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Give me a Home.

Give me a home with a garden lawn around—
The sweet grass mingled with the flower deck'd ground,
Let it slope gently to the south breathed south,
And quiet as was from drought's wasting mouth,
Let a green valley, fairest of valleys, be
And through its mead a quick stream be led;
Let high hills rise beyond and a calm sky
Bend over me like the unspotted top from eye,
And to complete the picture, let a wide
It matters not, on it has room enough
Let a small wood behind it with its leaves,
At a healthy distance—yet close it leaves,
And let a winding path among the shades
Lead to quiet seats and bowers of shady ease;
And then within an hour I'm far found—
Queen of the Hours! within an hour I'd have crowned
The Lady—the fairest—queenly queen—
Whose shady bowers are the world's best
Companion—Counsellor—a friend man prize;
Home's Queen! Man's helper—loving, faithful wife!
And let glad children play her steps beside—
Girls, gentle, grateful—boys with manly pride;
Tender, yet brave—gleam in yet thoughts too,
Branches whose frank shall joy in buds that blow,
And then whatever an hour desire in home—
What other light should air dwelling cheer!
Save some sweet companion—some kindred one,
Should sweetly mingle with the minstrel's voice—
A few fair sketches of the earth, sea and sky,
Pencillings of distant friends to bring them nigh—
A little library—a few, but choice,
Earth's great historian and sweet singers for
Kind saints—old sages—souls who counsel the,
But in their thoughts, live on immortality;
Home friends—its purifying comfort
Which teach wisdom, industry, content;
With such a home, O Who would envy wealth!
With such a home and competency and health
O, give me such: no marbled dome should rise
A truer temple grateful to the skies!

UNCLE BERNARD'S STORY.

The following beautiful story was originally written for the Rev. Dr. Bethune, for Putnam's Magazine, thence copied into Eliza Cook's Journal, from which it was transferred to Harper's Magazine for Sept. It has travelled far and and delighted many, but we present it in a more appropriate form of our readers will think, with us, that it deserves a still wider circulation.

"Oh! Uncle Bernard," cried all together a group of little people, "tell us a story."

Uncle Bernard, a white haired old man, whose easy-chair had been drawn to a warm corner—for the winter was howling against the windows—looked up from his large print Bible and smiled fondly on their rosy faces: "A story! let me read you one out of this good book."

"Oh! no," says bold little Bob, as he caught the old man round the neck, "we know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy tale!"

"Yes! yes! Uncle Bernard," chirrupped the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, dears, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young folks like you should not love to hear lies, nor old folks like me should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that fairy tales aint true, but it is such fun to hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen.

"Once upon a time, and a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a old man, whose name was Sithenos. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely garden, where they dwelt in peace with our good God; but he, very early in his childhood, had wandered far off among strangers, and the shadows of the deep wood he seem forgot all the little that he knew. Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shaggy hair, his nails were like the claws of a bear, and the trees of swam in the wind, as he walk on the grass. Cloaked in sealskin, his shoulders were broad and his strength dry. He could outrun the swiftest deer, but with a wolf he was on terms of friendship, and made them acknowledge him as their lord. He was he lived, lonely and unhappy, and, notwithstanding his strength, full of fears.

"One day, as he was pushing through the thicket to reach the river, he heard singing sweeter than any he had ever heard.—He thought at first that it was a bird, but he knew the songs of birds, and that this was not like any one of them. He dashed on, and saw a maiden on the bank of the river a creature so lovely that he stood still in wonder, admiring as much the feeling that shot like fire through his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate proportions were those of a female) was something like his own, but fair and elegant, while his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky. While she sang, she looked upward as if some one was hearing her, whom Sithenos could not see, and then she listened as if to a voice he could not hear. Soon turning her eyes upon him, she smiled with ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe-struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his understanding, as she said: "Sithenos, our good God, whom you have so long forgotten, has not forgotten you; but, praying your lowliness not sorrow, has sent me to talk with you and be your friend. Already I love you, and you must take me to your heart and give me your love."

"As she spoke, she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which sweat and tangled matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, until his whole soul seemed drawn out to her, and he laid her head with its bright golden curls on his broad breast, and felt an ecstacy of happiness—happiness.

"And now that I am to dwell with your dear Sithenos, lead me to your home."

"Home!" replied he, "I know not what you mean."

"What, do you not live in a house, or amid the dwellings? Where do you set your God, and where do you meet daily to be? That is home."

"I have no home. All places in the forest are alike to me. Where we measure night comes upon me, there I lie down; when I have slept, I rise, then I eat. I have never thought of a home."

"Come, then," said she, sweetly, "let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves;" and putting her slender hand in his, she led him on, till they came to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before which a sunny meadow spread itself towards the southwest, blooming with harebells, and lady-slipper, and pansies and honey suckles, while a few trees, bending over the fountain, shut the spring and gave its water, and the rock guarded from the fierce north wind, and we can look out upon the sunlight and the shadows and the boat ripple to together over the green grass, and the flowers that spring up through the verdure."

"Sithenos smiled, and thought he could not understand all her meaning, he felt a charm in it such as he had never before known.

"'Now,' said she, 'the sun, though its light be pleasant, looks down too boldly upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break off boughs from the trees, and strip the broad bark from the decayed birches.' This was an easy task for the vigorous man; and in the mean time she had gathered heaps of dry moss, and the spicy shoots from the hemlocks, and spread them deeply over the leaf covered ground. Then leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions, the curved bark, overlapping in such order and thickness layers upon them, Sithenos saw as his work a rude but safe hut, and said: 'This shall be our home. I go for our evening meal;' and dashing into the forest, he soon returned with wood-pigeons and a young fawn which he had killed, casting them at the feet of his gentle wife, who had already arranged in lovely cups the berries which she had gathered from the adjacent wood; Sithenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long waving, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their home.

"The simple meal, soon prepared by her skilful hands, he thought more savory than he had ever before tasted, and strip the hunt to partake, she pointed upward, and with clasped hands sang praise to our good God, the Giver. An hour of delicious friendship stole away, as hand in hand they looked into each other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless Preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the pair sank to rest.

"Thus sped on day after day, and night after night. Gradually Sithenos lost his fierceness, save in the struggles of the chase. She had fashioned for him a light mantle of fawn-skins and feathers, which now he wore less for need than pride, and to please his skilful friend. His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling grace; the but constantly received new and more wonderful ornaments from his strong or her cunning hand; and happy was he after his toils in the forest to return bearing a rich honey-comb, or leading a goat with full udders to his home, dear because she was there.

"On waking, one dewy morning, he looked fondly in her loving face, beaming with tender, holy thoughts, and said: 'You call me Sithenos but have never told me the name by which I am to call you, my dearest.

"'You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the forest, but never came to be near you; but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia. And, dear Sithenos, whenever you are in trouble, in fear, or in doubt, call Enthymia to your side, and I will have to do with you what God perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and the blessing of our good God, we shall be happy as we may in this wild wood; but the good God has promised me that when we have served Him faithfully and pray with me, that our two beings shall be blended into one, and we shall leave the forest to go and dwell in a garden with our good God, where all is beautiful than the one from which you strayed a long while ago.'

"'Oh, happy hope!' replied Sithenos; 'I can think of no higher bliss than that your loveliness should be mingled with my strength, except that my strength shall be forever united to your dear thoughts.'

"'Say not so, Sithenos,' answered she, looking up with a holy smile like morning light sparkling in the dew—'our highest joy will be that we shall walk in the light of our Father's countenance.'

"From that moment Sithenos earnestly endeavored to learn the hymns and prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, and three fair daughters like their mother, graceful. But one fair morning the father and the mother came not from their chamber (for the little hut had given place to a wide dwelling) their wild men were anxious to seek them, but they found them not. Sithenos and Enthymia were gone to the garden of our good God.

"The children were mute in wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed; and the roof opened, and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being standing under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized, strangely but sweetly mingled, the love of both father and mother.—And one of the angels said (he was the tallest of the three): 'I pointed out the way to them, and encouraged them to strive to reach the garden.'

"'And I,' said the second, on whose bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor, 'bore them up on my wings.'

"'Then turning to the other angels, she said: 'Your tasks for them are over: but I, go to abide in unfeigned joy with immortal happiness.'

"'And I, Hope, Bernard,' cried Gertrude, 'that is more than a fairy tale; but what queer names, Sithenos and Enthymia; what do they mean?'

"'I must down out of the Greek,'" answered the old man; "and by Sithenos I mean man sent to homes when he would be a mere savage; and by Enthymia, I mean wisdom sent to him by our good God, to teach him how to live on earth and prepare for heaven. When man is transformed to lofty wisdom, and uses his strength for wise ends, he becomes all good, and God takes him up to the second Paradise."

"'Yes,' says little Charley, "and the angel with the anchor is Hope."

"'And the tallest angel is Faith,' adds Robert, "for little girls pious people call age.'

"'And the gentle blue-eyed one must be Love, for love for ever,' whispers Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"'Bless you, dear child you look like her,' whispers back Uncle Bernard.

The Hungarian Regalia.

