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TERMS.

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THE MUSES' BOWER.

"BE STRONG FOR GOD WHEN YOUR OLD BISHOP'S DEAD."

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

They cluster'd round, that listening throng,
The parting hour drew nigh,
And heighten'd feeling, deep and strong,
Spoke forth from eye to eye.

For reverend in his hoary years,
A white-robed prelate bent,
And trembling pathos wing'd his words,
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love he urged the crowd
Salvation's hope to gain;
While, gathering o'er his furrow'd cheek,
The tears fell down like rain.

He waved his hand, and music woke
A warm and solemn strain,
His favorite hymn swell'd high, and fill'd
The consecrated fane.

Then from the hallow'd chancel forth,
With faltering step, he sped,
And fervent laid a father's hand
On every priestly head.

And breathed the blessing of his God
And, full of meekness, said:
"Be faithful in your Master's work,
When your old bishop's dead.

"For more than fifty years, my sons,
A Saviour's love supreme
Unto a sinful world, hath been
My unexhausted theme:

"Now, see, the blossoms of the grave
Are o'er my temples spread,
Oh! lead the seeking soul to Him
When your old bishop's dead."

Far waned the holy Sabbath-eve
On towards the midnight hour,
Before the spell-bound throng retired
To slumber's soothing power.

Yet many a sleeper mid his dream,
Beheld in snowy stole,
That patriarch prelate's bending form,
Whose accents stirr'd the soul.

In smiles the summer morn arose,
And many a grateful guest,
Forth from those hospitable domes,
With tender memories pressed.

While o'er the broad and branching bay,
Which, like a heart doth pour
A living tide, in countless streams,
Through fair Virginia's shore:

O'er Rappahannock's fringed breast,
O'er rich Potomac's tide,
Or where the bold resistless James
Rolls on with monarch pride.

The boats that ask not sail nor oar,
With speed majestic glide,
And many a thoughtful pastor leans
In silence o'er their side.

And while he seems to scan the flood
In silver 'neath him spread,
Revolves the charge, *"Be strong for God
When your old bishop's dead."*

"MACHINE POETRY."

They have a machine at the office of the New York Mercury, for grinding out poetry, that is managed by "Spoons." He says he only throws in a bottle of ink, a goosequill, and a sheet of paper, and it comes out first rate poetry. Sometimes it requires a little trimming, and the commas and periods have to be put in "by hand." The other night the boys got witching with it, when Spoons' had stept out, and the consequent was the following—a conglomerated mass of a little of every thing.

There is not a valley in this wide world so sweet
As that where they've lobsters and oysters to eat;
And down to that beach a poor exile of Erin
One morning I spied with a hungry maw steerin',
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill,
And he walk'd into the oysters & muscles to kill.

Hail, Columbia, happy land!
For *worser* times are nigh at hand;
If I could read my title clear,
I would right off to Texas steer;
And those who met me would say,
O tell me, blue-eyed stranger,
Say whither dost thou roam?
Through these cane-breaks a stranger,
Hast thou no settled home?
O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
The musquitoe we heard at the twilight's last gleaming?
The musquitoe that bit us so freely all night,
That kept us the while from e'er sleeping or dreaming?
Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain in deluge poured,
The clouds seemed rent asunder,
Yet wife lay still and snored!
And then I sung
With trembling tongue,
Hush, my dear, lay still and slumber,
Valliant armies guard thy bed,
Fleas and bed-bugs without number
Gently wander round thy head.

The following splendid piece of description is from an article in the Edinburgh Review.

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or faraway, ver boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The high Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the Lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the Princely house of Oude

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of 30 kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of justice, with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter-King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the upper house as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar, against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall of the Realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.—The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.—There were seated round the Queen the fair haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons in the prime of her majectic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire, thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; & when, before a Senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that case which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine, from which he had extracted a treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegent ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.†—There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecila, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay.§ There were the members of that briliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down Princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self respect;—a high and intellectual forehead;—a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision;—a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the Council-Chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great pro consul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession—the bold and strong minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice Chancellor, and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much attention as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at the head appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment, and his commanding, copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to the great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor, and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absense of these two distinguished members of the lower house, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes, and the English Hyperides. There was Burke ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

There, with eyes reventially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence & spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the soul representative of a great age that has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, and a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had orignated; and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English Presidences. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law.

