

Literary and Miscellaneous.

The following lines, full of deep and delicate feelings, are from the pen of Mrs. Norton.

A CARELESS WORD.

A word is ringing on my brain, It was not meant to give me pain; It had no tone to bid it stay;

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now, In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe; By night, by day, in sun or shade,

It was the first, the only one Of those, which lips forever gone Breathed in their love—which had for me,

Oh! ye who meeting, sigh to part, Whose words are treasures to some heart, Deal gently, ere the dark days come,

From the New Monthly Magazine. TWENTY YEARS.—BY T. H. BAYLEY, ESQ.

They tell me twenty years have pass'd Since I have look'd upon the last, And thought the fairest of the fair,

Still thy cheek is round and fair; Mid thy curls but one grey hair; Not one lurking sorrow lies;

But what means that changing brow? Tears are in those dark eyes now; Have my rash, incautious words

Thou hast been a happy bride, Kneeling by a lover's side; And unclouded was thy life,

Oh! I see my error now, To suppose, in cheek and brow, Strangers may presume to find

Where's the hope that can abate The grief of hearts thus desolate; That can youth's best pangs assuage,

QUEEN MARY'S MARRIAGE.

The following description of the marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the French Prince Francis, is extracted from Bell's History of this celebrated woman.

The marriage for which so many preparations had thus been made, was solemnized in the church of Notre Dame, the ceremony being performed by the Cardinal of Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen.—Upon this occasion, the festivities were graced by the presence of all the most illustrious personages of the court of France; and when Francis, taking the ring from his finger presented it to the archbishop, who, pronouncing the benediction, placed it on the young queen's finger, the vaulted roof of the cathedral rung with congratulations, and the multitude without rent the air with joyful shouts.

spired by those feelings which beauty seldom fails to excite, every heart offered up prayers for her future welfare and happiness. She was now at that age when feminine loveliness is perhaps most attractive. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that in her sixteenth year, her charms had ripened into that full blown maturity which they afterwards attained; but they were, on this account, only the more fascinating. Some have conjectured that Mary's beauty has been extolled far beyond its real merits; and it cannot be denied that many vague and erroneous notions exist regarding it.

PEALE'S NOTES ON ITALY.

The pleasure and information which are to be derived from a perusal of this work, by the lover of the fine arts, cannot, in this place, be dilated on. Of the discriminating taste with which Mr Peale made and recorded his observations on the productions of the pencil and chisel, in Italy, we have abundant proofs in the volume before us. This was to be expected from his known reputation as an artist and well read gentleman. We are glad to obtain from him confidence to express fearlessly our opinions of certain celebrated productions of art, which, at the time when we examined them ourselves, we were loth to do, having the learned critiques of connoisseurs, and elaborate eulogies of guide books under our eyes.

"In many through fares, temporary benches and shelves are seen piled up with vegetables, chiefly lettuce and radishes, which are very cheap, and constitute a great part of the food of the poor. It is curious to see them eating a long compact head of lettuce, as they walk along the street, without salt or bread. The shops for the sale of provisions are well filled with bacon, sausages, fish, &c. and the windows are generally lined with columns of cheese, of which the Italians seemed fond, though we call them tough and insipid.

"As the warm weather advances, every kind of workman who can get out his little bench, apparatus, or chair, is at work in the street, close up to his house. I have counted nine shoemakers, with their stalls, in front of one house, for the purpose of enjoying light and air. Benches and chairs are likewise occupied by the idle, chiefly old gentlemen, in front of the coffee-houses, especially in the Corso, where they are amused by the continual movement of carriages and pedestrians. In the evening, especially on holidays, tables are spread out with white cloths, and brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers, containing various articles of food, whilst a cook is busy on one side with his portable kitchen, cooking doughnuts, or other articles which are eaten on the spot."