The official *Temesvar Zeitung* gives a particular account of the recent discovery of the royal insignia of Hungary, from which we draw the following sketch for the readers of *The Tribune:*

"It was fully shown at the outset, by Auditor T. von Karger, that Kossuth first took the insignia to Alt-Orsova, but being unable, with any due degree of security, to conceal them there, he took them to the Hercules Bathes at Mehadia. Finding, however, still less opportunity to hide them there, he returned forthwith to Alt-Orsova, placed them in the house of a certain George Theodor, and finally, by the assistance of trustworthy persons, forwarded them at night across the Czerna toward the Wallachian boundary, on horses bought for the purpose. It was also rendered certain that companions of Kossuth had purchased on the same day, at Alt-Orsova, tools for digging, and had at night left for Czerna. The winter on the lower Danube having come on very early and covered the earth with snow a foot in depth, no search could be made for some months in the ground about Alt-Orsova, and when, in April, 1850 the snow and ice melted, all traces of any excavation had disappeared, and further research in this quarter was prevented, and the attention of those engaged in it turned to another part of the kingdom, by the shrewdness of the Kossuth party who secretly removed the private marks and signals to a different place.

"Early last spring Karger was ordered to devote himself to the task of seeking the chest in which the insignia was deposited. He started on the principle that the secret could have been imparted to but few persons in order to attain to any degree of security, and that they must have chosen some point, which could be easily found again by them or by their messengers, even upon the lapse of years; and further that they could have crossed the Czerna by only one way, and that the place of concealment must be beyond that river—a region affording but few places suited to their object. Although a pretty thorough knowledge of the surface of this territory had been gained previously, a most thorough and careful examination was once more begun. This lasted several months in inclement weather, and even throughout the clear moonlight nights of July and August. Every turret, every bush, tree, broken branch, stone, rut or scratch in the earth was noted, the same spots were passed over and over again by those engaged in the search, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, now leaving the spot in despair of finding the clue, and yet, as if called back by some higher power—says the Austrian writer—returning again to the search. The result of all this research was the conviction, that the tokens of the place of concealment must be found in some peculiar conformation of the earth or hills, or in some peculiar tree or trees.

"Karger concluded finally that the desired sign must be sought among the trees. Now began anew a careful examination of the entire wooded district, and at last in a solitary spot almost hidden from the eye, and not far from an old road, untraveled for the last fifteen years, which once led to Wallachia, was noticed a clump of trees in which many branches had been lopped off or partially cut, and which on the whole presented somewhat the appearance of having been trimmed with some special object in view. Next it was noticed that branches found entangled in the thorns, bushes, and in the branches of other trees, belonged to the trees in the clump, which showed that those could not have been trimmed by the peasantry for fuel. In process of these examinations an elegant watch-key was found and an ax handle, which indicated that a man of the better classes had assisted in the work. Thus, taken in connection with the light and friable soil, the peculiar position of the trees, completely covered with creeping plants, the solitary position of the place, and yet its proximity to the Danube on the one hand and the Turkish-Servian boundary on the other, awakened in Karger's mind a feeling of the highest confidence that the place was found. He had been instructed not to begin the work of removing the earth until he had unmistakable signs of having found the right place; but he was now so sure that on the 6th of September last a space of twenty square fathoms was marked out, and men set to work examining it by digging ditches at intervals of a foot and a half, which were to be extended in each direction across the gore enclosed here in the bend of the river Aliton, on which the clump of trees stood. On the 8th of September, at 8 1-4 o'clock in the morning, a man at work in the prolongation of the second ditch struck something with a gave a metallic ring, and a moment later a well locked iron box was exposed, taken to a place of safety opened by force—and the Austrian tyrant had once more the Crown of St. Stephen in his possession."

Skillful Surgical Operation.

A man named Joffrin was presented to be Academy of Sciences in Paris, whose recent relief from a tumor has excited the wonder and admiration of all persons conversant with the surgical art. The tumor hard and bony, had formed on the inner surface of the orbit of the eye, which became gradually protruded as the tumor increased, and turned towards the temple, but had not completely lost the power of vision, although it was no longer covered and protected by the lids. Chloroform having been administered, the surgeon M. Maisonneuve, dissected off the soft parts down to the bone, so that the fragments dissected off carried with them the orbital muscle and the pully of the grand orbit. The eye, projected from its orbit, then hung down upon the cheek. This dissection discovered all the interior part of the tumor, and a portion of the internal side incrusted in the internal surface of the orbit; it filled more than two-thirds of that cavity. Its base presented no contraction, and seemed to be combined not only with the internal orbital surface, but with the surfaces above and below. Its posterior extremity was situated too deep to admit of its being circumscribed. The anterior part alone offered a mammillated projection on which it was possible to operate. The narrowness of the cavity not permitting the use of the saw, the surgeon had recourse to pincers; and after having broken two of Liston's and one of Charriere's in vain attempts upon the tumor, M. Maisonneuve at length resorted to the cold chisel and hammer. After many and intense efforts, the bony mass was at length detached and extricated in one solid block. In form it resembles a pigeon's egg flattened—in substance it was hard and smooth like ivory. The deep cavity which had been occupied by the tumor, was found to be smooth and lined with a sort of membrane. No communication existed with the maxillary sinus, nor with the nasal fossæ. The tumor being extracted, the eye was replaced in its ancient natural position, and almost immediately resumed its functions. All its movements even, were perfectly preserved. The wound has healed by first intention, and even the traumatic fever was hardly sensible. The tumor was of excessive hardness and density; it was five centimetres (about two inches) long, four centimetres broad, and four centimetres thick. It adhered to the frontal bone by its upper side, for an extent of about two centimetres. The operation was performed on the 14th of July, and when the patient was presented to the Academy on the 9th inst., the cure was so complete that it was extremely difficult to decide on which side of the face the operations had been performed. The cicatrices were imperceptible, and the eye perfectly performed all its functions without the slightest deviation. This operation, which occupied an hour and a half, has at once placed the name of M. Maisonneuve high among the most eminent illustrators of science.

An Angel for Heaven.—And so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their bright glances. Oh, that she would not come streaming in on his shrouded form, as if there was no grief in the world.

How sweetly he sleeps, that little coveted angel! How lightly curl the glossy ringlets on his white forehead! You could weep your very soul away to think those cherub lips will never breathe, never unclose. Vainly you shake and unclasp that passive, darling hand, that wandered so often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glance strives to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. The voice, sweet as winds blowing through wreathed shells, slumbers for ever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear; its chariots rumble by; it smiles broadly in your careworn face; it mocks you as you sew the shroud, it meets you in the room, at the grave, and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms from whence you have borne your dead. But it comes never in the hush of night to wipe away your tears!

Wanted—angel for heaven! Can you look up? Can you bear the splendor of that sight?—Can thousand celestial beings and your own radiant child-angel in their midst.

"In his eyes a glory light,
On his brow a glory crown."

Wanted—angel for heaven! Cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures, children of earth!

How to fit up Shirt Bosoms.—We have heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following receipt for making Gum Arabic starch:

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength you desire) and then having covered it, set it aside for the evening. Pour it carefully from the dregs into a porcelain lined kettle, and keep it for use. A tea-spoonful of gum water poured into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to swiss, jaconet or white or printed a gloss of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobinet.

Government of Jamaica.

The obstacles to the prosperity of Jamaica have been by some strangely attributed to freedom there: but we find a document emanating from the British government, which assigns quite other causes. The constitution of that island, miserable as it is, might be endurable while slavery lasted, but it is corrupt enough to render the prosperity of any free people impossible. We extract:

Previously to giving an outline of the remedial measures proposed to be introduced by the Home Government, it may be useful to present our readers with a brief sketch of the peculiar constitution of Jamaica, respecting the anomalies of which so much is said, but so little is generally known, and out of which present and past difficulties have mainly arisen. It was originally to have been conferred by a patent granted by Charles II., and in a short time to have secured the form it presents at this moment. The authority of the Crown was always paramount, and the Assembly had disturbances which have disturbed and tormented it for the last thirty years appear to have been rife at the commencement of the constitution; for similar measures, namely, of retrenchment and economy, originally to have been attempted even at that early period. Compared with the population of the island, which amounts in round numbers to about 400,000 souls, the constituency is very limited, not greatly exceeding 3,000 electors. The qualification of the latter is three-fold: 1st, the possession of property worth £10 a year; 2nd, a rental of £50 a year; or 3rd, a payment of £4 in direct taxes; all currency. One peculiar anomaly of the constitution of Jamaica is, that the functions of the House of Assembly have never been confined to those acts which are the particular province of representative assemblies—namely, those of legislation—but that they combine legislative, administrative and financial functions. They have not only thus encroached on the proper province of the executive authority in the constitution, but, to such a length, that even during the prorogation of the Assembly, and for the time following a dissolution until the meeting of the new Assembly, the executive functions have by the members of the Assembly so prorogued or dissolved, in the form of commissioners of public accounts, who carry on these functions through the instrumentality of permanent committees. Instead of the finances of the colony being in any way under the administration and control of the Governor, or of his advisers, as in other colonies, in the Assembly of Jamaica each individual member is entitled to propose any vote of money or money-bill he chooses. The Governor has no government organ in the Assembly, and no means of interfering with, or regulating, or controlling the Assembly in this respect. No estimates of the receipt or expenditure of money are annually prepared, or ever submitted to the Assembly before the money votes or bills are proposed. The Assembly, therefore, in the first instance—not as in other places—proposes the money vote, then votes the money bill, and next expends the money so voted and obtained by votes, resolutions, contracts and other arrangements with a view to its expenditure. It proposes—not in separate bills, as in this country, but as a part of the money bill—appropriation clauses, specifying to what particular objects the money bill is to be appropriated; and finally, to make the anomaly quite complete, this same body audits the public accounts. The result of such a state of things is, that taxes have been and are constantly being imposed, without much consideration, except so far as they bear on a particular class, and without any as to the effect on the general revenue and expenditure of the colony. Another result has been the infliction on the colony of a very considerable debt, added to which an inconvertible paper currency has for some time existed in the island. Nor is this anomalous state of things confined to the mode of the taxes that are collected for the ordinary and public purposes of the colony. The same prevails to a very great extent in regard to the parochial taxation, which is imposed the amount of £65,000 a year, and therefore forms a very important item in the financial condition of the colony. The management of the roads, and all matters of that kind, are under the same system. Another evil is, that the taxes imposed are not equitably and impartially collected, but are levied according to the favoritism of the ascendant party: and hence has arisen the inefficiency of the revenue of the colony, and the large expenditure, and the difficulty consequently experienced in its financial administration. Contracts are also made by this legislative, administrative, and executive body, the invalids' hospital contract, which, in 1852, was lavish and extravagant expenditure of the public funds. But there is a still worse element in the anomalous condition of the affairs of this island. Though there is not even the security of a constitution, the laws have been made for certain periods of time, but, according to an exceptional precedent furnished by this country, are imposed from year to year, so that nearly the whole of the revenue of the island is raised by annual bills, which extend only over a year, and are, at the expiration of that period, renewed or not, according to the pleasure of the assembly. The revenue of Jamaica arises from import duties and rum duties, which, in 1852, with the other comparatively unimportant resources of the island, produced a sum of £253,000. Of that amount the rum duty produced upwards of £85,000, and the import duties £139,000; so that these two taxes alone comprise something like eight-tenths of the whole revenue of the island. The other taxes levied in the island are imposed in the same manner, from year to year.

