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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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Selected Poetry.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To marry, or not to marry! that's the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cobweb rooms,
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful lass,
And, by uniting, end it? *To live alone*
No more! and by marrying, say we end
The heart ache, and those ills and makeshifts
Bachelors are heirs to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

To marry—to live in peace—
Perchance in war; aye, *there's the rub*;
For in the marriage state, what ills may come
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock;
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, the extravagance of dress;
The thirst for plays, for concerts and for balls;
The insolence of servants, and the spurs
The patient husbands from their consorts take,
When he himself might his quietus gain
By living single.

Who could wish to hear
The odious name of *Backelor*,
But that the dread of something *after* marriage,
(Ah! the vast expenditures in income
The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life
Than to go to jail for debts we know not of!
Economy thus makes bach'lors of us all!
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more various thoughts.

MAY AND DEATH.

I wish that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of Spring's delightful things;
Ay, and for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse perhaps,
There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm-in-arm, deserve the warm
Moon's bigh, and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, prove May still May!
Let their new tune, like mine of old,
Do all it did for me; I bid
Sweet sighs and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant
Woods have in May, that starts up green
Except a streak, which, so to speak,
Is Spring's blood, spilt in leaves between,—

That, they might spare—a certain wood
Might lose the plant; their loss were small:
And I—when e'er the plant is there
It's drop comes from my heart, that's all.

[*Robert Browning.*

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who, from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing:
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long

[*Milton.*

Selected Miscellany.

From the London Times, April 10.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

Among the passions which belong to human nature we may recognize what may be called a passion for *size*. Those primitive works of fiction which feed the childish imagination, appeal very boldly to this passion. They go straight to the point, and create without ceremony men, houses, and lions ten times bigger than actual men, real houses and live lions. But this is not the only quarter in which this appeal is made.—Science, with all its gravity, copies fiction here, and appeals to the same passion exactly as the childish fairy tale did. What single ingredient in astronomy, for example, tells more in creating a taste for that science than the enormous distance in which it abounds? The figures which represent the distances of heavenly bodies from us, of the speed with which light or the speed with which electricity travels, have the same fascinations for the scientific that the numbers in the banker's book have for the covetous imagination. The one set of figures constitutes the conventional symbol for space, and the other for wealth.

Whoever wants to feed this natural passion for size in the primitive way, and to see a true giant in its own line, must visit the banks of the Thames at Millwall. But before he goes we recommend him, unless he is very well versed in the Book of Genesis, to turn to the 6th chapter, and refresh his memory as to the dimensions of Noah's Ark and the "fashion" of its making: "The length of the Ark shall be 300 cubits, the breadth of it 50 cubits and the height of it 30 cubits." So, reckoning the cubits at a foot and a half, we have a ship 450 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 45 feet high. While the visitor is collecting *data* as to ships, sacred and profane, he may turn out "Marlborough" in the *Navy List*, and there he will see that the largest line-of-battle ship in the British Navy is exactly of 4,000 tons burden.—And now let him get on board a Greenwich steamer and be steamed through the pituresque Pool of Millwall. Just opposite Deptford he will be aware of something pre Adamatic wallowing in the mud of the Isle of Dogs—a stranded saurian ship, to which even Noah's Ark must yield precedence, and to which all the *Marlboroughs*, and *Wellingtons*, and *Merrimacks*, and *Niagaras* in the world are mere cock-boats. An iron hull of the burden of 23,000 tons, nearly 700 feet long, and 60 feet high, will meet his eye—the hull of Mr. Scott Russell's Great Eastern steamship. We must give a few more figures, for every figure is a monster, and worth looking at separately. One is a figure of 30,000—the number of the iron plates which compose the enormous erection, each weighing the third of a ton, and each fastened by 100 rivets. The ship will accommodate 4,000 passengers, 800 of whom are first class. On an emergency she could carry 10,000 troops. She will contain 10 boilers, and 100 furnaces. The cylinder of every engine will be six feet in diameter, and will weigh five times as much a the great bell of St. Paul's. The screw propeller will be 24 feet in diameter, and the diometer of the paddle wheels will be 56 feet, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's. The principal suite of saloons will be 400 feet in length, and a promenade round the deck will afford a walk of more than a quarter of a mile.—The monster ship will combine steam power in both shapes, screw and paddle, with sailing power. She will carry 11,000 tons of coal, she will be lighted by gass made on board, and the electric light will flicker like St. Elmo's fire at night from her mast-head. She will spread 6,500 yards of canvass, and her speed is computed at 15 knots, or 18 mile an hour—a rate which will perform the voyage to India by the Cape, and to Australia, in litte more than a month. Who would not wish to be the captain of this gallant ship?

