pale, and the eyes looked red and miserable, and if he could at that moment have seen her, he would have believed his fancy a reality—for she stood at that very moment looking in her little mirror, and her fancy had conjured the face of Hiram, which was looking at her over her left shoulder very sadly.—Then she burst into tears, and she saw that the face of Hiram likewise had a water line on each side of the nose, as if he were weeping—which was the fact.

"But," said he, as he tied his dickey on, bind part before, "I will never be reconciled," snapping the string as he said so.

"If he should come and beg on his knees for forgiveness, I wouldn't forgive him," she said, snapping a lacing as she gave an extra jerk. It might have been caused by the throbbing of her heart, however.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Showing the agency of a Third Party in bringing about a reconciliation, and how he managed it.

Nobody ever knew how Susan's brother Jim—a very imp of a boy—managed to get hold of it. Some people thought he had guessed that they had a falling out, from the fact that he had not been to see her for a week. His hat was no more seen hanging on the back of the chair in the entry; his great coat was no more on its accustomed nail behind the door. The presumption was strong that there had been a row, and Jim could see as far through a millstone as the picker thereof.

What an emotion filled the breast of Hiram, as he read the billet the servant placed in his hands! He turned as pale as death, and threw his arms around the servant girl's neck to support himself. The note ran briefly thus:

If you wish to see Susan alive, come! JIM.

She was dying for him! His cruelty had killed her! Hard-hearted wretch that he was, misery for all coming time would be his portion! He would go at once and make such reparation as might be in his power. He smote his brow with his clenched fist and rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Showing how and where he rushed, and what he did when he got there.

Three squares away from his boarding-house was the home of Susan. Frantically thither he rushed, and darted wildly up the steps. The door yielded to his hand, and entering he found the family at dinner, with Susan herself then engaged in picking a bone. They had pork for dinner. A reaction took place in his feelings and he fainted, upon seeing which Susan swooned. Upon recovering his first word was to Jim, who stood gazing upon the scene with his face very greasy.

"Wretched youth," said he, sitting up, "why did you tell me to come if I wished to see her alive?"

"Why, you didn't want to see her dead, did you?" said the obdurate boy.

He confessed that he did not.

She was brought to, like a ship in a gale of wind, and opened her eyes and mouth, saying "Hiram!" "Susan!" he responed, and they fell into each other's arms.

It was very affecting, and all of them sat down to finish their dinner.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Which shows a consideration in the author in bringing his story to a successful termination, setting a fine example for writers generally.

There was a wedding the very next Sunday night; and the bride wore the same rattan hoop that was the cause of the quarrel, and the bride, as the reader may have guessed ere this, was Susan Place!

There was no interruption at the altar. No huge shadow rose to oppose the banns. No sanguinary rival lay in wait to shoot the happy bridegroom with a blunderbuss. No shrieking female, crazy with despair, appeared to claim a treacherous lover. No raging father or offended brother offered sinister prayers over the union. No sensitive mother or sister went into hysterics over the affair. It was just the sort of time all would have been delighted to see.

And they were happy. As one of their grandchildren, who writes for the "*Bunkum Flag Staff,*" told me, the demon of discord never invaded the peace of their home, and the recording angel never had occasion to wipe a tear from his dewy eyes on account of their wrong doing.

A horse dealer, describing a used-up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily newspaper!"

From the (Porter's) Spirit of the Times.

The Left-Handed Fiddler; or, Heading off the Music.

"Insure me a brass band, and I'll insure your election," was the musical reply of a "wire-worker" to a question from an aspiring political candidate as to the proper means to secure his election. And so widely, during the last election, was music called in to aid oratory that this answer serves as a good endorsement to the poet's note, that

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

and attractions to—"go to the polls and vote early."

