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Selected Poetry.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY CHARLES REESE.

Hail to the North, with her foundries and forges,
Honored and blest be her pine covered hills,
And the rivers that rise in her dark mountain gorges,
Whose green banks are studded with clattering mills.
Oh, long may the ring of her merry trip hammer,
The whirl of the spindle, the buzz of the loom,
Be heard o'er the cataract's ear piercing clamor,
Or the roar of the blast thro' her forests of gloom.

All hail sunny South, on whose bosom reposes
The cotton in bloom, like a mantle of snow,
All groves of green myrtle, and lilies, and roses,
That perfume the breezes wherever they go.
In the forthcoming contest for wealth and for power,
Sweet sister, we hope for the council and aid
Of one who has ever in danger's dark hour,
In the van of the battle, her banner displayed.

Hail time-honored East, radiant son of the morning,
Whose brightness and splendor illumines the world,
With brotherly love all its bright folds adorning,
Our banner of Peace over thee is unfurled.
Like the star that o'er Bethlehem's sunny plains guided
The wise men to where the Redeemer was laid,
Oh, be thou a beacon, whose light undivided
Shall cheer us in sunshine, as well as in shade.

And thou, smiling West, rosy daughter of Even,
All hands and all hearts are now turning to thee,
For thou hast been blest by treasures from Heaven,
As numberless as are the sands of the sea.
But they shall not have thee, the few nor the many,
Thy husband, thy chosen, earth's glory and pride,
Now spans the dark brow of the bold Alleghany,
And claims thee his promised, his beautiful bride.

His iron steed now is impatiently prancing,
And pawing the earth with his ponderous feet,
And guests from the North and the South are advancing,
Their friends from the East at the bridal to meet.
Then come, as Aurora comes, when she is bringing
The light of the sun to the lily and rose;
Come, as the breeze comes, when it is springing
From dells where the sweet scented jessamine grows.

His wide-spreading border already is beaming
With ample store houses for the golden grain,
And his harbors and rivers and bays are teeming
With the messenger birds of the fathomless main.
She hears us! she comes! hail daughter of Even!
From mountain and valley, and hill-side and plain,
Shall pæans arise, till the blue vault of Heaven
Shall tremble, and echo the soul-thrilling strain!

Original Papers.

For the Planters' Advocate.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

JONATHAN SMITH, Esq., the Elder:

COMPILED, FROM PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, ASSISTED BY THE FAMILY PAPERS, BY HIS SON, JONATHAN SMITH, THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER XIX.

Wherein the same subject is continued.

As I before said, in the last chapter, it would be difficult to conceive of any man in a more violent temper than Col. Spenloe was, when he ascertained that his horses had come to a dead stand. If they had been stopped from any other cause, the case would not have been half so bad. Even Jim's careless driving (had that been the cause of the stoppage) would have been readily forgiven. Nay, almost any plausible excuse would have been swallowed by the Colonel at that time. But when he was told that his horses—after an unusual long drive, over bad roads—had not had one particle of food, and, that too, at Johnson College, his passion knew no bounds, and he looked very much as if he could have swallowed whole that famous institution of learning, with its Faculty to boot. It was his fixed determination to turn back to the college and bring his son home, just as fast as he had carried him. But the persuasive voice of my grandfather, (as was once before said,) added to the facts, that the college was some dozen miles off, and the horses utterly unable to pull, at length determined him to waive his revenge, for the time being, at least.

So the two old friends took their canes and strolled on to the next village. The Colonel began the conversation by recounting all his grievances at Johnson. The character of Dr. King and all his associates went once more under the most adverse and scorching criticism, and when the name of Major Fuss occurred to him, he was so filled with wrath, that for a while he could neither walk nor talk. But, on recovering his speech, "By the d—l, Governor, I *will* go back!" he said, in a very exasperated manner.

"And what for, Colonel?" demanded the Governor, in return.

"To whale that——scoundrel, sir!"

