



RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Richer still, a store of blessings pour
O'er every land."

"LIVE ON YOUR FARMS."

Messrs. Editors.—I have noticed, with no ordinary interest, the zealous and efficient efforts which you are making to advance the cause of agriculture, and I believe the great objects connected with it may be more readily accomplished if the planter can be induced to live on his plantation. It is an easy matter to obtain a general scientific knowledge of agriculture—the character of soils best adapted to the production of certain plants, and the properties of their fertility—yet the mode of rendering this acquired knowledge of practical utility, is a more serious undertaking than planters who have not resided on their plantations are aware of. The system of agriculture is essentially one of details, and he who expects to approximate any thing like perfection in the art of planting must place himself in a position where he can bestow his personal attention to the various interests of the farm. There are advantages to be taken at the different alterations of the weather in the preparation of the soil and in the cultivation of the growing crop, which are the results of observation and experience—matters to be accumulated and properly prescribed for the ensuing year, which cannot be safely entrusted to agents whose term of office may expire at the close of the then existing year; and, in fact, all the minutiae of a plantation, which, in the aggregate, constitute an important element in successful tillage, can never receive the necessary attention unless it is under the direct supervision of the party immediately interested. I am aware that there exist plausible objections, which many planters urge, to living on their farms; but the force of these objections will diminish in proportion to the number who will abandon their homes in the city, and settle in the country. The principal reasons generally assigned are, the want of school and a well organized system of society, whereby they would be forced to make sacrifices in the education of their children, and the absence of social and intellectual enjoyment. It is a well known fact, Messrs. Editors, that there will be no improvement of any description, unless those who are to be the recipients of its benefits will adopt the mode by which the objects desired are to be accomplished. And there can be no question but what all the advantages attached to the city life can be abundantly secured, if those who own plantations would settle on them, and associate their efforts in the establishment of schools and churches, and by the force of their example, induce the rising generation to expend their patriotic zeal and intellectual energies in the cultivation and improvement of the soil.

But aside from this, Messrs. Editors, there is one consideration which should be more seriously entertained than is usual with planters, generally; and that is, the proper regulation and treatment of our servants. The subject of slavery in many respects has become one of exciting and increasing interest, and in no respect does it present itself with more satisfaction to our reason and humanity, than the increased efforts which are now being made to elevate the moral condition of the slave. The slaveholder occupies a peculiarly interesting and responsible position, not only as regards his personal relations to his servants, but by his acts of kindness and attention to them he becomes the best and surest friend of the "insultion," that is now recklessly assailed by a large portion of the civilized world. [S. Planter.]

SWEET POTATO CROP.

The productiveness and value of this crop, as an article of food on the plantation, is very happily shown in the annexed paper, read a year or two since before the Black Oak Agricultural Society, by M. J. Samuel Poreher, well known to our readers. The name will be sufficient to commend it to a careful consideration. What a noble example is to be found in this venerable planter. During his whole life he has been systematic, observant, and energetic in all the operations of his plantation. He has conceived and carried out improvements on his plantation, that to ordinary minds in the beginning, seemed visionary and impossible. His success in planning and executing his embarkment is honor enough for one man. He has lived to see the system complete, the work a profitable outlay of money, and his policy and plan followed by others.

He has reached a number of years rather

than any other fruit tree. The principal mode of producing them is from the seed. So says the Charleston Mercury.

GOOD NEWS FOR PEACH GROWERS.—

Under this head, in a recent number of the New York Express, we find the following article. It cannot fail to be of interest not only to peach-growers, but to peach-eaters everywhere:
"We have seen peach trees in the District of Columbia this summer having much larger and more delicious peaches than our more northern fruit, and trees in the highest state of perfection, in consequence of being painted near the root by a cheap chemical paint, prepared by J. C. Lewis, Esq., of Washington city. This preparation works the almost instant destruction of the grub-worm, the enemy of both tree and fruit, and so great an enemy that it is a common thing for them to destroy the fruit entirely in from three to five years. Having seen the perfection of the remedy, and the vigor of the tree and fruit in consequence of its application, we can recommend it to our friends in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and everywhere where peach orchards are in cultivation."

Courts and Disappointment.

Miss Sukey Smith had fixed her eye on a young man, and looked across upon her favorite youth. Her eyes were grey, and looked across upon her favorite youth. Her eyes were grey, and looked across upon her favorite youth.

