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To Farmers and Planters.

Per-Manipulated GUANO,

A COMBINATION OF

Best Peruvian and the Best Phosphatic Guano, made with the Best Machinery and by the most expert workmen.

ON MOST LANDS AND ON MOST CROPS SUPERIOR IN ITS EFFECTS TO EITHER PERUVIAN OR ANY OTHER GUANO.

By Dr. JAMES HIGGINS,

For the past ten years State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland.

THIS combination of Peruvian and the Phosphatic Guanos was *first* recommended by me more than *six years* ago, and very successfully used by many farmers in this State, though several in this city (Baltimore) have pretended to be its inventors. If this statement be denied, I have abundant proof of its correctness.

A long experience as a practical planter and farmer, with the analytical examination for more than ten years, of every kind of Manure sold in our market, (advantages possessed by none others in the trade,) will enable me always to furnish those, who may favor me with their orders, with the *best, purest,* and therefore the *cheapest* Manures.

Farmers, planters and others will be furnished with all the Guanos sold in our market. Also, with PLASTER OF PARIS, and PURE or MAGNESIAN LIME, according to the wants of the soil,—and too much care cannot be taken in adapting the proper lime to soils; for the want of this, thousands of dollars have been annually lost to our State. Also the following artificial manures:

Higgins' Super-Phosphate of Lime,

prepared under his own direction; and

Higgins' Nitrated Saline Fertilizer,

an admirable Top-Dressing for Wheat, Oats or Grass, which has been very successfully used, and prevents, to a great extent, the wheat from being straw-fallen; where the wheat is pale, sickly or yellow, it at once changes it to a bright, healthy green, and rapidly increases its growth, and greatly promotes the yield.

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All Manures sold by me will have my name stamped on each bag or barrel, be carefully analyzed, and for their purity the buyer is pledged a legal guarantee and my personal honor.

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Persons wishing to obtain any of the Manures manufactured by me, or any others of my selections, should so specify in their orders to their agents in town.

TERMS CASH, or accepted city paper.

☞I will also attend to the BUYING OF REAL ESTATE, and *everything* connected with the Farming and Planting interest.

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Third door from South street, in Gittings' New Building,
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PIANOS,
MELODEONS,
AND MUSIC.
The Cash System Adopted—Prices Greatly Reduced.

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The largest assortment of Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise, of all kinds, in the United States.—Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from 150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish, up to *ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.* No House in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the *extremely low prices* at which they are sold.

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Each instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase-money refunded. SECOND-HAND PIANOS, at great bargains, constantly in store; prices from 30 to $140.

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Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments of all kinds, at lower prices than ever before offered to the public. A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.—One of the largest and best selected Catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

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"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

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MY FATHER.

BY HON. HENRY R. JACKSON, OF GEORGIA.

As die the embers on the earth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death watch in the wall—
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light—
There are the wan, sad features—there,
The pallid brow and locks of white!

My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone,
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refuse to roll;
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair—
Thine idle hat upon the wall—
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested, last of all;
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth;

And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—
And widowed, in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn, like a vine, whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree!—

Oh! Father, then, for her and thee,
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears,
And oft, and long, and bitterly,
Those tears have gushed, in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you.

[From the Family Journal, Baltimore.]

The Patriot and the Traitor.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF COL. BURR.

It was among the first days of January, 1807, that the citizens of the village of Louisville (now city) were thrown into commotion by the arrival of a government officer, with a requisition for Col. Aaron Burr, ex-Vice President of the United States.

Only vague and uncertain rumors had as yet floated around among the people of Kentucky and Tennessee, in regard to Burr's conspiracy, and the proclamation of President Jefferson was the first real and substantial knowledge of the traitor's scheme which they had received.

But, nevertheless, though the mass of the common people of those new States had not been awake to the magnitude and direful importance of the scheme, Burr was active, everywhere present, and his emissaries and confidants scattered at every available point of action.

In Louisville and its vicinity were many men at heart true Americans, and hitherto unflinching patriots, who had espoused the cause without dreaming of the dark treason of Aaron Burr.

Among those, but not as unflinching in his patriotism as some others, was a gentleman by the name of Waters—known all through that portion of Kentucky as Judge Waters—a chivalrous and honorable man, of high station and ample fortune.—Waters was among the first to enter into the apparent undertaking of Colonel Burr, which was the invasion of Mexico *ostensibly.*

It was late in the afternoon of the sixth of January that, as Judge Waters was mounting his horse, with a view of taking his accustomed ride from his plantation to the village of Louisville, about two miles distant, a stranger whom he did not immediately recognize, rode up to his gate, and asked for a private conversation for a few moments with him.