"Immense quantities of eggs are for sale at the provision shops, especially at Easter; but a more extraordinary spectacle occurs in many parts of the city, even in the most gay and fashionable streets. I have seen, sometimes, a hundred hens feeding in and around the door of one of these shops, by which you are aware that fresh eggs may be procured every day.—The shop-keeper may be deceived in those which are brought him from the country; but, if he be an honest man himself, with his own hens, he can assure his customers, at double or triple price, that his eggs are just laid."

"The Romans are certainly a sober people, but the lower classes, though they are not afflicted by Irish, Scotch, or American whiskey, Holland gin or English porter, yet often indulge to excess in the cheap wine of the country. Every body drinks wine, and to offer water to a beggar would be an insult. It is only used occasionally with lemons in hot weather. At a late hour in the evening, in many streets, may be heard the noise of Bacchanalian merriment, proceeding from some deep cavernous chamber, which, seen by lamp-light, shows nothing but coarse plastered walls, a greasy brick pavement, and benches and tables, around which, in the absence of all other comforts, the most miserable enjoy their principal or only meal of the day, and freely circulate the bottle as a social bond. Besides, on holidays, the wine shops are frequented by groups of men and women, who sometimes exhibit around the door a noisy and licentious crowd. But wine is not always deemed sufficient, and those who are disposed to take a walk about sunrise, may every day see persons with little baskets of aqua vita, which is swallowed by artificers between their beds and their work-shop."

Education in France.—A magnificent scheme is at this moment in operation in France, to afford the means of useful and improving reading to the whole body of the working population of France, by placing a public library in every one of the 40,000 communes (or parishes) into which the kingdom is divided.

Unlike similar national institutions—which have hitherto, much to its credit, been the work of Government—the plan in question is to be accomplished by individual philanthropy. A capital is to be created by subscription, divided in shares of the moderate sum of fifteen francs (or 12s.) Each library is to consist, at the commencement, of 200 volumes, printed expressly for the society, of dimensions, and upon a paper, such that the collection, with illustrative maps and plates, may cost only 300 francs (or 12s.). Thus, twenty shares suffice to purchase a library.—One person may subscribe for any number of shares; and as the society may not be completed to its full extent at first, the holder or holders of twenty shares, have a right to nominate a commune, which shall, in the first instance, have the right conferred on it. The books are to consist of the best elementary works on the arts, sciences, and literature, history, biography, poetry, and other subjects, selected by a committee at Paris, by whom the affairs of the institution are to be conducted under responsibility to the subscribers. Quarterly meetings are to be held, and reports of proceedings to be furnished. Donations of books, maps, and similar objects, will, of course, be received by the separate establishments. The other details of management and arrangement, as explained in a prospectus now before us, seem judicious; and upon that liberality of footing to the lower orders of the community, which does so much honor to our Gallic neighbors, in all their public undertakings.

EXTINCTION OF THE BRITISH LANGUAGE.—The Britons were so unmix'd with their conquerors, that they kept their ancient speech until the reign of Henry VIII., when it gradually became obsolete. In the reign of Queen Anne, it was only known in a few villages near the Land's End. The children as they grew up learnt English, and as the old Cornish folks died off, the language gradually expired with them, so that towards the middle of the reign of King George the III. one Dolly Pentreath, an old fish-widow, who resided about three miles from Mousehold, near Penzance, was the only surviving individual in the world who conversed in the tongue, of the ancient Damnonian Britons, which tongue, however, she put to a bad use, since she principally employed it in swearing and grumbling when she could not get a good price for her fish, or in scolding when she was offended. At this present time, the names of fields and towns, hills and rivers, in Cornwall, are the only memorials of the British language, whose extinction cannot be contemplated without sentiments approaching to regret. The most useful political virtues arise from an honest feeling of nationality; and no badge of nationality is more innocent and efficient than the cherished possession of an ancient, and, at the same time, peculiar language.—Mackintosh's History of England.

NIGHT.