"What scoundrel?"

"Fuss, sir, Fuss—that d—d swindler, sir!"

And with the utterance of these angry words, the Colonel well nigh choaked.

My grandfather then began to expostulate with his friend concerning the utter futility of his passion, and how undignified it was in any *gentleman* to allow himself to be made angry by any such character as Major Fuss. The Colonel might *despise* the Major, but then it was utterly impossible, according to the philosophy of my grandfather—for the latter to be the subject of the dignified *hate* or *enmity* of any gentleman of the standing of Col. Spenloe.—Then again, the idea of going back to the college was utterly out of the question, for reasons before given. "And what," pursued the Governor, "what would you do when you got back? You would surely not offer any indignity to Dr. King or any other parson, by word or deed; and as for the steward—who is, no doubt, to blame for the neglect of your horses—as for that Fuss, I say, Colonel, I hope you would not think of soiling your reputation by lashing him with your tongue, or your hands and cane, by laying that over his shoulders."

The Colonel stood this pretty well, until the Governor began to talk about "offering an indignity to a *parson*"—when his face grew angry and his fist doubled up of its own accord; as if some thought concerning Parson Finally suddenly flashed through his excited imagination. However he said nothing, and his friend resumed:

"Besides all this, sir, you say you will bring Jimmy away. Well—you carried him there in express contradiction to the wishes of your sister. You gave her to know that a man's judgment on such matters was more reliable than a woman's, and that no female could possibly educate a boy as he should be educated. You were right in your opinion. But only take Jimmy away and carry him home again—and what do you do? Why, you tacitly and clearly allow the falsity of all your opinions; you grant that your manly judgment has been grossly mistaken; and you leave your sister to triumph, complete mistress of the field. And, that being so, you will no longer be master of your own household. Come, sir, let us walk on."

Now, as Col. Spenloe was about the most stubborn man of his time, there is not the slightest room for the inference that my grandfather would ever have influenced him by the logical oration just recorded, had he not made some allusion to Miss JEMIMA; who, as she was a sort of bugbear to the Colonel, was used as an *argumentum ad hominem* by the Governor, whenever he wished to operate on his friend and comrade. He was, accordingly, about to reply at some length to the speech of my grandfather, when he was arrested by the forcible allusion of the latter to his venerable sister; and at the mention of her name there flashed across his mind such a scene of eternal quarreling, that his reason made a short job of it, and he walked on as he was desired. My grandfather was not, however, the man to take advantage of his friends weak-point altogether; so, when he had him in a brisk walk, he resolved not only to keep him a-going by impulse, but, if possible, by convincing his understanding. He, therefore, very briefly, explained to the Colonel, that though there were (as he had shown) very great objections to the removal of Jimmy, just at that time, yet these obstacles would be altogether removed by Time; so that at the end of the current College Term, he might gratify his spleen and vexation by removing him to some other institution—a course which, in all probability, would never be seen through by Miss JEMIMA. "Besides," continued the Governor, "you know our friend, TOM JEFFERSON, has a great plan on hand for a State College, or University; in which we have both promised to assist him, and to which we ought, in all conscience, to send our sons."

"Capital, capital!" quoth the Colonel; "why the very idea! How it will hoodwink JEMIMA! Why we have only to say that we remove our sons out of respect to Tom Jefferson! Good for that, Governor!"

By which exultation, my grand father perceived how completely *he* had hoodwinked the Colonel, and he laughed in his sleeve accordingly.

This conversation was, of course, spread over a much larger area than it is allowed to occupy in these memoirs; and by the time it was finished, the two friends had arrived at the entrance of an old-fashioned village. Here they waited some half an hour until black Jim came up with the carriage, when, getting inside again, they drove slowly to the chief inn, and having ordered the horses into the hands of an experienced ostler and recommended Jim to a careful eye on them, they gave themselves the luxury of an internal "warming," and proceeded to dinner in their private room. While they are taking their fill, it may be well for the reader to take his too—and that he may prepare himself for Miss JEMIMA's voice, shortly to be heard again, this chapter is hereby adjourned.