Admitted at Last.—The Protestant Episcopal Convention of New York have admitted colored persons to seats in the Protestant Episcopal Convention, after denying it to them for seven years.

Little Hetty.

BY T. M. NEWTON.

I.

"Bring me the book, mother, and let me read about the 'lying boy.'" And the book was brought, and Hetty took it in her pale, delicate, almost angel hands, and gently turning over the leaves, at last found her favorite page. She read and re read the parable—then quietly laid the open leaf on the book, plaintively, yet musically, she inquired: "Mother, shall I be an angel when I die? And will that little boy be there, mother, pitching upward in the air, and over in the blue sky?"

The loud, rolling eyes of the mother fell upon the convulsed form of her child. Big tears coursed down her cheeks, but, but now care worn cheeks, and in almost inaudible language, she answered: "Yes, dear Hetty, if you are good, you will one day join that little boy in that peaceful land where all is harmony and love. And there too, you will meet Emily, and grandmamma, and brother Roswell, and other loved ones, dearer, yet, in the blue sky above."

"Mother, will you not come too? and papa and grandma? and see me? And do they have pretty in Heaven, mother?"

The poor mother could not answer. The very thought so chiming to her soul, that her child must soon be laid in the dust, overcame her feelings, and hiding her head in her hands, she indulged in a flood of tears.

II.

It was midnight. Angels were hovering unseen over the couch of a little sick per and every tick of the clock seemed to carry her nearer her spirit home. The affectionate eye of the mother rested with unturned solicitude upon the face of her darling, and in the agony of her heart, most earnestly did she pray that God would spare her little one's life. It was not yet time, her little soul seemed to linger between earth and heaven—an hour when the thoughts of the future come pressing upon the brain, and life wore a thin veil to the eye of faith. Oh! if the little Hetty could be permitted to live but a short time longer—until the spring should come with its buds and blossoms—until the rippling brook could sing her requiem and the gentle flowers strew her bier, but to by that dear form in the cold, cold earth—Oh no! it could not—it must not be!

Such was the thoughts of the mother, and such have been the thoughts of others who have not by the bedside of their dying child. But, amid her tears a gleam of sunshine would ever and anon dart in upon her troubled soul, and then could she look upward and exclaim;

"He doeth all things well."

III.

Sweet, angelic voices seemed to chant hymns of praise as little Hetty's life ebbed away. Upon her pillow, surrounded by her heavenly joy, and in her eye it kindled radiantness of light from the spirit-land. The little hand clasped once again her mother's, the little lip breathed her father's name, and with the eye fixed upon the future, gazing as it were, into the very heart of our Heavenly Father, her gentle spirit took its flight to dwell with the pure and spotless beings that surrounded the throne of the Eternal God.

Speak softly for we are in the chambers of death. We would not call her back.—She will bloom more beautifully among the flowers in heaven. Dry thy tears, mother—soften thy grief, father. Thy Hetty is not lost! Oh when troubles shall lay as heavy hand upon thy soul, when friends forsake thee, and the cold world turns its cheek upon thee, the spirits of thy cherished ones will hover over thee to guide and protect. "Ye have round about ye ministering spirits." Happy thought. Let it lead us away from the cares of life—away from the too eager pursuit of wealth—away from the desire of fame—away from the transitory pleasures to the more enduring treasures of our Father's home.

IV.

The bleak wind of Autumn sung a melancholy dirge as the remains of little Hetty were laid to rest by the side of those who had gone before her. It is hard to part even with the dear one who has been the light of the parent's eye and the hope of their old age, but we cannot avert the shaft of destiny, and though hard it may be, we should remember that we have to follow one before us, and that in a little time we must follow them. 'Our habitation is not here." We are but sojourners in a strange land, where care rests as eternal burden on man whenever he takes up his home.

Dear, lovely, angel Hetty, good bye! We have paid thee our parting tribute, and when the spring shall come with bird and flower, and the gentle zephyr shall sport amid the branches of the forest, we will visit thy grave, then will burning thoughts flit over the wires of memory, and call up warm emotions of thy gentle angel nature.—*Journal and Courier.*

[From the Lifeboat.] T. Hopper.

Julia Peters.

An uncommon degree of interest was excited in Friend Hopper's mind by the sufferings of another individual, whom I will call Julia Peters. She was born of respectable parents, and was carefully reared in her early years. Her mother was a prudent, religious-minded woman; but she died when Julia was twelve years old. The father soon after took to drinking and gambling, and squandered the property he possessed.—His daughter was thus brought into the midst of profligate associates at an age when impulses are strong, and the principles informed. She left a school, where she had been for several years, and falling a prey to a fascinating married a worthless, dissipated fellow. When she was eighteen years old, she was imprisoned for perjury. The case appeared doubtful at the time, and from circumstances which afterwards came to light, it is supposed that she was not guilty of the alleged crime. The jury could not agree on the first trial, and she remained in jail two years, awaiting a decision of her case. She was at last pronounced guilty; and feeling that injustice was done her, she made use of violent and disrespectful language to the court. This probably increased the prejudice against her; for she was sentenced to Sing Sing prison for the long term of fourteen years. She was naturally intelligent, active and energetic; and the limitations of a prison had a worse effect upon her than they would have had on a more stolid temperament. In the course of a year or two, her mind began to sink under the pressure, and finally exhibited signs of melancholy insanity. Friend Hopper had an interview with her soon after she was conveyed to Sing Sing, and found her in a state of deep depression. She afterward became comparatively recovered, and was removed to the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale. He had his wife visited her there, and found her in a state of temporary rationality. Her manners were quiet and pleasing, and she appeared exceedingly gratified to see them. The superintendent granted permission to take her with them in a walk through the grounds, and she enjoyed this with extraordinary vivacity. But when one of the company remarked that it was a very pleasant place, she sighed deeply, and replied: "Yes, it is a pleasant place to those who can leave it. But chains are chains, though they are made of gold; and mine grow larger every day."

Her temperament peculiarly required freedom, and chafed and fretted under restraint. Insanity returned upon her with redoubled force, soon after. She used blasphemous and indecent language, and cut up her bedclothes to make patchwork. She picked the lock of her room, and tried various plans of escape. When Friend Hopper went to see her again, some weeks later, he found her in the masculine attire which she had manufactured. She tried to hide herself, but when he called her back in a gentle but firm tone, she came immediately, and took her kindly by the hand, and said, "Julia, what does all this mean?"

"This military costume," she replied. "I am an officer of the militia."

"I am sorry that art not more decently clad," said he. "I intended to have thee take a walk with me; but I should be ashamed to go with thee in that condition." She earnestly entreated to go, and promised to change her dress immediately. He accordingly waited till she was ready, and then spent more than an hour walking round the grounds, in which time she lost the recollection of her life, and went bitterly over the retrospect of her erroneous course. It seemed a great relief to have some one to whom she could open her over-burdened heart.—She was occasionally incoherent, but the fresh air invigorated her, and the quiet talk soothed her perturbed feelings. At parting, she said, "I thank you. I think if I hadn't a friend to talk to, I should. I was afraid everybody had forgotten me."

"I am thy sincere friend," he replied; "and I promise that I will never forget thee."

I make the following extract from a letter which he wrote to her soon after: "Now, Julia, listen to me, and mind what I say; for thou knowest I am thy friend. I want thee, at all times, and upon all occasions, to be very careful of thy conduct. Never suffer thy mind to use vulgar or profane language. It would grieve me, and I am sure thou dost not wish to do that. Besides, it is very degrading, and very wicked. Be discreet, silent, and mild—be kind, courteous, and obeying to all. Then will I make many friends by so doing, and will feel more cheerful and happy myself. Do be a lady. I know thou canst, if thou will. More than this we can do for thee. Be cheerful, and impatience with thee, and intend to come and see thee soon."

