



POETRY.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTALS BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortals be proud? Like a fast fleeing meteor, a fast flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He presses from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade— Be scattered around, and together be laid, The young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The hand of a King that a sceptre hath borne, The brow of the priest that a mitre hath worn, The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure; her triumphs are by, And the memory of those who loved her and praised, Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap, The shepherd who climbed with his goats to the steep— The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven— The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish—the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

We are the same things that our fathers have been— We see the same sights that our fathers have seen— We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun, And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking on, they too would think; From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink— To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling, But it speeds from the earth like a bird on its wing.

Yes, hope and dependence, and pleasure and pain, Are mingled together like sunshine and rain, And the smile and the tear, and the song and the darg, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath— From the blossomed youth to the paleness of death— From the gilded saloon to the pier and the shroud— Oh, why should the spirit of mortals be proud?

PAY THE PRINTER.

The Printer, toiling night and day, With labor hard and wearing, Should well be paid: 'tis mental food Which he is thus preparing.

And he who cheats him of his dues, Should have no mercy shown him; He should sit daily in the stocks, While men and children stone him.

Upon his forehead should be stamped, "Tis I who cheats the Printer;" And every dog should snap at him Through summer and through winter.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

"The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge," for the year 1833, contains, under the head of "Meteorological Information," a translation from a French work ("Meteorologie de Pouillet") relating to Red Snow and showers of dust and of soft substances both dry and liquid, which explain very satisfactorily the descent in Tennessee, which has been thought a shower of Flesh and Blood:

I. RED SNOW.

The ancients remarked that snow sometimes takes a red tinge, for we find in the works of Pliny (Book IX. ch. 35) a passage in which it is stated that snow becomes red by age; *Ima hinc rubescit rubescit*. Several modern observers have directed their attention to this phenomenon. De Saussure saw red snow in 1760 on the Breven, and in 1778 on the St. Bernard. (See "Voyage dans les Alpes.") Having described the position in which it lay, and all its phenomena, he gives it as his opinion, that this color is produced in the snow by vegetable dust. Raymond also found red snow among the Pyrenees. Captain Ross met with it on the shores of Baffin's Bay; Captains Parry, Franklin, and Scoresby, in higher northern latitudes; and finally it has been found in great quantities by navigators in New or South Shetland, 70 degrees south latitude.

Among the Alps, red snow is found scattered here and there, generally in low places, or little sheltered hollows; its depth not more than two or three inches at most, or rather, the zones in which it is found, though far beneath the surface, are generally not more than two or three inches in thickness.

On the shores of Baffin's Bay, Capt Ross collected red snow from a large hill five or six miles in extent. The summit of this hill was free from snow, and might be about 200 yards in height.

Wallaston, R. Brown, De Candolle, Thenard, Peschier, and Francis Bauer have subjected this coloring matter to different trials for the purpose of determining its nature. Wallaston was the first to announce that it is composed of small spherical globules, whose variable diameters are comprehended between one two-thousandth and one three-thousandth of an inch. These globules have a transparent envelope, the interior being divided into 7 or 8 cells filled with a kind of red oil, not soluble in water. Messrs. R. Brown and De Candolle, having proved the existence of these globules, supposed them to be small plants of the *algae* or sea-weed family. Messrs. Thenard and Peschier have also satisfied themselves, by a chemical analysis, that this sediment in the melted water of red snow is of a vegetable nature.

Finally, Mr. Francis Bauer has published several memoirs on this subject, which seem to settle the question entirely. His first observations are of the same date with those of Wallaston, of which he had no knowledge. Mr. Bauer also has recognized the existence of the spherical globules and their separation into several compartments; he has demonstrated that they are, in every respect, the same in the snows of New Shetland and in those of Baffin's Bay; and he has classed these globules as *little mushrooms* of the genus *uredo*, forming a peculiar species which he calls *uredo nivalis*, because snow is their natural soil. Mr. Bauer has been led to this last opinion by an ingenious experiment; having exposed to the air the coloring matter, suspended in the melted water, he perceived at first that the microscopic globules were visibly multiplied; but that these newborn individuals remained transparent. There was then in the water, a vegetation, but a vegetation incomplete; it had not arrived at maturity. By substituting snow for water, during the winter months, this vegetation was seen to develop itself with greater success; for the number of red globules was nearly doubled in a very short time, notwithstanding frequent interruptions from cold and snow.

