

## SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

All within and all without me  
Feel a melancholy thrill;  
And the darkness hangs about me,  
Oh! how still!

To my feet the river glideth,  
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;  
On the stream the white moon rideth  
Like a thing of air.

And the linden leans above me,  
Till I think some things there be  
In the dreary world that love me,  
Even me.

Gentle buds are blooming near me,  
Shedding sweetest breath around;  
Countless voices rise to cheer me,  
From the ground.

And the lone bird comes—I hear it—  
In the tall and windy pine  
Pour the sadness of its spirit  
Into mine.

There it swings and sings above me,  
Till I think some things there be  
In the dreary world that love me,  
Even me.

Now the moon hath floated to me,  
On the stream I see it sway,  
Swinging, loathlike, as 'twould woo me  
Far away.

And the stars bend from the azure,  
I could reach them where I lie,  
And they whisper all the pleasure  
Of the sky.

There they hang and smile above me,  
Till I think some things there be  
In the very heavens that love me,  
Even me!

Now there comes the tide of even,  
Like a solemn sea that flows,  
Gentle eyes, akin to heaven  
On me glow.

Loving eyes that tell their story,  
Speaking to my heart of bliss;  
But I sigh: a thing of glory  
Soon departs.

Yet when Mary soars above me,  
I must think that there will be  
One star more in heaven to love me,  
Even me.

From the Home Journal.

## INTERESTING TO LADIES.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

## Clandestine Love Affairs.

Two awful tragedies within the present year—one in New York and the other in Glasgow, and both entailing a frightful amount of woe to numerous families—are suggestive of the great evil of clandestine love affairs.

Much excitement has been created throughout Great Britain by the recent trial of Miss Madeline Smith, under the charge of having poisoned a recent lover, because he threatened to betray her confidence, on learning that she was about to become engaged to his rival. The trial developed these facts, and the death of the clandestine lover; but, after a lengthy and exciting trial, she was acquitted by the jury, and is now supposed to be in this country, under an assumed name.

After a careful perusal of the evidence on the trial of Miss Smith for the murder of M. L'Angelier, we feel constrained to acknowledge the justice of the verdict of "not guilty." The whole train of events resulting from this sad affair is the effect of a fatal mistake in European education, by which the young lady is kept—as in a glass palanquin—within an enchanting distance of the world, but far enough away to keep her ignorant of its wiles. On the other hand, L'Angelier was indebted to the too common kind of continental education for his low estimate of the sex, and for much of his baseness.

During our sojourn in Europe, we saw several instances of mercenary lovers, who from a continental education, and its concomitant of a vitiated and debased mind, were taught to believe that all women more or less bad and weak, and being themselves vicious, they took to the profession of fortune-hunters and corruptors of purity—believing the world to contain a sufficient number of weak women susceptible to flattery, and those who are both wealthy and wicked to yield them a luxurious support without labor. One of these fellows met an American lady at a levee in Rome, and, smitten by the thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry on her person, followed her to Paris, besieging her at every turn, and beseeching, on his knees, a return of his tender affection, until he fairly bewildered the lady, though he was a young, handsome fellow of twenty-five, and she an old lady of nearly eighty! In fact, it was hard to recognize her by her subtle maneuvers in the fortune-hunting branch of legerdemain; but—thanks to the influence of friends—she was induced to depart for America, under a proper escort—leaving her "tying lover" to watch for another prize. Not long after, Mr. Riverton, the great English agriculturist, was accredited as the representative of his country at the floral exhibition in Paris; but before leaving London, Mr. and Mrs. Riverton were entrusted with the care of a very wealthy young lady of London, whose parents desired to gratify their daughter with so auspicious an opportunity for seeing Paris. At the half-way house, where they stopped for refreshments, between Folkestone and Paris, the little party found themselves *vis-a-vis* to a fashionably dressed person of rather handsome face, who kept smiling, and bowing, and putting himself into a great state of excitement, in grasping everything there was in his reach to eat, and placing it before this young lady. The party thought strange of his actions, but attributed it to French gallantry, and let it pass, and soon forgot it; but Monsieur did not rest. When they took their seats to dine at their hotel, that evening, behold! Monsieur was seated next to the young lady. But, what was the most singular, he immediately declared his love for her, and told Mr. Riverton that after dinner he would show him his rent-roll and the titles to his extensive estates in Algeria. Mr. Riverton doubted, but the young lady declared that his love was required. Never was there such a display of love as this couple kept up for about a week, when, on account of his absence, great search was made for him, lest he should be sick, or attacked by a *guerrito*. When found by the police, they got one of the costly diamond rings which he had borrowed from the deceived lady; but her other jewels, to the amount of several thousand dollars, were never recovered; and the sad train of the affair having made the young lady sick, they were obliged to return home with her immediately.