The forty-horse power of music on elections being thus settled by common consent, leads us to believe that "too much credit cannot be awarded" (style of expression sanctioned by usage!) to the Kentuckian who faced his political opponent's music, as follows:

Both were candidates for the office of Governor of Kentucky, and "stumped" the State together quite harmoniously until they reached one of the counties in the "hill country." Here it was necessary to make a decided demonstration, and accordingly the two candidates fairly spread themselves to catch all the votes possible—scaring up the American eagle, and calling down the shade of Washington; pitching out profuse promises, and pitching into each other's party politics, in a manner decidedly refreshing to the hearers. On the first day's canvass, victory hung suspended by the tail-feathers over the rival forces, but the second day fell slap into the lap of the shortest and stoutest candidate, leaving his long and lean opponent "no kind of a show."—In vain the long man pumped up the waters of eloquence, and poured out a full stream—there was nobody to drink. But round the short man elbowed and crowded a mass of thirsty voters, drinking in his tones with delight. Why this attraction? Had he a barrel of Old Bourbon? No; he had a fiddle! Getting the start of the long man, he had addressed the voters in a short speech, and then, for the first time, bringing out a fiddle, retired a short distance from the speaker's stand, in order to let his opponent reply; playing, however, such lively airs that he soon drew the entire assemblage away, and left the other side of the question unattended to—unheard.

For three days in succession short man and the fiddle carried the day, in three successive mass meetings, in as many towns in the hill country, and long man's chances for a single vote in those parts grew

"Smaller by degrees and beautifully less."

In vain long consoltations were held by the latter and his political friends.

"Get the start of him at the next meeting and speak first," advised one.

"Raise a fiddle and play them choonces!" said another.

"Yell him down," shouted a third.

The long man followed the advice of the first counsellor, and got the start in voice, but the noise of the fiddle run his neck and neck; he would have listened to his second monitor and raised a fiddle, only he knew it would fall through, as he couldn't scrape a note; and as for his third adviser, he told him that "yelling down" short man was "simply ridiculous."

Affairs grew desperate with long man, when, on the third meeting, he saw, as usual, the entire crowd of voters sweeping off after short man and his fiddle, leaving only one hearer, and he a lame one, who was just about to hobble off after the others.

"Can it be possible that freemen, citizens of this great and glorious country, neglecting the vital interests of their land, will run like wild men after cat-gut strings? Can it be possible, I say?" And the lame man, to whom long man was thus eloquently discoursing, answered, as he, too, cleared out—

"Well it can, old hoss!"

Despair enveloped in the long man's face, as he watched short man, at a distance, playing away for dear life and the gubernatorial chair on that "blasted" old fiddle; but suddenly a ray of hope beamed over his "rueful visage," then another and another, and another ray, till it shone like the sun at midday.

"Get the horn now, sure!" fairly shouted the long man, as he threw up his arms, jumped from the stand, and started for the tavern, where he at once called a meeting of his political friends, consisting of the landlord and one other, then and there unfolding a plan which was to drive his rival "no wheres in no time."

The fourth morning came, and short man addressed the crowd with warmth, eloquence and brevity, vacating the stand for his adversary, and striking up a lively air on the violin, in order to quash his proceedings; but though, as usual, he carried the audience away, he noticed that they were as critical as numerous. One six footer, in homespun, walnut-dyed clothes, with wild looking eyes and coon-skin cap, eyed every movement of the fiddle bow with intense disgust, finding utterance at last in—

"Why don't you fiddle with that t'other hand o' yourn?"

"T'other hand!" shouted a chorus of voices. "Fire up with t'other hand!"

Faster played the short man, but louder and louder shouted the crowd.

"T'other hand! t'other hand!"

"Gentlemen, I assure you—"

"No more honey, old hoss. We ain't bars!" shouted the man with the 'coon-skin cap.

"T'other hand, t'other hand!" yelled the crowd; while even from the distant stand where the long man was holding forth "to next to nobody" for listeners, seemed to come a faint echo, "T'other hand, t'other hand!"

Short man began to be elbowed, crowded, pushed; in vain he tried to draw the bow; at one time his bow arm was sent up to the shoulder over the bridge; at another, down went the fiddle, until he shouted out—

"Gentlemen, what can I do but assure you that—"

"T'other hand!" roared 'coon-skin, shouldering his way face up to the short man, "We've heard about you! You fiddle down thar in that d—d bluegrass country, 'mong rich folks, with your right hand, and thenk when you git up in the hills, 'mong pore folks, left-hand fiddin's good enuf for them; you've cussedly missed it! Left-hand doin's wont run up hyar. Tote out your right, stranger, or look out for squalls!"

