The Planters' Advocate.

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

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1857. No. 46.

A French Translation.

THE LAW SUIT.

Translated from the French of Amedee Achard.

Three days ago a party met in a chateau in the neighborhood of Rambouillet. The weather was gloomy, the sky was black. The rain was falling. The company drew near the fire round a table covered with books and papers.

"Heavens, how cold it is; here how dismal the wind sounds, whistling through the trees," said a young lady.

There was lying upon the table, among the pamphlets, a volume bound in leather, which had for a title the single word, "Midnight!" She took it up.

"Do you know the author of this book?" she asked.

"He is a skillful sculptor," replied a gentleman who was sitting by the fire, reading a newspaper.

"Claude Vignon, a sculptor! It is a pretty woman and a charming one," answered a third interlocutor, who was touching the keys of the piano, in a distant corner of the room.

"Woman or sculptor," replied the young lady who was turning over the leaves of "Midnight," "Claude Vignon has made a book which I would not read alone, of an evening, in such weather as this. It makes me shudder, only to touch it."

"Do you believe in these stories of the other world?" she resumed, a moment after.

"I don't know," answered an old gent.

"For my part, I believe them," said a sportsman who trembled when a salt-cellar was upset, but was not afraid of a wild boar.

The conversation thus pushed to the verge of the supernatural, did not stop there. The chairs were drawn closer, the doors were shut, and everybody told the stories he knew. If the wind had blown open a door, every one would have started with terror.

"I knew a man," said an old gentleman, "who for ten years had been occupied with an interminable law-suit, on which depended the fortune and almost the honor of his family. M. de T. was then forty years old. He was a dry man, a little bald, with intensely black eyes, and brave enough to fear nothing. To secure the success of his law-suit he required certain papers, without which he could do nothing. He was almost certain of their existence, but no search, however minute, had discovered the place where they were hidden. He had a hundred times overturned all the family furniture and all the port-folios of his notary. No trace seemed to exist of these papers, which contained incontestable proofs of his rights and the innocence of his cause. But M. de T. was not discouraged.

"I will spend my fortune to the last sou, and my blood to the last drop," said he. "After which, if I do not succeed, I will blow my brains out." He was a man to keep his promise.

There was in the T. family a tragical story which had never been cleared up. An old man, the Baron de M., had died suddenly one night. He was found dead and stiff in his bed. Was this event the result of a suicide or a murder?—No one knew. Some blackened papers were found in the chimney. A secretary was open in the room, but it was one which the old man never used. The door was shut on the inside, and there was no trace of its being forced. One of the half burned papers spoke of a will by which M. de T. was made universal legatee of the baron's fortune, but the will itself had not been found.

Meantime, as the end of the paper which had escaped the flames was the authentic writing of Baron M., M. de T. was put in possession of the estate. Collateral heirs came forward maintaining that the baron having destroyed the first will, some crime must have been committed. An old huntsman, who was in the confidence of his master, would have been able to tell the truth about these documents which could not be found, and the existence of which was established by the examinations, but he was absent from the castle on the fatal night, and on the day of his return died of appoplexy on entering the room of his dead master.

Soon after, came on the law-suit, the result of which M. de T. had been awaiting for ten years.

One day he came to the resolution, to return to the chateau of T., and search it from top to bottom, and in every corner. To be sure, he had done it twenty times before, without forgetting a closet, a cabinet, or drawer, but perhaps some article mislaid in the confusion, might have escaped his search, and moreover, there was one thing he meant to try. He started therefore, and reached T. on an evening in autumn.

For three days he gave himself up to the most minute researches, opening abandoned trunks and sounding the walls. He discovered nothing. M. de T. announced that he should leave the castle the next day, and they left him alone. He was in a spacious room which served as a library, and was near that in which the old man died.—This library separated the bed-room from a gallery, in which were several old paintings, and among others the portrait of the huntsman who had died in a fit as he entered his master's chamber.

This picture represented the huntsman at the moment when wounded himself, he was killing a wild boar who had beaten down the master of the castle. The sky was black and the scene was represented on the edge of a forest on the borders of a pond.

The likeness of the huntsman in this picture came out in the most striking manner, M. de T. never passed it without stopping to look at it.—The face of the man seemed living. It was full of fire.

M. de T. had been sitting for two hours in the chimney corner, in a great chair. The fire was dying out. Two tapers on a table hardly served to illuminate the whole of the room, which was made more dark by violet colored curtains. It was cold, and the rain pattered against the windows.