Dr. Earle, physician of the Asylum, said the letter had a salutary effect upon her.—Friend Hopper went to see her frequently, and was often accompanied by his wife or daughters. Her bodily and mental health continued to improve; and in the course of five or six months, the doctor allowed her to go home, and visit her friend to the city, and spend a night and day in her home. This change of scene was found so beneficial, that the visit was repeated a few weeks after.—Before winter set in, she was so far restored, that she experienced duty and love to her family, and conducted with the greatest propriety. He soon after applied to the Governor for a pardon, which was promptly granted. His next step was to procure a suitable home for her; and a worthy family in Brooklyn, Long Island, who were acquainted with all the circumstances, agreed to employ her as chambermaid and seamstress. When it was all arranged, Friend Hopper went out to the Asylum to carry the news. Being fearful of exciting her too much, he talked upon indifferent subjects for a few minutes, and then asked if she would like to go into the city again to spend a fortnight with his family. She replied, "Indeed I would." He promised to take her with him, and added, "Perhaps thou wilt stay longer than two weeks?" At last, he said, "It may be that thou will at time to time have to return here again." She sprang up instantly, and looking in his face with intense anxiety, exclaimed, "Am I pardoned? Am I pardoned?"

"Yes, thou art pardoned," he replied; "and I have come to take thee home." She fell back into her seat, covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. Friend Hopper, describing this interview in a letter to a friend, says—"I have seldom witnessed a more affecting scene. I ever witnessed. Nothing could exceed the joy I felt at seeing this child of sorrow restored from her sufferings, and restored to liberty. I had seen this young and comely looking woman, who was endowed with more than common good sense, driven to the depths of despair by the intensity of her sufferings. I had seen her a raving maniac, half naked, and now sitting and clothed in her right mind." I was at different times more than compensated for all the pains I had taken. I had sympathized deeply with her sufferings, and I now partook largely of her joy.

As her nerves were in a very excitable state, it was thought best that she should remain a few weeks under the superintendence of his daughter, Mrs. Gibbons, before she went to the home provided for her. She was still very unsettled at times, but was disposed to be industrious and cheerful.—Having earned a little money by her needle, the first use she made of it was, to buy a pair of shoes for Friend Hopper; and proud and pleased she was when she brought them home and presented them! He always kept them on the parlor mantel-piece, and often told their history to people who called upon him.

When she had become perfectly calm and settled, he and his wife accompanied her to Pennsylvania, and saw her established among her new friends, who treated her kindly in the kindest manner. A week after his return, he wrote to assure her that his interest in her had not abated. In the course of the letter, he says—"I need not tell thee how anxious I am that thou shouldst conduct so as to be a credit to thyself, and to those who have interested themselves in thy behalf. I felt keenly at parting with thee, but I was convinced by the reflection that I had left thee with kind friends. Confide in them upon all occasions, and do nothing without their advice. The future happiness will depend very much upon thyself. Never suffer thyself to become excited. Remember that kind friends were raised up for you in the midst of all thy sorrows, and that they

will always continue to be thy friends, if thou will be guided by their counsels. Thou wert with us so long, that we feel toward thee like one of the family. All join you in love to thee."

In her reply, she says:—"Your letter was to me what a glass of cold water would be when fainting. I have pored over it so much, that I have got it by heart. Oh, Friend Hopper, you first saw me in prison and visited me. You followed me to the Asylum. You did not forsake me. You have changed a bed of straw to a bed of down. May Heaven bless and reward you for it. No tongue can express the gratitude I feel. Many are the beats you have made glad. Many are the you have dragged out of one place and another were to stand before you at once! I think you would have more than you could shake hands with in a month; and I know you would make friends with them all."

For a few months she behaved in a very satisfactory manner, though occasionally unsettled and depressed. She wrote that the worthy woman with whom she lived was "both mother and friend to her." But the country was gloomy in the extreme, and the spirit of unrest took possession of her. She went to Philadelphia, and plunged into scenes of vice for a week or two; but she quickly repented, and was rescued by her friends. The reaction seem Friend Hopper so deeply pained as he was by this retrograde step in one whom he had rejoiced over, "as a brand plucked from the burning." After a while he addressed a letter to her, in which he says:—"I should have written to thee before, but I have been at a loss what to say. I have cared for thee as if thou hadst been my own child. Little did I think thou wouldst ever disgrace thyself, and distress me, by associating with the most vile. Thou wert wonderfully snatched from a sink of pollution. I hoped thou wouldst appreciate the favor, and take a fresh start in life, determined to do well. Better, far better, for thee to have lingered in Asylum, than to continue in such a course as that thou entered upon in Philadelphia.—My heart is pained while I write. Indeed, thou art seldom out of my mind. Most earnestly and affectionately I beseech thee to change thy course. Restrain evil thoughts, and banish them from thee. Try to keep thy mind quiet, and stayed upon thy Heavenly Father. He has done much for thee. He has followed thee in all thy wanderings. Ask him to forgive thy iniquity, and he will have mercy on thee. Thou mayest yet be happy thyself, and make those happy who have taken a deep interest in thy welfare. But if thou art determined to pursue evil courses, after all that has been done for thee, let me tell thee thy days will be brief and full of trouble; and I doubt not then will end them within the walls of a prison. I hope better things of thee. If thou dost well, it will afford encouragement to assist others; but if thy conduct is bad, it may be the means of prolonging the sufferings of many others. I am still thy friend, and disposed to do all I can for thee."

In her answer she says:—"Oh, frail woman! No steps can be recalled. It is all in the future to make amends for the past. After all the good cause some receive, they return to habits of vice. They repent when it is too late. How true it is that virtue has its reward, and vice its punishment. I know that the way of transgressors is hard. If I only had a few years of life to live over again, how different would I live! For the many blessings Providence has bestowed on me, may I be grateful. In all my troubles, He has saved me a friend. I have had many such friends, to there is hope for me. Don't be discouraged that you befriended me; for, with God's blessing, you shall have no reason to repent of it."

He wrote thus to her, a short time after:—"I very often think of thee, and yet I hope that I shall one day see thee a happy and respectable woman. I have lately had a good deal of conversation with the Governor concerning your friends, as he calls those whom he has pardoned at my request. I did not tell him thou hadst behaved incorrectly. I hope I shall never be obliged to do so. I have had pleasant accounts concerning thee lately, and I do not wish to remember that thou hast ever grieved me. As I passed down the river yesterday, from Albany, I saw Mount Penitent. I remembered how I used to walk with thee about the grounds; and my mind was for a time depressed with melancholy reflections.—I had deeply sympathized in thy sufferings, and I felt, rarely, if ever, experienced greater pleasure than when I was the happy messenger of thy redemption from the grievous thraldom under which thou wouldst have lived. Thou art blessed with more than common good sense, and thou knowest how to make thyself agreeable. I earnestly advise thee to guard well thy thoughts. Never allow thyself to utter an unbecoming word, nor to be guilty of an unbecoming action. On all occasions, show thyself worthy of the regard of those who feel an interest in thy welfare. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.'—With ardent solicitude for thy welfare, I remain thy sincere friend."

About two years afterwards, Friend Hopper made the following record in his Register: "J. P. continues to conduct very satisfactorily. She makes a very respectable appearance, is modest and discreet, and deportment very dignified in her habits. As a mark of gratitude for the attentions, which at different times I have extended to her, she has sent me a pair of handsome gloves, and a handsome shawl-kerchief. Taking into consideration all the circumstances attending this case, this small present affords me much more gratification than ten times the value from any other person." Six months later, he made this record:—"The Friend with whom J. P. lives, called upon me to say that she sent a world of love to Isaac T. Hopper, whose kindness to her she never can remember." The same Friend afterward wrote, "She is all that I could wish her to be."

ANOTHER "STRIKE!" The Boston Herald says that the distillers of that city, at their regular meeting on Saturday last, decided to "raise their prices!" Why do distillers? Is the consumption of liquors is decreasing or decreasing?

The fact is that the "strike," in this case, is mutual. A large class of the people have "struck" against the use of liquors as a beverage, and the distillers, to meet the exigency, have struck for larger profits on the diminished quantity sold.—We hope both sides will hold out to the end.—*Advertiser.*

PORTLAND GAS WORKS. The increasing consumption of gas in our city has rendered it necessary for the company owning the works to enlarge the facilities for its manufacture. They have constructed a new reservoir and gasometer, and other additions are being made preparatory to increasing the manufacture.

There are now built and in process of building, no less than seven Roman Church edifices in Chicago. One of these, now building, will be worth $100,000, and two others, already erected, estimated to be worth $80,000 each.

NEWSPAPERS IN CALIFORNIA. There are published in California thirty-eight newspapers, twelve of which are dailies, one tri-weekly; two semi-weeklies, and the ballance are weeklies. Sixteen of these are printed in San Francisco, four in Sacramento and two in Marysville, two in Stockton and two in Placerville. Three are printed in foreign languages, and two devoted to two different languages. Total weekly circulation, 100,000

☞ "Mike, and is it yeself that can be after telling me how they make ice cream?" "In truth I can—don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure."

The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was—"Death by hanging—round a rum shop."

Portland Inquirer.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,

JOHN P. HALE

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MR. HEZEKIAH DODGE,
Of this city, is our authorized travelling Agent or the Inquirer.

"Portland Inquirer."

The "Portland Inquirer" is very respectfully informed that our acquaintance with slavery is not so limited as he would like to have it considered. We have read the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; but our knowledge of slavery has been derived from *personal observation*—from frequent visits to the South, and personal inspection of the plantations, the work shops, and the cabins of the slaves. Assertion is one thing, and argument is another, and quite a different thing. It is easy to say "confusion and absurdity," but not so easy to *show* the confusion and absurdity of our remarks. The editor of the Inquirer *knows*, if he knows anything about the condition of the slaves, that the cases of cruelty to and abuse of slaves, are *isolated*, and by no means a correct picture of slavery as a whole; no more than the isolated cases of murder, fraud and rascality, which occur "near the north pole," are correct pictures of northern life, customs and character.