With these principal figures, then, gone through, let us am ugine the "Great Eastern" afloat, and on her road to Bombay or Melbourne, and with her ordinary complement of passengers on board. The first idea which strikes us is the multitude of faces on board. It will, in fact, be a whole town afloat, and much more than a town of 4,000 population, because it will be a floating town of 4,000 grown up persons; at least, with comparatively few exceptions, each of them being what is called an "individual,"—by which we mean a human being of size to command notice, and having, to appearance, at least, a mind and will of his own, together with a formed air, tone, and manner peculiar to himself. In this sense even young ladies are individuals. All this crowd of individualities will be collected within the dimensions of 700 feet by 60. What a new shape of human society! Take the 800 first-class passengers by themselves, and what room does even this number afford for the formation of all kinds of different circles, and sets, which will know nothing of each other, one man only just knowing another by sight, and hardly that! How many immeasurable social chasms will be collected within a few hundred feet! How many Mr. Smiths will be there who will not speak to Mr. Jones during the whole voyage because he is not in the same set! How many Mr. Joneses will pay back Mr. Smith in the same coin! Between how many "nice" young ladies and "proper" young gentleman will there not be a great gulf fixed, because in the eyes of anxious mothers the said young gentlemen are not desirable persons, but mere penniless bipeds! What flirtations will there not be behind boats, what rivalries, and, if many Americans voyage by the Great Eastern, what duellings may we not expect on that ample deck! In short, what an epitome or camera-obscura of the world will the Great Eastern present! It will be worth any aspiring novelist's while to take his berth to Australia or India and back again, simply for the great convenience of having so much human nature brought before him within so small a compass. It will be the mountain brought to Mahomet, the world condensing itself before his eyes, for the sake of being observed and examined. The rapid succession of faces will bewilder him at first, but individuality will come out in time, though he must be sharp about his work, otherwise the Great Eastern will have stopped her screw and paddles before he has got any results. If his material is enlarged, his time is much curtailed on the new system. Farewell to long voyages, with their appropriate quarrels and matches—their love-makings, jiltings, reconciliations and irrevocable unions; voyage life has entered on another phase. For what is a month?—it is gone before we begin to think about its going. How will the old voyagers look back to the romantic days when a monsfull of persons were their own company for four months, gradually forming enmities or friendships, when attachments rose up among "young people" unconsciously, and by the mere passive influence of the scene! We are growing a busier nation every year, and cannot afford time for more than one chapter of this sea romance.

But we must not let the appeal to imagination supersede the real, practical result of the grand experiment of the Great Eastern. The poet, as he surveyed this vast sublunary scene of restless industry and adventure, was struck by nothing so much as the triumph of man over the sea. He expresses himself as more than struck—as *shocked*:

"Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impie
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

He argued that the sea was a providential appointment, and that it was impious in man to struggle against it—he had no right to unite what God had separated, and connect land with land when the divine power had inserted water between. We have long seen the weakness of this argument, and arrived at a much better doctrine of final cause than this. But if any one wants to see a good finishing blow given to the Horatian argument—at least on the *solvitur ambulando* principle—he may see it given by the Great Eastern. That mighty frabric indeed does not talk, but it acts—its act being a month's voyage to India or to Australia. That act, while it is a speechless, is at the same time the most powerful answer, that the religious scruples of the awestruck poet could receive. A reflecting mind will see in such a voyage a much more natural, proper, wise, and obedient fulfillment of the designs of Providence, than any timid self-confinement and servile deference to a barrier of nature would have been. It will appear that the sea was made to alternate with the dry land, not that continents might be disconnected, but that man should have the opportunity of exerting his skill and invention in connecting them. The result of this great experiment in ship-building, if it answers, of which there is little or no doubt, will be a consolidation of the British Empire such as we have not yet seen. Half of the space which separates the various sections of it from the mother country and from each other will be annihilated. Our colonies will be brought comparatively close to us, and, what is almost of as much importance as the actual vicinity gained, they will be more than twice as near to us in imagination. The difference between a month's voyage and two or three months, is all the difference to the imagination. We think of a place as within reach, and within a home distance, if it is only "a month off." The whole Empire is is thus brought into a home compass, and obtains the addition of strength which so much greater union gives. We shall find ourselves paying visits to and receiving visits from India and Australia. Our friends will come over for the Summer with return tickets, and the British Empire will become, in virtual compass, a province.