We know that L'Angelier did not act like these two scamps. Their crimes were light, when compared with his. After debasing his victim, and getting her within his power, her eyes became

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opened to his true character, and she frankly owned to him that her sentiment for him had changed, and that she could not love him. "Oppressed with the correctness of this conclusion respecting him, she asked of him the only small restitution within his power to accord her for his great wrong, the returning the letters which she had addressed to him before she became deceived. This he first declined by implication; and then she implored him, on her knees, in the most piteous manner, to restore her letters. He refused! Now, we ask, what was the wretched girl to have done under the circumstances? She begged and prayed of him not to expose her, and thus drive her to madness and the grave, or make her a vile outcast, and bring her mother with sorrow to the tomb. But to all her cries and entreaties he turned a deaf ear! What alternative had she, we ask, under this combination of circumstances worse than death itself?

The jury acquitted her, and so do we, from our heart and best judgment. We are uncompromisingly opposed to clandestine love affairs, and we trust that the train of evils which weighs down her parents may be ever kept in view by those who would indulge in clandestine courtship and secret marriage.

In the meantime, we copy from the Ladies' Newspaper the following moral commentary:—

"We believe, as certainly as we believe in life itself, that we are living under the laws of a retributive dispensation. One of those startling events, which happen so seldom that they cannot fall to fill society with wonder when they do occur, has lately been over the heart, and we stand in perplexed amazement to see a young and educated lady snatched from the heart of her own home, consigned to a common prison, brought before the great tribunal of her country, and called upon to justify herself against the charge of that sin which sets the seal on Cain's guilty brow—the charge of murder.

"We need hardly say that we are speaking of the extraordinary case of Madeline Hamilton Smith, accused and acquitted of the charge of poisoning Pierre Emile L'Angelier, which has been exciting so much interest, and agitating so many hearts. Just as the domestic relationships of life are naturally full of rejoicing happiness, so, too, may they be made the mediums of agonizing, and inflicting the deepest misery. Parents, relations, friends all feel the iron entering into their soul. Shame is harder to bear than sorrow. Sad it is when the strongest love would cry, 'Better they were dead!' And yet these are crimes which reflect not so much on the little band held together by the ties of blood, but on the sex to which those who commit them belong. The country which gave birth to Madeline Smith, has a national character for sterling worthiness and untarnished integrity. It is woman who suffers shame, and not the land of nativity. It is woman who must mourn over this melancholy spectacle with a sorrow not unmingled with humiliation.

"We write with recoiling feelings, and faint would we have ignored the subject altogether. Two things prevent that; the one is, that the subject is spoken of at every street corner—the other, that there are lessons to be gathered which may turn into blessings.