"Hold," said M. de T. between his teeth, "it is the same kind of weather as it was the day when that poor Claude was wounded in killing the boar."

He drew near the fire and began to arrange it. It was not extinguished, he took a fagot and threw it into the chimney. A thousand sparks arose, but it did not blaze up.

M. de T. thought that some one in the castle was bringing him in a letter.

"Come in," said he.

The door opened, and Claude appeared; the dog growled and hid himself under the folds of a curtain.

It was indeed Claude as he was represented in the picture, in a coat of green velvet, with great leathern gaiters, a game bag on his back, and his head uncovered. M. de T. jumped up and attempted to go forward.

As he murmured the name of Claude in a low voice, many recollections of him came back to M. de T. who had grown up on the knees of the old huntsman.

"Ah," said he, striking his hand on the marble, "if Claude were alive he would tell me everything."

As he finished speaking he heard a noise at the door, as of a key, which some one was attempting to put into the lock. A hunting dog which he had with him lay down, and dragging himself on his belly, his nose on the floor, his bristled tail stiff, retired to the furthest corner of the room.

The huntsman stretched out his arm and made him a sign to be seated. M. de T. fell back heavily into his chair; he was opposite a mirror, and was frightened at seeing how pale he was.

Claude advanced three steps and seated himself opposite to him. There was a cold atmosphere about the huntsman, which penetrated to the bones. M. de T. shuddered.

He observed that the clothes of the huntsman were all dripping with water, as on the day, when under a rainy sky he had saved the life of his master. The blood was flowing from the wound he had received in the thigh.

"You called me," said the huntsman; "I know what you want."

M. de T. made a violent effort to regain his calmness, and became master of himself. He tried to speak, but he could not open his mouth.

"You are looking for papers," said the guard, "I can give them to you but on one condition."

"Speak," said M. de T., painfully. He could have touched the huntsman with his hand, but the voice sounded distant.

"You buried me alone in the village cemetery. This was not right. During my life I was near my master—dead I ought to sleep near him."

"It is right," replied M. de T., "I will do what you desire."

"Come then."

M. de T. wished to rise; with the first effort he got upon his feet; but his legs were heavy as lead. Claude was already at the door of the chamber where his master had been found dead.

"Are you coming?" said the huntsman.

M. de T. followed, his footsteps sounded like metal on the floor.

Claude pushed open the door and went in. A profound sigh heaved his bosom. A singular blast of cold struck M. de T. on his face. The chamber was dark, but around Claude it was light.

The huntsman pointed with his hand to a basin for holy water suspended at the head of the bed.

"Look there," said he.

M. de T. struck his forehead. He remembered when a child to have surprised his uncle, in the act of concealing a pocket book in a box cut out of the thickness of the wall. The thought came like lightning.

"Push that button behind this bit of wood," said Claude.

M. de T. obeyed, a spring snapped, the box opened, and he saw a pocket-book.

"This is not all," continued the huntsman, stretching his arms along the wall on which was seen a set of huntsman's arms; "take this old game bag, look in one of its compartments, at the very bottom."

"A letter," cried M. de T.

"Read it," said Claude.

M. de T. broke the seal, the letter was addressed to himself; it was dated the same day the old baron entered the chamber to die. He said in this letter that he was about to kill himself to escape a sort of dark melancholy with which he was oppressed. He added that his will was written, and it would be found in the hiding place where he kept his most valuable papers. He pointed out the situation of it.

The Baron who had passed the day in hunting, had evidently gone out with the intention of putting the letter into the mail; he had forgotten it in consequence of absence of mind to which he was subject, and on returning home he had killed himself.

When he had finished reading the letter M. de T., who understood it all at once, looked at Claude. The eyes of the huntsman never quitted him, and he was enveloped in that pale light, which had the brilliancy and coldness of snow, and made everything clear around him.

Claude walked toward the door, and M. de T. followed him. He obeyed mechanically an impulse stronger than his reason. He felt no other sensation than that of intolerable cold.

When they were in the room where M. de T. had been surprised by the huntsman, Claude stoped.

"This is all," said he; "now do not follow me—remember only what you have promised me."

He pushed the door by which he had entered, allowed it to turn upon its hinges and disappeared. M. de T. listened for a few seconds to the sound of his footsteps, which grew distant slowly and resounded heavily in the gallery and on the staircase. When they ceased, he was seized with shiverings, and fell his whole length upon the floor.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The people of the house were near him. They had placed him upon a sofa.

"We came in here an hour ago," said his servant to him, "and found you on the floor. The howlings of the dog drew us to the room. Here, sir, what has happened to you?"

