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POETRY.

To MISS N. G. H*****, OF CHARLES COUNTY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY:

Written in her Album, March 31, 1846.

Permit me on thy natal day
A few instructive words to say
That shall remember'd be;
They may not please thy gentle ear,
But Friendship prompts the line sincere
I dedicate to thee.

May each returning birth-day find
My youthful friend improv'd in mind,
In form, and graces too!
And should this Album's well-filled page,
In years to come, thine eye engage,
These sentiments review.

For on its leaves will Flat'ry breathe,
And Love, in specious numbers, wreathe
His sweet romantic line;
No charm that falls to mortal lot,
Of form or face, will be forgot
To specify as thine.

I cannot say 't will not be true,
Thy form and face are fair to view,
And sweetly beams that eye,
That speaks intelligence of mind;
Thy manners gentle and refined
No cynic will deny.

But pride and self-importance come
Thro' Flat'ry's soft and specious tone,
And Love itself deceive;
Then let a stranger minstrel dare
To breathe upon this leaf—Beware!
Nor all thy credence give.

As *I* have seen so *thou* mayst see,
Thy fairest acts may question'd be,
And friends belov'd may frown;
But if thy conscience still is pure,
Their malice thou canst well endure
And live their slander down.

'Tis well that trials here should come,
We would forget 'twas not our home,
That we must pass away:
'Tis well the world is not too fair,
Our heart and treasure being there,
We'd cease to watch and pray.

Then, tho' the world each moment claim,
Let virtue be thy surest aim,
Tho' fashion may entice;
Tho' gems of earth may glitter round,
Stay not, sweet girl, till thou hast found
The "pearl of greater price."

H. C.

For the Port Tobacco Times.

THE DREAM OF AFFECTION IS OVER.

It is o'er with its pains and its pleasures,
The dream of affection is o'er;
The feelings I lavished so fondly
Can never return me more.

With a soul, oh! too blindly believing,
A faith no unkindness could move,
My prodigal heart hath expended
At once an existence of love.

And now, like the spendthrift, forsaken
By those whom his bounty had blest,
All empty and cold and despairing,
It shrinks in my desolate breast.

There is a spirit yet burning within me
Unquenched and unquenchable yet,
That shall teach me to bear uncomplaining
The grief I can never forget.

SELMA.

March 22, 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LADY IN A PASSION.—A lady came to Charles Wesley, complaining that she was the chief of sinners—the worst of transgressors, utterly lost.

"I have no doubt, madam, that you are wicked enough."

She instantly flew in a passion, declared she was no worse than her neighbors, scolded the preacher as a slanderer, and it is thought would have boxed his ears if he had not quitted the apartment.

From the National Press.

DIALOGUES OF OLYMPUS

BETWEEN THE GODDESSES

COLUMBIA AND BRITTANIA.

BY LUCIAN, JUNIOR.

[*Columbia and Brittania meeting.*]

Brit. Well, miss, I think you might have curtsied, at least, to your old governess, who took such care of you when you were a baby and taught you your letters.

Col. My dear old lady, I did courtsey; but I fear you are getting near-sighted, and didn't see me.

Brit. Do you call that a curtsey? I call it a bob! Why, you scarcely bent your knee; and I'd have you to know that people always kneel when they approach me.

Col. You must excuse me; I am rather stiff in the joints.

Brit. Yes, I know that of old. You were always a disobedient little hussey, and would have your own way, even when you couldn't walk without leading strings.

Col. Now, I tell you what, old lady, you must mind how you draw your strokes, and keep a civil tongue in your head, or—

Brit. Or what? You forward young minx! Keep a civil tongue in my head, and mind how I draw my strokes! Why, you impudent, insolent hussey—you spawn of Democracy—as the Quarterly says—you prating gabbler—you American vulture—you repudiating bastard—you insolent, ill-conditioned, ill-begotten trollope—you, you, you—if I didn't value myself on my gentility and refinement, I'd tell you what you are—that's what I would.

Col. My dear old gossip, now do keep yourself cool. I have put up with more from you than I ever did from anybody in the world, and don't wish to quarrel with you. I know you are a bitter old toad, and have never done me a good turn in your life, if you could help it. You've cheated, robbed, and insulted me time out of mind; but I tell you plainly, I won't put up with it any more. I shall fly in your face and scratch you terribly one of these times, you boasting, bragging, double-faced old hypocrite.