Honors Without Emolument.—A military man "down east," knowing he could be elected to a captaincy if he would consent to a nomination, called upon a neighbor who had formerly served in that capacity, to ascertain if the office was one of pecuniary profit. Being told by the retired veteran that he had held the office for five years and saved $500, he gladly accepted the nomination, and was chosen captain of his company. After three years' campaigning, in the way of "company training" and "general musters," finding his office to be a heavy bill of expense instead of a source of profit, he called on his old friend again for information as to *how* he had saved $500, while he himself lost $100 by the same office. "Why," replied the old captain, I was worth just $1,000 when I was elected: I held the office five years, and lost $500 by it; so I resigned, *and saved the other five hundred!*"

Considerable of a Failure.—The Christian *Intelligencer*, summing up the history of New York *Tribune* says:

"It has failed in securing success for one single distinctive measure of its own. It has failed in its attempt to abolish capital punishment. It has failed to persuade the country to disregard the authority of Congress and the decisions of the Supreme Court. It has failed in its efforts to diminish public confidence in Christianity and its ministers. Like a blind giant, it has beaten the air with tremendous fury, and mistaken the mimic whirlwind of its own passions for the movement of the popular mind."

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland, to make a tour, and to see the natives. One of them, one drizzly day, bet the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine, that the first Pat they found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plough with a poney under the shelter of a row of trees. "Pat," said our friend. "Yes, yer honor," he replied. "If the devil were to come just now, which one of us three would he take?" "Sure he'd take me, yer honor!" "But why, Pat?" "*Coss he's sure of your honors at any time!*"

The following is a genuine Hiberian advertisement:

"Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise-shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully."

From the Washington Union.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Prominent among the items regularly published in the papers on the arrival of the British mails is one having reference to the Bank of England. Victoria is a noble woman and a Queen, but, so far as the business and bodily comfort of the people of Great Britain are concerned, the real King of England is the bank. When that huge corporation is happy and obliging, so are the people; and when morose or savage, the commercial classes find it a very difficult matter to be amiable. Though we of this country do not recognise any such thing as royal prerogatives, yet we must confess that we are by no means beyond the influence of the monetary establishment in question. A fortnight ago, for example, the American money market was particularly easy, but the news came that the Bank of England had raised the rate of interest from six to six and a half per cent; when, lo! a little cloud was immediately seen in our financial sky; another rise of one-half per cent, having taken place, and the cloud is more apparent. We therefore deem the present an appropriate moment to take a passing glance at the history of the great corporation which exerts so potent a sway over the affairs of men.

The projector of the Bank of England was one William Paterson, and the act of incorporation was signed by William III., in 1694. The subscription books were filled within two days after they were opened, and it commenced business with a capital of £1,200,000; since which time its circulation has reached the enormous amount of thirty millions of pounds sterling, and its bullion has fluctuated between sixteen and twenty millions. On many occasions have the financial measures of the Crown been largely aided by loans from this great reservoir of wealth. As Parliament allowed, its privileges have been extended, and its charter frequently renewed. Its managers consist a governor, a deputy governor, and twenty-four directors; and, with a view of securing its credit, a law was enacted that no other banking establishment should exist in England consisting of more than six persons. During the last century its rates of discount varied from four and a half to six per cent; they were subsequently equalized between four and five per cent, but of late years they have been as high as seven per cent; and it is a fact worthy of note, that among the reasons assigned for the recent increase in the rate of interest is this, that a large amount of money had been invested in spirits for exportation to this country after the first of July, when the duties will be thirty per cent., instead of one hundred, as at the present time. No bills of the bank are ever issued a second time. As to the dividends which it has declared, and the many bubbles with which its history is connected, an account of them would fill while volumes. Intimately connected with the operations of the Bank of England are the transactions in the consols, and one remark on this subject may here be made. It was in the year 1752 that the foundation was laid of the present three-per-cent. consols, which were thus termed from the balance of annuities granted by George I. having been consolidated into one fund, with a three-per-cent. stock: and their present amount is £360,000,000.

