THE NORTH CAROLINA STAR.

THOMAS J. LEMAY, Editor. NORTH CAROLINA—"Powerful in intellectual, moral and physical resources, the land of our sires and home of our affections." LEONIDAS B. LEMAY, Associate Editor.

VOL. XLI. RALEIGH, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1850. NO. 27.

THE NORTH CAROLINA STAR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY THOMAS J. LEMAY & SON.

(Office nearly opposite the Post Office.)

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$2 50 per annum, when paid IN ADVANCE—$3 00 if payment is delayed three months.

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One square, (16 lines,) first insertion, $1 00
" " each subsequent insertion, 25
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MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING STORY.

"Just twenty years ago this night," said the old man to his wife, as she sat dozing in the corner of a large old fashioned fire place, "just twenty years ago, my Mena, since Rupert left us, determined to seek the means to support us comfortably in our old age, and to place our Ella in the position she should occupy, which she is fitted to adorn, and of which our misfortunes have robbed her. But our only son has never come back to us; we are poorer than ever, with a deeper, deeper sorrow rankling here, (and he laid his withered hand upon his heaving breast,) that he has been cut off in the bloom of his young manhood—we know not how or when!" and the full, round tears rolled heavily down his furrowed cheeks, whilst the good Mena wept and sobbed aloud. Thus they sat for a long, long time, and thus we leave them with the mournful memory of all he had been and all he now was to them.

Ella, their only daughter, was very beautiful. I mean by that, that she was gentle, intelligent and graceful; she had always been gay and happy, for she loved nature, and her simple hearted companions, and was too young when her brother left their rural home, to feel reverses of fortune, or to suffer, like her sorrow-aged parents, his loss and society. The neighbors talked to her of the promising young Rupert of former years, extolled over and over again his amiable temper, his kindness to the aged, the sick and the poor of their little village, and the old folks seemed to love him as a son, the young people as a brother, and everybody remembered his sparkling black eyes, his fine expressive mouth, his lofty, though effeminately small head, and everybody pronounced him handsome and good, when at the age of sixteen he left his humble home, determined to retrieve his father's fallen fortunes, or to make one less to be provided for from their scanty store.

Of course Ella loved the picture, and often sighed that it was not real to her.

Rupert Ellsworth's father, very soon after his misfortunes, turned his pretty dwelling into an inn, hung up a sign, with a peculiar device upon it—a device not to be forgotten by any one who lived twenty years previously any where within twenty miles of the city of New York—but I must not paint it over, again, lest one phrenzied eye should chance to glance over these pages to engulph the mind and heart in a still deeper anguish, and my only object is to relate, as nearly as I can recollect, the incidents of a transaction that was so thrilling and so fearful in its effects, and which so many of our citizens remember is too true.

The old man was not very successful, for he was as proud and austere, as he was ambitious, and he could not stoop to the mean cajolery and impertinent obtrusiveness now practiced in our day to secure the "mighty dollar," and the consequence was he remained very poor. The day had been stormy, and the heavy black clouds hung in dense masses close to the earth, leaving only here and there a streak of atmosphere, which seemed struggling in pride to bear them upward to their native element, there to dissolve themselves in gentle dew, or rain, or beautiful white, fleecy flakes of snow, to be finally—like humanity—embosomed in all receiving silent earth.

But I digress. A horseman broke through the narrow passage between earth and clouds, immediately in front of a cottage about a mile from our incongruous sign; he was very tall and slender, with the most luxuriant beard and mustache, of rich, brown expressive hair; his eyes were clear as stars, his skin of a singular paleness for a man, and with a face altogether as pleasing and interesing as a young and beautiful girl's though you could not guess his age, (he might have been twenty-five or he might have been forty,) still there was a fire lurking in his eye, and the spirit of bravery and manliness written on his brow. You could imagine that sorrow, and struggle, and contest, had been his lot, though every lineament bespoke a heart at peace with the whole world. Our rider seemed to be lost in thought, for his horse had halted before the door of the cottage, whose owner was gazing quietly upon him from his door step, wondering, I suppose, who he was, and what he wanted.