The stranger was a man of powerful build and dignified bearing, and dismounting in haste, on the invitation of the Judge, he followed the latter in the house.

They were soon seated in a private room, and Judge Waters demanded his visitor's business.

"Judge, you must *know me* first," remarked the stranger, as he threw off his great coat and slouched hat, and unfastened a pair of huge whiskers, black as coal, and which, until then, though he had scrutinized the man closely, Waters had not supposed to be other than natural.

"Ah!" exclaimed Waters, "how do you prosper, Major? Ha! ha! the old Harry himself never would have known Major Rankin in that disguise! When did you arrive?"

It was Rankin, the secret agent of Colonel Burr, and now it was not difficult for the Judge to anticipate what business he was on.

It was briefly stated between the two confidential sharers in the conspiracy.

"The Colonel has fled southward," said Rankin; "something must be done straightway. Tom Jefferson has published his *pronunciamento*, and we must look sharp. The spies and emissaries of the government are swarming over the western and southwestern States, and he will run square into their hands—a captive."

"True! But we won't let him if possible. Cannot we send him some word, that he may change his course toward the Mississippi river? There he will be safe. Let me see."

The two thought a moment, and then Waters, clasping his hands on his thigh, exclaimed:

"I have it now. There is an old friend and fellow-soldier of the Colonel's living away down in the backwoods of the Iron mountains, in Eastern Tennessee. Now Burr is only started a day and a half, having left the Fort above Louisville yesterday morning. I have a trusty negro by the name of Pete; Pete on a fleet horse can overtake his excellency before he arrives in the neighborhood of danger. Hurrah! That's the way! Where the deuce is Pete?" and fairly enthusiastic, the planter kicked over the chair in his exultation. "Yes," he exclaimed, "let him get under the roof of the log cabin of his friend, and he is safe."

And the two conspirators, satisfied with the plan, parted—Rankin back to Louisville, and thence again on his expeditions as secret agent, and Waters to hunt up the negro, Pete.

* * * * * *

Night was approaching rapidly, throwing its dark and cheerless shadows over the deep and gloomy forest, which expanded like a sea at the foot of the Iron mountains, forming the eastern boundary of Tennessee. It was an ocean of woods, with the hard crusted snow lying deep and boundless over hill and ravine. The sun was going down, leaving behind him a clear and unclouded horizon, the only cheerful spot at which the lonely traveler could gaze with anything like pleasurable feelings. At this unseasonable time, a traveler on horseback was slowly picking his way among the bare and creaking pines in a southerly direction along the base of the mountains. At intervals he would rein in his steed and cast glances of searching scrutiny on either side and behind him, and then with a disappointed, weary air he would urge on the beast.

The traveler was a personage small in stature, but perfectly formed, and possessed features at once the most engaging and prepossessing. He was somewhat past the prime of life, of an erect, military bearing, and by the sharp and searching look of his eagle eye, and the general air which pervaded him, it was evident that he was a man of no common abilities or station. His dress was plain, but well becoming his person, which was enveloped in a great coat buttoned to the chin, as was certainly necessary, for the wintry evening air began to cut with unusual severity.

He hastened the pace of his animal as the night drew on, and was evidently despairing of reaching any human habitation, when the bark of a dog away off in the distance cheered his declining hope, and he applied the long, fierce, cavalry spurs deep into the horse's flank, and rode on in the direction whence the familiar sound had proceeded.

At length the light of the horizon broke through the forest ahead of him, and a thrill of joy ran through the traveler, as he found himself on the edge of an extensive "clearing," in the midst of which was situated a large, double-log cabin.

It was the cabin of the pioneer, and the traveler with a more cheerful air rode up and dismounted at the door.

The stranger was welcomed with all the hospitality of frontier life, and handing his reins to a negro, he entered the cabin.

A tall, powerful looking man, who had just finished cleaning his rifle, and who the traveler immediately divined was the master of the house, came forward and was about to invite the stranger to a seat, when the latter after muttering:

"I have seen him before. *He* will not betray me!" said in a clear, open voice:

"Do you not know me, sir? I am——"

"I cannot, sir, recall your name," replied the host.

"Were you not in the march thro' the wilderness of Maine? *Were you not at Quebec?*" asked the traveler hurriedly, as he fixed his eagle eye on the frank, open face of the pioneer.