"We are not now speaking of the graver accusation. The awful imagery with which it is surrounded paralyses approach. Thankfully let us say that the very horror which such a crime inspires in the heart of woman is the best proof that there need be no warning. But is it so with those earlier wrong-doings which we are too apt to call merely venial? There is no falsehood on any subject, be it ever so trivial; and the more puerile the matter, the less must be the motive for making the deceitful excuse, and therefore the greater the sin. Perhaps there is a tendency among us to speak too lightly of common-place and familiar evil, thus lowering the standard of moral rectitude; perhaps we are too lax in our literature. We have a flood of false sentiment inundating the country through cheap publications. Worse still; we have translations from the French, teeming with impurities and impurities, of which the originals are never read in any good society in the country where they are issued. What- ever may be the cause, school-girls are fond of clandestine love affairs. They fancy that a secret correspondence turns them into one of the heroines of whom they read. Under this view, all things assume a different character. To wear a falsehood on the face is clever. To cheat a father, whose only fault is over indulgence, is to have a genius for stratagem. To deceive a mother, blinded by too great tenderness is an amusing triumph. The degradation of corrupting servants, in associating with them as partners in low plots, teaching them to deceive and equivocate, and making them worthless and trustless for all their after life; these things are mere bagatelles of conscience. With minds thus vitiated, delicacy must be an intangible idea, and truth a mere copy-book lesson of propriety, since for a girl to make private appointments for meetings, to open back doors in the dark, to write passionate *billets-doux* to the dozen, are things that could not be done while womanly perceptions retained, but the faintest remnant of their natural power.

"Let us turn our eyes for a moment on what these things lead to. An overwhelming accusation, a prison cell, a court of law, arrayed in all the terrors of a stern tribunal, involving the issue of life or death—life or death!—awful alternative, in the power of its decree. And such a death! Oh, let us draw the veil. Only let us tenderly pity the bruised hearts and the wounded spirits of those whom nature has made to suffer on account of the accusation! Let us sympathize with the crowd of witnesses who have given in their testimony all with reluctant backwardness; let us sympathize with the friends, the accepted lover, the unhappy sister, dragged before the eye of the world; for theirs, indeed is no common sorrow, easily to be borne.

and likely to be soon forgotten, as other joys and other sorrows succeed them in the heart.

"Pitying the living, as we must all do, with feelings that could never be condensed into words, there is still another having a touching claim upon remembrance—we mean the dead. Leading a daughter into disobedience, however willingly—aiding her in violating the most sacred duties of life, let the plot be called ever so romantic and amusing—these, undoubtedly, were his transgressions. Justice demands that we should say this, though L'Angelier now is numbered with those who have been. Had he but stopped short at the first wrong step, he might now have been a living and a prosperous man amongst us. Had falsehood been obnoxious to his moral tastes, he would not have been his victim; for he would not have loved a woman regardless of its sacred obligations. The sincerity of his affection makes us mourn the more for his untimely fate; and from him, we pass on to the bereaved mother, who lives to lament his loss.

"Surely, such a wide extent of sorrow, shame, and misery never circled round as the effect of more selfish indiscretion; and if such awful and fatal consequences have been permitted to ensue and to be blazoned before the world, it is a warning voice and a beacon of fire to warn others from the same dangers.

"We say it in sorrow—not in reproach—there are many daughters receiving clandestine addresses concealed from the parents, who love them as they never can be loved again. They are acting falsehood, let them call it by what romantic name they will. Our words will be heard in many a heart, and wherever this may happen, let its owner act on the advice of a friend. However stern a father may look, trust to the immeasurable tenderness that is in his heart. Go to a parent, and confess the transgression. Have no fear—it is a base thing. If there be a mother she is sure to lean to the side of the well-beloved daughter. Doubt not that all shall be well. There is true nobility in acknowledging a fault. Hear reason. Perhaps a parent may be right, even if approbation be withheld. Think how many stolen love-matches you have known that have proved miserable. At all events you will respect yourself, and be respected by those who know you; and to be con- science-clear is a great thing towards enjoying the highest happiness."

## CRUELTY TO SLAVES.

We cut the following horrible recital from the Chicago Tribune. For the credit of human nature, we hope the tale is exaggerated. The story is told on the authority of the Rev. Samuel Sawyer, a graduate of the New York Union Theological Seminary, and for the past nine years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Rogersville, East Tennessee, of which Col. Netherland was an elder. He publishes the circular over his own name, and its truth is vouched for and endorsed by elders Jos. Hoffmaster and J. R. Johnson:

## MR. SAWYER'S NARRATIVE.

This poor negro had been sold now to be sent to Mississippi, and rather than be separated from his wife and children, with no prospect of seeing them again, he escaped to the woods, and lay hid for more than a year. He was found by some hunters, brought in, and delivered to the trader.