We say, as we said before, we are no apologist for slavery; but we believe that every good cause can be best advocated and advanced by *honest* means, and hence our former remarks.

By the way, it seems to us, that editorial courtesy should have led the editor of the Inquirer the propriety of sending *us* a copy of the paper containing his strictures, rather than leave us to obtain a knowledge of them—as we fear he has his knowledge of slavery—second handed.—*The Gem.*

The charge of discourtesy is valid. We immediately left home, and the paper was not sent. It would have been better for that editor to exhibit as well as claim courtesy,—doubtless he will hereafter. But the main statement. If a man can read the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, then assert as above, we really see but little chance for logic or fact on him; a work which has utterly silenced public clamor against the justness of the Cabin's descriptions, and so overwhelming is it that many southern editors have declared the author unanswerably triumphant. Yet this editor rises from its perusal, (we are sure it must have been very cursory) and says:—

Cruelty is as rare under the slave system as murder and robbery are in Maine! In this respect it is as good as the most just and natural relations and institutions of New England! And then—more unaccountable still—he says he is "*no apologist for slavery!*"

What is he, then? If he will try to describe himself, we will help hold up the picture. But he has *been there*. He scarcely needed to say that; it would have been presumed. Instead of going again, we would advise him to be earnest in the petition so proper for us all—"lead us not into temptation."

There is scarcely another source of error so extensive and pernicious as regards the condition of the slaves, as those of the North who have temporarily "*been* there." They may be quite honest, but they are deceived. They fall into that common source of error, of inferring general truths from a few facts They make a slight external observation of a few southern establishments, then know more of slavery than slaveholders, slaves, permanent southern residents, and the most authentic records and statistics of society. Even common sense itself must yield—they "have *been* there."

Thomas Jefferson can testify that "an hour of the slave's life is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers resisted."

Judge Laure, of Louisiana, can say that "the penitentiary for life is no punishment at all to slaves, but a relief."

The Presbyterian synod of South Carolina and Georgia, can say, "Those only who have the management of our servants, know what the *hardening effect* of it is upon their own feelings toward them."

The law of Louisiana can declare that "the slave is *entirely* subject to the *will* of his master."

Judge Tucker, of Virginia, can say, "Such are the *cruelties* to which slavery gives rise, such the *horrors* to which the mind becomes reconciled by its adoption."

Judge Stroud can affirm that "the guiltless slave is subjected to a *system* of *cruel* enactments, of no part of which, probably, he has ever heard."

A Governor of Virginia can declare that State is "converted into a grand menagerie, where men are reared for the market like cattle for the shambles."

Another of her best statesmen can say that slave breeding "constitutes the productive capacity of the State."

The synod of Kentucky can testify that "the system licenses and *produces great cruelty.*—They suffer all that can be inflicted by wanton caprice, by grasping avarice, by brutal lust, by malignant spite, and by insane anger."

Jefferson can say, "When the measure of their tears is full, doubtless a just God will awaken to their distress."

Clouds of such witnesses testify to the horrible condition and sufferings of the speechless slaves, yet this "Gem" editor presumes to charge them all with falsehood and slander, and affirm that they are as happy as the people of Maine, and cruelty as rare as murder here! He's *been there*,—dont he know? He has indeed been there—and with so slight intelligence, if not feeble principles, that the slaveholders humbugged him out of his good common sense, and he is not yet missed it. A system of the most refined, perfect, malignant tyranny that earth ever saw,—as Wesley says, that it had *been* there,) "the sum of all *villanies*," proves to the blind eyes, a "running sprig." They have seen the flag of freedom trail in the dust, and would restore it again to its original beauty and splendor.—*Lockport Journal.*

The ground of their action was:—The Declaration of Independence, and the application of its principles of liberty and reform to political parties—the fugitive act, "a gross perversion and abuse of the legislative and executive functions of government," * * * which ought to be repealed—prohibition of slavery in territories—freedom of speech, petition, and of the press—enlargement of the Erie Canal—the right of the people to be protected against crime—hence, the Maine Law.

THE BALTIMORE PLATFORM REPUDIATED.—The New York *Evening Post*, speaking of Mr. Guthrie's letter to Mr. Collective Bronson, and of the Collector's proscriptive course relative to appointments, says:—

"In the second place, he [Mr. Bronson] deserved removal for the narrowness and bigotry of the principle on which he made his appointments to office. The rule laid down by Mr. Guthrie—that of adherence to the Baltimore platform—is disgracefully illiberal in itself.—The Baltimore platform, our readers will remember, was not adopted by the convention which nominated Mr. Pierce in such a manner as to give it any weight. It was not considered—it was not desired, by a great part of those who voted for it, that it should be adopted in such a way as to afford any indication of the opinions of the majority of the members—it was brought forward at the very moment for adjournment, when many of the members were gone, and others were going out at the door; it was not heard by half the people on the floor, and not voted for by half the rest. This may grown man, and in particular that Mr Guthrie, who is a grown man, not only in person but in intellect, should bring forward this bugbear of the Baltimore platform, and cry out, like a Chinese bonze airing his ugly wooden idol, is a folly for which we can hardly account.—But what shall we say of an officer, entrusted with the disposal of a large number of public employments, who takes for his guide a rule still more meanly illiberal than even the rule of adherence to the Baltimore platform, with which the public are so frequently amused? Certainly, he should not be retained in his place an hour."

Free Democracy in New York City.

A grand ratification meeting was held last week in that cotton city in support of the State ticket. The Tabernacle was well filled with an enthusiastic audience. Minthorne Tompkins, Esq., presided. The *Tribune* notices this meeting thus:

"The meeting of the Free Democracy convened at the Broadway Tabernacle last evening to ratify the nomination of State officers, made recently in Syracuse, was a very enthusiastic affair. Speeches were made by John P. Hale, Minthorne Tompkins and E. A. Stansbury, of this State, and J. L. Swift and E. L. Keyes of Massachusetts. The tone of the speeches was generally good and they were favorably received accordingly.—

"Mr. Hale was forcible in argument, and good humored and witty as usual. The meeting, upon the whole, passed off well and very creditably."

MARK THIS. In Metropolitan Hall at the Kossuth demonstration nearly 5,000 persons being present *Hon. John P Hale* was vehemently cheered when he made his appearance on the stand, and vehemently cheered throughout his speech.

☞ *John Cochrun*, who gave three cheers for the Fugitive Slave Law at Syracuse, *was hissed off the stand*, and that by a New York Democratic meeting as usual. The meeting, upon the whole, passed off well and very creditably."

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in a short time will convert a naturally fertile soil into barrenness; there is no replenishing, as among us, but annual cropping until the planter is reduced to poverty. Has the South, if he can get the means, he will migrate with his human chattels to a new region, the soil of which is not exhausted. Hence we may understand the position that slavery, combined with the slave trade, will soon die out.

The women, who are generally abolitionists, outlive the men. The reason is, that the men are more prone to give themselves up to debauchery and drunkenness. He said, we see enough of drunkenness in our section, but it is nothing in comparison to that at the South. We know that this propensity of the men in the hands of a superatively a few, and that labor is considered to be degrading to waste men. We can therefore infer what must necessarily be the condition of the slaves, as regards moral and intellectually they are on a level with the better rat, but half full slaves. Ignorance and indolence lead to immorality and crime. "The framework of southern society," where the southern aristocrats often boastingly say the Yankee nation is guaranteed, tends to produce a state of affairs. For illustration, the Doctor stated a fact. A *lady* indicted upon a slave an act of merciless cruelty, for which she was fined $100. Northerners from revenge would have taken a horse whipping, and perhaps, if the lady would Kilmer. After some time elapsed, when his masters supposed his revenge and motives had subsided, she suffered him to come into her presence, when he, in return, shot her dead. He was apprehended, and, in defence, said the supposed kindness, and instantly fled to the court in session. Never did human eye witness the trial, but, suffice it to say, he was acquitted. Such is illustrative of what reason, except lynch law. The Carolinians have up a purse equal to the amount of the expenses, for burning publication, and also a slave for sale, and also the slave in question, with other which knives about it. Such is the feeling of the slave state and kill his master." We presume they would pass other as often as every week in a year, without giving a part of such scenes to the world.

Dr. P. truly says, that Lord Brougham's Claim does not discuss facts he cited appearing, and the authorities he quoted. He also said, "Like all other courts of — — —

TO MY WIFE.

BY GEORGE BETHUNE.

Away from thee! the morning breaks,
But morning brings no joys to me;
Alas my spirit only wakes
To know I am afar from thee.
In dreams I saw the blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
Ah dreams! thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee! 'tis solitude!
Though smiling crowds around me be—
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one,
Without thee, I am all unblessed,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee the words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetness seemed in better days,
Without thee seemed no longer sweet.
The dearest joy fame can bestow
Is in my moistened eye to see,
And in my cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
But absent from my pillow thee;
Oh who can rest so far from home!
And my heart's home is, love, with thee.
I kneel me down in silent prayer,
And then, I know that thou art nigh:
For God, who sent everywhere
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his love'd embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the immediate space,
I kneel in kneeling first beside.
Thy tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit fir and free;
Oh! be night's slumbers deep,
For then, sweet love, I am with thee.

THE INDIAN'S TEST.