Suddenly he looked up from his revery, and with a slight embarrassment, inquired if there was a public house at hand. "By the way," said he, "is there not a Mr. Ellsworth keeping an inn somewhere near here? He had a daughter named Ella, and once," (and he drew a long breath,) "a son Rupert."—"You know him, then, sir," said Mr. Clayton, (the man of the cottage who was none other than the village pastor.) "A relative, perhaps?" pursued he, like a man thinking aloud, for he had not waited an answer to his first interrogation. "And now I look at you more closely, you do resemble the family; would you like to see his daughter? Every one who ever saw her sweet, gentle face, feels an interest in her at once, she is here, paying a visit to my girls," and Mr. Clayton, in his ardor of friendship for Ella, and his hospitality toward the interesting stranger, absolutely dragged the bewildered horseman from his saddle, and very unceremoneously into the presence of three lovely girls, who were knitting and chatting away before a cheerful hickory fire. Knitting and a hickory fire, around which, in merry mood, drawn our truthful band of friend! O, what glorious opportunity for the culture of the flowers planted in our youthtime in the sunny gardens of our hearts, to be green and bright when the selfish, sordid world, has shut in all the joyousness, the music and the lights, the love and trust that once so fully made up a happy existence—or when relentless death has driven our fondest affections back upon the table of our memory, a living page for the records of eternity!

But while I have been indulging in these desultory thoughts, the party in the little parlor are standing in agitation and surprise.—The stranger, often glancing at the other two young ladies, for a moment confronting the now trembling Ella. One beam of joy shot from his eye, as he cried out—"it is, it is my sister!" and clasped her in his arms. One look on her part, and one electric thrill on hers, had been enough to tell them of the ties of consanguinity which bound them, and the long separated brother and sister—even though Ella was a child when Rupert left home—knew and loved each other in an instant!

Ella was very happy, and too much absorbed in her wonderment to ask her brother a single question; she was dreaming of her parents' transports of joy when they should learn their long lost son was living and planning in her mind some more pleasing stratagem than any other by which she could make known to them his return. Rupert divined her thoughts, as she sat so silently, gazing upon him; and immediately after he had ascertained that his parents were alive and well, he glanced at his history since his departure, reserving for their own happy fireside the details of his self-sacrificing efforts and exile for twenty years. Of course, after the first salutations were over, the whole party at the cottage were acquainted and familiar, and anxious to hear the story.

Rupert had left his home with but one change of apparel, and but one shilling in his pocket; he had worked his passage out West, and had travelled from town to town, and village to village, teaching here and there, for one year in one place, and further on another year in another, gaining instruction while he was imparting it, and thereby procuring the means to carry him wherever he wished to go. At length he read law and became enamoured, for though but sixteen when he left home, he had been a student and a graduate at college; as many of his class mates well remember, he was a student, a scholar and a gentleman; and though there was many a reckless and passionate boy at that college, and some few in his own class, there was not one so mean and selfish as not to feel his ennobling influence, and acknowledge his high intellect, honorable deportment.

For a time he wrote to his parents regularly, but receiving no answers, he supposed they must have removed from the old home stead, and as it was necessary to his high purpose, and to carry on his plans for their final good and as it might interfere with the sacrifice he felt must be made to train his mind to acquire by his profession a fortune, he persuaded himself that they were well and happy. And year by year he struggled on to gain—what? Gold! with the vain expectation of securing happiness thereby. But we call not moralize here, for Rupert's had been a noble aim, and it now promised a happy result.

Old Mr. Ellworth had never, at any time, received a line from his son since he left home; by some means his letters were miscarried, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth believed Rupert to be dead, and were sad, after twenty long years, mourning over his untimely end; they even found a luxury in their sorrow, whenever they could indulge it in Ella's absence. They loved the sweet girl too well to let her be a witness to their grief; it was turned inward, and was worn deeply upon their souls. Had Ella known of this, she would have been very wretched, and I am quite sure her brother would not have found her visiting at the good pastor's cottage. No, not even the society of her dearest friends could have won her from the pleasing duty of being a solace and a joy to them.