That squire was a jolly youth, so nimble, blithe and brawny, that yellow fever took him off one day to California. And when I heard that he was gone, "It's now," said I, "or never!" I shaved myself and greased my shoes, and tried to look quite clever. I figured myself from top to toe, and caught and mounted Robin, but all the way I rode along, my heart it kept a throbbing.

And when I reached my daddy's door, it still kept on a thumping. But when I saw that heavenly maid it kinder stopped a minute. 'Twas half past five, when at her feet I knelt, and yet ere dinner, with honied speech and winning ways, I had contrived to win her.

Some months elapsed—to set the day I now began to press her. I urged, entreated, plead in vain—in vain did I caress her. While matters were thus cross'd and pill'd, My clothes all growing soiled, My rival from the mines returned, Still for my Sukey greedy.

I saw him kinder side up, and slip his arms around her, When—heavens and earth! she let him kiss those precious lips! Confound her! I told her that I was surprised— My eyes had sure deceiv'd me— And asked her to renew her vows, and from suspense relieve me. When, don't you think, the tarnal gal, Her thumb upon her smeller; Her fingers wriggled as she said— "Can't come it, little fellow!"

A PAINFUL CASE.

An account of a recent trial at the Old Bailey, in London, Lord Chief Justice Tindal, presiding: George Hammond, a portrait painter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against him by the grand jury for wilful murder, with malice aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope dancer and a mountebank. The prisoner was a man of middle height, but slender form. His eyes were blue and mild. His whole bearing gave evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was forty years of age, had a soft voice, and his appearance and manner bore testimony to his being a man of distinguished education in spite of the poverty of his dress. On being called on to plead, the prisoner admitted that he did kill Baldwin, and he deplored the act, adding, however, that on his soul and conscience he did not believe himself guilty. Thereupon, a jury was empannelled to try the prisoner. The indictment was then read to the jury, and the act of killing being admitted, the government rested their case, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. The prisoner then addressed himself to the court and jury:— "My Lord," said he, "my justification is to be found in the recital of the facts. Three years ago I lost a daughter, then four years of age, the sole memorial left of my beloved wife whom I had pleased God to recall to himself. I lost her, but I did not see her die, as I

had seen her mother die. She disappeared—she was stolen from me. She was a charming child, and but for her I had nobody in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffered cannot be described—you cannot comprehend it. I have expended in advertising and fruitless searches every thing I possessed—furniture, pictures, even so my clothes. All have been sold. For three years, and on foot, I have sought for my child, in all the cities and all the villages in the three kingdoms. As soon as by painting portraits I had succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to London to recommence my advertisements in the newspapers. At length on the 14th of April last, I crossed the Smithfield cattle market. In the centre of the market a troupe of mountebanks were performing their feats. Among them a child was turning on its head, its legs in the air, and its head supported by a halberd. A ray from the soul of its mother must at that moment have penetrated my own, for me to have recognized my child in that condition. It was my poor child. Her mother would perhaps have precipitated herself towards her, and locked herself in her arms. As for me, a veil passed over my eyes. I threw myself upon the chief of the rope-dancers. I know not how it was, I, habitual gentle, even to weakness, seized him by his clothes—I raised him in the air, then dashed him to the ground—again, he was dead. Afterwards I regretted what I had done. At the moment I regretted that I was only able to kill but one."

Lord Chief Justice Tindal.—"These are not Christian sentiments. How can you expect the court and jury to look with favor on your defence, or God to pardon you, if you cannot forgive?" Prisoner.—"I know, my lord, what will be your judgment, and that of the jury, but God has already pardoned; I feel it in my heart. You know not—I know not then—the whole extent of evil that man had done me. When some compassionate people brought me my child, she was no longer pure and angelic as formerly, she was corrupted, body and soul—her manner, her language, infamous like those of the people whom she had been living. She no longer recognized me, and I no longer recognized her myself. Do you think I comprehend now? That man had killed my child. And I—I have killed him but once."

Foreman.—"My Lord, we have agreed in our verdict." Chief Justice.—"I understand you, gentlemen, but the law must take its course. I must sum up the case, and then you will retire to deliberate."

The chief justice having summed up the case, the jury retired, and in an instant after returned into the court with the verdict, "Not Guilty." On the discharge of Hammond, the sheriff was obliged to surround him with an escort. The crowd of women and men was immense. The women were determined to carry him off in triumph. The crowd followed him all the way to his lodgings with deafening shouts and huzzas.

WHY HE DISPOSED OF THE HORSE.