In 1757, one hundred years ago, the edifice of the Bank of England was a small structure, and almost invisible to the passer-by; at the present time it occupies an area of eight acres on the same site, but is an edifice of architectural beauty, with not one window towards the street, being lighted from the roof of the enclosed area. And this reminds us of an account which we have just seen of a visit recently made by an American to the bank, which we subjoin. After mentioning the fact of his obtaining a ticket of admission from the governor, he proceeds as follows:

"I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room, where the notes of the bank received the day before were now examined, compared with their entries in the books, and stowed away. It receives, in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000, or $4,000,000, daily, in notes: these are put up in bundles, the notes all arranged with their denomination, and boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years: at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground through the mill, which I saw running, and ground again into paper. If, in the course of these ten years, any dispute in business, or law suits, should arise concerning the payment of any note, the bank can produce the identical bill. To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, its own engravers, at work under one roof, and even makes some of the machinery by which its work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking office, which marks every sheet of paper which is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single blank note which is not recorded in the bank.

"On the same principle of exactness a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to the other, connecting a clock in sixteen different business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing at the same second of time. In the next room is a machine exceedingly simple for detecting light gold coins. A row of them is dropped one by one upon a spring scale; if the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scales rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon the side of the box; if less than the standard, it arose a little higher, and the coin slid off on the other side. I asked the weight of what was the average number of light coins that came into their hands, and, strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer.

"The next room entered was that in which the notes are deposited, which are ready to issue.—'We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room,' the officer remarked to me; 'will you take some of it?' I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million, which I received with many thanks for his liberality; but he insisted on my depositing with him again, as it would hardly be safe to carry so much money into the street. In the vault beneath the door were the director and cashier counting the large bags of gold, which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint."

Two millions of the population of England are employed in the manufacture of American cotton, and even a larger number are either directly or indirectly engaged in the trade. The United States must ever supply Great Britain with an enormous quantity of this great staple, and also a vast supply of breadstuffs. The *Union* quotes with great effects startling facts from a recent parliamentary paper, showing the total imports of grain and flour into England for the past year. *Three-fourths* of the flour imported into England were obtained from the United States, in addition to *three-fifths* of the quantity of Indian corn, and *more than a fourth* of the quantity of wheat.

Farmers, Note this.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their holes nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a clear day to the farmer. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain some cloudy mornings; and fifty years' observation has shown the writer of this that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.—*English paper.*

A contemporary, describing a dance at a village in the neighborhood, said:

"The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings.

From the Richmond "South."

NORTHERN NEGROPHILISM.

Tenement Wanted.—Having made several applications for a tenement, and being refused upon the account of color, I take this method of enquiring through the press, if there is any gentleman in the city of Worcester who has a tenement a short distance from Foster's block he would not be afraid to rent to a gentleman of color. He will find a respectable tenant in Prof. A. Molineaux, Proprietor of the Worcester Gymnasium, who is obliged to change his residence, it being too far from his place of business. If there is any gentleman who can accommodate the applicant he will please address a line, through post, and oblige most respectfully, Prof. A. Molineaux.

April 25, 1857.

This affecting appeal is quoted from the editorial columns of the Worcester *Bay State*, one of the few journals in Massachusetts which have the boldness and independence to raise the manly cry of indignant remonstrance against the hypocricy of Northern negrophilism. Can anything better illustrate the hollow cant of New England philanthropy? What a graphic picture is here presented of the sincerity of that brotherly love the Abolitionists profess to cherish for the race of Ham—a devoted affection, which seems to increase in direct ratio to the repulsive blackness of the object! In a neighboring pulpit, perhaps, some Rev. Cesar Malan is discoursing eloquently, concerning the horrid barbarities of Southern masters, and preaching up universal freedom and equality, while poor Prof. A. Molineaux is going about the streets of Worcester, vainly entreating lodgings for a "gentleman of color." Oceans of pious tears flow responsive to the melting pathos of Brother Beecher; plateful of money are weekly collected to buy "flannel jackets and moral pocket handkerchiefs for the infant negroes in the West Indies;" but no one heeds the touching importunities of Prof. A. Molineaux, whose application for a "tenement" are rejected "upon account of color!"