"I do not know," said M. de T. He still held in his hand the pocket book and the letter.—Everything came back to his mind.

That same cold he had felt during the night seized him in every limb. He ran into the baron's room, the sealed box in the wall behind the wooden bar was open.

"Have you seen or heard nothing?" said he to the people about him.

"Nothing."

M. de T. related to them what had passed. The steward of the castle began to laugh.

"It is a dream or a hallucination, which you will," said he, and in dreaming you recollected what you saw when you were very young. This is why you opened the hiding place. All were there together, both the letter and the pocket book."

M. de T. turned round.

"And this game bag, which was yesterday against the wall, and which is now on the floor here?"

"It must have fallen down—see, the nail is gone."

"Oh," replied he, "I seem to see him now, seated on this chair before me; with his wet clothes and his wound."

"This, then, is the reason that this chair is wet, and covered with blood," said the servant.

M. de T. uttered a loud cry and touched the chair. The water and blood were there.

"Oh God, how cold it is," cried he, drawing back his hand all wet and bloody.

He ran into the gallery almost mad with terror. The picture in which Claude had been represented as he had re-appeared was on the floor, one of the corners had fallen on the hearth of a chimney where there was a fire, the frame was partly consumed. The face of Claude had disappeared.

M. de T. crossed himself. He was seized with a burning fever. They put him to bed. His strong constitution saved him; as soon as he was able to walk his first care was to have the remains of Claude transported to the tomb where the Baron was interred. The two bodies were placed side by side, and M. de T. followed the coffin, all in black, and bare headed.

That night had settled the law suit which had lasted for ten years. But M. de T. during his whole life, was never cured of a sensation of inward cold, which nothing could dissipate.

Be Kind to your Sisters.—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all your ill-temper or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful song which says:

> Be kind to your sisters—not many may know
> The depth of true sisterly love;
> The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
> The surface that sparkles above.

A Southern journal, a few days since, had an article, in which it was said:

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

This expression "Betty Broomstick" criticises thus:

"What a Mormon! This casts Joe Smith and Brigham Young completely in the shade. Now ain't you ashamed of yourself? P. S.—Stop my paper."

Selected Poetry.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troup of little children at my knee, John Brown.
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face, without guile, John Brown.
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown:
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

Selected Miscellany.

Fidelity of a Slave.

At a meeting of the Palmetto Association of South Carolina, some weeks since, Mr. Keitt, in the course of a speech laudatory of the deeds of the South Carolina regiment in the Mexican War, related the following instance of the devotion of a slave who was attached to the person of a brother of President S. Brooks:—"When another regiment fled, and all the horrors and scourges of war were pouring down upon the gallant Palmettoes, bathed in the blood of their comrades—when Shields said, "who will follow me" and Butler said "we will"—Brooks, yes, the stripling Brooks, cried, "yes, all will follow you to the death"—and he did. The ball which pierced his body shivered his musket—and a shiverd musket was to adorn the signet, with the motto *satis meruisse*. When this brother left home, Brooks told him his father said to his old body servant, "go with him, and take care of him—I confide my son to you." How did the good old negro act? When the baptism of blood was going on—when perils were lingering around—when hot ignition of stratagem was everywhere—with none to watch the wounded boy but this old servant, he was at his labor of love, taking care of his charge. Crushed bones worked out from the wound—he gathered them up and preserved them. The noble spirit passed out, and the corpse alone was left. What did the old and faithful slave? The regiment gave him a mule and cart—the soldiers helped him to make a rude coffin. With his own hands he placed the earthly remains of his beloved young master in this hearse—he conveyed it to Mexico—he carried it to Vera Cruz—he bore it on shipboard and by railroad, to his old master's home, and delivered the body and the bones of her child to his widowed and bereaved mother, at the lintel of his birth-place. This is literally true. In classic story—in legendary annals—in ancient or modern times—where is the equal of this touching story?"

A Virginia Sketch.

Many years ago when the old county of Monongalia was bounded upon the East by Maryland, when the trusty rifle was the only defence of the "pale face"—a hunter of Monongalia left his rude cabin to try his luck in the hunt for game.