A MATTER OF FACT SKETCH—BY THE "YOUNG 'UN."
Mr. Sellum is a horse-jockey; that is, when he is not more profitably employed, he is not ashamed, so he says, to "try his for'n in that very respectable calling."

We dropped in at Bailey's Bazaar a few weeks since, and very soon after Sellum arrived, a superb-looking charger, mounted by a graceful rider, pranced up the court and entered the arena, to be sold at public vendue. "There he is, gents," said the auctioneer, "there he is! a splendid beast—look at him and judge for yourselves. There's an ear, a forearm, a nostril, an eye for you! That animal, gentlemen, was 'knocked down' to a gentleman under the hammer, less than three months ago, for two hundred and eighty dollars. But I am authorized to-day to sell that horse—let him bring more or less. He's a beauty! fine figure, splendid saddle beast, natural gait fourteen miles to the hour, trots a mile in 2:42, and altogether he's a great horse," (which last remark no one could doubt, for he weighed eleven hundred pounds.) "How much an I offered for that beautiful horse?" continued the auctioneer. "Move him round the ring once, John—that's it—elegant motion."

There the horse stopped short, and refused to budge another inch, though John buried the reynolds to the shoulder into his ribs. "Give me a bid, gentlemen, if you please, that horse must be sold." "Twenty dollars," was heard from one corner of the room. "Twenty dollars!" screamed the auctioneer, with a seemingly ironical laugh. "I'm offered the stupendous sum of twenty dollars, gentlemen, for that animal. Are there no sausage-makers in this con-

gregation? I'm offered only twenty dollars! But, gentlemen, as I said, the horse is here to be sold, so I shall accept the bid."

"Twenty dollars?" I'm offered twenty dollars, twenty dollars, twenty—twenty—give me thirty?—Twenty dollars, twenty—did I hear thirty?—Twenty dollars—give five? Twenty dollars—did I hear five?—Twenty—give two and a half? Twenty dollars—say one? Shall I have twenty-one? Twenty—if that's the best bid, down he goes, gentlemen! Twenty dollars—going! Twenty, only—who's the fortunate buyer?"

"Sellum, John Sellum," said our friend. "John Sellum, twenty dollars," says the auctioneer; "you've got a horse as is a horse, Mr. Sellum." And the fortunate John bore his magnificent charger away in triumph. A few days subsequently, an old acquaintance met John in the city, and inquired about his purchase. "Got that horse yet, John?" "No, I sold him." "So soon—what for?" "Well, nothin' in particular, but I didn't fancy the critter, all things considered."

"He was sound, wasn't he?" "Well, I reck'n he wasn't, that is to say, I calk'd late he wasn't. Show'd very good pluck, till I got him down into Washington street, after I left the Bazaar, but just opposite the Old South, he fell slap down on the pavement." "Pshaw! you don't say so!" "Yas. Blind-stagger—must kind, but I didn't mind that, so I took him home, and nursed him a little. Put him in the gig next day—wouldn't start a peg! Coaxed him, draw'd him, run a hot wire in his ear, collop'd him, and so for h, and finally burnt a fire under him. All no use; cunning rascal—got right down on the pile o' lighted shavings, and put it out!"

Here his friend smiled. "That wasn't t'ut'n, tho." Went to get inter the wag'n, he started fore I gathered up the ribbons. Went 'bout three rods for'ard, and stopped again quirk'n' lightning. Thro'd me out over his head, int'r the horse trough—kicked himself out o' the shafts, and run a mile afore we ketched him. Brought him back, put him in the stall—low stable—got out of his reach, an' then begun to whale 'im. Then he kicked up agin; knocked the floor all through overhead, stove his chest, and the stable was smashed. The stable door happened to be open, and down went his hind legs clean to the hips. There I had him foul."

"Yes, you did," replied his friend. "I got a piece o' plank, an' I ham'd 'im for 'bout ten minutes, when I hanged if he didn't git mad! and kicked hisself out o' the hole. Next mornin' found him swelled up big as four hog-heads. Rub'd sperrets o' turpentine all over 'im an' the ungrateful rascal kep' tryin' to kick me for it. Give him nothin' to eat for eight days, an' the swellin' went down agin! Took him out o' the stable, and found him lame, behind."