It is truly gratifying to see there are some intrepid spirits, even in Massachusetts, who have the courage to expose and denounce such flagrant duplicity, and to face the storm of fanaticism, however violent and furious.

The *Bay State* speaks its mind fearlessly, and characterizes such iniquities as they deserve. It says:

"Is not the black race about as well off, after all, in a slave State, where negroes are at least permitted to have a place of residence,—as in those abodes of the 'morality, decency and education' which are hermetically closed to a 'gentleman of color.'"

"Now we pronounce this whole outcry about the oppression of the African race as being the most utter cant and hypocrisy. In Worcester, which is partially represented by Mr. Cogswell, if anywhere, ought the inmate and personal love for the negro to be most intense and irrepressible. And yet we undertake to say that the presence of His Honor, Mayor Richardson, at a supper given in honor of Frederick Douglass, black, on the occasion of his recent lecture in this city, is the sole instance of a prominent philanthropist placing himself on a level with the negro! They all talk about liberty and equality. They mouth it bravely over the wrongs of the colored race; but when it is reduced to the practical issue of mingling freely in the same social circles, why then 'mingle you that mingle may!' *but not they.* 'I pray you have me excused.'"

The annals of Northern philanthropy are filled with such glaring instances of consistency of faith and practice. The Supreme Court decided that, by the Constitution, negroes are not citizens of the United States. The decision has raised a tempest of affected indignation at the North; given rise to the most inflammatory appeals from pulpit, press and hustings; and precipitated the States of New York, Ohio and Maine, into rebellion against the Federal Government.

On the other hand, the Free State Convention in Kansas adopted a provision prohibiting free negroes from voting, and this flagitious outrage upon the free principles of human rights was suffered to pass unnoticed! The Convention went further—it virtually originated and anticipated the decision of the Dred Scott case. If free negroes are, or can be, citizens of the United States, of course they would have a right to settle in any of the States, of which they could not be divested." An article was prepared and submitted to the people simultaneously with the vote upon the adoption of the Constitution, which gave the decision by yea and *nay* upon the exclusion, absolutely and without exception, of all free negroes from the Territory and future State of Kansas." Here is the proclamation of Lane, the President of the Convention, in which he declares the action taken by the Free State party on this specific issue:

And I do further declare and make known, that of the votes cast at the aforesaid election *"for"* and *"against"* the passage of laws by the General Assembly providing for the exclusion of free negroes from the State of Kansas—the result of such vote to operate, as instructions to the first General Assembly upon that subject"—a majority are in favor of *"exclusion,"* as ascertained by the returns of said election now on file in the office of the Executive Committee.

Given under my hand, at the office of the Executive Committee of Kansas, at the city of Topeka, this 27th day of December, 1855.

Attest: J. H. LANE, Chairman.
C. K. Holliday, Sec'y.

We present these two prominent instances of the sincerity of Abolition sympathy for the negro, as a sequel to the case cited from Illinois.—Numberless similar instances might be adduced; but it is a work of supererogation to adduce facts upon a subject, which has already provoked the ridicule, contempt and disgust, of sensible men, the world over

The King and the Countryman.

A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a donkey. He advised them to return, "for," said he, "it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up they were drenched to the skin.—When they had returned the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. "I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he said it would rain, whereas you said it would not."

The king then gave the philosopher his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain?"

"I didn't know," said the rustic; "my donkey told me so:"

"And how, pray, did he tell you so?"

"By pricking his ears, your majesty!"

The king now sent the countryman away.—Procuring the donkey, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. "And here," observed Jake, "is where he made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said Jake, "every donkey wants an office."

Leigh Hunt.—The occasion which called forth the following lines was this: Leigh Hunt had brought some good tidings to Carlyle, which so delighted Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the room, that she sprang up from the chair and kissed the newsman. Leigh, who is as courtly a gallant as John Hoope himself sent her two bottles of apple-jack next morning, with these verses:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Springing from the chair she sat in;
Time you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm ugly—say I'm sad—
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old— but add,
Jenny kissed me!

Love of Flowers.