It was supposed that he would be sent without any parade to the cotton fields of a more southern State. But the church members agreed that he should be openly and publicly whipped. With his chains on, he was taken by the paragonage, the minister's house, to a field just back of the church, where he was whipped naked, tied to four saplings, each arm and each foot tied to a sapling, blindfolded so that he could not see when the blows were coming, and pinned to the earth. It was said he needed but the yoke, or a two tined fork over his neck to finish the Mississippi case.

A bystander, from motives of humanity, spread his clothes under his stomach, to keep him from the rocks and bare ground. A leather strap, had been nailed to a wooden handle for the occasion. Thus far, there had been various spectators. The crowd was now requested to stand some distance off, as they wanted to get some information from the boy, as to who harbored him, &c. They retired a little distance, but where they could still hear the blows, and witness the scene, and hear the negro's cries.

It was understood that the trader told the boy that he would not strike him a blow if he would tell who had fed and harbored him; if not that he would give him nine hundred lashes, or whip him till Saturday night to make him tell. The whipping commenced. It was currently reported by the community that it was administered by a man too often under the influence of intoxication, with revengeful feelings because the negro had escaped him once before, and with profane words; that the negro cried in vain for mercy; that he whistled until he gave him three hundred and thirty odd blows, and would probably have given him more had not the nails come loose from the strap. All this, too, was public—witnessed by a number of the citizens, and a number of the college students. Some counted the blows, and waited about two hours till the whole was over, and then went up and looked at the body, and the bloody strap with which he had been beaten. Others, sick at heart, turned away from the revolting scene, and went to their homes. It was reported that the boy was to be taken out next day and the balance of the nine hundred blows given him with a saw, or at least, that he would be whipped until credible testimony should be extorted from him against others. But for some reason this was abandoned. A magistrate remarked that from all he could gather, such was the feeling of the community, that if they had

undertaken it the second day, they would not have got through with it."

But this was not the worst. The community had not recovered from the shock, before they were agitated again by a still more melancholy instance of cruelty. The same church member, Col. Netherland, had taken an old grey-headed servant that had helped to nurse him in childhood, and on mere suspicion, it was said, that he knew the place of the runaway, he had given him to the same negro-trader to be ironed, taken to a place called Bean's Station, in the next county (Grainger) and there, on a Sunday morning, in a stable on the public highway, stripped, and tied him naked on a plank, strapped his feet to a post and tied his head forward to a brace, and then whipped him by striking him with a carpenter's hand-saw, Mississippi way, which raises large blisters and bursts them, cutting the hide in pieces. He whipped him that Sunday till the neighbors closed their doors—whipped him till the neighbors put down their windows and closed their curtains—whipped him till the women, driven wild by hearing the blows, and the negro's agonized cries, for mercy, cried out against it—till one man declared if he did not stop he would return him to court—till the landlord of the tavern, after hearing in silence the infliction of at least three hundred blows with the saw, went to him and told him that he must put a stop to it—that he himself was liable to indictment for suffering such things on his premises, and that he was unwilling to bear it any longer. The trader became very angry at this interference, and told the landlord he had sent a boy to get a bundle of whips to scourge the negro's back when the flesh should be too much cut up with the saw—and finally, finding he could not go on, he tumbled the negro into his wagon in disgust at the Bean Station people, and went to Rutledge. The slave had two fits in consequence of the beating, but notwithstanding, the trader tied him up again in Rutledge jail, while the jailer (who would hardly have allowed it) was away, and beat him with three sticks from a loom over the raw flesh until he was tired, and then told him he would try it again next day. The inspector, however, refused to let the jail be used for such purposes, and the negro was sent home in a week—no information having been obtained of him. Thereupon a great excitement arose at Rogersville, and the church session mildly requested Col. Netherland to come forward and show he was not responsible for the outrage. He refused to do this; declared he had a right to beat his slaves as much as he chose, or have it done; that churches had nothing to do with politics, and finally wound up by declaring Mr. Sawyer an abolitionist, and that he must leave. Mr. Sawyer, thinking the Church would be divided if he stayed, and his friends being too much afraid of being called 'abolitionists' if they stood up for him, resigned the charge of his Church with its most righteous elder, and came away.