FEMALE HEROISM.—The London correspondent of the New York Tribune relates the following anecdote of D'Israeli, the British writer and statesman:

"Mrs. D'Izzy, as the mob call her, showed an admirable instance of fortitude lately. Her husband wished to be conveyed in the carriage to the House of Commons, where he was prepared to make one of his greatest speeches.—After he had alighted, he had walked some yards when he heard a frightful scream. Mrs. D'Israeli had inadvertently left her hand touching the hinge of the door, and the servant slamming it together, had crushed off a joint of Mrs. D.'s finger. She had the resolution to pretend nothing was the matter, so her husband went away in peace, and made a most eloquent oration, which he could not have done had he known she was carried fainting to a doctor's and was most severely injured, though her enthusiasm for her husband's fame enabled her to conceal her agonies. It was well directed courage."

JAPANESE MARRIAGES.—A very singular custom at the marriage of the Japanese is, that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to show that the woman is married, or a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of every child, to plant a tree in the garden or court-yard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage.—When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new married couple. The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.

THE EFEECT OF TIMELY ADMONITION.—An individual, who was cheated by a grocer out of a pound of sugar, by that quantity of sand being mixed with the material, put an advertisement in the paper, stating that if the rascal who cheated him did not make restitution by sending him seven pounds of good sugar, he would expose his rascality. The next day he received from nine different grocers, nine seven-pound packages of sugar! Comment, as the newspapers sometimes very forcibly say, is needless.

COOL COURAGE.—At Albany, N. Y., last week, a team of horses ran off with a wagon in which a little child was left alone. A young lady saw the danger, and in an instant, throwing her hat and shawl on the sidewalk, she made a spring at the tail of the wagon, caught it firmly, the momentum of the wagon jerking her inside of the box. She immediately clasped the child in her arms, and seing a favorable moment, sprang to the ground, without injury either to herself or to the little fondling.

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

A girl being sent to a drug store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Dye with? why cholera sometimes!" "Well, I believe that's the name. I want three cents worth."

Correspondence.

Correspondence of the Planters' Advocate.

MAYFIELD, *Georgia*, July, 1853.

MR. TURNER: There is about this time a little more interest and excitement manifested in the affairs of our commonwealth. We may be said to be an exclusive people, and do not "pester" our minds about the other parts of the Union, except when abolitionary movements are made, and then we exhibit the stubborn will of a true Georgian. Yet, in all movements among ourselves, we are particularly inquisitive. We are not speculative or much given to theorising. This sounds like coming from Down East, and that is a part of the world we "have no use for." Yet if a Down Easter should come among us, we will treat him well, and welcome him to our houses, provided he keeps silent on the slavery question, and does not approve of Mrs. STOWE's fanciful misrepresentations. Should he not have the good sense and prudence to conceal his prejudices, he in all probability will meet with the fate of a fellow-sojourner, who, after having harangued the good people of one of our county towns on abolition, was quietly taken down and brought to a tan-yard, and there, with great solemnity, was baptised in the name of SEWARD, SMITH and DOUGLASS: which ceremony being performed, a passport was granted him to Charlestown, there to take his second degree.

Among other whims and notions of the day, the Spirit-rappers have been paying us occasional visits, and have succeeded in making converts of some, and rendering hardened others. In sooth, the sound philosophy of our people does not speculate much upon these agencies from the other world. They are generally regarded as delusions and emanations of a distempered fancy. However, in some places tables have moved about the rooms, tickled the thoughts of the young, and elicited from the old folks a rather credulous assent. Yet, while all are generally opposed to these inspired tables, they allow there is "a powerful chance" of mystery about it.