The following is one of Willis' rhapsodies; we extract it from the June number of the American Monthly Magazine. "One must write by night in weather like this. We will sit down with you to our Table at twelve—(the clock is striking it at this moment.) How finely the full tones sweep past through the air, as if they would take up your thought and carry it many miles away to the very friend you are thinking of at the moment. The Sentinel at the Fort, heard that clock, and the 'first scholar' looked up from his Fluxions at Cambridges and walked to the window to cool his strained eyes as the vibration reached him, and the sleepless maniac at Charleston turned his insane gaze aside and listened to the twelve solemn strokes with habitual attention. How many haunts of wretchedness, hidden from human eye in the depths of human hearts, have these cold vibrations reached, while they are dying so carelessly on our ears! What tales, could they but return, articulate; might they not tell of secret misery; sickness unwatched, and praying sorrow, and fear, and care, and the thousand bitter cankers that lie and feed at the very heart-strings, beyond all reach of medicine, perhaps of sympathy. Many a wife sits watching with a broken heart for her husband's step,—many a mother for her child's—many a venturesome merchant lies haunted by fears of shipwreck and fire—many an undetected defaulter fancies voices at his door—many a young girl, just finding out that love is only a heaviness, and a tear, mused bitterly over the caprice of a moment, or an unmet trifle. And these are the only watchers—for the happily are asleep—save perhaps the bride on her dainty wrought pillow murmuring in a low tone to the ear that will soon tire of its monotony—or the fervent poet building up his dream into the sky, with his eyes straining into the darkness, and his pulse mounting with the leaping freedom of an angel's, forgetful that the world will trample out his fiery spirit to ashes, and laugh to scorn the fine work of his towering fancy. 'Tis a beautiful night. The stars are all rilliant and sparkling, and the air is loaded

with honeysuckle and roses. How much sweeter they are than by day! How much there is in the night every way better than the same things by daylight! The wind is clearer, the body cooler, the fancy more luxuriant, the temper more genial—and this with silence and sweet air and starlight—and who would be regular and 'sleep betimes!' Take the health we should gain, Master Moralist, and give us the pleasure we should lose by it."

Ship Timber.—A writer in the New Bedford Gazette remarks, that it is the universal practice of ship builders to have their timber cut in the winter or spring months; probably, because timber cut at this season is supposed to be more durable, or rather, because labour is cheaper, and transportation is both more easy and less expensive at this season than any other. A gentleman who has been a master-builder and ship owner more than thirty years, and in almost constant employ, has informed the writer that the timber of two of the most durable ships which he had ever built, was cut the one in July, and the other in August; and he was fully confirmed in the opinion, after all his experience, that timber cut in those months would be more durable than that cut at any other time, because the ground in July and August is usually dry and does not afford moisture sufficient for the formation of much sap. The sap necessary to the formation of the leaves having already ascended, and the leaves at maturity, are at this time supported as much or more by the descending sap. He further stated, that the hot dry winds of July and August passing over fresh cut and fresh hewn timber was a more efficient preserver than all the salt in the world.

We were highly gratified last evening in witnessing the opening of the superb Organ recently put up in St. Thomas' Church, by Mr. Erben the builder. This magnificent instrument is the largest ever built or used in the United States; its case is 35 feet high, 18 feet 6 inches wide, and 11 feet deep; it contains 28 stops, has 3 sets of keys, and Pedal Bass; the number of pipes contained in it are 1700; the largest pipe is 22 feet long and 21 by 18 inches calibre, equal to 57 cubic feet. The case is superbly finished in the Gothic order, and the tones of the instrument, to say the least of them, we think have not been excelled by any other in this country.

Several eminent musical professors attended on the occasion, to try the organ; and a highly respectable audience enjoyed a great treat in hearing it touched in a manner, which, while it did but justice to the high finish of the instrument, was highly honourable to the musical talent of our city.