Nothing has been done with Netherland or the trader, and they are supported by the pro-slavery strength of the neighborhood, who stand together on all questions of this kind, and who declare that if a slaveholder whips his slave till he dies, 'he is his own master,' and there the matter ends. The Col. Netherland, whose brutality is so disgustingly shown, has been elected delegate to the Secession Convention called by Dr. Ross and other ministers of the new School Presbyterian Church, to meet at Richmond on the 27th.

The following is the command of Parson Browlow, editor of the Knoxville whip, upon the Rev. Mr. Sawyer's circular given above:—

"Now this is beautiful language to use in a publication to be thrown out in a slave-holding community! It is an outrage that ought not to be tolerated. And Mr. Sawyer, if such are his feelings and sentiments ought to return to his congenial North, and if he is tardy in his movements to leave East Tennessee, the citizens owe it to themselves to give him so many days to wind up his business in, and in default he ought to be found 'sitting on a rail.' There are too many of these vile incendiaries, abolitionists and cut-throats in the South, in disguise, sowing the seeds of discord, discontent and disunion. And in too many instances they are doing it under pretence of 'preaching Christ and him crucified.' We are with Netherland in this controversy, and against that miserable, dirty, and hateful jealousy on the part of such 'free white inhabitants of the country as envy all who have more property than they have themselves, and join in this infernal abolition hue and cry against whipping a villainous slave, because they are too poor and too lazy to own slaves themselves."

## DELHI.

No city in the world excites so much attention at present, as this centre of the Bengal mutiny. A few particulars of it, therefore, selected from various sources, will not be uninteresting to our readers.

The city of Delhi is situated in the centre of a sandy plain, on a rocky ridge, upon the right bank of the Jumna—here a broad and deep river at all seasons of the year—56 miles from Calcutta, and 890 miles from Bombay. According to tradition it was founded 300 years before Christ, by Dala. It formerly stood on the left bank of the river, and is supposed to have covered a space of twenty square miles.

The city is believed to have contained two million of inhabitants at the end of the 17th century. In 1631 the Emperor Shah Jehan, built a new city on the right bank of the river Jumna, and this forms the modern Delhi, which is about five miles in circumference, and is seated on a range of rocky hills. It is surrounded by walls constructed of large blocks of granite, and fortified with a good loop-holed parapet. Several gates and bastions occur in the walls at intervals, and the whole has been strengthened and put in repair by the English government. The gateways are magnificent buildings, and are named after the provinces and cities to which they point.

The city has seven gates, and contains the remains of several fine palaces, the residences of former rulers. The modern city contains many good houses, chiefly of brick. The streets, with the exception of the principal ones, are in general, narrow, as in other eastern cities.

The ditch beneath the city wall is fifty feet broad, and about fifteen feet deep, and the glacis so covers the wall that it cannot be seen from a distance. The western side of the city is a sea of houses, many of them strongly built. To pass such streets defended by good marksmen, would be dangerous to an attacking force. The northern quarters from the Kashmir Gate to the Kings palace, might be defended when the west was won. A wall or even a barrier of ruined houses and timber would render this sort of citadel. The city has probably 100,000 armed defenders.

The main street, Candus Chawk, is very wide, and along the centre of it runs an aqueduct. Here is the mosque in which Nadir sat during the terrible massacre of the inhabitants by his army. Delhi has many noble buildings worth preserving. The palace itself ranks next to Windsor as a princely residence. Its gateway is far handsomer than that of the Great Bazaar at Kabul. The throne room is as matchless. The roof rests on massive columns of white marble. In the centre is the white marble dais on which once stood the famous peacock throne. The King's private chapel is of the whitest marble and a perfect gem of art. A quarter of a mile to the west of the palace stands the cathedral mosque, vast, massive, grand.