The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration, even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—'Therefore' said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of High crime & misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert.—Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

*Gibbon.
†Mrs. Fitzherbert.
§Mrs. Sheridan.

Agricultural.

From the American Farmer.

Large yields of Corn—the Corn Culture.

We observe in the New Genesee Farmer, the following notices of large yields of corn:

1. In the proceedings of the Cayuga county, N. Y. Agricultural Fair, we find that the committee on grain awarded to Joseph F. Osborn, the *first* premium of $8 for the best crop of corn, presented by specimens, both in quality of seed and quantity produced, which yielded 144 bushels 11 pounds to the acre.

2. The second premium of $5 for quantity, (121 bus. 15 lbs. to the acre,) was awarded to Jas. Sherman, of Springport.

3. In the proceedings of the Genesee County Agricultural Fair, we find that H. Brainard received the premium for the best acre of corn, 97 bushels.

4. The editor of the Genesee Farmer was informed by a Scotch farmer residing in the town of Sodus, Wayne county, New York, that he raised the past season, 400 bushels of Indian corn on 4 acres of land, notwithstanding the dryness of the season. He attributes his success mainly to his manner of planting, and thinks that farmers generally plant too thinly.—His mode is to plant in rows three feet apart, and drop two grains in a place only 15 inches apart in the rows. The variety was the Red Blazed Flint. The soil is sandy loam. 100 loads of manure were put on the 4 acres.

5. In the proceedings of the Monroe county, N. Y Agricultural Society, we find that Robert D. Martin received the first premium of $7 for the best average acre of corn, the average being 94 bushels to the acre; Ebenezer Gooding received the second premium, $5 his average being 90 bushels to the acre, and Lyman B Langworthy the third, $3, his acreable average 80 1-3.

6. Abram Cushman, presented a memorandum, showing a product of 98 bushels.

7. In the proceeding of the Oneida county Cattle Show and Fair, the first premium for the best acre of corn was awarded to Julius Curtis, of Westmoreland, it was 86 bushels 36 lbs; the second premium was awarded Elisha Shaw, of Rome, his crop was 83 bus. 19 lbs. of very good corn.

There was another acre presented for premium by Mr. Stephen Scott, of Lee, 97 bushels 40 lbs; this crop, for some reason not assigned, the committee regret they were obliged to exclude.

We have recorded eleven instances of large yields of corn, and the nature of the last season being considered we may add, of very large ones; but we regret that we are not able to lay before our readers the character of the soils, the quantity and quality of the manures used, the kind of corn planted, and mode of planting and culture, in each instance, as such information would be much more satisfactory than the plan adopted, with one exception, of merely giving the results, and that one is by no means as full as we could wish.

These large yields, as the reader will have perceived, are all in the state of New York, where we are certain the climate is not so congenial to the growth of corn, as is Maryland and some of our neighboring states. Why then this disparity in production? We shall not answer this question; but we may be indulged with a few suggestions with respect to some few of the operating causes. With us it is unfortunate that the desire of many of us is to get a great number of acres of corn in, without being over particular in the accumulation of manure, so as to provide pasture, for it when planted; many of us again plant more than we can tend, whereas to the east, he who plants corn, is careful to provide manure for whatever he may put in, and to plant no more than he can properly cultivate. Earl Stinson, of Saratoga county, N. Y. from 50 acres in corn, harvests annually about 5000 bushels of grain; his land is *sand*, with very little admixture of other kinds of soil in it; just such land as in this state we have seen corn growing, over which we could ride without injuring it.—He farms upon the right principle—he believes that if land is worth farming, that it is worth being farmed well; that the soil like the animal stomach requires feeding, and that he who expects to extract a remunerating yield from the earth, must keep it in good tilth. In a word, he repudiates the plan of taking all out and putting nothing in. He too, like the Scotch farmer in No. 4, plants close—25 inches each way.—We are aware, however, that with our larger varieties of corn we cannot plant so close as do the folks to the east, but still we think, that by diminishing our distances, we might increase our products. And while we have pen in hand, we will use it to urge upon each of our readers, to begin at once to make provision to secure the requisite manure to experiment next spring upon a few acres. Go to the woods for mould and leaves, cover your cow-yards with it, and in the spring mix its contents together, adding in the proportion of about ten bushels of lime to the acre with the compost. If you do this, prepare your ground well, put in your corn at a proper time and distance for yielding, and cultivate it as it ought to be, we think we can promise yon such a crop as you may justly be proud of.