The day was not pleasant, and after strolling for hours over the rough peaks of Briery Mountain, our hunter was caught miles from his rude home in a drenching autumnal rain. Weary and wet, he at length found a shelter of bark hastily constructed by a former adventurer, who had likewise been engaged in the hunt. This retreat was gladly taken possession of by Felton, the hunter, who had not occupied it but a few minutes when looking through a crevice of his shelter, he discovered not more than 25 yards from him, a large wild cat quietly lounging upon a log. Felton immediately primed his gun afresh, and taking deliberate aim at the varmint, fired. The old rifle did its work well and down tumbled the cat. Felton reloaded his gun and was surprised upon looking again at the log to see the wild cat again upon it. This time he was more careful in taking aim, and when the smoke cleared away the cat was missing, no doubt having received this time a fatal shot. In a few minutes the rifle was reloaded and behold, the Wild Cat is occupying his usual place on the log! "Something's wrong," thought the hunter, and after examining his gun carefully, he concluded to "try it again"—bang went the gun and down tumbled the cat. "Guess you won't get up this time," said Felton, and after waiting sometime to see, he concluded to go to the log, and found on the opposite side from the shelter, three wild cats, weltering in their blood. Felton explains it by saying that the wild cats had found the carcass of a deer near the log, and while one of the gang was acting the sentry upon the log, the rest were enjoying the feast; and as oft as the sentinel was killed another took his place. Felton is now an old man. He still lives upon Briery Mountain and keeps the old rifle as the companion of his early years. Some may think this a mere story—a hunting yarn—but all who know the old man will give him credit for truthfulness and and integrity.—*Morgantown Star.*

Some nine years since, a letter was received in New Orleans, directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one the younger clerks in the office informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so *I opened the letter myself!*"—"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.—"Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, '*thou art the man!*'"

BATHING.

Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over; and whether in winter or summer that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

Bath should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of a family physician. Many a man, in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; aye, it is done every day.

The best, safest, cheapest and more universally accessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing with soap, warm water, and hog's hair brush, is as follows:

As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck and breast; then, in the same basin of water, put your feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night when you go to bed, and whenever you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands, as far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which too frequent washings of the skin will always destroy.

That precautions are necessary, in connection with the bath-room, is impressively signified in the death of an American lady of refinement and and position, lately after taking a bath soon after dinner; of Surgeon Hume, while alone in a warm bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances all within a year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Selling a Horse.

A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse and try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his beast for what he would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding at the same time an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating the faults of the animal, lest one should be overlooked.

"Remember, Pompey, he has four faults."

"O, yes, massa, I take care."

Pompey, jogging along the road and conning over the list to himself, as the old lady did her luggage, "Big box, little box, band box, bundle," was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and among some other topics, made some enquiries about the horse.

Pompey told his story, said that his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without reservation.

"Well, what are they?" said the stranger, who had a mind for a swap.

"Dere is four, massa," said Pompey, "and I remember 'em all very well just now, but——"

"Well, tell me those you do remember," said the other.

"Well, sah, one is dat de horse is white, and the white hairs got on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."

"And the next?"

"Why, when he come to a brook, he will put his nose down and blow in the water, and massa don't like dat."

"What next?"

"I can't anyhow remember de oders," said Pompey, peering up into the clouds with one eye, reflectingly.

The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so genteel an air as the parson's, for this nearly unexceptionable animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled, and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that his horse was entirely blind.

Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches:

"You black rascal! what does this mean?—This horse is broken-kneed and as blind as a mole!"

"O, yes, massa," said Pompey, blandly, "deems de oder two faults dat I couldn't remember!"

A French Trick.

We find this in a French correspondent's letter to a Southern journal:

"My dear," asked a young Paris lady to a female friend, "do you believe that miserly X, would lend me three thousand francs?"

X, was the name of a well known sporting man:

"It depends on chance," was the answer.

"How shall I set about it?"

"Take a pen and write:

"My dear Alfred—I have been disappointed in the non-receipt of some money this morning. Could you bring me this evening three thousand francs, and at the same time carve a pheasant I have just received?
"Ernestine."

"And do you believe," said she, when the letter was sent, "that I shall have my money?"

"With that note, my dear, you'll not get a sou."

"Why did you make me write it?"

"Because it was necessary that a first note should precede a second—do you understand?"

"No."

"Take your pen."

"What! write again?"

"Three lines only."

"My dear Alfred—Think of my note as not sent.—Just after I had despatched it, I received my money. Don't forget, however, to come and sup with me. The pheasant is superb."

This letter was sent like the first.

"Now see what will happen," said the lady friend. "Alfred will feign not to have received your second letter, and will make a show of generosity when he thinks you need no money. The rest is with yourself."

All was executed according to form, the sporting man gallantly offered the three thousand francs, convinced they would not be accepted; but to his horror the lady quietly pockered the money. And to add to his amusement the mischief a pheasant was there to eat!