We feel assured we only speak in accordance with the feelings of all who have seen and heard this instrument, when we say that Mr. Erben has done himself great credit in making and erecting it.—Courier & Enquirer.

The Prefect of Police of Paris has issued an ordinance concerning dogs. It is forbidden, at all times, to let them wander through the streets without being muzzled. They must hereafter have a collar, either in metal, or in leather with a plate of metal, on which the name and residence of their owner shall be engraved. Dogs must likewise be kept muzzled within the warehouses, shops, workshops, or other establishments and places whatsoever that may be open to the public, even when they are chained. The proprietors and conductors of diligences and other public vehicles are cautioned against allowing unmuzzled dogs into their carriages.

CONJECTURES.

A horse with his nose in a bag; Is probably thinking of corn; A vestment reduced to a rag, Is likely enough 'I have been worn; A sceptic, who boggles at doubts, May silently swallow a sin; And in politics, they who are "outs," May possibly wish to get in.

A lady, when dressing for church, May perhaps have a thought of this earth; A lover, when left in the lurch, With maudlin may bemoan my mirth; A lawyer who frowns at a fee, May be moved by some deeper pretence; And a man who is hanging, can be In a state of most painful suspense.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension. Ambiguity.—A quality deemed essentially necessary in diplomatic writings and law proceedings. Backward.—A mode of advancement practised by crabs, and recommended to mankind in general by the Holy Alliance. Blushing.—A practise least used by those who have most occasion for it. Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. Breath.—Air received from the lungs for the purpose of smoking, whistling, &c. Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward. Cunning.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves. Ditch.—A place in which those who take too much wine, are apt to take a little water. Echo.—The shadow of a sound. Finger.—An appendage worn in a ring, and of great use in taking snuff. Gain.—Losing life to win money. Health.—Another word for temperance, and exercise. Idol.—What many worship in their own shape, who would be shocked at doing it in any other. Mouth.—An useless instrument to some people—it renders ideas audible, and is of special service in rendering virtuous invisible. Pedant.—A man so absurdly ignorant as to be vain of his knowledge. Quack.—A man who only wants a diploma to make him a regular physician. Satire.—attacking the vices or follies of others instead of performing our own. Saw.—A sort of Dumb alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth. Ugliness.—An advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body. Umbrella.—An article which by the morality of society you may steal from friend or foe, and which for the same reason you should not lend to either. Vice.—Miscalculation; obliquity of moral vision; temporary madness. Voice.—Écho is the only instance of a voice

without a body, whereas three parts of our unrepresented population are bodies without a voice.—London New Monthly.

On the Fence.—A gentleman told us the other day, that a friend of his went into a Barber's shop in Washington to be shaved. He was a stranger in the City, and the woolly-headed tonsor had never seen him before. After a little talk, he put to the Barber the test question.—"Was he for Jackson or Clay?" The poor fellow hesitated a moment between his desire to tell the truth, and his fear of losing a customer; and he looked at the stranger with a countenance of rueful perplexity. Suddenly, however, a thought seemed to strike him. His face brightened up. He placed his arms akimbo; and, with the gravity of an oracle, replied, "Sir, I shave both sides!"

AGRICULTURAL.

SEED CORN.