The short man looked out for squalls, threw down the fiddle and the bow, oh! oh!—jumped on his horse, and put a straight horse-tail between him and his enraged "fellow-citizens."

"It's a fact," says the long man, "my opponent's being left-handed rather told against him up in the hill-country, and whoever circulated the story, up there, that he always fiddled with his right-hand down in the blue-grass country, headed off the music for that campaign."

BLUNDERS.

The Franklin *Register* lately published an address by Rev. Mr. Abbott, and its next issue noted the following correction:

For "dum swizzle," please read "prominence."

This was bad enough, but the next week the same paper had the following:

In an advertisement which appeared in our last paper, for "Bumbleton's storm destroying porrengers," read "Hamilton's worm destroying lozenges."

Faulkner, who edited the Dublin *Journal*, announced in glowing terms the arrival in that city of a distinguished member of the British nobility. On the next day his paper contained the following very Hibernian correction:

For "Her Grace, the Duke," in yesterday's *Journal*, read "His Grace, the Duchess."

He improved the matter quite as much as the good clergyman in England did, who, without book, was praying, and said:

Oh, Lord, bless all classes of people, from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill—we mean from the king on the dunghill to the begger on the throne.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease; while there is life there is hope.

TASTINGS OF PUNCH.

Here and there is a number of *Punch* that ought to be copied entire. The following, headed the "Princess Royal at Westminster," does not speak very encouragingly for the *dotation* of the young woman:

"This is too bad. Why mix tender affairs of the heart with the unreasoning brawl of the hustings? We protest against any such amalgamation. Therefore, why, in Westminster, did Mr. Stuart, an elector, want to know if General Evans would allow £70,000 to be voted on the marriage of the Princess Royal? To this question the gallant general made the following ungallant reply:—'He would not lend a hand to anything of the sort.' Poor little princess! it is rather too bad that the marriage orange flowers should be thus mingled with the turnip tops of Covent Garden; nevertheless, we cannot but express a fear that the marriage portion of the princess royal, unless it be pitched originally very low, will be roughly handled by a new parliament. We have heard of pigs among the roses; and can only hope that the rough radicals will treat with tenderness the hymenial wreath of the little princess royal. It is at present reported in Lambeth that, should Mr. W. Williams be returned, it is his intention to move, as an amendment, an income of £500 a year to the happy pair, with a bran new tea service in German silver."

We never heard how much the princess royal knows, but it is certain she will soon be a Prussian *blue*, which we dare say is as good as an English one. *Punch* says the Yankees think that *Allum*, the Chinese baker who poisoned the Hong Kongers, is the greatest *loafer* in existence.

We suppose the real name of the fellow, before John Bull bothered it and shot its owner, was *All-Hum*. In allusion to the same matter, *Punch* says:

Chinese Ejectment.—John Chinaman, in poisoning bread for the purpose of serving an ejectment on the Europeans, may be regarded by lawyers as having highly entitled himself to be described by the soubriquet of John Dough.

Singular Optical Delusion.—There is not a Frenchman, let him be ever so small, and let the work he is engaged upon be as small as himself, but sets about it with the thorough conviction that the eyes of Europe are upon him!

The Field of Literature.—Of all the fields the field of literature is the one that has the greatest number of styles to it.

A Fair Butt for Ridicule.—An old woman in hoops.

A Satirical Senior.—One of those old gentleman whose age is supposed to entitle them to say anything, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China: "Well, Sir, well; you're going to Canton, eh, Sir? Well, I can only say, I hope you won't fall into the hands of the Chinamen, alive or dead; for if you're alive, they'll kill you, and if you're dead, or when you're dead, they'll eat you. Sir, I believe its an undoubted fact that the Chinese eat puppies."