A Remedy with one Objection.—General D—— was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished in personal cleanliness. Complaining, on a certain occasion, to the Chief Justice B—— of the suffering he endured from rheumatism, that learned and humorous judge undertook to prescribe a remedy.—"You must desire your servant," he said to the General, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water.—You will then get into the tub, and, having provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh-brush."—"Why," said the General, after a few moments' reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me nothing more nor less than washing yourself."—"Well," rejoined the judge, "*it is open to that objection!*"

While one of the Supreme Judges was recently staying at Paris, he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked him a number of questions, and, among the rest—"Where do you live?" "In California?" "Well," asked the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?" "I am a Judge of the Supreme Court." "Oh, ah!" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your name—it is Lynch, eh?"

Facts, Fun and Fancy.

A slanderer of the softer sex undertakes to prove that Satan was a woman whose name was Lucy Fir.

A Yankee editor says he liked to die a larfin, to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign for a pocket handkerchief.

Mirabeau said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that God created him only to show to what extent the human skin would stretch without breaking.

A young lady being asked why the noun bachelor is singular, replied, "because it's very singular they don't get married."

"It is a solemn thing to get married," said Aunt Betty. "Yes, but a good deal solomner not to be," replied her daughter, who was just turning forty.

"My horse, if you please," said the wife. "My money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing, "and your money bought me."

"James, now I will hear your lesson," said a schoolmaster to a little urchin, who was not in the habit of studying much. "Gueth not, thir; daddy thaith little boys should be theen and not heard."

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you *hollerin'* for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am *hollerin?*"

Tom.—Hallo, Fred, what, you writing poetry? Fred.—Yes, I'm writing an owed (ode) to my tailor. Tom.—What's the time and tune?—Fred.—Time sixty days. It's set to notes of mine in his possession.

Bus—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunder-bus—two girls kissing each other. Omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room. Bus-ter—a general kisser, *E pluri* bus *unum*—a thousand kisses in one.

"Oh, Mary, my heart is breaking," "Is it, indeed, Mr Closefist? So much the better for you." "Why so, my idol?" "Because, when it's broke out-and-out, you may sell off the pieces for gun-flints."

> "I sat me down in thought profound,
> This maxim wise I drew,
> It's easier far to like a girl,
> Than make a girl like you."

A ragged individual was saluted a few days since by a little urchin, thus: "I say, you, sir, don't you belong to the army?" "No!" was the indignant reply. "Well," said the boy, "I thought that you did, as you are *out under arms.*"

"Poppy, the corn's up." "The corn up?—Why, I only planted it yesterday." "I know that, but the hogs got in last night, and guv it a lift you hadn't counted on." Scene closes with a grand tableau, in the midst of which poppy seizes a poker and rushes out.

A gentleman complained to old Banister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which as he meant to sell him, would be a great draw-back. "Then," said Charles, "you must sell him wholesale." "Wholesale!" says the other; "how so?" "Because you cannot *retail* him."

The following is a speech made by the manager of an Irish theatre. There were only three persons composing his audience—Ladies and gentlemen! As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening."

"Boy," said a traveller to a little fellow, whom he met, clothed in pants and round-about, but minus of another very necessary article of apparel—"Boy, where's your shirt?" "Mamma's washing it." "Have you no other?" "No other!" exclaimed the urchin with indignant scorn, "would you want a body to have a hundred shirts?"

In the bull-fighting days, a blacksmith, who was rearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all-fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed—"Hold him, Growler boy, hold him! bear it, feythey, bear it! *it 'ill be the making of the pup.*"

An old lady walked into an office of a Judge of Probate, in Massachusetts, once upon a time, and asked: "Are you the Judge of Reprobates!" "I am Judge of the Probate." "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: "Yes, sir-ee, and so are women; and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt." "Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

An Irish woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug.—She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel. "And why not ask for a half a gallon, and have done with it?" impatiently asked the grocer. "Och bless yer little soul, isn's it for two that I want it?"

The *Medical World* says that there is a mule in possession of a farmer near Billingloss, Ireland, which has been employed in the transit of ammunition, &c., to Vinegar Hill, since 1798. There is a saying that a white mule lives longer than any other mule. Some years ago, one of that color, on Colonel Middleton's estate, in South Carolina, was over eighty years of age, and was still at work.

A fellow went, a few weeks since, into the store of a fashionable milliner. "Have you any skirts?" asked he. "Plenty of all kinds." "What do you ask, a cord?" said the chap. "A cord?" replied the woman. "Yes, I want about a cord. Up in our diggings the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise "corded skirts," and I thought while my hand was in, I'd take what you had corded up." The milliner fainted.