A correspondent of the Observer, in giving some reminiscences of the scences of his early home, relates the following:

"Near my grandfather's house lived a worthy old settler, whose whole soul was bound up in a little grandchild—a sparkling, merry thing—over whose head a dozen summers had hardly rolled their course. She was the angel of that house. Her sweet prattle, like the lark, broke with the morning light upon ear and hearts of the delighted parents, and the bright dazzling of her sparkling eyes, during the live-long day, diffused joy and gladness through the hearts of all. "Do you love me?" said an Indian chief to the sire one day. "Am I your friend?" "Certainly you are," said the old man. "You shall always be my friend." "Then as a token of your friendship and as a pledge of your peace toward me, give me that child to take to my wigwam. By tomorrow's light she shall be in your arms again, and our friendship will be firm forever." It was a hard trial to the old man's soul. He trembled at the dilemma. To refuse, would secure the Chieftain's wrath and perhaps his own destruction. To give her away into the hands of a barbarous savage even for a night, how could he? It would be like tearing the heart strings asunder. "Take her," he said, "I will trust your word." It was a sad night that, at the old settler's house. The heart of the mother that it never had before. Imagination kindled all the horrors of Indian cruelty, and her little one was there a lamb among wolves. The hours of the night rolled away on wheels of lead. The bright sun arose but with no healing in its wings, and while nature rejoiced, and all was clear and bright and beautiful without, dark clouds sat brooding over the mother's heart, for her babe had not yet come. "How could she have given her up?" Through the misty tear drops she saw it rolling down its westward course shedding its fading lustre over the high hills and the deep valleys, but in vain she strained her eyes to the opening whence in their return she knew they must emerge. And the mother's heart grew darker and more fearful, for who can measure a mother's love? But a sudden shout of joy and the prattle of her darling breaking upon the air, revealed the red man's faithfulness, and the child's safety. But its little frock which her own fingers had made for it, and its little cap which her own hands had adorned, its tiny shoes so cunningly buckled, were all torn away, and her babe stood before her arrayed in the full garb of Indian life. Three dark feathers overshadowed her lily brow. The Indian boy hung from her snowy shoulders, and her little feet paddled about in a pair of beaded moccasins. The child still lives in a venerable matron, and often recalls the loneliness of that long night and the Indian's test.

I have mentioned the name of Scanandos. The almost last words of that aged chieftain, uttered to a friend through an interpreter just previous to his decease, have struck me as singularly and appropriately beautiful. "I am an aged hemlock," said he.—"The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top." (In general phrase which I belonged have run away and left me. Why I live the Great Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

ANECDOTES OF JUDGE LIVERMORE.

The late N. P. Rogers, in a letter to the N. Y. Tribune some years since, related the following anecdotes respecting Judge Livermore of New Hampshire, recently deceased:—

"Old Judge Livermore, I said, was another eminent native here, who had the magnanimity to stay at home. He was sometimes at the bar and sometimes on the bench. He was not a man of books, but he occasionally looked into them, to see if they agreed with him in opinion. If they did'nt, it was their hurt, not his, and when they did differ, they say he was oftenest in the right. On a trial before an old Squire, in Coke Littleton, please the Court,' said a counsel once to him in argument. 'Coke was an arbitrary man,' said the Judge in reply. Said the counsel, 'a Massachusetts Judge of *sane standing*, was of the same opinion.' Said the Judge, 'Mr. Parsons was a great adherent to precedent,' said the Judge; 'the law is not so in New Hampshire.' And they said the Judge was right. He used to decide for himself, if all the Judges in Old England and New were of the other opinion. It bothered the lawyers more than it did the people. You have not a Judge on your Empire Bench, Mr. Tribune, that can stand up (he always spoke up, but our other New Hampshire Judges used to sit down, and have the Jury stand up too) and charge a Jury, with the clear, strong sense and old Shakspeare English, that our Hampshire Judge Livermore could, and that he can now, if he has got the bodily strength left, though he might be eighty.

They sent him to Congress at the time John Randolph was Randolph though there. He looked a little too stately and baronial for a Northerner, and thought he would make him aware that he did not come from a d'Virginia. Livermore had made a few remarks in his peculiar way—and not to Mr. Randolph's mind. He immediately got up, and in the Roanoke vein, and manner, said that the gentleman from *Vermont* had said so and so. The House felt that taunt—all but Livermore, who, not perceiving it at all, quietly rose, when Randolph had done, and—Mr. Speaker: I respect the opinions of the gentleman from *Rhode Island*, but must differ from him in this instance,' &c., going directly into the argument, as though no mistake had been made. Randolph put on his fur cap and went out to see what had become of John

House may be imagined. Henry Clay was writing a letter at the moment. On finishing a sentence of it, he went to Judge Livermore and told him he had been writing to Mr. ——, of Philadelphia, of the extinction of Randolph. Mr. Randolph did not mistake Judge Livermore's State after that—though if the haughty Virginian had but known, it was a greater honor to come from *Vermont* than from his own worn out tobacco-field of the Old Dominion."

ELECTROTYPING. This admirable process is now applied to the production of plates to print from, and we should think must put an end to the use of electrotype plates. Electrotyping can now be done as cheaply as stereotyping, if not more so, while the plates, being of copper, the type are much more durable than those produced by stereotyping. In the electrotype process most of the labor is done by electricity. A mould of the type is taken in beeswax. This mould is then put into a liquid containing copper in solution, and a powerful galvanic battery is applied. The electricity extracts the copper from the liquid, and deposits it, atom by atom, in the mould, filling every cavity with fine copper, perfectly. The usual routine in the principal, if not the only establishment in this city, is to make the moulds in the day-time, and put them into the batteries just before going home at night. In the morning, the workmen find that the electricity had been steadily at work all night. It has performed its allotted task; beautiful fac-simile plates, in solid copper, are taken from the liquid, ready for use. It is by the employment of an agent that never tires or sleeps, that electrotype plates are produced cheaper and quicker than stereotypes can be made.—*Tribune.*

HOW TO PASSIVE EGGS. Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each 1 1-2 inch in diameter) as you can. A board two feet and six inches in length, and one foot wide, has five dozen in it, say twelve dozen if you prefer. Then take four strips two inches broad, and nail them together edgewise into a rectangular frame of the same size as your other board. Nail this board upon the frame, and the work is done, unless you choose to nail a heading around the top. Put your eggs in this board as they come from the poultry house, the small ends down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions: Take care that the eggs do not get wet, either in the nest or afterwards.—Keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in the winter. If two boards be kept, one can be filling while the other is empting.—*English Agricultural Gazette.*

We never are satisfied with our opinions, if whatever we may pretend, till they are ratified and confirmed by the opinions of the rest of mankind. We dispute and wrangle forever; we endeavor to get men to come to us when we do not come to them.

The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.

A man's dress has a wonderful influence into character. Dress like a rowdy, and no less than a month you will commence acting like one.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the tried tower, it may sleep while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

THE FARMER

Fall Plowing.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you, or some of your correspondents, be so kind as to favor your readers with some information on the subject of fall plowing? We wish to know what kind of soils are most benefited, and what kind are injured by fall plowing, &c. Please give us some information on this subject through the Rural.

Respectfully yours, R. B. ELDER.
INDIANA CO., PA.

We have ever advocated fall plowing, and so given our testimony on various occasions. We know of no crop, nor kind of soil, but what it is an advantageous process, except on a clean clover ley for spring crops. It combines various advantages. It is so much labor done, at a time when the ground will at the farm is past, and the teams in good heart. It exposes heavy soils to the decomposing effects of winter frosts, and the action that the elements have upon the earthy and mineral materials of the soil—exposing the subsoil in a coarse and pulverent state, to absorb the ammonia of snow, which chemical investigation shows to contain a large per cent. over the same amount of rain water. All fall plowing should be performed as late in the fall as possible, so that foul grasses shall not be able to vegetate and send up suckers.

For worn out soils plow deeper than they have been accustomed to, and bring up a new strata for the disintegrating and decomposing effect of winter and the elements, particularly in shales and gravelly soils.—Heavy clays, and quicksands will need plowing again in the spring, but as late as possible before planting.

The best process that we have ever tried, for making corn and potatoes on stubbom foul grass swards, and plow as late in the fall as the most would permit; and in the spring, as soon as the grass began to shoot, thoroughly harrow together with the furrow—then as late as it would answer to distribute the manure if it be long rotted, and under a good sun again harrow and plant immediately. The *rationale* of this process for so thoroughly killing foul grass, is, that lying a winter without air or light it becomes bleached and blanched, and when growing in the shade, and when turned up, the seed is so tender and the grass roots and suckers so easily pulverized that one day's good sun entirely destroys them and will produce the cleanest field of any process that we have ever tried.

Planting on a foul grass sward, turned over for the first time in the spring, frequently makes laborious hoeing and tiresome work, as the surface is raw and contains no nutriment for the young plant until it pushes its roots to reach the decomposing vegetable matter turned under. The process of top dressing with manure is little better than lost. So that we say emphatically, that fall plowing may be advantageously performed in all cases, except in a clean clover sward, in which case, if the land is in good heart, we should not plow in the fall.

The communicating and decomposing effect upon new and unused soils, when brought to the surface, is much greater than the elements have credit for generally by farmers, and it was one of the great and powerful causes of the disintegration of the rocks of the globe, to form the very soil that now covers its surface.—*Rural New Yorker.*

"There is no harm," says the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, "in smoking tobacco, except that it leads to drinking, drinking to intoxication, intoxication to bile, bile to indigestion, indigestion to consumption, consumption to death—that's all."

Hints to Fowl Breeders.

The best nest boxes are those that hide the hens from sight when we are passing near them. This rule applies to one common breeds much more than to the large Asiatic fowls, the latter being more domestic in their habits, and not easily frightened from their nests.