But, to leave the spiritual world and speak of the physical, we can add that the season has proved very unfavorable to the interest of the planter. The corn crop has suffered materially from the want of rain. It is now beyond redemption. The season has proven to be unusually dry, and some portions of the State has remained unwatered since March. Our fields are parched by the continued drought, and until late we have been only favored to any extent with rain. The papers state the general cry from all sections is rain! rain!!—Portions of Florida and Alabama have also suffered. In this crisis of affairs, we shall apply to Tennessee for a supply of corn. Travellers report this State as abounding in great mineral wealth, and as a grain-growing country unsurpassed in the fertility of its soil.—The cotton crop has also suffered, and has not so good an appearance. It was too much belated from an insufficiency of rain to sprout in the spring. This crop needs only a moderate degree of rain to bring it to perfection. It can stand a drought better than corn. There are natural barriers to middle and southern Georgia being made grain-growing sections. The character of the soil being the chief objection, light and not sufficiently impregnated with allumina. It is eminently adapted to the growth of cotton, both from the texture of its soil and superior advantages of market.

Sojourners among us from Texas give glowing accounts of the fertility of its soil, and as the State destined to reward more liberally the cotton planter for his toil. The middle and southern districts of this State seem to labor under one great disadvantage, viz: either the climate or soil will not admit of a fertilizer.—Hence we are debarred of the fine pasturages of the more northern States.

We commenced harvest about the close of May. The produce this year is very good, though in quantity, compared with the extent of land cultivated, we cannot compete with the grain-growing sections of Maryland. One might suppose, from the fact that the sun gets a fairer showing here, we feel the heat more as a nutural consequence. Yet it appears from some statistics which I have observed, the temperature during the warmer season differs little or none with Maryland. The average degree of warmth in summer is about 77°; and so far, I believe I have not experienced a warmer climate here than in my native State.

Now, that the candidates for the Governorship are in the field, your curiosity might lead you to inquire something about the state of political feeling. The state of the parties is hard to be defined with any degree of accuracy in Georgia. Parties have been organized and dissolved to such an extent, 'till we have lost sight of all the old party distinctions.—Since the adoption of the Georgia platform of 1850, a great many invasions have been made in the old creeds, and alternately have arisen, the Fireater, the Southern Rights, the Union Whig, the Union Democrat, and Constitutional Union—each striving for the supremacy, and pretending to hold distinctive principles. The old creeds cannot contain the progressive systems of the present day. Men here seem to have the most independent notions, and each one votes to suit his sentiments, irrespective of party organizations. The old party distinctions hardly agitate the public mind now.

Some have indulged the idea of abolishing the retail of ardent spirits, and intend to petition the Legislature to that effect. Here another question will agitate the voters, who will manifest more interest in this than the Governor's election. One candidate has already announced himself as a "liquor man," and opposing him will be brought forward an "anti-liquor candidate." I do not mean to insinuate we are in favor of any thing like the Maine Liquor Law: that would receive no countenance here; and go where you will, you will be asked to "take a dram" before you dine always. We all believe there is no harm to take a glass occasionally, and the strictest moralist will admit a social and prudent use of the glass to possess an intrinsic merit. This is a feature of our social philosophy. Yet there are certain persons among us who are opposed to the license law, and grog-shops, as well as spirit-rappings, and wish the Legislature to grant grogeries only to those districts who desire the same.—The liquor question will not be mixed with the Gubernatorial campaign, since both the candidates are very moral and temperate men.—If such should be the case, the contest would be decidedly warm, for some of the old topers would hold on to their bottles more strongly than the Dutch did to their cheese in the Sweedish fight, in Irving's New York.

CHARLES J. JENKINS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, are the candidates for the Gubernatorial chair. The former stands at the head of the Constitutional-Union party, and the latter, the Democratic party. JENKINS is generally regarded as a man of integrity of character and political honesty. His supporters accuse his opponent of being a fire-eater. Some say he believes in spiritual rappings. All that can be, will be, used against him, as his opponents regard him as an unsafe man. In the convention that nominated JENKINS, there were Democrats who declared they would not support JOHNSON, on the ground of his being a fire-eater. It was thought in the convention that the Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEVENS would be a competitor of JENKINS, but the notion was discouraged by him. He is a man that does not seem desirous of office, and it is only at the urgent solicitations of his friends that he enters the political field. He is very popular in the State, and men have an abiding faith in the sincerity of his professions. He is a warm and generous friend, liberal without ostentation.