The Press, as it is seen in the newspapers, is something better than what it has been aptly enough called, "the fulcrum which Archimedes longed for." Lord Mansfield recognised one of its great uses when he remarked to a foreigner who was surprised at the scanty public in the courts of justice in England: "No matter, sir, we sit every day in the newspapers."

Washigton's Amendment.—General Washington seldom indulged in a joke or a sarcasm, but when he did he always made a decided hit. It is related that he was present in Congress during the debate on the establishment of the Federal army, when a member offered a resolution limiting the army to three thousand men, upon which Washington suggested to a member an amendment providing *that no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand soldiers.* The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

A Model Woman.—"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B—— is a poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No; and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes, for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with cheap, thin carpets."

"Oh, well then, I can hear his step the sooner."

Agricultural Department.

From the American Farmer for July.

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

As this month is the harvest month in most of the great wheat producing States, we anticipated its approach last month, and gave such hints as we believed would prove conducive of good to the agricultural interest; we did so then, to afford time to perfect all the preliminary arrangements, and having done so we respectfully refer our readers to our last number for the sugestions we then made upon harvesting, and shall now direct attention to such matters as we deem connected with the labors of the month.

HAY HARVEST.

The most eligible time for cutting grass for hay, is when it is in bloom. Many let their timothy remain uncut until the leaves become dried up, and when, in fact, there is little else remaining but the stalks and seed heads. But we think this is a mistaken policy. Whilst the stems and leaves are growing and green they contain considerable quantities of gum and saccharine matter, which on ripening are converted, to a great extent, into indigestible woody fibre; the residue goes into the seeds. Now, as observant farmers know, large quantities of hay seeds are shattered out and lost, so that their nutrimental value is but little avail to the stock; and, therefore, grass should not be permitted to remain uncut beyond the period when it comes in bloom. Timothy hay, if cut when the seeds are ripe, as is indicated by analysis, contains more nitrogen than when cut at an earlier period, viz: when in bloom; but then we should take these facts into consideration:—1. The leaves whither and die before the seeds are ripe. 2. The main stems become transformed into wood-like substances, are coarse and comparitively indigestible 3. Grass cut when in bloom does not exhaust the soil so much, as it does when cut at the time the seed is ripe; the hay when cured from grass cut when in bloom, is not so coarse as is the former, is more easily masticated by stock, is more easily digested, and enfinitely more acceptable to their appetites; and for the reasons that we have stated, we believe that the hay is in reality more nutritive.

MILLET.

The loss of cattle by actual *starvation* during the past season make us particularly anxious to see provision made now, to protect domestic animals from similar disasters the next winter and spring; and hence we call upon all agriculturists who may anticipate a short supply of long provender, to seize the present occasion, and put in some acres in millet to make up their contemplated deficiency. Millet may be sown up to the 10th of this month, and will be ready to be cut for hay by the middle of next month, or at least by the 20th.

The *time of cutting* is, when the seed first begin to turn yellow at the top of the head. The *quantity of seed* to be sown per acre for hay is three pecks. Of the *quantity of manure* it may be briefly said, he who wishes a luxuriant crop of millet, must be bountiful in his supply of nutriment—let the organic supply of manure be of whatever kind it may. Millet is a hearty eater, and, when well fed, a luxuriant grower, and abundant yielder of hay. The ground must be ploughed deep and be thoroughly pulverized.

BRODCAST CORN.

If you cannot procure a supply of millet seed sow corn brodcast in its stead, at the rate of 3 bushels per acre. Manure the land heavily, plough deep, pulverize thoroughly, and until the tilth is fine, then roll, sow the corn by the 10th of the month, harrow and cross harrow it in, and then finish by rolling.

BUCKWHEAT.

Sown at the rate of 1 bushel per acre, on a suitable soil, manured and well prepared, if cut when the plant first comes into bloom, and cured properly, make very good provender for cattle, and we mention it in this connection in order that the means of supply may be enlarged. This should be sowd by the 10th of the month.

FALL POTATOES.