From the Richmond Enquirer. Large ears are an evil in the cultivation of the Indian corn crop. It is deemed necessary to make a few remarks on the above principle from recent specimens exhibited in the public papers of a disposition to excel in mammoth ears of Indian corn. There was one ear published by a southern gentleman, one by Mr. Upshur, and several by Mr. Daniel; the latter gentleman appears to have carried off the palm of victory in the four ears he sent to Mr. Skinner, late Editor of the American Farmer. His mode of annually cultivating, while he improved an old and exhausted field, is as justly to be admired as his selection of the particular variety is to be regretted and condemned, that the gourd seed is the largest of all the varieties, and produces the least product. The reason is, the corn requires to be planted in hills at a great distance apart, whilst an individual stalk will not produce more than one or two ears; consequently this variety will not make a large crop. Mr. Daniel planted his corn 5 feet by 2 feet, with one stalk in a hill, which averaged six barrels to the acre, and 7 gills per hill. It must be conceded, I presume, the land was rich, for if "Mr. Upshur's ear, from its great size, exhibited considerable fertility of soil in which it grew," certainly Mr. Daniel's ears, from their superior size, exhibited still greater fertility. Let us suppose the fertility of the soil to be increased double, it would be extremely rich; and if the product is in proportion, it would be twelve barrels to the acre; that this it is probable, is nearly the extreme product of this gigantic variety. Some years ago, being in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, I brought home the seed of a large pumpkin, which I planted the ensuing season; but one generally grew on a vine, it was large, round and hollow, or with a thin shell, whilst it was also deficient in sweetness. I have considered these to be a striking similarity between the gourd seed and the big pumpkin, and neither ought to be cultivated. We will now contrast the cultivation of the gourd seed with the small yellow variety, which is generally cultivated in the Northern States, that the farmers make there in their best cultivated fields, twenty-five barrels to the acre, whilst it produces the same, or flourishes equally well in Virginia. The superior product of this variety over the gourd seed, is thus accounted for; the smaller the corn, the closer it can be planted; that if it make less per hill, it will make more in the aggregate; the increase in the number of ears preponderates over the diminution size to increase the product. There is a statement in the Agricultural Memoirs of Pennsylvania, by a gentleman who planted his corn at different distances, to ascertain what distance would make the greater product; that the distance of one foot each way, with one stalk in a hill, made the greatest crop. I do not recollect the product, but if it only made one gill per hill, it made a little upwards of twenty-five barrels to the acre. If the above mode in planting the gourd seed, made 7 gills per hill, and six barrels per acre, and the mode in planting the other made one gill per hill, and twenty-five barrels to the acre, the superiority of the small over the large variety, is immense. It may be laid down as a principle, the smaller the corn, the closer it can be planted, and the more it will make. I never saw a large crop of corn (said a practical farmer) without a great number of stalks. There were forty thousand stalks to the acre in the above experiment, and there were only thirteen hundred and twenty stalks in Mr. Daniel's crop. In the crop for which the late Peter Minor gained a premium from the Agricultural Society of Albemarle, there were ninety hundred stalks, which made nineteen barrels to the acre. The crop would have been greater, but for the extreme drought which occurred that year, combined with the high and dry situation of the soil. The variety cultivated was the white flint. I have arithmetically demonstrated, the closer corn is planted to a certain extent, if the ears are smaller, the crop will be greater; that large ears are an evil; if a less product is an evil when a greater one can be produced. Leaving out Mr. Daniel's large ears, his publication, in my humble opinion, is entitled to great respect.

Caroline, June 21, 1831.

From the American Farmer. WILLIS' GRAPE VINE.

OXFORD, Md. May 20th, 1831.

Mr. SMITH. Dear Sir,—As my grape vine has excited so much curiosity amongst strangers and others,

I yesterday called in two of my neighbors to try and count the bunches on it. One limb was up a fruit tree so high that it could not be counted. It covers a large part of the yard in an espalier form, and has run up four fruit trees. You have the certificate of my neighbors enclosed, and may publish it if you please.

I have the honor to be, your most obedient humble servant. JOHN WILLIS.

OXFORD, May 19th, 1831.

We do hereby certify, that we were this day called on to count the bunches of grapes that are on the vine in John Willis's yard, and we have counted them as well as we could, but have made allowances and thrown in many for good count, and have counted twenty-five thousand one hundred and ten bunches, one-third or nearly half of them are double bunches, and only counted as single bunches. The vine is commencing in its seventh year's growth, as he says, and the stem is only from nine to ten inches in circumference.

CHARLES M. BROMWELL. RICHARD COSSAGE.