It has been recommended by experienced breeders, to construct the boxes, so as to admit the fowls on the *back* sides and have lids hung on hinges on the top of the box, to be thrown up to examine the nests. This plan has its advantages and disadvantages. It affords a quiet retreat for the fowls, but does not allow the breeder to see at a glance whether all is right therein, as he would be able to see, when the hens are incubating. It sometimes happens that two fowls crowd into one nest by mistake, and if it be the nest of a sitting hen, serious results often happen in the destruction of the eggs I have before stated. Again, it is a question whether permanent or moveable boxes are the best. I use both kinds, but give the preference to the latter, the moveable ones. For the large breeds, I construct them 15 inches in diameter, each way, and from 8 to 12 inches high, with the fronts sawed out obliquely from each upper corner, towards the centre (from within 6 inches of the bottom), thus affording a place without obliging the hens to hop down, which our large breeds cannot do without danger of breaking the eggs. Furthermore, some of them cannot get into such nests, if they had to hop considerable effort at flying up, when a common, native hen would hop up with the greatest ease.

For our common, native hens, I make the boxes about 1 foot square, both in diameter and height.

I place my boxes 6 by 8 feet apart, but one must have a commodious fowl house to allow so much space, if he keeps a large number of fowls. I have several yards and houses, one for each breed.

The general rule is to allow about 10 hens to 1 cock, yet more hens may sometimes be allowed with safety, when we are of purely Asiatic breeds, and the cock should be impregnated. In breeding very valuable fowls, fewer pullets to each male is the safer way. I have at present 1 Brahma Pootra roosters to 20 pullets, but I do not expect to two annoyed and I shall have to take away one or two of them.

As it is not always convenient to keep each breed separate in the fall and winter, when the hens are laying, the question is, how long can we allow our fowls to run together promiscuously in the non-breeding season wi h safety?

It is the opinion of many experienced breeders, that an impregnation lasts no longer than during the period of laying one single litter of eggs, and that if a hen be removed at the expiration of laying her litter, and placed with a cock of a pure and unmixed blood, that the chicks produced thereafter will have no impure trace, though the hen previously ran with an impure cock. I do not admit that this is true, but I am convinced that some cock impregnations last beyond the second and third litter after that laid from connection with an impure blonded cock.

Last season I received a trio of Gnelderland fowls from G. H. Bachelor, Esq., of Lynn, Mass., one cock and two hens. He informed me that the pullets had ran off with cocks of other breeds, and added, that a few of their first eggs would probably be a little impure; but I found that a trace of impurity ran in their eggs through second litters at least.

The best way is, undoubtedly, to be able to keep the different breeds distinct and separate the entire year; but when this is not done, they must be separated before any considerable time of intimacy between cocks and pullets takes place.

It is the opinion of many people that hens will not lay as many eggs in a season when no cock is allowed to run with them, but this is not so. I kept 200 hens on Long Island some years ago, during one year, without any cocks, as an experiment, and I found no difference in the number of eggs produced at all, as my diaries of the hens to tinehate. It is said that eggs produced without impregnation, will keep good much longer than those that are impregnated.—This subject is worthy the consideration of those who furnish eggs in large quantities.—*Miner's Poultry Book.*

Disease in Cattle.

Dr. Dodd, the author of the "*Reformed Cattle Doctor*, describes a disease which is now prevalent among cattle as follows.

"Black-leg, quarter-evil joint murrain, blackquarter, and dry gangrene, are analogous; by the different names is meant their grades. In the early or mild forms, it consists of congestions in the vessels of the extremities, and effusions in the cellular tissue; when chemical action overpowers the vital and gets the ascendency, it assumes a portrait of gangrene is the result, or a destruction of organic integrity. The disease causes exists in any thing that can for a time intercept the free action of the vital machinery. Its direct cause may be found in over-feeding, exposure in wet situations. The milk diseased cow is a frequent cause of disease. Men who are engaged in preparing cattle or calves for the market, attempt to fatten without any regard to their general health, climate, the quantity of food, its quality, or the state of the digestive organs. They are very apt to think that as long as the animal has what they term "good food," and just as much as they can cram into the stomach, that they must be fattening and growing rich, in fact, too much food oppresses the stomach, impairs and overworks the digestive organs, and converts the food into a serious cause of disease. Whenever the digestive powers are overcome, the food accumulates in the stomach and its appendages, and being submitted to the combined action of heat and moisture, gas is evolved which distends the viscera, interferes with the motion of the lungs and diaphragm, presses on the heart, and interrupts the circulation of the blood through that organ, seriously interfering with the bile-secreting process. This is not all, the gas evolved from the fermentation of the food, is absorbed and enters into the cellular structure, hence emphysema, &c.

Your correspondent observes—'My calves are well fed and in good order, and those that fell victims were in the best condition.' The old maxim, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' is true; and I have no doubt your correspondent, if he make the trial, will find it more convenient and less expensive. The reason why fat cattle are liable to fall victims to the maladies, is because they are more exposed to damp ground, and because the blood, in returning to the heart, has a kind of up hill work to perform, hence it accumulates in the veins. Now, although we observe alarming symtoms in black-leg, it is no more a disease of the legs, than it is of impaired digestion, absorption, secretion, and circulation, for the whole functions are involved in the disease of black-leg is the cure of all other maladies.

There is no particular treatment for black-leg, other than we have already alluded to viz: to impart healthy action to the whole animal system, and to remove the disease. If the animal be not too much wasted with a view of fattening, reduce the quantity of food, give mucilage of slippery elm, and rub the legs with tincture of opiscum.

Our advice to farmers is, let your animals have their meals at regular hours, in sufficient quantity, (and not a particle more;) if they waste it, put less before them each time until they eat the quantity given, without wasting; let them have good beds of straw on bedding to accompany them, and not permit them to breathe the emanations that arise from the dung and urine; keep them clean, and avoid undue exposure. Finally, govern them in a spirit of kindness and mercy, and there will be little foothold for disease."

Feeding Bees.

In No. 40, Vol. 8, of your valuable paper, I discover you again state that honey is more two pounds of honey from one pound of sugar, and I have seen it stated by scientific men, and men of note in the world, that bees would convert sugar or molasses, &c., into pure honey. Now I wish to state that the bees is wholly erroneous.

The best food for bees, aside from honey itself, is a thick syrup made of refined loaf sugar, of which a middling sized colony will remove from 3 to 4 pounds in 24 hours. Let this be in the fall season, and 3 months thereafter examine the comb into which it is placed, and you will find pure grained loaf sugar instead of honey—and yet "six cents per pound for brown sugar." Take one pound of brown sugar, and make of it a syrup, and when taken into the hive it will weigh two pounds heavier than it did before the feeding, for the bees will be found in the comb, and but two pounds of syrup placed in the comb, and upon examination three months thereafter it will be found to be grained sugar; but the same colony will not remove half so much of the brown sugar, according to Mr. Paschall Morris, Peruvian guano contains only 41 per cent. of really valuable salts, the rest is animal matter, water, magnesia and lime. Magnesia and lime we can apply to our soil abundantly with a trifling expense. Our lime contains 30 per cent. of magnesia; therefore for those 41 lbs. of really valuable salts we have to pay $3 50, and then run the risk to receive an inferior article, the Chilian guano, which only contains 20 per cent. of really valuable salts.

The chemist has unveiled much of the mystery of vegetation; the farmer ought to profit by it; it enables him to prepare his fertilizers, and not buy those nostrums when much of their renowned parts may be worthless.

30 lbs. of lime dust, at one cent per lb.,	30
50 lbs. of plaster, at half cent per lb.,	15
30 lbs. of nitrate of soda, at three cents per lb.,	90
10 lbs. carbonate of ammonia, at 18 cts. per lb.,	180
	$3 15

(The plaster will fix the carbonate of ammonia.)

Such a mixture, I believe, would be worth 150 lbs of guano. We may not receive so much ammonia but for more nitrate, and phosphate, so necessary to our soil, and if we are to have a good crop of manufactured article.

I also take the liberty to direct your attention to induce the Philadelphia salt merchants to import some rock salt in blocks. I give salt in this state to my cattle, it is so convenient to have a block in the trough; the cattle can lick it when they feel an appetite for salt. But it is too high in price; I have to pay $1 50 per 100 lbs. in Philadelphia, and scarce at that price. I think it could be imported for half that price. It would then become in general use among farmers.

H. SHUBART.

Bethel, Berks county, Aug. 1853.

The Best Fowls for Farmers.

My brooded fowls do not prove equally profitable: the Polands, being yarded and well fed, having lime and gravel and a little fresh meat, have had not one egg; but some other varieties; but when without meat the eggs have been few.

My Bolton Grays have eaten little and laid well, without setting; but several litters of their chickens have been taken by the rats and I have labored in vain to raise any, where rats could get to them.

The Golden Pheasants are more beautiful; have laid almost continually, and none of their chickens have been taken though running upon the same grounds with the Greys. The Grey chicks are weakly, while the Pheasants are too sprightly to be caught.

Gooldfowls, after being with a cock of another variety, produced half-breeds at first; but the second litter was obviously pure. They lay the largest eggs, though less in number, and propagate their marks of purity like a well-bred original fowl.

The Black Shanghais I find no demand for nor any satisfactory specification of their faults, leaving us to reflect upon their likeness to an unfortunate race. The Dominique or Grey Shanghais have laid well and fatted. The White are delicate, and do not rear as well. I had 7 chickens hatch from 60 eggs and 5 of them lived; while nearly all of the Buff color hatched and are doing well.