Brit. Hypocrite! Why—why—why—you atrocious backbiter! Don't I go to church twice every Sunday, in the face of the whole world, and invite everybody to come and look at me? Don't I take the part of all the oppressed, ignorant people in the universe? and ain't I the best friend to the niggers they ever had! Marry, come up, my dirty cousin. Hypocrite indeed! Don't I give more money in public charity—

Col. O, yes; your charity is public enough You take care to let all the world know it. You never hide your candle under a bushel. You always let your right hand know what your left does, and never give away a guinea without paying another for having it chronicled in the newspapers.

Brit. (*Aside.*) I could scratch the minx's eyes out, if I only dared. But the great awkward creature is grown so strong, that I think it better to coax her little, for fear of the bowie-knife. My dear; (*aloud*) you should have a little respect for age. Remember, I'm old enough to be your mother, and wise enough to—to—and all that sort of thing.

Col. Yes, and my grandmother, and great-great-great-grandmother. It is a great pity some people don't grow wiser as they grow older.

Brit. Well, moppet, don't be in such a huff. I want to talk to you about free trade and Oregon. Come now, let's have a little sociable chat—about—about the forty-ninth degree—come, now, keep cool.

Col. You won't come over me, old lady, as you did about the north-eastern boundary, I can tell you. I'm no godlike man, but a goddess.

Brit. Hah! hah! hah! a good joke, wasn't it. I came gammon over you there, a little! Hah! hah! excuse me, for being a little merry. I love a good joke above all things—especially when it's not at my expense, (*Aside*)

Col. Well, as you say, let's talk over the matter coolly. Now tell me, honestly, were you not a little ashamed of yourself, for claiming what you know you had no more right to than the man in the moon? Did'nt you blush a little?

Brit. Oh, no—I never blush — except for other people.

Col. Well, that's a great comfort. But now tell me, won't you—are you not a little ashamed of your conduct in India—where—where you know you have killed a few hundred thousands and plundered the rest?

Brit. Oh, that was all sheer philanthropy. I went there to better their conditions—to civilize and convert them—and to make the poor creatures dance to the sound of the British drum and fife. You can't think how merry they are since I took possession of the country, by Divine right—for there was nobody that could prevent me.

Col. Yes, you put me in mind of the story I read the other day in the newspaper, of a New Zealander who claimed a piece of land because he had eaten up the owner.

Brit. Why, you im——! But I must not quarrel with her, for I find bullying won't do—I must coax the minx out of a good slice of Oregon (*aside*). Ha! ha! ha! why really that's a fair hit—a good joke—a very good joke indeed about the New-Zealander. But come, as I said before, my best beloved pupil, let us have a friendly talk about the forty-ninth degree. It's a sin and a shame that such clever people as you and I should be always flinging at each other, when we are so nearly related—and I love you—like poison! (*Aside*). Come, deary, listen to reason—you know that I was the first that ever laid eyes on Oregon. You can't deny that.

Col. But I do deny it, and have disproved it. If one could only believe you, you discovered the whole earth, just as you pretended to the dominion of the seas, and all that sort of nonsense.

Brit. Nonsense, you jade! I can't hold any longer (*Aside*). Look at this trident—"Brittania rules the waves."

Col. Yes, no doubt — and the whales and cod-fish, and the herrings and sea-serpents. You'd better think a little of Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, and the rest of them. You ruled with vengeance, when they made your flag come down faster than it ever went up.

Brit. Why, you great lubberly, overgrown, unfashioned cub of a goddess, I've a great mind to set my Quarterly Review at you, you beast. You nasty, spitting, chewing, upsetter of mustard pots. Oh! oh! oh! I shall burst my boiler.

Col. Aye, that's right; "prime and fire away, brave Bellona." Hah! hah! hah! Excuse my laughing.

Brit. I'll—I'll—oh!

Col. Now don't get into such a passion, good woman! I should like to know what right you have to meddle with this New World. I'm sure you might be contented with the other three quarters of the globe, down yonder, without putting your oar in everywhere else. And I must tell you, you *shall* be content! I have taken the New World under my special protection, and, if you don't mind your eye, I'll kick you out of it, just as Father Jupiter did old Vulcan, the blacksmith, who is such a great friend of yours. I will, by the living jingo.