Navigators who have visited the polar regions, have often observed red snow on floating pieces of

ice. We should have presumed that the coloring matter in this case is derived from the same cause as in that of the continental snow; but Capt. Scoresby, having observed, with a microscope, the sediment of these floating snows, believed that the perceived sensible and even rapid movements in the little corpuscles which constitute the coloring matter. It would seem then, that there are two kinds of red snow, and two kinds of organized bodies capable of drawing nourishment from a soil apparently so ill suited to organic life. Though great confidence is due to the authority of Captain Scoresby, the animalcules, which he has described, bear so near a resemblance to the globules of the *uredo nivalis*, that it seems to us necessary to verify these results before they are adopted as decisive.

II. Showers of Dust, and of Soft Substances, both Dry and Liquid.

We shall refer to this head all the observations which have been made upon those extraordinary showers, called *showers of blood, of ashes, of mammas, etc.*, and of the various meteoric substances, soft or powdery, which fall from the atmosphere. To give an idea of the circumstances which sometimes accompany these meteors, we will take for an example a red shower which fell, on the 14th of March, 1813, in the kingdom of Naples and in the two Calabrias. M. Sementini has given the following description of this phenomenon:

"On the 14th of March, 1813, an east wind having blown for two days, the inhabitants of Gerace saw a thick cloud spreading itself from the sea over the continent. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the wind lulled; but the cloud already overhung the neighboring mountains and began to intercept the light of the sun; at first it was of a pale red color, but afterwards deepened to a fiery red. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the light was so obscured, that the inhabitants of the town were obliged to use candles in their houses. Many, terrified by the darkness and the color of the cloud, went to offer public prayer in the churches. The darkness increased continually; thunder began to be heard, and the sea, though at the distance of six miles from the town, added its solemn voice. Then large reddish drops began to fall, which some supposed to be drops of blood, and others drops of fire. But, as night came on, the sky cleared up, the thunder ceased, and the people recovered their usual tranquility.

"The same phenomenon of a shower of red dust, took place, with some slight modification, not only in the two Calabrias, but in the opposite extremities of the Abruzzi, without however causing any tumult among the people."

M. Chladni has made a complete catalogue of all the meteors of this kind which have been observed in various places; we shall give it here as published in the "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes" for 1826, omitting several of the less important or less certain cases.

1222 or 1219. Red snow in the vicinity of Viterbo. *Biblioteca Italiana*. T. XIX.

1543. Red shower in Westphalia. *Simi Commentarii*.

1548. 6th November, (probably in Thuringia.)—Fall of a globe of fire with much noise; after which a reddish substance was found on the earth resembling coagulated blood. *Spangenberg*.

1557. In Pomerania, large plates of a substance resembling coagulated blood. *Mart. Zeiler*, T. II. epist. 386.

1792, 27th, 28th, and 29th August, (without cessation.) A shower of a substance resembling ashes, in the town of Paz in Peru. This phenomenon could not be attributed to a volcano. Explosions had been heard and the whole sky illuminated. The dust caused bad headaches and fever in many persons. *Mercurio Peruano*, T. VI. 1792.

1796, 8th March. A viscous matter was found in Lusania after a fall of a globe of fire. *Ann. de Gilbert*, T. LV.

1803, 5th and 6th March in Italy. Fall of red dust, dry in some places and moist in others. *Opuscoli scelti*, T. XXII.

1811, in July, near Heidelberg. Fall of a gelatinous substance after the explosion of a luminous meteor. *Ann. de Gilbert*, T. XLVI.