Orangemen of the Opposition.—There were always a certain number of Orangemen in Lord Derby's party, but they were Irish Orangemen. They are now to be looked upon in the light of China-Orangemen.

Distinction without a Difference.—Brown says he doesn't like too many barristers in parliament. Jones avers that he objects to a superabundance of solicitors. And Robinson philosophically asks, what is the difference between barrister and solicitor? Merely the difference between a crocodile and an alligator.

Sick Cows of London.—The Lancet tells us that an epidemic rages among the cows of London.—A non-medical opinion inclines to consider the disease the dropsy, contracted by the cows from an immoderate use of the pump.

"*A Good Cry.*"—One has heard of Niobe, and one has also heard modern Niobes (in crinoline) assert that they "have cried a bucket full night;" and one has hard-heartedly attached similar credit to the classic and to the modern fiction. But the following extract from a London paper, of last week, proves that crime, at least, is sometimes marvellously penitent. A longer flux of tears than is here recorded has seldom taken place.—At the close of a police case, it is said:—

"Mr Ingham completely exonerated the pawnbroker from blame, and remanded the prisoner, *who cried bitterly, for a week.*"

The Rights of Woman.—The following may be adduced as just a few of the privileged rights of woman—to wit: a gentleman's right arm, the righthand side of a carriage, and always the right side of an argument. To the above may be thrown in as peculiar rights that woman perhaps understands, and decidedly adorns, a thousand times better than man, viz: the rites of hospitality and the rites of Hymen. Though, to speak impartially, the wrong of Hymen (as witness our police reports) fall to poor woman's share almost as frequently as the rites.

FEMALE HEROISM AND DEATH.—On Sunday evening, Mrs. Lucindia Sapp, wife of Mr. Washington Sapp, who resides near the line of the railroad, where the North Point road crosses it, was sitting at her door while the cars were approaching. She saw a female sitting upon the rail of the road, and immediately ran for her rescue. She succeeded in extricating the woman from her perilous position, but was herself, by an over-balance, unfortunately thrown forward, and being struck by the locomotive on the forehead, she was killed almost instantly. It was a most afflicting termination to a praiseworthy effort to save a fellow mortal. Monuments have been raised to persons for less worthy action.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

THE WEATHER.—Many of the newspapers are repeating, under chilly influences, the often used but incorrect quotation, "Winter lingers in the lap of spring." Goldsmith thought proper to put his idea in somewhat different phrase, and said:

"Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May."

HOOPS DENOUNCED.—The following is an extract from Issaiah iii. 18:

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their *round tire like the moon.*"

The editor of the Woonsocket *Patriot* makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that had been "setting" for five weeks upon *two round stones and a piece of brick!* "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brickyard, that hen is not for sale."

"Madam," said old Growler to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive times beef was a legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the laws in Christendom can't make this beef tender."

"Grandma," said a little urchin, "your specs are upside down. Do you wear them thus to *see* to *see?*"

"No, my dear," was the reply, "I wear them *so* to *see.*"

Virtue is no security in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs and editors?—Yet both are destined to be *bored!*

A military captain at the west, by the name of Bangs, has named his eldest son Slam. What a noisy fellow he'll be, ha? Slam Bang!

Is not every face beautiful in our eyes which habitually turns towards us with affectionate, guileless smiles?

Agricultural.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR THE MONTH---MAY.

As MAY is *the* month, over a large range of States, which calls upon the agriculturists, who wish to succeed, to be prompt in the preparation of their lands, and in the setting their spring crops, we enjoin it upon all as an imperative duty, as it certainly is to their interest, to do so, to put forth all their energies at once, and cease not, until they have all their fields ready, and are in a condition to commit their several crops to the earth. With these brief preliminary remarks, we shall proceed to the detail of a few important duties that should be attended to during the month, and will here observe, that the sooner they are performed, the better will be their chances of ultimate success.

PLANTING OF CORN.

As preliminary to the culture of corn, we will lay down a few propositions, in the adherence to which we believe success materially depends.