Brit. 'Sblood! I could swear like a fishwoman, if I hadn't such a character for piety, (*Aside*). You kick me out! You—you—you doddipal jolterhead—you ninny-hammer gnatswapper, as the Quarterly says! I'll make war on you! I'll burn your towns!

Col. Indeed!

Brit. I'll sink your ships!

Col. No—sure!

Brit. I'll rob your hen-roosts!

Col. You don't say so!

Brit. I'll steal your niggers!

Col. (*Sings.*)

"There was an old woman,
And she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children,
She didn't know what to do,
She gave them some soup,
Without salt, meat, or bread;
Then whipped them all soundly,
And sent them to bed."—(*Da Capo.*)

Brit. Oh, the Jezebel! the vulture! the half-horse half-alligator! the spawn of Democracy! Oh!—oh! I shall choke! A-h-h-ah! (*Screams and exit, tearing her hair.*)

Col. Hah! hah! hah! Her majesty the queen is in a passion! (*Exit.*)

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh, Walsh," responded Paddy, "are ye from Dublin? I know two *ould maids* there of that name, *was either of 'em yer mother?*"

An Irishman recommending a cow, said she would give good milk, year after year, without having calves, because it run in the breed, as she came from a cow that never had a calf.

SCARCE—Unbustled ladies, pure and undefiled christians, disinterested friends, common honesty, sound potatoes, first-rate butter, and *rich printers.*

A close observer of fashion, says an exchange paper, remarks that "ladies' dresses are fuller *behind* than he ever saw them *before.*"

We heard a chap trying to "spout" Cowper the other day. He commenced, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast *widow's nest.*"

CULTURE OF CORN IN DRILLS—PLANTING MACHINES.

Mr. EDITOR: I am an old hard-fisted farmer, and I can also blow the bellows and run the jointer; but I have had little practice in using the "grey goose quill." I want to say a few words, however, in the columns of the Cultivator on the subject of raising corn.

It is the common practice in this section of the State to furrow the ground both ways, about four feet a part, and to drop the corn by hand at the intersection of the furrows. In this way it requires one horse and four hands to plant the corn: one to strike the furrows, one to drop and two to cover. In order that the dropping may proceed as fast as the horse walks, and not delay those who cover, the dropper must be very busily engaged, and he cannot take pains in dropping either to place the hills in the furrows so as to line each way, or to regulate the number of grains in the hill. It is a necessary consequence of the manner in which it is done that the hills will generally contain too many grains, (which must be pulled out after the corn gets up,) and that the hills in one way will not be in straight rows, which makes it very difficult to plough and tend the corn in the direction of the crooked rows.

You are aware how inveterately most farmers will pursue their old habit, and how slowly the most obvious improvements are generally introduced amongst the farmers; and how difficult it is to convince them that there is any better method than that which they were taught in early life, and have pursued from their youth up.

These prejudices, however, are fast fading away, and better practices are beginning to be introduced by the aid of an increased diffusion of science and intelligence amongst the farmers.

Among the many improvements which are now gradually coming into general use, is that of raising corn in drills, instead of the old method, in hills. It is very evident, that a greater quantity of corn can be raised on an acre in drills than by the common method; and this may result in two ways. When only the same number of stalks of corn are grown on an acre, it is evident that by distributing the stalks along the line of drill, instead of crowding them together in hills, they can obtain more food from the soil, and they will be better exposed to the influence of the sun and atmosphere, and consequently will yield a greater crop. But it has been repeatedly proven by actual trial, that a greater number of stalks, and consequently more ears of corn can be raised on an acre by planting in drills than by the common method.

An acre planted in hills four feet apart, and the stalks in a hill, will have 2,722 hills, or 10,888 stalks; and if each stalk produces only one good ear on an average, and 100 of such ears make a half bushel of shelled corn, the produce of an acre will be 54 1-2 bushels.

An acre planted in drills three feet apart, and the stalks standing six inches apart in the rows, will have 29,040 stalks; and the produce of the acre, at the same rate as above, will be 145 1-5 bushels.

An acre planted in drills of double rows, six inches apart, and the drills three feet nine inches from centre to centre, will have 30,950 stalks; and the produce of the acre, at the same rates as above will be 154 7-8 bushels.

The above examples show most clearly by actual calculation, the great advantage there is in drilling over the old system, in the greater number of stalks, and increased quantity of corn, independent of the other advantages above stated, of more food and better exposure to the sun and air.

We will now see what has been done by actual experience, in raising corn by the drill system.