"Very likely!" "But, on a closer examination, ses he was full as lame for'ard; one balanced 'other, so he couldn't lump. One eye had been knock' out in the fight, but the head-stall ketched that mi-fo't'n. Brushed 'im down carefully, and put on the jiny harness. Led him down the street, an' met an old gen in search of a "spirited" beast. Asked me if I wanted to sell?" "No sir!" sez I. "Wo't you take for 'm?" sez he. "He's high strung," sez I. "He is," sez he; "wo't he worth?" "I never warrants horses," sez I. "Ef you want 'm jest as he is—your'e a good judge o' horses, no doubt!" sez I. "Wal, I am," sez he. "Very well, then; you may hev 'm for two hundred dollars," sez I. "The old gen peeped into his mouth, stroked his neck, looked very know'n, and replied:— "I'll give you a hundred and fifty."

"Spt'n the difference," sez I. "Done!" sez he. "The hoss is your'n," sez I. "He give me the money, took the animal, an' that's the last I've heern o' him or that hoss." "Possible!" exclaimed his friend. "Yas, under all the suckenstances, I tho't that it wa't best to keep the beast, you see, so I let him go."

"Where are you going now?" asked his friend. "To York." "When do you return?" "Not at present," said Mr. Sellum, slyly—and I reckon he didn't. (Wanted!—an Honest, Industrious Boy.) We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson. "An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of

in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master merchant will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; parents for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsmen will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him for a beau, and finally, for a husband. An honest and industrious boy! Just think of it, boys; will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—Are you honest? You may be well dressed and create a favorable impression at first sight—Are you both "honest and industrious"? You may apply for a "good situation"—Are you sure that your friends, teachers and acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? O, how would you feel, your character nothing thus established, on hearing the words "cannot employ you." Nothing else will make up for a lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious, must work an' labor; then will you be "called and election" for places of profit and trust "be made sure."

A CHINESE FUNERAL IN CALIFORNIA is described in the San Francisco papers. Mr. Ai-hang, a respectable merchant from Canton, died from the effects of a disease contracted on his passage to California. The funeral procession of his countrymen, attired in their native costume, was very striking, and probably the largest ever witnessed outside the Celestial Empire. On arriving at the cemetery, they all proceeded to the different graves of their countrymen, buried there at various times, sprinkled vine upon their tombs, and performed a variety of other ceremonies very singular to us "outsiders," after which the body was consigned to the grave with much ceremony—throwing into the grave the white ribbon which they all wore upon their left arm as a badge of mourning; burning candles, incense, touches, and slips of gilt paper, at the foot of the grave. Next, the funeral procession moved, who approached the grave, much affected, and performed nine genuflections, kissing the ground and sobbing. After which they profusely distributed wine, cigars, and perforated Chinese coin among all present. They then returned with the most perfect decorum to their homes. The whole scene appeared to be one of joy instead of mourning.

A BELGIAN SOMERSET.—At the last Brussels races, the young Marquis d'Aut, a Belgian lion of the very first rank, chose to ride swiftly along an interdicted path. He was stopped by a soldier, one of the armed force entrusted with the police superintendence of the locality, who civilly requested him to withdraw. The hot-headed Marquis answered the summons by striking the man with his whip and riding on. He was arrested, and sentenced, like our English captain, to a week's imprisonment. The affair, however, did not terminate there. The soldier was brought before a military tribunal, and was sentenced to seven days' arrest for not cutting down the individual who had dared to force his post. As for the marquis, as soon as he was liberated, he was challenged to fight by every officer in the regiment of which the soldier in question is a member, and the striking of whom was looked upon as an insult to all. *Galvani's Messenger.*

ROMANCE AND MATRIMONY.—The Chief of the Choctaw Indians of Arkansas, Dr. Okah Tubbee, was married at Niagara Falls lately, to a charming young white lady, who suddenly fell in love with him while travelling on a steamer, and Victoria-like proposed that they should be married. He first captivated her by his elegant flute playing, and then by the music of his words, as he is an accomplished man and scholar. When about to part on the steamer, at a town, she "declared herself," and the Chief quickly responded upon his knees, saying he had a vision of this happy event. They then parted to make arrangements for the bridal, and met the next day at Niagara Falls, where the ceremony was consummated on the banks of the river, under the blue arch of heaven, in the presence of friends. The first minister who was called to officiate, after looking on a while, shrunk from the task; but one of more nerve being produced, he put the matter through. The bride paid him \$20 in gold from her own purse. Mrs. Tubbee and her husband returned to Medina, N. Y., the paper at which please relates this affair. The chief goes to Europe shortly.