Keep these clean from grass and weeds. If you have not already done so, give them a top-dressing of a mixture comprised, at the rate per acre, of 5 bushels of unleached ashes, 1 bushel of salt, and 1 bushel of plaster. We do not recommend this application with the view of finding in it a specific or preventative against the *rot;* for we have but little faith in *nostrums;* but for the more rational purpose of supplying the potatoes with elements which we consider essential to their healthful growth, and which are always found, by every well conducted analysis, in their tubers and tops; and hence we infer, that it is always the part of prudence to supply them, lest they may be absent from the soil, and as a consequence that the plants would suffer for the want of them; for we take it to be a legitimate deduction from the premises, that, if the substances named were not essential to the growth and maturation of the potato, their *presence* would not be so invariably found in their ashes when submitted to the test of analysis.

SHEEP.

Every owner of a flock of sheep should consider it his duty, as it assuredly is his interest, to keep a trough, under cover in his sheep pasture, from now until fall, over the bottom of which should be spread a layer of *tar*, and over that a liberal covering of *salt*. In licking the salt, of which they are very fond, and which is conducive to their health, they will smear their noses with tar, and thus arm themselves against the *fly*, which deposits its eggs in the nostrils of sheep; the aroma of the tar will drive the fly off and prevent such deposits, and consequently preserve the sheep from the disease called *worms in the head*, which is the result of such deposits.—The tar and salt should be placed in the trough every few days.

FALL TURNIPS.

Every one who desires to make a good crop of turnips should make his arrangements, so as to be able to sow them about the 25th of *this* month. By sowing thus early, should the plants be cut off by flies, or flees, there will be time enough left to resow. The general practice has been to sow turnips on the 10th of August—a period too late in the event of the plants being destroyed by insects to allow of re-sowing, a contingency that every culturist should guard against.

Preparation of the ground.—If your ground is not in sward, give it two ploughings; take care each time to harrow until the soil is perfectly pulverized and in fine tilth. Plough in one half of your manure to the full depth of the furrow, which should be a deep one; and harrow the other half of the manure in just before you sow the seed, unless it be bone manure, in which case, harrow it in.

Of manures, quantities, and kinds.—10 bushels of bone-dust, 10 bushels of spent ashes, 2 bushels of salt and 1 bushel of plaster, to be made into pie, layer and layer about, permitted to remain in pie two or three weeks, shoveled over, and broadcasted on the ground just before sowing the turnip seed, will grow an acre of good turnips.

Twenty two-horse loads of well rotted cow-dung; one half to be ploughed in to the full depth of the furrow; the other half to be harrowed in, will produce an acre of good turnips; 20 bushels of spent-ashes, 2 bushels of salt and 1 bushel of plaster to be harrowed in with the latter half of the cow-dung. Twenty two-horse loads of sheep dung treated in the same way of the cow-dung, as regards the top-dressing with ashes, salt and plaster will also produce an acre of good turnips: 300 lbs. of manipulated guano to be ploughed in, and the ground receive the same top-dressing as above, will also produce an acre of turnips.

Preparation of the seed.—Soak the seed from 12 to 24 hours in fish oil; then drain the oil off the seed, and mix ashes with the seed until they are entirely separated. Seed thus soaked germinate quicker than do unsoaked seed, while the smell of the oil is repellant to insects.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—If mixed with twice its bulk of sand, and sown by a skilful hand 1½ lb. per acre is enough.

Time of sowing, &c.—As before stated, the seed should be sown about the 25th of July.—When sown, they should be *lightly* harrowed in with a *light* garden harrow, and rolled immediately afterwards, to compress the soil upon the seed.

After Culture.—So soon as the plants come up, give them a dusting of ashes, or soot, or a mixture of both. Repeat this each morning early, while the leaves are wet with dew until the plants get into the rough leaf.

When the plants begin to bottle, that is to assume the bulb shape, run a light barrow through them. This operation serves the double purpose, of partially thinning out the plants, and working them at the same time. In a week from this time, the plants should be finally thinned out so as to stand from 6 to 8 inches aprt. At the same time the weeds should be cleaned out by hand and hoe. After an interval of 8 or 10 days, give another wedding, and your culture will have been completed; and if your soil is adapted to their culture, has been well manured, well ploughed and harrowed, the season being propitious, you cannot fail to make a large crop.

And before we close this branch of the month's duties, let us conjure you, with the view of eking out your cattle-food, to enter zealously into the growth of this crop. It has done more for the agriculture of England than any other crop, and if intelligently pursued with us may do as much for our country.

PEACH TREES.

Examine and treat your peach trees as we advised you last month, if you failed to take the advice we then gave.

PEAR, PLUM AND CHERRY TREES.

Examine these, and if there be any blighted limbs on them, cut the blighted parts off into the sound wood, burn the parts cut off immediately. Cover the wounded parts with varnish.

Examinations should be repeated, as it frequently occurs that large portions of a limb may be saved by timely resort to this remedy.