E. Cornell, Itheca, Tompkins county, N. York, raised an acre of the variety called brown corn, the produce of which was 105 bushels 15 pounds. This corn was planted the first week in June; and a portion failing to come up, was replanted on the 12th of June. The rows were three feet apart, and the hills ten inches apart in the rows. —*From the Transactions of the N. York State Agricultural Society. Quoted in Gen. Farmer, vol. V. page* 18, 1844.

Asa Williams, of the town of Barre, Orleans county, New York, raised a premium crop of corn in the year 1843; the following extract is from his own statement. The land was "ploughed twice—once each way, about the 6th day of May; about the 10th planted furrows in rows about two feet apart, and hills about one foot apart in each row—three kernels in each hill. It was hoed three times, *making as little hill as possible*, and no cultivator or drag was used on it. The committee of the Agricultural Society came to the field and measured off one acre. They counted the rows in the acre, and then selected one row, which they deemed to be an average row. They then appointed a man to husk and shell it; the product was measured, and the crop on the acre from the product of this row, was estimated at *one hundred and fifty seven bushels and thirty quarts*, by measure; and by weight, at 154 bushels, 21 pounds."—*Gen. Farmer, vol. V. page* 43, 1844.

B. Butler, Esq., of Chenango county, N. York, raised 140 bushels of corn from one acre. The land was ploughed but once, but this was done in the best manner. Rolled and harrowed with the furrow. The corn was planted on the 22d and 23d of May, in double drills three and a half feet from centre to centre. The plants standing singly from twelve to thirteen inches apart on the main drill.—*Gen. Farmer, vol. V. page* 43, 1844.

These examples are sufficient to show the correctness of the calculations made above, and the great advantage which the drill system possesses over the common method of planting in hills. The drill system likewise presents another important advantage, by the facility with which its operations may be performed by means of labor-saving machinery.

This communication is intended as an introduction to another, in which I propose to give a description of a planting machine, which I have been engaged this winter in constructing. This machine is constructed to drop and cover the corn, with a horse; dispensing with the labor of furrowing the ground, &c. I have also another portable machine calculated only for dropping the corn, by which one man is enabled to keep up with a horse, and drop the corn so as to row both ways with great exactness.

I shall have something to say in my next relative to the method of tending corn, when it is planted in drills.

Your friend, SENECA.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.—BYRON said there was no place like London for taking the nonsense out of a man. Whatever one may be elsewhere, he is nothing in London. Is not the same true of every large city—and even of our own little New-York? What portion of public interest does any one really excite here, and how long can even one of the most mark, draw attention to himself?

There must be a good deal of "nonsense" in the man who thinks people care much about him, after they have heard his name a dozen times. A "nine-days wonder" is a wonder of immense duration. Two or three days are a very respectable life for any wonder, and by far the greatest portion of wonders pass, without one in a hundred of the citizens ever hearing of them at all.

How is it with the countryman? He may be first in a tolerably extended circle; he sees from day to day no one of greater importance than himself; and he sees more of his own family, where he *is* important, than of all others together. His immediate neighbors either do, or he fancies they do, look upon him, or at least do not look down upon him, and he now and then meets somebody who may think something of him.

How different all this is in town! The looks of the passers-by in the street are enough to correct any exaggerated self-importance. They say as plainly as possible, "You are nothing; look at me." The proudest glance will meet its match; the most assuming air will meet equal assumption.—As to the "nonsense" of personal appearance, the vainest youth and the loveliest belle will very readily find some whom the general voice will pronounce their superiors.

How far must the rich man go to find one richer than himself? The "nonsense" of "glorying in riches" cannot last long, when the next street or square shows the rich man to himself outdone, and when he cannot look out of his own door without seeing more wealth than he can master.

The showy will find those who make a greater dash, and the odd those who are more eccentric. The strong man will be beaten, if disposed to try his strength; the tall will be overtopped, and the slender see cause for still tightening the belt, and enlarging the *tourneur*. The grave will be outdone in gravity, the gay in frolic, the witty in repartee, and the philosopher in wisdom.

Even the rogue will be over-reached, and each one over-crowed in his favourite department—foiled at his own weapons.—*National Press.*

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—Enter softly; sit down quickly; engage in no controversy; don't smoke; keep six feet from his table; hands off his papers; eyes off his manuscript.

If a man is too poor to pay for a newspaper, how many dogs can he afford to keep?