I can only mention the Dorkings in the longer legs and necks of the Cochin Chinas, yet their *great size* and other faultless qualities speak volumes in their praise. Of the 8 varieties which I breed, only the Shanghais (sometimes called red, sometimes yellow,) I like the best. With me they have reared the best, even the common dunghill not excepted. They have laid a good number of large eggs of the best quality, and have nursed their broods well. Those of the best stock weigh from 8 to 10 lbs. One of my breeders weighed 8 1-2 lbs., another 9 1-2 lbs.

If the farmer who has not yards for separate breeding would implant all others with this variety, it could not fail to increase his income. And when the hen fever shall be past, and its high prices fall away, his chickens in common market would sell, not for a shilling, but for half a dollar, and would give a proportionable supply of the finest meat at home.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Irrigation of Gardens.

From repeated experiments, we are induced to draw the conclusion that, next to manure—the great prime mover in successful cultivation—water is the most important to vegetable growth, in many cases, than irrigation. Practical gardeners regard it as indispensable, and a large share of their success depends on copious watering.

Some years ago instances which have recently occurred, may be worth stating; Two rows of raspberries stand on ground in every respect alike, except that one receives the drippings from a wood-house and the other does not. The former yields at least four times as large in growth as the other. Again —the berries on the bushes of a Fastolph and Franconia rasberries were at least twice as large when the soil was kept moistened, as after a drought of three weeks, during which, a reputation of the watering again doubled their size. Again—a near neighbor, who cultivates strawberries for market, and uses a water-cart for irrigating the rows, raised at the rate of one hundred and twenty bushels to the acre, on common good soil, by this means; and he noticed that where the cart was left standing over night, so that the water gradually dripped from the corners for hours, upon a portion of the plants, the fruit had grown to double the size of the rest in twenty-four hours. It should be observed that these advantages of a copious supply of water, pertain chiefly to small or wooned plants. The roots of fruit trees, being larger and deeper are to be supplied with moisture in a different way; that is, by a deep, rich, mellow soil, kept mulched in summer, or by covering thickly with litter. Water applied to the surface rarely descends so low as the roots, and only hardens the soil to a crust.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Seedling Fruit Trees.

Many of our best promologists are speculating on the necessity of reproducing our valuable fruits from the seed; some maintaining that many of the old varieties are running out, having passed the period of their vivility, and will soon be extinct. One thing is sure, that certain kinds are subject to diseases that others are not, and others only partially, which it is very possible to avoid in new seedlings and young varieties.

Our good apples are numerous, and adapted in their times of ripening to all periods of the year, and leave little to be hoped for or desired; and yet we conceive perfection in fruits, is a point which it is not yet reached. There is quite a marked difference in the aptitude of the plum to take the *blotch*, or leprosy of limbs, and in liability to be attacked by insects.

The peach is one of the easiest to experiment upon, as it fruits so soon from the seed, requires more attention than any other, particularly since the prevalence of the *curl*. Many varieties of this fruit are found to be almost free from the curl, but they are in no case our best peaches; therefore from a seedling orchard, some new kinds may be produced as good as the best, and perhaps superior, and not subject to this disease.

All of our fine fruits were once seedlings and accidentally produced; but as no one now a-days sets out uncultivated trees, particular apples, the day is past for improving that fruit unless such a course is taken.

One curious fact has been observed relative to like producing like, that is, that the seeds of the highest and finest flavored—of the best blood—are not as like to produce any thing valuable, as the common varieties. It holds good in all the fruits, down to the grape. The Isabella has been known to bring the poorest kind of foxt grapes. Many instances relative to the pear will occur to early stages of seedling, indicate the value of the forthcoming fruit—the thick velvetty, glossy leaf—sparse and strong twigs, without thorns or spurs—and that general appearance of *blood*, which we know the horse.

If every amateur of fine fruit would experiment upon a very small scale, we are satisfied astonishing results would be produced.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Erie Railroad, with its equipments, cost twenty-five million dollars, and employs two hundred locomotives.

From the Farm Journal.

Guano, Nitrate of Soda, &c.

Two years ago I mixed 200 lbs. of guano, (for which I paid $5,) with 3 bushels of plaster, and put it round the corn on four rows, and got no benefit, but got up, and previous to of corn, after I had hoed it, I found the corn more vigorous than that which had no guano and only plaster, though on the same quality of soil; the cobs were larger, and I thought I was sure the ears were larger, and I paid for 5 dollars.

This year I have mixed 120 pounds of nitrate of soda, (which cost me $3 90,) with 3 bushels of plaster, (I had the nitrate of soda ground in the mill like plaster,) put it also in the same rows, and put it on four acres of corn. During the dry weather we had in the Spring, I found the nitrate of soda had an effect, but since we have had copious rains, the effect shows itself more wonderfully. The corn is dark green, and the growth vigorous, more so than the effect of the guano was. I expect to be paid over and over for my outlay, $3 90.

I communicate this fact to you, with the request that you will try to induce the Philadelphia merchants to import this article, the nitrate of soda, more freely. I have been informed that it is found in abundance in South America, and can be imported by the cargo at $35 a ton. It is the nitrogen, the grand desideratum to the growth of plants. It is my opinion that it will supersede guano. I find it in a pure state, no adulteration; and I find it contains more than double as much as guano. According to Mr. Paschall Morris, Peruvian guano contains only 41 per cent. of really valuable salts, the rest is animal matter, water, magnesia and lime. Magnesia and lime we can apply to our soil abundantly with a trifling expense. Our lime contains 30 per cent. of magnesia; therefore for those 41 lbs. of really valuable salts we have to pay $3 50, and then run the risk to receive an inferior article, the Chilian guano, which only contains 20 per cent. of really valuable salts.

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H. SHUBART.

Bethel, Berks county, Aug. 1853.

AGUE, DYSPEPSIA CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED LIVER OR STOMACH, SUCH AS CONSTIPATION FULLNESS, WIND, PAIN IN THE HEAD, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, NAUSEA, HEARTBURN, DISGUST OF FOOD, FULLNESS OR WEIGHT IN THE STOMACH, SOUR ERUCTATIONS, SWIMMING OF THE HEAD, FLUTTERING AT THE HEART, CHOKING OR SUFFOCATING SENSATIONS WHEN IN A LYING POSTURE, DIMNESS OF VISION DOTS OR WEBS BEFORE THE SIGHT, FEVER, DULL PAIN IN THE HEAD, DEFICIENCY OF PERSPIRATION, YELLOWNESS OF THE SKIN AND EYES, PAIN IN THE SIDE, BACK, CHEST, LIMBS, &c SUDDEN FLUSHES, OF HEAT, BURNING IN THE FLESH, SOLITUDE, TIMIDITY, LOSS OF EVIL, AND GREAT DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS,

CAN BE EFFECTUALLY CURED BY

DR. HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. C. M. Jackson,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as they have cured, in many instances, after mighty physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the Liver and inner glands, exercising the most searching powers in those maladies originating in a disordered stomach, they are withal, safe, certain, and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

(Press the Button, Sir.)

The editors of the Sentinel say:

"*Dr. Hoofland's Celebrated German Bitters* for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous debility, and all diseases of the Liver or digestive organs, are deservedly popular. These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend who has used them in his family speaks in the fervent and permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the use of these Bitters. We are convinced that, in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant in taste and can safely be used by persons of the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances. We are speaking from experience and to the official we advise their use."

LOOK WELL to the MARKS OF THE GENUINE.

They have the signature of C. M. JACKSON stamped on the wrapper, and the name blown in the bottle, *without which they are spurious.*

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 120 ARCH Street, one door below Sixth Philadelphia, *and by respectable dealers generally throughout the country.*

Also for Sale by HENRY B. HAY, Portland Maine. tmo 10 25—1y

READ! READ!

YOUTH and MANHOOD.

A vigorous Life or a premature Death

KINKELIN on SELF PRESERVATION

Only 25 cents.

THIS BOOK, JUST PUBLISHED, IS FILLED with useful information, on the infirmities and diseases of the sexual system, showing the evils that arise in YOUTH, MANHOOD and OLD AGE. To all who apprehend or suffer under the dire consequences of early or improper indulgence, this work is invaluable; the extensive effects of sedentary and careful habits—to all those who are about to marry, or who, from early errors, are the victims of nervous and mental debility, and of moping and melancholy despondency. Dr. K. would say,

READ THIS BOOK.

The valuable advice and impressive warning it gives will prevent years of misery and suffering, and save an untimely death to many.

Parents by reading it will learn how to prevent the diseases of their children.

☞A remittance of 25 cents, enclosed in a letter, addressed to DR. KINKELIN, north west corner Third and Spring Garden streets, (Spring Garden and Pine Street,) PHILADELPHIA, will insure a book, under an envelope, by return of mail.

FIFTEEN YEARS

of extensive and uninterrupted practice spent in Philadelphia, have rendered Dr. K. the most expert and successful practitioner, in the treatment of the diseases at all diseases of a private nature. Persons afflicted with ulcers upon the body, throat or legs, pains in the head and bones, nodes, gonorrhoea, gleet, stricture, gravel, disease arising from youthful excesses, or impurities of the blood, whereby the constitution has become enfeebled, are all treated with success.

He wishes to place himself under the care of Dr. K. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and can safely rely upon his skill as a physician.

Persons at a distance may address Dr. K. by letter (post-paid,) and be cured at home.

Packages of medicine, with directions, &c., forwarded by sending a remittance, and put up secure from damage or curiosity.

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March 10, 1853. 1y

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