CENSUS OF DELHI IN 1845-46.—On taking the census of 1846 it was ascertained that Delhi contained 25,608 houses, 9945 shops, mostly one-storied, 261 mosques, 181 temples, 1 church, 678 wells, and 196 schools. The total population consisted of 137,977 souls, of whom 69,731 were males, and 68,239 females, of these, 90 families, or 327 persons were Christians; 14,761 families, or 66,120 persons were Mahomedans; and 19,257 families, or 71,530 persons were Hindoos. In the year 1846 there were born 1994 males, and 1910 females; the marriages were 953 in number, and 4850 deaths occurred. Of the last, 1320 took place before the age of twelve months, 493 between the age of twelve months and two years, 843 between two and 12 years, and 2194 above that age. The census of the thirteen villages forming the suburbs of Delhi, contained 29,302 inhabitants; namely, of Hindoos, 709 cultivators; 14,996 non-cultivators; and of Mahomedans, 495 cultivators, and 6192 non-cultivators. In this return there are two points worthy of notice. The first is that notwithstanding the practice of polygamy there is a very trifling difference between the number of males and that of females. The other point to be remarked is the equal division of the population, into Hindoos and Mahomedans. Throughout Bengal generally, the former is to the latter as three to one. This exceptional fact is, of course, attributable to the circumstance that Delhi has always been regarded as the headquarters and capital of the Mahomedan population of India.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR GRAMMAR. It was the saying of a shrewd critic—and our own experience confirms its truth—that few men can write a page of matter entirely free from grammatical errors. In fact, the printed works of the best writers in the language, even when the proofs have been read by the authors themselves, abound in such mistakes. A late critic has amused himself by collecting examples of this character from Burke, Hallam, Macaulay, Junius, Johnson, Cobbett, Blair, Gibbon, Alison, &c. A few of his samples will show how true the saying is that seven Homer nods! Burke, in one of his noblest passages, writes, the more accurately we search, the stronger traces we find of his wisdom who made it, when he should have written, 'of the wisdom of him who made it.' Macaulay, who, when reviewing, tears an author to pieces for an error in grammar, perpetrates the following: "In a depressed state, if less than a million tons are produced," Gibbon blunders out, 'the richness of her arms and apparel were conspicuous.' Even Blair, who thought himself a critic among critics, and was considered at one time the very pink of accuracy, wrote, how far each of the great epic poets have distinguished themselves.

An ordinary writer, after this, may 'take heart of grace,' if he finds he has tripped in his grammar.

[Baltimore Sun.]

In the House of Lords, on the 20th August, "Admiral Walcott recommended that instructions should be sent to Admiral Seymour to send all the war vessels he could spare from China, because the Chinese could be taken in hand and licked at leisure at any time."

A little child of N. W. Winslow, died in Bath on Monday, from eating fly poison. Great care should be taken to keep such dangerous preparations beyond the reach of children.

BRITISH ENLISTMENTS IN FRANCE.—The British government is offering great inducements to French half-pay and pensioned officers to enlist for the Indian army. They are to serve not less than two nor more than five years, and are to be sent out and back at the government expense. The pay of captains is to be 20,000 fr.; of first lieutenants 16,000 francs, and of sub-lieutenants 12,000 francs.

## TOPPING AND HARVESTING CORN.

The following seasonable article we find in the Country Gentleman, contains some excellent suggestions, which may be valuable just now, if properly considered and applied.

There is some difference of opinion as to the practice among farmers in the management of their corn crops. Some always practice cutting the stalks soon after the kernel have become glazed or checked, believing that such a course hastens the ripening of the corn; and the removal of the stalks greatly facilitates the process of harvesting, and that green-cut, well-cured cornstalks are much more valuable as winter forage for cattle, than the same would be if uncut till the corn was fully ripened, the practice of some. We presume the latter is a correct idea. But experiments of some years since, by the Hon. W. C. of Massachusetts, seem to prove that a number of bushels of corn per acre, very much lessened where the stalks were cut, compared with portions of the same where the corn was not topped, but left till the corn was fully ripened. This experiment the loss in grain value ripened fodder. But a difference of ten or twelve days, thus in cutting the stalks might make a material difference in the value of the grain. We think it is safest way for those farmers that practice 'topping' their corn, to cut the stalks quite late, rather than a few days too soon.