"I was!" he exclaimed, "and you are——"

"*Aaron Burr!*" interrupted the stranger, who was none other.

"Colonel Burr," slowly articulated the man, who the reader now perceives was a fellow-soldier with that ambitious being, "Colonel Burr, you are my guest—you shall be protected beneath my roof! Rest and sleep! Your horse shall be cared for."

And the frontierman with a cold glance and a reserved pressure of the hand with Burr, went about his duty, while the ex-Vice President took the proffered chair, and as supper was being prepared, cast his eye with a calm, easy, careless glance around the apartment.

Ah! the traitor could well understand why his fellow-soldier, who had fought with him at Quebec, and camped with him on their beds of snow in the wilderness of Maine, should receive him with such cold and emotionless welcome. He was somewhat taken back by the cool presence of the honest back-woodsman, but he remained silent, and determined if possible to gain over to his cause one who seemed to slight him for his treason-dyed antecedents.

And, indeed, if there was an humble but sincere patriot in the land, and if *he* was the only one, that one was the honest pioneer, Captain Elias Hammers.

Burr thought it strange that his old companion-in-arms, whom he had known in days gone by as an enthusiastic youth, should have grown so cold as that. Yet he could not disguise from himself the reason.

Ever one who was so unfortunate as to come in contact with Aaron Burr, was liable to become either a sharer in or a victim to his schemes.

After supper the conspirator chief and Hammers entered a separate room from that where the family were gathered. Burr picked up a pine stick and commenced whittling in a careless manner, and at the same time propounding careful and meaning questions to the back-woodsman about the neighborhood in which he lived. And then he would touch on political matters. At length he inquired in a cool, careless way if he (Hammers) had heard of the alleged conspiracy.

"I have," was the reply.

"Do you believe it?" asked Burr.

"Believe it?" reiterated the other.

"Yes," replied the conspirator, shrugging his shoulders; "do you believe that a man like me—in my situation and circumstances—I, who fought for my country in the Revolution, and would again fight for her—do you think that I would try to betray her, my old friend, say?"

This touching appeal to his feelings of friendship was not altogether lost on the old pioneer, who had once had a great admiration for Burr. But he was wary, and remarked, half smilingly, "Colonel, I do not claim any more patriotism than other men, but in all frankness, I must say I have not entirely approved of your recent movements. Whether it be that you desire *two American Republics*, or whether your purpose may be the conquest of Mexico, or the settlement of a colony—I say, I do not exactly approve of your movements. We are old friends, Colonel, but I dare not, for my own conscience, say that I could support your cause."

"You do not think there is any treason manifest in my movements, do you?" asked Burr, biting his lips.

"No, not exactly, but——"

The backwoodsman was interrupted by a furious knock at the outer door of the cabin, and both he and Burr, in secret alarm, rushed into the main room, where the family were.

Captain Hammers had been but a year or two on the frontier, having removed from old Virginia two years before.

In a circuit of twenty miles around him, he had not a single neighbor, and it was therefore with some anxiety that he stepped to the door.

It was opened, and there sprang in a negro, breathless and half dead apparently from severe exertion.

His story was soon told. It was Pete, the servant of Judge Waters, of Louisville. He had been dispatched, as we have seen, by the Judge, with a letter to the fugitive conspirator, and had, day and night, without sleep, rest or food, traversed two hundred miles of forest, until he had reached the cabin on the same night with Burr.

But this was not all. In traveling through the woods Pete had come across a party *who were in search of Aaron Burr.* They little thought as they stopped the negro (whom they supposed a fugitive slave) to make inquiries as to the route, that the black was on the direct road following Aaron Burr.

Pete, however, ascertained enough to put the ex-Vice President immediately on his guard.

Burr was conscious of his danger. He knew that his foes—the merciless spies of government as he called them—were in the vicinity, and that it was scarcely possible that they would scour the country, and not visit the backwoods cabin.

He saw there was but one way to insure certain escape. He must find a secure temporary place of concealment. He clearly saw that should he fall into the hands of the authorities, his great plan would be defeated, and he suffer the doom of the traitor!

He begged of Hammers to find him a place of concealment in his house. Said he:

"My purse is full of gold. I will give it all to you providing you give me a secure lodging in your house, concealed even from your family.—Nay, I will present you also with my horse, if you will let me stay a few days with you?"