BUDDING AND INOCULATING.

Plums, Cherries, Apricots and Pears, may be budded towards the last of this month.

ORCHARDS.

All decayed fruits which may fall from time to time should be picked up and given to the hogs.

If there be decayed limbs on the trees, have them carefully sawed off into the sound wood, smooth the wound with a drawing knife, and and dress the wound with a coat of varnish.

RUTABAGA TURNIP.

Seed of this variety of turnip may be sown any time up to the 15th of this month. For the best mode of culture we refer to our advice upon this head in our last month's number.

TREATMENT OF ROOT CROPS GENERALLY.

Every kind of roots should have the earth well stirred, and kept clean from weeds and grass until laid by. Cleanliness in growing crops is quite as necessary as it is to the health of the human body: in the first case as the pores of the earth are opened, and placed in a condition to be benefitted by atmospheric influences, while, in the latter, those of the body are cleansed of all impurities, and the skin permitted to carry on a healthy action.

SPROUTS, BUSHES, BRIARS, BRAMBLES &c.

Make an interminable war upon all of these with the determination to destroy them, seed, root and branch.

COMPOST HEAPS.

Give to the formation of these your most ardent attention. Upon all occasions of leisure have them collected and placed in a condition to to be transformed into manure. If you have four hundred acres in culture, the entire time of one hand and team might be very profitably occupied in their collection. Mould, recollect, is the vital principal of every soil—the life-blood of its productive powers.

WET LANDS.

If you have any fields that may be considered wet lands, have them drained; for you may rest assured, that, until they are relieved of their excess of water, they will never prove productive or profitable.

DEEP PLOUGHING.

As you will soon be breaking up your wheat grounds, let us say to you that deep tillage is absolutely necessary to enable the soil to do full justice to its productive capacities. A field that before being drained would only yield from 7 to 10 bushels of wheat, will, after being thoroughly drained, yield from 15 to 20 bushels or more per acre, while the quantity of the wheat would be better, and come sooner to maturity.

BUCKWHEAT FOR ITS GRAIN.

This may be sown up to the 10th of this month.

FENCES.

Examine your fences carefully short intervals, and see to it that they are all the time kept in a state to keep the stock out of the fields. Recollect, that the *short commons* of July and August pastures make animals very sharp-sighted, and correspondingly persevering in their efforts to secure more sumptnous fare.

Disgusting if True.—The following paragraph is going the rounds:

The Troy (N. Y.,) ladies have introduced a new feature at their fairs, which makes them draw like steam engines. All the most bewitching girls wear placards labeled "kisses one shilling each;" and in some cases where dealers possess extraordinary beauty, as high as twenty-five cents is obtained. Gentlemen who are fond of gathering this kind of fruit, "melting from trees," go in for it according to the weight of their purses; and one of the newspapers states that one rosy-lipped, bright eyed gal realized $62 in one evening. One gentleman actually purchased $11 worth of this honey."

Sol Jones was a stage driver for many years, before the railroads had become plentiful, and he has followed various occupations since. His principal employment now is drinking strong liquors, and his nose reflects constantly the "everlasting fire." One day last week, Sol. stepped into one of our fashionable restaurants, and called for brandy. The decanter was handed to him, and he poured out a tumbler nearly full. With a look of aversion at the water pitcher, which was standing near, he tossed off the brandy, and set down his glass with a strong expression of disgust upon his humorous countenance. "Anything the matter with that brandy?" inquired the bar tender. "Yes" was the gruff reply. "What ails it?" asked Boniface. "Why, d—n it" said Sol, "I kin taste the water in it."

The Marshal Castellan ordered a sham fight recently to be executed by his troops, at mid-day, in a field near Lyons. The day was excruciatingly warm, and the marshal perceiving two grenadiers, overcome by the heat and fatigue, reclining leisurely on the grass under the shelter of a hedge, galloped towards them and commenced rating them severely. "Faineants! why are you here? While your comrades are fighting you are asleep! You do nothing?" "Pardon, marshal," replied one of grenadiers, "*we are the dead!*" (*nous faisons les morts!*) The marshal smiled and retired without further delay.

A Consistent "Son."—The following anecdote is told of a very clever fellow, who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance. After becoming a "son" he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physician was called, and on examining him, pronounced him in a very dangerous condition, and prescribed brandy.—The sick man told him he could not take it. The doctor insisted that it was a proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not take it. The doctor said he must, or he would have spasms. "Well," said the Son of Temperance, "I will try a couple of spasms first."