1813. 13th and 14th March, in Calabria, Tuscany, and Frioul. Great fall of red dust and of red snow, with much noise. Stones fell at the same time at Cutro, in Calabria. *Mem. Brit.* October, 1813, and April 1814. (Sementini found in the dust: silicæ 33; alumine 15; lime 14; iron 14; chrome 1; carbon 9. The loss was 15. It seems that Sementini did not seek for magnesia and nickel.)

1814. night of 27-28th October, in the valley of Oueglia, near Genoa. Red Rain. *Gironale di Pisa*, T. I. p. 32.

1819, 13th August, at Amherst, Massachusetts.—Fall of a gelatinous mass of an offensive smell, preceded by a luminous meteor. *Silliman's Journal*, II. 335.

1819, 5th, Sept. at Studen, in Moravia, in the jurisdiction of Teltsch, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the sky being serene and tranquil, shower of small particles of earth proceeding from a small cloud, isolated and very bright. *Hesperus*, November, 1819; and *Ann. de Gilbert*, T. LXVIII.

1819, 5th November. Red shower in Flanders and in Holland. *Ann. generales des Sciences Physiques*. (Cobalt and muriatic acid were found in this shower.)

1819, in November, at Montreal and in the northern part of the United States. Black rain and snow accompanied by extraordinary darkness, shocks like those of an earthquake, detonations resembling explosions of artillery, and fiery appearances which were taken for very bright flashes of lightning. *Ann. de Chimie*, T. XV. Some persons attributed the phenomenon to the burning of a forest; but the noise, the shocks, etc., prove it to be a real meteor, like those of 472, 1792, and 1814 (in Canada). It would seem that the black and brittle stones which fell at Alais, in 1816, were very similar, but in a more advanced stage of coagulation.

1821, 3d May, at 9 o'clock in the morning. Red shower in the environs of Giesen. Professor Zimmerman, having analyzed the reddish brown sediment left by this shower, found in it chrome, oxyd of iron, silicæ, lime, carbon, a little magnesia and volatile particles, but no nickel.

1824, 15th August. Town of Mendoza, in the republic of Buenos Ayres. Dust fell from a black cloud. At fifty miles distance the same cloud discharged itself a second time. *Gazette de Buenos Ayres* 1st November, 1824.

M. Chladni seems to suppose, that most of the meteors described in the preceding catalogue have the same origin with meteoric stones; but other philosophers are of opinion that the wind has sufficient power to sweep from the surface of the earth large masses of various substances, lifting them to great heights in the atmosphere. We shall cite a recent fact in support of this latter opinion.

In Persia, in the province of Rome, not far from Mount Ararat, there fell, in April, 1827, a shower of grain, which, in some places, covered the earth with a layer, six inches in thickness. Sheep ate of this grain, and the inhabitants afterwards took it and made tolerable bread of it. The Count de Soklen having received samples of this grain, and M. de la Ferronnays, our ambassador to Russia, having sent some to Paris, Messrs. Desfontaines and Thenard were able to examine it, and subject it to various experiments. M. Desfontaines immediately recognised it as a *lichen*, belonging probably to the genus *lecidia*, and the chemical analysis also identified it as a *lichen*.

From the Southern Ladies' Book.

THE STRANGER AT THE BANQUET.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

'Twas a festive eve. The lamps sent down their trembling rays, reflected by crystal and wreathing silver, on myriad forms of beauty and grace. The music sent forth the moral gladdening strains, and bounding feet kept time to the joyous melody. Evening shades deepened into midnight gloom without, yet still the gay notes were heard, and the unwary revellers continued their graceful evolutions. Just as the clock struck twelve, a stranger entered

the banqueting room, and as she passed slowly on unannounced, and unaccompanied by any guide or protector, every eye was turned towards her. "Who can she be?" whispered one girl to her partner, drawing close to his side.

He answered not, so intently was he gazing on the figure, which now stood in the centre of the hall, looking calmly and immovably on those around. Her white robes fell in long, slumberous folds to her feet; her fair shining hair floated back from her face, like fleecy clouds, tinged by the moonbeam's radiance, and the still depths of her azure eyes shone with a mysterious, unfathomable lustre.