The 4th of July passed off with considerable excitement. The praises of our Revolutionary Legislators resounded in every quarter. In our shire town we "pealed the banner cry" of Independence and boasted of the greatness of our country, discussed the importance of running a railroad from Warrenton to Milledgeville, and came to the conculsion to petition the Legislature to give all districts grogshops that wanted liquor, and not trouble a community with license laws that did not wish it: and in the evening our patriotic and progressive endeavors were generously rewarded with a delicious shower of rain—the only one of importance, that was calculated to do much good, since the last of March. Though indeed the seasons have been dry and unfavorable, yet we never despair. Though our corn has been blasted and cotton seared, our social gatherings are still enlivened by mirth, and we enjoy a community of soul.

The dark and knowing glances of our maidens still speak volumes of tender feelings, and seem to say their bright eyes would grow dim and blushes languid, save on any other soil than that which gave them birth. S. H. H. P.

The Manners and Customs of Mormons.

The Boston Herald, in announcing the death of Elder G. G. Adams, a mormon Preacher, says:

On his second visit to Boston, the Elder preacher, baptized converts, whipped a newspaper editor, and played a star engagement at the National Theatre. He was industrous and filled up all his time. We have a fund of anecdotes concerning this strange mortal, which we shall be glad to print at some other time. We close this article by briefly adverting to the chastisement he gave an editor for strongly criticising his performance of Richard III. The office of the editor was in Washington sreet, where Propellor now keeps. Adams armed himself with a cowhide, and watched his victim. Soon the unsuspecting fellow came down stairs, and Adams sprang upon him, exclaiming, "The Lord has delivered thee into my hand, and I shall give thee forty stripes, save one, Scrip measure. Brother Graham, keep tally." So saying, he proceeded to lay on the punishment with hearty good will. In the meantime, a large crowd had gathered around the avenging priest and the delinquent. When the tally was up, Adams left the man and addressed the crowd as follows:—"Men and brothers, my name is Elder George G. Adams, preacher of the everlasting gospel. I have chastised my enemy. I go this afternoon to fulfil an engagement at the Providence Theatre, where I shall play one of Shakspeare's immortal creations. I shall return to this city at the end of the week, and will, by Divine permission, preach three times next Sabbath on the immortality of the soul, the eternity of matter, and in answer to the question, Who is the Devil? May grace and peace be with you. Amen."

Oliver Cromwell's speech to the Parliament, when he turned it neck and heels out of doors, is worth reprinting as a specimen of the vigorous eloquence of that strong-headed and strong-armed man:

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virture, and defiled by the practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virture now remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess? You have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes?

"Is there a man among you that has the least care for the good of the commonwealth? You sordid prostitutes! have you not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievances. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house, and which by God's help and the strength He has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Take away that shining bauble there, the Speaker's mace, and lock up the doors!"

NAPOLEON'S PREDICTION.—In Dr. O'Meara's work, published some thirty years since, entitled "A Voice from St. Helena," the following is given as Napoleon's prediction, uttered shortly before his death, respecting the ultimate fate of Turkey:

"In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Tukkey, and all Greese. This I hold to be as certain as if it had alredy taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattery which Alexander practised towards me, was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent seeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things Turkey must fall to Russia. The greater part of her population are Greeks, who you may say are Russians. The Powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now as to Anstria it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis, that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail: France, England and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it."