First.—We believe that a large crop of corn cannot be grown on poor land, unaided by manure, and that the manure applied must be rich in quality and large in quantity. We believe also, that, even on good land, manure will not only prove beneficial, but is highly necessary to secure a very large crop.

Secondly.—We believe that all land intended to be cultivated in corn, should be ploughed deep, and thoroughly pulverised by harrowing or dragging, and rolling; fine tilth being essentially necessary to encourage the growth, and ensure a free and unobstructed range to the roots of the the cornplants in search of food.

Thirdly.—We believe that 50 acres of land that may have been liberally manured and thoroughly pulverized in the process of preparation, will yield more than will 100 acres where these conditions may have been neglected. Of the truth of this proposition, the experience of every observing corn planter must long since have taught him; for there is no plant that grows, which requires more or richer food than it, and it must be obvious to every one who may have studied the matter, that if the necessary *inorganic* substances be present in the soil, you cannot give the corn-plan too much organic food.

Fourthly.—We believe, that, to secure a very large product of corn, the requisite number of stalks must be upon the ground to bear the ears; and hence the necessity of generous manuring, and neat and suitable preparation of the soil.

Fifthly.—We believe that the *inorganic* manure, viz: sulphuric acid, magnesia, soda, lime, potash and the phosphates, are just as essential to the growth and maturation of a large crop of corn, as are *organic* or animal manures, both kinds, in our view, being equally necessary.—Therefore, if there be well grounded fears that they do not naturally exist in the soil, means should be taken to apply them artificially.

Sixthly.—We believe, as indicated in our second proposition, that *deep* ploughing is absolutely essential to the growth of a large yield of corn, and as we wish to be distinctly understood as to what we mean by the term *deep*, we will explain our meaning. We do not consider a less depth than 8 inches, as coming within our intention in the use of the term, and we are free to confess our belief that a depth of 12 inches where attainable would be better still, and produce more favorable results. We say this, notwithstanding the dread entertained by many of turning up the "poison till," as the advocates of ploughing only 3 or 4 inches in depth term it. The more deeply you penetrate the bosom of our mother earth, the greater is the output you confer upon it to drink in the rains, economise the organic elements of the rains, of the air, and of the dews; and, provided, proper attention has been paid to the pulverization of the inverted soil the greater facility is offered to the plants to search for and assimilate their food.—Those who know the fact that the tap root of the tobacco corn-plant descends beyond 4 feet in depth, and that its lateral roots extend from row to row, will readily perceive the utility of deep ploughing and thorough pulverization, as aids to healthful feeding. Again, experience teaches us all, that such preparation of the soil has the double effect of enabling it to stand drought and wet better than when under skim ploughing and indifferent pulverization.

Seventhly.—We belive that the cultivation of corn should commence from the time the plants are 3 inches in height, and be continued at short intervals until the crop is laid by; that no weeds or grass longhand completely overcated the plants, or in the rows between them, from the time the latter come up, until their culture is completed,—hence the necessity for early and frequent cultivation. But although we are the advocates of deep preparation of the soil, we are *not* the advocates of deep stirring of the ground, in the cultivation of this crop, and therefore, prefer the corn-harrow, or the cultivator, accompanied by the hoe, to the plough.

Now then, if the truth of the preceeding propositions be admitted—and we honestly believe that they ought to be—we will be enabled to arrive at those important facts in corn-growing, viz: 1. That manure, and plenty of it, is essential to ensure a good crop,—2. That to ensure a very large yield there must be the requisite number of stalks on the field,—3. That the cultivation must be commenced early, and be frequently repeated, in order that the plants may be kept perfectly clean, and the earth open to atmospheric influences. In a word, the whole mystery of growing a good crop of corn may be summed up in these words:—*manure* liberally—*plough deep—pulverize the soil thoroughly—cultivate cleanly.*

As we have often given *formulas*, prescribing kinds and quantities of manure to manure an acre of corn-land we will not repeat them here; but would recommend that every corn-planter who may have the means convenient, no matter how well he may have manured his corn-field previously to ploughing in his manure, to manure his crop in the hill also. Such topical applications assist the germination of the seed corn, and pushes the plants forward in the early stage of their growth—two very important considerations. It is not material whether these applications be made *in* the hill at the time of planting the corn, or *on* the hill after the corn is dropped and covered. In either mode they will do good,—we, however prefer the first plan.