But Captain Hammers scornfully refused the gold, saying:

"Colonel Burr, you and I were comrades. I once admired you as a solder and a statesman, and still respect your abilities and rank. But my respect for and duty to my country is greater. I am willing that you should stay under my roof *tonight.* But my duty to myself, my family and my country, forbids me to entertain you any longer. I could if I choose, give you up to your enemies, the government authorities, but this I would not do. I would sooner cut off both my hands. In the morning you may take your own course."

Burr retired to bed, but not to rest. He could not but reflect on the answer which he received from the honest backwoodsman.

"This man," muttered he, as he took the candle which was to light him to bed, "must have a heart devoid of all human emotion. I'll try him again in the morning."

Early the next day, when his horse was brought round to the door all ready for his departure, Burr again made proposals to Hammers. He offered the latter a beautiful gold watch, if he would accompany him a few miles over the mountains on his route in order that he might act as guide.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Captain Hammers also refused the tempting proposal, but consented at last to show the chief the best road across the mountains.

Aaron Burr, somewhat disheartened, departed from the cabin of the pioneer, and continued his journey—a lonely and friendless fugitive.

Before a fortnight of time passed over his head, the ex-Vice President and conspirator fell into the hands of the officers.

Thus ended the meeting between the Patriot and the Traitor.

S. S. PRENTISS.

Professor J. H. Ingraham, has lately been contributing some sketches to the Augusta (Ga.) Field. In the course of them he describes a visit to the grave of S. S. Prentiss, at Natchez, and thus explains the secret of the unhappy life of that remarkable man:

Emerging from a romantic dell, we came upon a high road, which led us to a small brick enclosed cemetery, half hidden by shrubbery.—We had inquired for Prentiss's grave, and we were told we could find it within this quiet enclosure, wherein three or four ancient looking, moss-grown tombs were visible, half obscured by vines. The iron gates was locked. I climbed it, and making my way through matted grass and tangled creeps, stood before the upright slab of white marble which marked the resting place of the great orator. I bared my head in the presence of the mighty dead; for, with all his infirmities, Prentiss was the peer of the greatest intellects of his age. Justice has not yet been done to his noble character. His errors are referable to his physical infirmity. He was lame—very lame, and had been so from his birth. When he grew to boyhood, sensitive, and talented, and ambitious, he keenly felt his lameness, and wept over a deformity which, in his own mind, degraded him in the presence of his schoolmates. Early he learned to taste the bitterness of an ambitious and lofty spirit feeling physical inferiority, while he was proudly conscious of intellectual superiority.—When he became a man, his painful sensitiveness as to his lameness led him to exclude himself from all female society. Under the cloud of his mortid feelings, he fancied woman scorned him. He felt humbled and degraded in her presence. The barb thus rankled ever in his heart. He did not know till long afterward, when a lovely woman gave him her heart and hand, that a true woman is interested more by the splendor of mind in man than symmetry of person—that beautiful women look rather to the intellect, and are dazzled by it, no matter how plain the casket.

For thirteen years of his earlier manhood he refused introduction to ladies. Such was the sensitiveness of his proud nature! He well knew his own intellectual powers, and knowing them, he despised more and more his infirm body, and believed that all others did. Yet his face was wonderfully handsome. His head was large and noble and grand in outline. His smile was beautiful.—His powers of conversation were imperial and unapproachable, yet constantly feeding upon his own morbid emotions, he despised himself. He felt (like some mighty angel in chains) bound to a body that lacked the full and perfect impress of his kind. This one unendurable idea was never absent from him. Once an injudicious friend, indiscreet with wine, said, "Prentiss, what made you lame?"

"*God's curse, sir!*"

Then, turning his back upon him, with a lip trembling with unfathomable feeling, he covered his face with his hands, and hastening to his chamber cast himself upon the bed in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. Who could not pity such a man? Who shall wonder, oh, uncharitable Pharisee, that he sought relief at the gaming-board, staking thousands recklessly upon a card, or in the intoxication of the wine-cup? He gambled not for money; he drank not from love of strong drink; but to escape the pressure of damning thoug't. The sight of the infirm limb at times would drive this proud man to fierce despair. What cared he for the sots who flocked about him and drank at his expense? They were his tools. He made use of them to help him drown reflection. They drank for sensual thirst; he to quench the fires of thought! He despised them. Not one dared to take a familiarity with him. He who spoke to him lightly of his lameness, was unforgiven by him forevermore!

Who will fling the stone? Who will condemn? Who can judge him, who was never in his place? What mind can conceive of the intellectual and moral torture of this proud, brilliant genius, going through life hating his own form, and shunning, for years, God's greatest and best gift to man, from a sense of self-degradation in woman's presence?