Flowers are considered the ornaments of vegetable life, and have in all ages been cultivated by persons of leisure and taste, for the pleasure they yield to the eye and the fancy. While generally healthy and exhilarating, from being pursued in the open air, floriculture is justly considered to be a fine and harmless recreation, which by leading to tranquil contemplation of natural beauty, and diverting the mind from gross worldly occupations, has a positively moral, and therefore, highly beneficial tendency. It has also the advantage of being open to the pursuit of high and low, rich and poor, the over-worked man of business and the industrious mechanic. It is confined to no particular degree or situation. It may be followed with equal enjoyment to individuals of both sexes, and as is well known, on every imaginable scale, from that of the single flower-pot, or ornamental border, to the princely green-house and the exquisitely varied parterre. We love flowers. We even love the wild flowers of our woods and fields, and their cultivation has afforded us great pleasure. The natural grace, simplicity, and attractive coloring of flowers, have afforded endless theme for moralists and poets, and volumes have been written to show how many associations of feeling, simple and sublime, these beauteous objects are calculated to excite.

As our desire is to improve the taste as well as the understanding, we hope to be excused for pausing a few moments over this agreeable view of flower culture. Few natural objects are more poetical, or more calculated to refine the morals and taste, than flowers. "From the majestic sun-flower, towering above her sisters of the garden, and faithfully turning to welcome the god of day, to the little, humble and well known weed that is said to close its eyes before impending showers, there is scarcely one flower that may not, from its loveliness, its perfume, its natural situation, or its classical association, be considered highly poetical."

As the welcome messenger of spring, the snowdrop claims our first regard; and numberless are the lays in which the beauties of this little modest flower are sung. The snowdrop teaches us a lesson, too—it marks out the progress of time. We cannot behold it without feeling that another spring has come, and immediately our thoughts recur to the events which have occurred since last its fairy bells were expanded.—Whether the "cowslip which spangles the green," or the violet, while it pleases by its modest, retiring beauty, possesses the additional charm of the most exquisite of all perfumes, which inhaled with the pure and invigorating breezes of spring, always bring back in remembrance, a lively conception of the delightful season. Thus, in poetical language, the "violet-scented gale," is synonymous with those accumulated and sweetly blended gratifications which we derive from odors, flowers, and balmy breezes; and above all, from the contemplation of renovated nature once more bursting forth into beauty and perfection.

An error, not uncommon, in deciding which flowers shall be planted, is to select numbers, merely for their variety or novelty, without reference to what will be their appearance when in bloom, and which generally leads to disappointment. Unless for botanical illustration, make a choice of flowers on two principles—those which will be beautiful when in bloom, although common, and those which will bloom at the particular season required, to insure a succession of variegated beauty from spring to autumn. The true amateur gardener takes a pride in cultivating not merely, or even the wild flowers of our fields, urging them, by careful culture, to the highest state of perfection, as to size and brilliancy of coloring, of which they are susceptible.—*Genesee Farmer.*

An Anecdote of Gen. Persifer Smith.

A capital joke is now told against Gen. Persifer Smith, at present commanding Uncle Sam's dragoons in Kansas. The General was recently at a supper, where a celebrated but rather bibulous man with whom he had some difference, was also present, and only watching an opportunity to annoy him. There was another Mr. Smith in the room, as will presently appear.—After all the regular toats had been given, the wit arose and begged to volunteer a sentiment. Permission was instantly granted, and those who knew him expected something good.

"I would propose," said the wag, rising to his feet, and looking calmly around, "I would propose the health of a *most pacific soldier*—of Gen. Smith, I mean—a General whose *charges* have ever been conducted on the very lowest and *most moderate principle!*"

The company sat thunderstruck. The sneering tone and bitter words left no alternative to Gen. Smith.

"You have ventured to doubt my courage, sir," he exclaimed, in a voice almost choked with passion. "You sneer at the charges in which I have taken a part; you shall now have an opportunity to test of what metal I am made." As he concluded he flung a card across the table in the other's face.

"There is surely some mistake here, my dear Persifer," replied the unabashed joker; "I have already got the card of the gentleman whose health I intended to propose." It was the business card of the Brothers Smith, of 122 and 140 Fulton street, one of whom happened to be present. "I mean," said the wit, "a *general clothier*, not a general officer. As to his *charges being moderate*, why I appeal to the company, three-fourths of whom have been his customers for years!" It was carried *nem. con.* that no insult had been given, and Gen. Persifer was the first afterwards to relate the joke against himself.