"Why are ye gathered here?" asked she of the young maiden, who shrunk back, as she glided near her, with noiseless step. "What means these glad strains, and the flowers that decorate your brows?"

"The low, thrilling melody of the stranger's voice echoed to the remotest corners of that spacious hall, and the minstrels paused to listen.

"'Tis a festive eve," answered the trembling maiden, "and we have met in joy and mirth, to commemorate the era."

"Why is this night chosen as a scene of festivity?" asked the sweet voiced stranger.

"It is Christmas eve," replied the maiden, "the birth-night of our Saviour, and it is our custom to celebrate it with music and dancing."

"It was once celebrated in ancient days," said the stranger, "with a splendor and beauty that would shame the decorations of these walls. While the shepherds of Chaldea were watching their flocks beneath the starry glories of midnight, they heard strains of more than mortal melody gushing around them—rolling above them—the thrilling of invisible harps, accompanied by celestial voices, all breathing one sweet, in triumphant anthem—'Glory to God, the Highest; on Earth peace and good will to men.'"

"While they listened in adoring wonder, one of the stars of Heaven gliding from its throne, and travelling slowly over the depths of ether, held its silver lamps over the manger, where slept the babe of Bethlehem. Then the wise men of the East came with their costly offerings, and laid them down at the feet of the infant Redeemer. And where are your gifts?" continued she, turning her still shining eyes from one to the other of the listening throng, "what have ye brought this night to lay at your Saviour's feet in commemoration of your gratitude and love? Where is your gold, your frankincense and myrrh? Where are the gems from the heart's treasury, that ye are ready to sacrifice on the altar of your Lord?"

The young maiden whom she had first addressed cast one tearful, earnest glance, on her gay companions; then unbending the roses from her brow, the jewels from her neck, and drawing from her fingers each golden ring, "Where is the altar," she cried, "that I may place my offering there?"

"Come with me," said the stranger, "and I will lead you where you can find more precious gifts than these. Gifts that will retain their beauty, when these garlands shall wither, and the diamond and fine gold become dim."

The maiden took hold of the stranger's hand, and passed through the hall, which she had so lately entered in thoughtless vanity and mirth. Her companions pressed round her and impeded her way. "Oh, stay with us!" they exclaimed, "and follow not the steps of the stranger: your eyes are dim, your cheek is pale, shadows are gathering over your face. She may lead you to the chambers of death."

"Hinder me not," cried the fair maiden, "I may not slight the voice that summons me. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

A celestial smile beamed on the face of the stranger as the young girl uttered these words, and they disappeared from the festive hall. Through the long sweeping shadows of midnight they glided on, till they came to a wretched hovel, through whose shattered casements, the night gust was moaning, making most melancholly music. By the dim light of a taper they beheld a pale mother, cradling her wasted infant in her arms, striving to hush its feeble wailings, looking down with hollow eyes on the fearful ravages of famine and disease, then raising them in agony to Heaven, imploring the widow's and the orphan's God to have mercy on her.

"Lay down your golden offerings here," said the stranger, "and your Saviour will accept the gift—Have ye not read that whosoever presseth a cup of cold water to one of the least of his disciples, in his name, giveth it unto him?"

The maiden wept, as she laid her offering in the widow's emaciated hand. Again the beauteous stranger smiled. "The tear of pity," said she, "is the brightest gem thou hast brought."

She led her forth into the darkness once more, and held such sweet and heavenly discourse that the heart of the maiden melted within her bosom. They came to a dwelling whence strains of solemn music issued, and as the light streamed from the arching windows, it was reflected with gossamer lustre on marble tombstones gleaming without.