THE DARKNESS GONE.—M. A. Townshend, writing from New Brighton, Pa., under date of June 27, says:

"A little boy, *blind* from birth, aged about four years, died in this village a few days ago with scarlatina. About an hour before the little sufferer departed he exclaimed: '*Pa! I see now. Darkness is all gone. Day is come!*' His father inferred from the incident that he was better, and would probobly recover. But an hour passed, and he was with the angels."

To Susanna.

Sweeter than the sweetest manna,
Live lovely, chaste Susanna;
You're the girl that still I muse on,
Pretty, little smiling Susan,
O, if verses can amuse ye,
Fairest, sweetest, laughing Susy,
I'd write on, but ne'er rebuke ye,
Handsome and good-natured Suky;
Every rhyme should flatter you;
Sprightly, dimpling, tender Sue.
I've sung my song—adieu, adieu;
Susanna, Susan, Suky, Susy, Sue.

RECOLLECTIONS OF KEAN.

The last appearance of Edmund Kean on the stage was on Monday, the 25th of March, 1833, at the Covent-Garden Theatre. His health, for months, was observed to be rapidly declining, and his physical energies became so visibly impaired by those long-indulged irregularities, which had broken down a naturally vigorous but abused constitution, that his acting was rendered generally feeble, unsatisfactory, and often painful; and even his inability to appear at all when announced, was by no means a rare occurrence. The last effort he made, at all worthy of his former fame, was in the early part of the winter when the importance of having his Othello brought, for the first time, in conjunction with the rival talents of Macready in Iago, gave a stimulus to his powers of body and mind, sufficient to sustain him throughout the character. It was universally admitted that never did his genius display itself more triumphantly. On this occasion, however, he was advertised for the same favourite part to the Iago of his son Charles, who never having acted with him on the stage before, was warmly greeted on his *entree* by a tolerably numerous audience; but when, in the second scene, the father entered, as Othello, followed by the son, the house rung with reiterated acclamations. The father kept bowing for a considerable time without producing any diminution in the enthusiastic and loud cheering which prevailed, when, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of the circumstance, he turned, and taking his son by the hand, led him a step or two forward, and, with a graceful bow, and one of his most fascinating and characteristic smiles, presented him to the audience. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the doubly redoubled plaudits which ensued, cheecked for an unusually long period every attempt made by them to proceed with their part. There was nothing distinguishable in Kean's performance of the first and second acts, from his usual personification of Othello, except a more than ordinary feebleness in his voice, action and gait; which, as he had not many weeks previous broken down in the midst of the part, was imputed to a designed reservation, or, perhaps, the fear of too early exhausting what physical strength he might otherwise be enabled to call up, in order to sustain the third and latter acts; when, however, he came to that memorable apostrophe, "Now, forever farewell!" etc., the whole of it was breathed forth with all that melodious melancholy so noted in his brighter days, and so happily described by the critic Hazlitt, as "striking upon the heart and imagination like some divine music," only mingled with a far greater degree of feeling than had ever before been observed; in fact, so deeply affecting were his tones, that, as he half sobbed out the last line—"Farewell!—Othello's—occupation's—gone," I remarked to a friend near me, "Poor fellow! I fear that a consciousness of Othello's despairing moans being applicable to himself personally, has touched his own feelings!" Kean never failed, in this particular point, to elicit less than three hearty rounds on ordinary occasions, but on *this*, they were increased in number, force and duration. He remained abstracted and motionless, his chin resting on his breast and his eyes fixed on the ground for many seconds after every murmur of applause had subsided; then raising his head from his chest, as from a forgetful slumber, he seemed partially aroused into a sense of his situation with the audience, and the necessity of proceeding; but, instead of that sudden and infuriate alternation—that towering passion which used to threaten the destroyer of his peace with irresistible and immediate annihilation—he turned slowly and feebly, tottered a few steps towards Iago, (who, seeing his sinking state, approached him,) and, leaning on his arm for support, and unable to seize him by the throat, he uttered, in disjointed accents, only audible to those quite near him, "Villain—be—sure—you—prove"—then throwing himself upon his son's neck, he added, in a faint and faltering voice, "*Oh, God! I am dying! speak to them, Charles!*" The house, though somewhat prepared for a result of the kind, did not anticipate such a decided prostration of his faculties, and kept up their applause for nearly a minute, endeavouring to cheer him by showing every mark of indulgence. At length Charles made an attempt to assist his father forward, when, his look and manner indicating the most pitiable helplessness, it became evident he could no longer stand alone, and the audience, with one accord arose, and cried, "*Take him off!*" whereupon one of the performers came on from the wing, and poor Kean, who was trying to bow, was borne off, and carried to a house in the vicinity for the night, and the next day removed to his own residence at Richmond, where he lingered about six weeks before he expired. Thus terminated the fitful career of an actor.—"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