We clip from an exchange the following editorial notice, which is decidedly cool. We wonder to how many editors the same remarks would apply:

Absent.—The editor has gone up the river for a few days. All good articles, and facetious remarks, puns, and typographical errors may be attributed to his absence. In order to give variety and vigor to the —— he will frequently leave it for a week or so. It is to be hoped that the readers of this journal will appreciate his endeavors.

Some lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than for that imported from Havana, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:

May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes raight choke her:
And none but those who smoke themselves
Have kisses for a smoker!

There is a place in Pennsylvania known as Tremont Manor, which has been described as being "covered with stones, and under each stone there were fifteen rattlesnakes; and nothing but hemlock knots and huckleberries were produced in addition to stones and rattlesnakes."

"You flatter me, madam," said a fop, upon being told by a lady that his hat was a very fine one.

"Not at all sir," replied she, "I only praise the hatter; had the head or face been worth notice I should not have thought of the hat."

"I say, old boy," cried Paul Pry to an excavator in North Shields, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you diggin' there?"

"A big hole," the old boy replied.

Paul was not to be put off in this fashion.

"What are you going to do with the hole?"

"Going to cut it into small holes," replied the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate-posts." Poor Pry was sold.

A Scene in New York.

The following narrative is given in a Parisian paper, treating of the gradual extinction of savage life upon the continent:

The office of the "Courier des Etats Unis," the French paper in New York, is thronged every day with Indians, who come to ask for admission into civilized life.

One day there entered a Camanche. The tribe of Camanches is the most warlike in America.

"Pale-face," said the Indian, "are you the editor of the 'Courier des Etats Unis?'"

"Yes," said the pale-face, seizing a chair to hold as a rampart between him and his visitor, until he had declared his intention.

The Camanche smiled.

"Lower your weapon," said he. "I come to smoke with you the calumet of peace. Henceforth I follow the war path no more. I am weary of winter hunts in Arkansas and summer ravagings in Texas. I would prefer to brush your boots for a living. Stand aside! Let me pass into your dressing-room to wash off my war paint. I will leave my tomahawk, meanwhile, on your table."

So saying, he passed into the editor's private apartment.

Enter a Cherokee.

"Pale-face!" said he, "are you the editor of the 'Courier des Etats Unis?'"

"Red-face, I am!"

"Ah, I have often read your brilliant articles while reposing in the midst of the prairies, after my hunt for the grizzly bear and the bison!—The reading of your paper has converted me. I come to you, as a friend, to undertake my civilization."

"Friend from the wilderness, I will!',

"Thank you! And as a pledge of good intentions, here is my collection of scalps, which, in various late encounters, I have taken from the heads of my enemies. One—that is quite fresh, you see—I have just taken, as I came up stairs, from the office clerk below."

"What! How? Why, red-face, you don't mean to say you have scalped my head clerk?"

"Of course I do. He sounded the warwhoop by refusing to let me come unannounced to your presence. It was my duty to the honor of my tribe to scalp him for such an insult."

"Oh, red man!—to scalp a man is to wrong him!"

"Ah! ah!—unless he is your enemy! But criticise no more my manners, till you have civilized me. From to-day, I will cease scalping, and brush your boots for my living."

The Cherokee stood aside, and entered a Delaware, an Apache, a Black foot, a Pierce-Nose, and Sioux.

All brought bear-skins, war clubs, scalps, and bows and arrows, and in their various dialects they cried:

"Civilize us, and we will brush your boots!"

And suddenly with one thought, they precipitated themselves upon the boots of the editor, and fought for the possession of them with such fury that they were all soon dead upon the floor!"

To Prevent a Horse from Breaking his Bridle.

A subscriber from Mississippi, writes in a P. S., as follows. The information is worth, to any man having a bridle-breaking horse, the price of the Planters' Advocate at least one year.—Editor F. & P.

P. S.—Have you a horse that breaks his bridle? Go to the store, buy a large fiddlestring, tie one end of it to his bit, pass the other up under the head-stall and tie to the upper side of the bit. Tie the string from half to three-quarters of an inch shorter than the head-stall, take loose the martingales and hitch him with the reins (strong ones) and let him pull. Thus you see all the strain will be upon the cat-gut, and that cutting down on his naked head soon brings him to terms. I have never yet seen one make the third attempt under this treatment, and rarely a second. Try it.—*Farmer and Planter.*

"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted; I have sent three treasurers to the north, and they have all turned thieves.",

"Well, your majesty, I will recommend "Mivert."