"They breathe forth a requiem for the dead," said the stranger, and she entered the gate through willows that wept over the path. The music ceased, and the low, deep voice of prayer ascended through the silence of the night. The maiden knelt on the threshold, for she felt that she was not worthy to enter into the temple. She hardly dared to lift her trembling eyes to Heaven; but bending her forehead to the dust and clasping her hands on her breast, she exclaimed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"Thy Saviour will accept the offering," uttered the stranger in her ear, "the prayer of a broken and contrite spirit, is an incense more precious to Him, than all the odors of the East."

"You shall see me again," said the stranger, when she led the young maiden to her own home by the light of the dawn; "you shall see me again, and we will walk together once more—but not among scenes of sorrow and death, for they shall all have fled away. Neither will we walk through the shades of midnight, for there will be no night there! There will be no moon, nor stars to illumine the place, for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb be the light thereof!"

Farewell—I may not dwell with you, but ye shall come and abide with me, if ye continue to walk in the path, where I have guided your steps."

Never more were the steps of that young maiden seen in the halls of mirth, or the paths of sin. She went about among the children of sorrow, and went, and binding up the wounds of sorrow and relieving the pangs of want. She hung over the death-bed of the penitent and breathed words of hope into the dull ear of despair. Men looked upon her as she passed along in her youthful beauty, as an angel visitor, and they blessed her in her wanderings. Her once companions turned aside, shrinking from communion with one, whose eyes now spoke a holier language than that of earth. They felt that she was no longer one of them, and after wondering and speaking of her a little while, she was forgotten by them in the reveries of pleasure.

At length she was no longer seen by those who watched for her daily ministrations. Her place was vacant in the temple of God. The music of her voice was no more heard in prayer and praise.—On a lowly couch in her own darkened room, that

young maiden was reclining. Her face was pallid, and her eyes dim, and her mother was weeping over her. Flowers were strewn upon her pillow, whose sweet breath stole lovingly over her faded cheek; and as the curtains of the windows waved softly in the night breeze, the moonbeams glided in and kissed her brow. The mother heard no step, but she felt the air part near the couch, and looking up she saw a figure standing in white flowing robes by her daughter's side, with a face of such unearthly sweetness, she trembled as she gazed upon her.

"Maiden," said she "I have come once more. I told thee we should meet again, and this is the appointed hour. Does thy spirit welcome my coming?"

"My soul has thirsted for thee," answered the faint voice of the maiden, "even as the blossom thirsts for the dew of the morning; but I may not follow thee now, for my feeble feet bear me no longer over the threshold of home."

"Thy feet shall be as the young roe on the mountain," answered the white robed stranger, "thou shalt mount on wings as the eagle." Then bending over the couch and breathing on the cheek of the maiden, its pale hue changed to the whiteness of marble, and the hand which the mother held, turned cold as an icicle. At the same moment the folds of the stranger's robe floated from her shoulders, and wings of resplendent azure softened with gold, fluttered on the gaze. Divine perfumes filled the atmosphere, and a low sweet melody, like the silvery murmuring of distant waters echoed through the chamber. Awe-struck and bewildered, the mother turned from the breathless form of her child, to the celestial figure of the stranger, when she saw it gradually fading from her sight, and encircled in its arms there seemed another being of shadowy brightness, with out spread wings and fleecy robes, and soft, glorious eyes fixed steadfastly on her till they melted away and were seen no more. Then the mother bowed herself in adoration, as well as submission; for she knew she had looked on one of those angel messengers who are sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation." She had seen too, a vision of her daughter's ascending spirit and she mourned not over the dust she had left behind.

TOBACCO.

A SHORT PATEM SERMON.

The following—by whom I know not, neither do I care—must serve as a text to my present discourse:

Tobacco is an Indian weed.

It was the devil that sowed the seed. My indulgent and respected hearers—it was the devil, beyond all question, who first sowed the seed, and who is still the sole owner and proprietor of all that is, or ever will be raised of this soul-contaminating vegetable. O, you vile tobacco worms! I hardly know whether it is best to poke you about with a long stick of rancour, or stand farther off and rely upon the enticing powers of persuasion. I expect, however, to accomplish but little, any way.