Mrs. Partington telegraphing from Cape May where she is extemporary adjourning for the approving of her health, says:

"We have three hydrometers constantly in the shade, but they don't do one might o'good; it's not less than 54 40 in the sun this minute. The doctor says I may expect either a convalesence or a collapse—but I have forgotten which—in a few days. These doctors are so reserved in their manners to patients that I shouldn't wonder if I had boih."

Our punning friend, whose *bon mots* we have before recorded for the public amusement, let off a very brilliant thing at a recent race near Richmond, which should not be lost. The favourite horse was named Red Eye, and our friend was advising a gentleman to take no bets against him, as the issue of the contest was already certain. "How so?" asked the gentleman. "Because, sir," replied the punster, "*Id certum est quod certum* REDDI *potest.*"—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

When Sigourney, a noted wag of Boston, was expiring, a servant entered and informed the attending physician that a man had fallen down the well. The dying man overheard the servant, and inquired, with scracely an audible whisper, "I say, doctor, did he *kick the bucket?*"

The old gent that invented the leather fish hooks, is now trying his hand on India rubber shooting irons. We shall notice his success in an extra.

"Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your trousers?" "Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle, to make clothes for poor children."

A scape-grace of a Frenchman once said that old people were fond of giving good advice, because they were no longer able to set bad examples.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

The same people who can deny others everything, are famous for denying themselves nothing.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is *let out* at night, and *taken in* in the morning.

Agricultural.

From the Southern Planter.

Report on the Use of Lime in Nottaway County, Va.

Mr. President,—As a member of a special committee appointed in the early part of the last year to test the value of lime on growing crops, I beg leave to report: That, in the early part of March, I spread over an acre of land, litter composed of pine and oak leaves, enough to cover the entire surface. On the 5th day of this month, thirty bushels of agricultural lime was scattered uniformly over this litter, and the whole of it turned under with a double horse plough.

This was planted in corn at the usual time, and cultivated in the usual way, from which I realized a crop considerably increased by the application—but, to ascertain with greater certainty its value in an uncombined state, I made an application of lime at about the same rate, to a piece of land adjoining, of the same quality, and without the admixture of litter. This, was also planted in corn, and yielded a crop very little inferior to the first experiment.

It was not measured, so as to ascertain the improvement with exactness, but was sufficiently obvious to leave no doubt on the minds of general observers. I asked one of my negroes, during the growth of the crop, if he could discover any benefit by the use of lime; "yes!" he said, "I think it a great deal better than artificial guano,"—a high compliment to lime, in comparison with the other miserable humbug.

The land on which these experiments were tried, was old-field of the third or fourth year, of a light nature, and with the stumps just crumbling to decay.

On the 6th day of this month, I made an application of lime at about the same rate to a strip of wheat, where the land was almost entirely of sand, and no grass had been seeded, the wheat was guanoed; I thought it continued greener than the sourrounding wheat, but marked no particular increase in product.

The land on which this experiment was tried, was treated to a dressing of about three hundred pounds of guano, the acre, and seeded in turnips, both ruta baga, in the drill, and common white turnips, broadcast. The crop was an abundant one, thereby establishing the important fact, that there is no incompatibility between spring dressing of lime, and fall dressing of guano—agents, which, when simultaneously applied, are found to be so mutually destructive, may be thus rendered, not only harmless but mutually subservient to each other's efficiency.