"Mivert, you dog," said Charles; "why, Mivert is a thief already!"

"Therefore he cannot be corrupted, your Majesty," said Sedley.

Passing through the quiet little village of Saline, in Indiana, a fellow passenger pointed out a weather-beaten house of worship, as the place where he once heard, on a rainy occasion, the following prayer from the staid preacher:

"We thank thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that *Thou art here also*, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

"What is the matter, Uncle Jerry?' said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter," said the old man; "I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye 'spose I got for it?"

"About ninepence."

"Ninepence! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me sometime!

"Well," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she was engaged with her knitting work, "I wonder if I shall ever be able to express myself correctly. It seems to me I never can use the right word. Every time I undertake to say anything, I make some blunder or other. Whenever I open my mouth I am sure to put my foot in it!"—and she drew a deep sigh as she spoke, indicating that her mortification was inexpressible.

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance of the name of Cobb, replied:

"I don't know you, sir."

"My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half-seas over.

"Ah! sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much of the corn on you that I could not see the cob."

"You're a loafer—a man without a calling," said a Judge to a person arrested as a vagrant.

"I beg your pardon, your honor, I have a vocation."

"What is it?"

"I smoke glass for eclipses; but just now it is our dull season."

Good Advice.—If you your lips would keep from slips, five things observe with care—Of *whom* you speak, to *whom* you speak, and *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves rolled over him He replied: "*wet*, ma'am; *very wet!*"

An exchange paper says that the girls, in some parts of Pennsylvania, are so hard up for husbands that they soometimes marry editors and lawyers.

Somebody says there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

That was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat are 'pend altogedder how dey enjoy themseles."

When a Baltimore lady is kissed, she says, she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.

Happiness is like a pig with a greasy tail, which everybody runs after, but nobody can hold.

From the "London Field, the Country Gentleman's Newspaper."

TROTTING HORSES.

It is perfectly well known to most persons, however little conversant they may be with the habits and attributes of quadrupeds, that there are four paces natural to the horse, viz., the walk, the trot, the canter and the gallop. These are more less practised at times by every description of horse—be he the Flying Dutchman, one of messrs. Meux's dray horses, the minute shelty in his northern climate, or the light and enduring Arab in his arid desert, though each pace is more or less natural and practised by the breed the animal belongs to, and the habits to which he is accustomed.

Speed in either the walk or trot is the result of practice. Cavil not, reader, at the term speed as allusive to the walk, for accelerated pace is in other terms speed. This speed is far more acquired by practice as regads the walk and trot than the gallop. The speed of any horse who has naturally good trotting action may be more or less improved, that is quickened by practice. The horse, for instance, that can trot at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour may, in most cases, be brought or taught to rate seventeen or eighteen. We do not find it thus as regards the gallop, particularly with thoroughbred ones. The two-year-old colt that does not exhibit a turn of speed at that age rarely becomes anything remarkable at three or four. There are certainly exceptions, such as overgrown size producing weakness in the very young horse, or diminutive size preventing that stride the usual accompaniment of great speed: either of these drawbacks a year may remedy; and hence the reason we sometimes find influence the performance of horses at different ages. But in the trotter it is otherwise; in the generality of cases we are pretty sure of our attempts to increase speed being more or less crowned by success. Be it remembered that the horse never voluntarily exerts his top speed in *any pace*. We will say his natural rate of walking, either in approaching or receding from any object or place, is at least not more than three miles an hour; if he has occasion to move faster, he does not exert himself by increased pace in his walk, but he breaks into a slow or moderate trot; if fear or any other impulse urge him to increased quickness of motion, he does not much increase the rate of the trot, but he gallops, which pace at a very moderate rate quite suffices for any of his usual natural wants or desires. This satisfies us, if any proof were wanting, that top-speed at any pace is found by the animal to be distressing; and nothing but fear, coercion, or practice causes him to use it.

To bring the matter home to ourselves, and to teach a person the distressing effects of forced speed by a trial of it in his own person—there are few men in the habit of daily exercise and in moderate wind who could not, if called upon, run half a mile at a rate bordering on seven miles an hour, nor can we suppose, unless under the influence of some defect in the respiratory organs, that he would feel distressed from the run; but oblige the same man to attempt to walk half a mile at the rate of only five miles and a half per hour, the chances are, if he really walk at a