My hearers—to such of you as are in the habit of chewing, allow me to address myself. If you don't leave off the filthy practice, I shall put you down upon my catalogue of unclean beasts, to be shunned and avoided by all decent society. It is a practice productive of no good whatever, and fraught with more evils than a scavenger's horse can carry. It renders your carcases as loathsome and disgusting as those of buzzards. It stains your dicykeys, as well as your moral characters—blackens both your teeth and your souls—causes an odoriferous stench to flow continually from your mouths—and not only infuses deadly poison into your blood, but leads you to an inclination for occasional dissipation—from that to semi-occasional intoxication. Man's mouth, my friends, was never made for a tobacco-box; and I wonder how any one can have the courage to chew that which he dare not swallow. I'd like to see a man stuff some of the trash into his abominable pantry. If he didn't feel uncomfortable about the waist-bands soon after, it would be because sickness was afraid to come near him.

Snuffing, my friends, is nearly, if not quite, as bad as chewing, and I grieve to observe that females as well as males are addicted to it. When I see a woman who speaks as though her nasal organ was made of bell metal—who says puff'n for pudding—whose skin is as yellow as the latter end of autumn, I know she takes snuff in sufficient quantities to make an Egyptian mummy sneeze in its sarcophagus; and I also know that her brains are equally as dirty as the handkerchief she uses—and that's enough to throw a pair of tongs into convulsions. Many pretend that they take snuff to clear their heads. It clears their heads in time of all sparkling, brilliant, and original ideas, and leaves instead, a confused chaos of unfinished thoughts—wreck of fancy, and any number of untamed chimeras. That is the way in which it clears their heads, my friends. The less dust you admit into your noses the clearer your heads will be—the better your health—and the more transparent your morals.—*Done, Jr.*

From the Chicago American.

HOW THEY ADMINISTER JUSTICE IN TEXAS.

The following is the report of certain proceedings recently had before John E. Jeffers, Esq., a high judicial officer of the Republic of Texas, who is thus described:

"The above named individual is from New Jersey, and if he had lived in the days of Hogarth he might have been immortalized in oil colors. He is 4 feet 6 inches high, and 6 feet in thickness, with an abdomen worthy of Falstaff. When dressed out in his mud pumps, hunting shirt and Mexican chapeau, he looks the fac simile of the Jack of Clubs. His nose resembles a vermilion pear, half way buried in a basket of strawberries. The following is a report of proceedings before him at the last court:

vs. Jim Donagan } For stealing a mule.

The testimony was conclusive against the accused, and the prosecuting attorney declined summing up.

Magistrate—You must speak on this case, or don't me, I'll discharge the criminal. You can't come it over old Jeffers by laying low and playing dummy. My judgment is that the prisoner stole the mule; but as he is a poor man, this entirely does away with the criminal intention which constitutes a theft, as brother Bill used to say in the Jarsies, in similar cases, and brother Bill was a first chop lawyer.

Then, as there was no criminal intention, the mule will belong to the prisoner, and the prisoner will be discharged by paying costs of prosecution. The prosecuting attorney will be sent off to the brig* two days for contempt of court, in not arguing the case and producing the law. The court will now adjourn all cases on the docket till more ice arrives from New Orleans, for the court prefers ice in liquor this hot weather; and the parties must bring it in liberally when it arrives, or they will be erased from the docket; them's old Jeffers's sentiments.—Now slope!"

*The brig is an old hulk which was driven ashore in 1837—the hold of which, in the absence of better accommodation, is used for a jail.

CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRING.

Thomas Trotter

STILL continues to repair Clocks and Watches in the very best manner, if requested by the owner to do so. He is well supplied with all kinds of materials. His Shop is in the Jewellery Store of S. P. Alexander, situated South from the Courthouse, between the "Mansion House" and the "Charlotte Hotel." It will be his earnest desire to do work faithfully, so as to merit encouragement. His price shall be as moderate as possible for CASH. [Charlotte, July 6, 1841..4w

THE CULTIVATOR,

A consolidation of Buel's Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer.