Well-cured cornfodder is a valuable winter feed for farm stock, and can be should be exercised in saving it in the best possible condition. Many farmers are quite too negligent in this matter. We have seen the stalks cut quite green, and many days too soon, bound in large bundles and put up in large shocks, where it remained during all weathers for weeks or till the corn was harvested; heavy winds blew over many of the shocks, and drenching rains thoroughly wetted them, thus nearly ruining them as fodder. We have seen others cart them directly from the field as soon as bound in bundles, where from want of room and care a large portion of them became mouldy, and nearly rotten and worthless. We know some careful farmers that pursue a different course. They do not top their corn until most of the tops of the spikes are done, and many of the husks have lost their green color. They cut their stalks in the weather, bind them in small bundles, cart them to the barns, and place the bundles astride of poles extending from beam to beam across the barn floor. Here they dry without heating or growing mould, if they have not room enough over the barn floor, they make use of hovels, sheds in curing them. Those that practice this method think they are fully compensated for all extra labor in the enhanced value of the fodder.

Many farmers prefer letting the corn stand till the grains are principally glazed, and then cutting all near the surface of the ground, and shocking in the field, letting it remain there till dry enough for husking. Some contend the corn ripens as well as if left upon the separate stalks. The fodder, as a whole, is thought to be worth much more cured by this method than by any other process. The corn when thus cut up and shocked, is placed beyond injury from frost—a matter of consequence some years. There is a little if anything gained by cutting a shocking corn after it has been struck by frost. In cutting up the corn as it is frost glazed, the fields can be cleared in season for sowing winter wheat, &c.—sometimes a matter of much consequence.

Some contend the soundest and healthiest corn can only be grown by letting it take its course, that is, let the whole plant remain until the corn is 'read' up. This course probably may insure the greatest weight of corn per acre, if the autumn is favorable to its perfect maturing. We have more than once pursued this course, but found the labor of harvesting much greater, and thought the fodder less valuable.

Seasons vary so much, and the circumstances of farmers differ so greatly (to nothing of their prejudices), that it is idle for any one to attempt to point out the one best way—or rather to say there was but one best way under all circumstances.

From present appearances, and the information within our reach, we think it may be pretty safely predicted, that a wide range of our country, this is destined to be a great corn year. A large part of the growing corn is too late to be mature, unless we have an unusual warm September and October, a frost will probably be the safer course, most farmers to cut up and shock the corn as soon as it will in any way—and that is if it can be done before reaching much injury from frost; by so doing they may save much in the value of the corn, and much corn would ripen in shocks that would be nearly ruined by frost. We have several times seen corn put up, and tied in moderately sized shocks, and slung across poles over the fence, where it has dried perfectly, and fodder was much better than it would have been had it been shocked in the field. We have seen various methods of curing corn in the field. Some put large bundles into a shock; such stacks do not dry well. Others understand it around a hill purposely left in the centre and one on each of the sides; a band of rye straw was tightly around the whole some four feet from ground, and the tops of the stalks were cut and tied down. Such stacks are better than larger ones, and also dry a better.

The labor of manuring, plowing, and hoeing an acre of corn, is no light job in many situations of the country, and it should be the aim of the farmer to make the most of this labor, and not himself out of a portion of his own suffering his corn or confederate to be injured or wasted through negligence of care on his part.

PLASTER. The peculiar properties of plaster as an auxiliary of vegetation, in its power of absorbing and retaining moisture, and this feature, until it is totally dissolved, is itself, is inadequate to the fertility, it requires the organic manures.

John.—Goes into a terrible rage, I dare say, at the audacity of anything endeavoring to obstruct its progress.

Willie.—I perceive by the 'News of the World' that many parts of England have recently been visited by very terrible thunderstorms, and floods; and even Windsor Castle, where the Queen chiefly lives has not escaped their fury altogether.

Lydia.—Oh! do read it, please, Willie.

To be continued.