On the 26th day of March, I applied ten bushels of lime to one-half an acre of wheat set in clover this spring, with an abundant crop of sheep sorrel on the land. As this is an active plant, I desired to see whether the alkali would not so neutralize the soil as to destroy it. It has not, yet, done so.

The wheat and clover grew finely, and yielded a good crop. If there was a larger yield than in the parts of the field undressed by lime, (which I have thought there was,) it was not sufficiently apparent to state it as an undoubted fact.

Respectfully submitted, by

J. M. HURT.

January 13th, 1853.

Atkins' Automaton, or Self-raking Reaper.

Reaping machines are attracting great attention, both in the United States and in Europe. Recently, there have been many alterations and improvements in this very important machine. Among these, is one made last year by Mr. Jearum Atkins, of Chiago, Illinois, which consists in attaching a rake to his reaper, which is, in some respects, like Hussey's.—This rake is worked by a very curious, but simple piece of machanism, displaying greater ingenuity in the inventor. The same forward motion of the machine which works the blade that cuts the wheat, also sets the rake in motion, and as fast as the grain is deposited on the platform, the rake sweeps over it, presses the wheat against a sheet iron palm, holds it firm, turns one-fourth of a circle around, when the rake opens and deposits the grain on the ground in rear of the machine, and in suitable bundles for binding. The rake then reaches around for another bundle, and so on, dropping the bundles at equal distances along its track. This is, doubtless, a very pretty operation, but it strikes us, (though we ackowledge we are not capable of judging, never having seen the machine) that there is more importance attached to this improvement than it merits. It must enhance the price of the reaper, make it more complicated, and, consequently, render it more liable to get out of order; whilst the only advantage which we can see, is saving the labor of one hand, viz: the rakeman who rides along on Hussey's machine, and performs the raking in a satisfactory manner.

The most perfect and the most useful machinery is, generally, the most simple; and simplicity of construction is absolutely indispensable in every implement that is to be used by ignorant laborers.

This machine of Mr. Atkins', which Mr. J. S. Wright, of the Prairie Farmer has patented, includes in its patent, a simple and decided improvement, by which, the knife or blade is prevented from cloging. Judging from the very little that we know about reapers, we are disposed to think this one of the best machines of which we have heard.

SUBSOILING.

I last year tried the effect of subsoiling upon tobacco and corn. I subsoiled a strip of land running through the centre of a lot of tobacco; the land on both sides ploughed and cultivated in the same way except the subsoiling. There was no perceptible difference in the growth or production of tobacco. The land is now seeded in wheat; there is no difference perceivable in the wheat up to this time. I subsoiled one bed on a piece of flat land in corn—no perceivable difference in growth or prodnction; the subsoiled bed, and beds adjacent, on both sides ploughed and cultivated the same way and now in wheat, and up to this time I have seen no difference in the wheat. The land in both cases was ploughed with a two-horse plough, to about the depth of six inches, followed in the same track by a bull tongue plough, which penetrated some eight or ten inches below the furrow of the turning plough.

WILLIAM R. BLAND

HOW TO GET RID OF MOSQUITOES.—The oil or essence of pennyroyal, (the oil is the best) sprinkled around the room, and over the bed-clothes, before retiring to bed, has been found to answer admirably in correcting these rowdy insects of their *calithumpian* and *bill-sticking* propensities. It is a volatile article, and therefore can do no injury to the clothes, while the aromatic flavor is by no means disagreeable.—*Southern Cultivator.*

LIGHTNING.—We publish the following, appropriate to the present season:

Mr. E. Meriam, of New York, a distinguished scientific writer and practical philosopher, says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours.—During the first two hours they should be freely drenched with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt, and continue the drenching another hour.