WILLIS GAYLORD & LUTHER TUCKER, Editors.

Prospectus of Vol. 8, for 1841.

THE CULTIVATOR was established to improve and elevate the Agriculture of the country; to give a proper tone to the morals and mind of the farmer; to show him the dignity and importance of his profession; to store his mind with useful knowledge, and convince him that while all classes are and must be more or less dependent on each other, he alone of the whole can make any near approach to independence. If there is one thing more than another, which in this country gives a man superiority over his fellow men, it is knowledge; and this knowledge,—knowledge which is essential to the success of the farmer as to other men,—it is the design of the Cultivator to aid in imparting.

The volume for 1840, is filled entirely with ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, embracing articles from about 300 Correspondents, from almost every State in the Union.

If an increase of subscription beyond any precedent in the history of Agricultural Journals,—if the almost unanimous voice of the public press in our favor,—if the multitude of private yet flattering testimonials we have received, added to a circulation amounting the first year to TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND, may be admitted as evidence, then we have certainly most abundant reason to be gratified with the success which has attended the Union of the Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer. No expense has been or will be spared to render the Cultivator worthy of the patronage it has received. In the number, variety and excellence of its ILLUSTRATIONS, it is without a rival at home or abroad, the last volume being embellished with nearly ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS, illustrating the improved breeds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Building, Implements, &c., making the Cultivator, all things considered, it is believed, the Cheapest Agricultural Paper ever published in this or any other country.

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Journal of Banking:

BY WILLIAM M. GOUGE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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4th. Such miscellaneous matter as will, while it will add to the interests of the work, subserve its main object, which is that of showing the true character of our paper money and banking system, and the effect it has on the morals and happiness of the different classes of the community.

This Journal will be especially intended for Farmers and Mechanics, but it is hoped it will not prove uninteresting to Merchants and other productive members of society.

It will be published once every two weeks. Each number will contain sixteen pages octavo, double column, with the leaves stitched and cut, thus uniting the advantages of the open sheet with a form convenient for binding.

The paper will be fair and the type good. The price will be— For one copy, one dollar and fifty cents a year. For four copies, five dollars, or one dollar and twenty-five cents each. For ten copies, ten dollars, or one dollar each. In all cases, subscriptions must be paid in advance.

PROSPECTUS OF

The Lincoln Republican.

It was the intention of the undersigned to issue a Prospectus some time previous to the commencement of the present (the 5th) Volume of this paper; but some arrangements becoming necessary, and which could not be effected at an earlier day, this Prospectus was unavoidably delayed until the present time.

The undersigned has now the gratification of being able to assure the friends of the paper, and of the cause in which it is engaged, that the Lincoln Republican is now placed on a sure foundation; and that nothing is wanting to ensure its long continuation, but the exertions of its friends; and he would take this occasion to call upon them to bestir themselves in its behalf.

He cannot deem it necessary to say more than that the Lincoln Republican will continue to pursue the course it has heretofore marked out. Its doctrines are, and will be, the doctrines of the Republican School of '38 & '39; and it will, as heretofore, endeavor to show, that every departure from them, in the administration of the affairs of the Government, is subversive of the rights of the States and of the liberties of the people; and therefore, it is only by a strict adherence to them, that these rights and those liberties can be preserved. These are the opinions of the undersigned; and so long as the paper remains under his control, such shall be the doctrines it will endeavor to inculcate.

Though not personally interested, the undersigned cannot refrain from calling on the opponents of a National Bank, a high and famous Tariff, a Distribution of the proceeds of the Public lands, an assumption of the State Debts by the General Government, and of Abolitionism and all its horrors—on the friends of State Rights Republicanism, the uncompromising opponents of all the dangerous doctrines of Federalism, to rally around and sustain the Republican presses of the country. For, it is obvious, that to the supineness of the Democracy in this respect, and to the vigilance of the Federalists, may be traced the defeat of the Republican party at the late elections; and in a change of color,