Hill Composts.—No. 1. For an acre in corn—10 bushels of well rotted dung, intimately mixed with 5 bushels of ashes, 1 bushel of plaster, and 2 loads, say, 60 bushels of well rotted manure—give to each hill a small handfull of the mixture.

No. 2. 2 loads of woods-mould, 100 lbs. of Peruvian Guano, 5 bushels of ashes, 1 bushel of plaster and 1 bushel of salt, to be well mixed together—give to each hill a small handful of the mixture.

No 3. 2 loads of river mud, ditch scrapings, or road scrapings, 100 lbs. of guano, 5 bushels of ashes, and 1 bushel of plaster, to be well mixed together—give to each hill a small handful.

OATS.

The seeding of oats ought to have been done last month or sooner, according to latitude and climate; but if there be, as there doubtless are, portions of our widely extended country, where the seeding of oats have not been got through with, we woul say to all thus situated, that they should lose no time in putting them in, and, in every instance to give the oat-plants something to eat, and to get them in as near the beginning of the month as possible. The right time for seeding oats every where, is when the frost is out of the ground.

PUMPKINS.

This fine vegetable production should be planted as near the first of the month as possible. We trust that every farmer and planter who loves good milk, and cream, and butter—and where is there one that does not—will feel himself called upon to put in an acre, or more, to grow feed for his milch cows in fall and early winter, when, from absence of grass from the pastures, they find but little to eat.

MILLET.

Those who have no timothy meadows—no clover fields wherefrom to derive supplies of hay from for their horses, mules, and other stock, and who have heretofore been driven to the necessity of buying hay from a distance, to supply them with long forage—and those who having meadows, but anticipate a short crop of grass, can very readily provide themselves with a supply of hay, in this way:—Let them manure as many acres, calculated at the rate of 3 tons of hay to the acre, as will grow long provender for all ther stock and seed it to millet. In good land, well manured, well ploughed and thoroughly pulverized, it grows heavy crops of grass, which when cured, makes most excellent hay.—We say this from personal experience in its growth and use. On suitable soil, liberally manured, and well prepared it will yield 40 per cent. more than the most luxuriant crop of timothy ever produced. It is not so nutritious as timothy, but as it makes good hay, exceeds the latter in produce, is easily cured, is well relished by horses, mules, cattle and stock generally, and stands drought well, delighting in a hot sun, it presents a most reliable resource for hay, to those who have no meadows, and should therefore be availed of by every provident agriculturist, who may be thus situated, and who acquiesces in the doctrine, that it is true economy to raise everything needed for home consumption that his lands are capable of growing: and we are certain, that every farmer and planter of enlarged views of humanity—and such views are peculiar to them—will look upon himself as a steward, and as such, bound as much by a high moral duty to provide for the dumb beasts he may own as for the members of his family. If through the smiles of Providence, we become to the possessors of stock, whether in large or small numbers, those smiles and possessions, never were conferred upon us, without carrying with them a binding obligation to care for our dumb creatures in a spirit of enlightened humanity—to provide them with an ample supply of wholesome food, and, to protect them by shelter from the cold and pinchings of winter. Independently, however, of the considerations of duty and the claims of humanity, interest and a wise economy both concur, in pointing to all who till the earth, that they should never purchase any comodity that they can grow themselves; for as Franklin says,—a penny saved is two pennies gained.

Soils Adapted to Millet.—The theory is that deep fertile sands, deep sandy loams, and deep light alluvial loams, are the best adapted to this grass. On such soils we have made good crops; but the heaviest crop that we ever grew, was upon a hard, tenacious red clay. Upon 1 acre and 10 perches of such lands we grew upwards of 4 tons of hay, when cured—the weight was ascertained by weighing.

We recollect that we were laughed at by some of our neighbors when we were preparing the ground. One of them