THE SUN FLOWER.

We noticed recently, in a number of the Farmer's Cabinet, an article on the cultivation and properties of the sun-flower. The writer asserts that the seeds of this plant are not only far more oleaginous than those of any other now known among us, but that the oil extracted from them combines the qualities for eating of the best olive oil; for burning of the best sperm, without the smoke, and for painting of flag-seed oil.

In addition to these valuable properties it is likewise asserted that the flower-cups are very excellent and agreeable when prepared and eaten as artichokes;—the stalks are excellent substitute for hemp, and the flowers when in bloom, the best pasture known for bees; and finally that it is very prolific, affording, ordinarily, with proper cultivation, from eighty to one hundred bushels per acre, on barren soils.

The last statement however, we think erroneous. From sixty to eighty bushels will doubtless be found a heavy crop on any soil, while on thin, light lands the average yield with the best possible cultivation would not in all probability exceed forty or fifty at the most. One reason, and indeed the principal one why we discredit this statement is the well known physiological fact that the sunflower is a gross feeder, and that consequently no soil of a barren texture can be suitable or well adapted to its growth. By a series of very accurate and highly ingenious experiments instituted by the learned Hales, it was correctly demonstrated that a plant of the sun-flower species, weighing three pounds, actually transpires, or throws off by its emunctories the prodigious quantity of twenty-two ounces in twenty-four hours or nearly half its weight; whereas Keil, by a series of experiments equally accurate, determined that in his own person he perspired only thirty one ounces in the same period of time. This man, however, ate and drank but 4 lbs. 10 oz. while the plant appropriated seventeen times as much nourishment as was required to sustain the former!

This is certainly, however, a much larger quantity than plants ordinarily transpire in the same period of time, but as the experiments were conducted with the most accurate and philosophical precision, we have no basis for doubt as to the correctness of the statements of the learned gentlemen by whom they were made.

In our experiments upon this plant, we have invariably found it to do best when planted on good ground.

By the term good, as here applied, we mean a soil ordinarily rich and fertile, and such, in short, as would, without much expense in manuring, produce good wheat or corn. On soils of this character, the sun-flower, if properly attended, is a sure and profitable crop. As a winter feed for fowls, we regard the seed as preferable even to corn, it being a powerful promoter of fecundity, & what certainly is of no small consequence during winter, obviates in a great measure the necessity of furnishing them with animal food, without which, in some quantity, most of our domestic fowls, and especially the hen, will generally cease to lay.

Swine, are also very fond of it. But here the greatest caution is requisite, as by two profuse feeding, a morbid habit will be induced which ten to one will eventuate in serious consequences, and perhaps loss.—[Maine Cultivator.

The World Bankrupt.—The whole world is bankrupt or nearly so. In England, the ministry are about to call a new Parliament, in order to increase the revenue. France finds herself deficient $180,000,000. Austria, obtained a loan of $175,000,000—Russia, Prussia, Spain and Portugal are in the utmost pecuniary difficulty, and would all borrow money if they could. Turkey and Belgium have obtained loans, and Egypt has been obliged to raise the duties on produce. The King of Naples has raised five millions of ducats for Sicily. Texas is a borrower in England.—Lastly the United Sthtes, with abundant resources, by following the example of the twenty four governments, is reduced to the necessity of raising a loan of $12,000,000, to carry her throngh the year.—*Spt. of the Age.*

New York Egg Market.—It has been ascertained that over half a million of eggs are consumed every month in New Yark. They are brought down the Erie Canal in barrels, and New Jersey, and even Pennsylvania, supplies the Gothamites with this essential article of domestic utility.—One woman in Fulton market recently sold 175,000 eggs in ten weeks, supplying the Astor House with 1000 each day, but 2,500 on Saturday!—*Philad. Amer.*

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