No, justice has not been done to this great and wonderful man. He was understood by but a few of his nearest friends—never by his boon companions. They fancied he was such a one as themselves, when he towered above them like a prince, and despised them like a god.

A young man from the country, going to call on some musical young ladies the other evening, he was told that he must ask them to sing—and should they refuse, he ought to press them. Accordingly he commenced by requesting Miss Mary to favor him with a song. She gently declined, said she had a cold, &c.—"Well, then, mith," said our hero, "thuppose I thqueeze you, don't you think you might thing?" The girl fainted immediately.

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his daughter. "Oh! haven't much of anything now, but I have a very rich prospect, indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old chip learned from his son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

"Tommy, my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I may have some more of them cough lozengers you gave me yesterday."

To every vice there is a corresponding virtue—cruelty is counteracted by benevolence—sympathy is excited by suffering—the injustice of some provokes the charity of others.

BEWARE OF ORANGES!—In a recent case of "breach of promise," where heavy damages were expected, the only proof of "particular attentions" was the dividing of an orange and giving the lady half!

A scholar is a diver for pearls, who generally loses his breath before he gathers much treasure.

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim; it dignifies your nature and ensures success.

"Reverse the Engine."

The Portland Argus notices the reaction on the subject of slavery which has taken place throughout the South, under the pressure of Abolitionism; the distrust and estrangement brought about between sister States, the violent disruption of various religious bodies; and in answer to the question "what ought to be done," now that the true tendency of Republicanism is so manifest, replies as follows:

We answer, as before intimated, reverse the engine. Retrace the path which has led to countless evils.—Cease vituperating Southern men and Southern institutions. Yield to them those rights under the Constitution they have a right to enjoy in spirit as well as in letter, and leave them to remedy their own evils in their own way. Let every man mind his own business, and commence the work of self-healing. Apply to the patriotic instincts of the people, rather than to the morbid passions of mad enthusiasts. If, however, Northern Abolitionists feel that they have still a mission to perform in following up the policy and adhering to the fortunes of Garrison, Phillips & Co., let them go and preach their sentiments among slaveholders themselves. If they are sincere in their cause, why should they not go among the heathen, as they term our Southern brethern, and preach there the gospel according to their patron saint? Do they say it would endanger their lives? What of that, if called, as they claim to be, by Providence, to lift up the voice against Southern oppression? There are obstacles in the way of propagating Christianity in foreign lands; but do these arrest the efforts of the friends of missions to give them the Bible? If not, let these Abolition crusaders show their faith by works in the same way. Otherwise a decent respect for public sentiment should compel them to desist their clamor at the North, where it produces almost infinite mischief, and that continually.

Singular Story--Recovery of a Lost Wedding Ring.

Some time in August last, a young married Scotch woman, named McLean, living at Clifton, near the head of Loch Lomond, Scotland, lost her wedding ring while engaged in putting in or building peats, and could not find it again, though she searched anxiously for several hours. Among the country people of Scotland, such a loss is looked upon as a most serious calamity—those inclined to be superstitous in such matters regarding it as a warning to the husband that his wife will not always remain true, while others consider it a sign that the wife will present her lord with no more squalling responsibilities. We may readily imagine, therefore, that the unfortunate Mrs. McLean was greatly afflicted by her loss, and made up her mind to endure some great evil. As months rolled on, however, without bringing calamity, and the woman not only remained true to her marriage vows, but made important additions to her family, the ring was almost forgotten by the 22d of February last, when the pet-cat of the household entered a room where Mrs. McLean was sewing, carrying a huge rat in her mouth. After tossing her victim about for several minutes, Tabby finally deposited it near the feet of her mistrsss, who, on glancing down at it, observed that its neck was indented all around, as though a string was bound tightly about it. Anxious to ascertain the cause of this unusual appearance, she threw aside her work, and commenced examining the animal, when, to her great joy and astonishment, she discovered that the neck of his ratship was tightly encircled by the identical wedding-ring she had lost six months before! As rats quite frequently carry off small coins and pieces of metal, it is supposed that one of them carried this ring to its nest, where it had slipped it over the neck of a young rat, and there remained until the animal attained maturity and was captured by the cat. Mrs. McLean was no less rejoiced in regaining possession of her ring, than surprised at the singular way in which it was recovered.

Three Delaware papers—the "Peninsular News," of Milford, and "Republican" and "Journal," of Wilmington, endorse the Chicago nominees.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it.—"Ah! you may call me a dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

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