"Dear brother," said Ella, "I thought you were dead, but now I have cherished your memory and loved the semblance our friends have drawn. You were older than I when you left us, but never, never dared I hope for this joyful meeting. I am so happy," and she wept upon his bosom. "It is growing late, Rupert," she said, dashing the tears from her face; "let us plan a pleasant surprise for our parents. I am to spend the night here. I will remain and be home in the morning to take breakfast with you. Go now, and pretend you are a stranger, travelling farther eastward, engage a room for the night, and plead fatigue for retiring so early to bed, and do not come down until I come and reable to our parents the happy intelligence that Rupert, the long lamented Rupert, is under their own roof-tree, never more to leave it again. O, I shall see my mother's eyes beam again with hope and joy, and my father grow young again in the society of his cherished son. Oh! I shall be so happy" and she clasped her little hands close over her throbbing bosom, as though she was afraid her happy heart would leap in ecstacy from thence.

"Yes, I will, my sister," and he said "my sister" over again—the name was music in his ears. "Yes I will; but first tell me about yourself, my home, how my mother bore my absence, how my father has been situated, and if my dear little Ella is happy," and he pressed her again to his breast, for she was all he had imagined her—his ideal sister!

"Well I have lived with our parents constantly, requiring no greater happiness, than to be a happiness to them. I have seldom or never been from home, save when our parents sent me to see our good friends here. We have no society nor even visitors, save a former class mate of yours;" and Ella paused, for the warm blood mantling her cheeks.—"You remember Clarence Fenton. He is always at our house, and my father almost worships him, and I so believe it is for no body else in the world only because he talks of you and praises you half the time he is at our house; while my father is scarcely civil to any body else I do believe he loves him only because he was your friend," and again she blushed and hesitated.

"Ho, ho! my little Ella, and is that the reason you almost worship him too?" and he gazed in her soft, violet colored eyes so fondly and gently, that she became reassured in a moment, and replied with the ingenuousness so lovely in a young and truthful girl—

"Yes, brother, I do believe it is."

"My blessed sister and friend," cried Rupert, "I have at least found a fortune worth possessing, the love and confiding tenderness of a true hearted sister! Ella you shall marry Clarence, and we shall be very happy! Why do you look so sad Ella?"

"Alas, Rupert, Clarence is too poor; he is ambitious but, like ourselves, he has been unfortunate. His father died a bankrupt nearly ten years ago; he settled here to practice medicine, but there is little or no sickness in our village; he does not like the profession it was his father's desire he should follow, and—and it is impossible!" and she raised her eyes timidly to his kind face, and he saw that they were brim full of tears.

Rupert started as though a new idea had struck him. He went out to his horse, lifted the heavy saddle-bags from his back, and returned in a minute to his sister's side.

"Impossible!" said he. "Behold the means to make it possible' then," and he dropped them with a heavy chink at her feet. There, Ella, is fifty thousand dollars in gold! all gold," said he with the generous warmth of his nature, "and here is one portion which shall make you and my old friend and schoolfellow, Clarence, happy," and he presented her with a package containing ten thousand dollars, while his cheeks were glowing and his eyes flashing with love, pride and happiness.

Just then another flashing eye and flushed face peered in at the window. He saw Rupert kiss Ella, in a transport of feeling—saw him place around her neck a miniature of himself, attached to a massive gold chain—and he supposed he was a lover of Ella's and a successful one, too, for he had seen Rupert carry the heavy saddle-bags in, and reached the door just in time to hear his expression.—He staggered from the window; he had seen enough; for an instant he seemed rooted to the spot; then he rushed round to the back of the house into the kitchen, seized a large carving knife that was lying on the table, and pressing the blade to his white lips, he uttered a low deep moan as though relieved of a weight of distress. He then pressed his white teeth closely together, and again rushed out into the open air. Just at this moment Rupert placed his saddle-bags on his horse, stopping to say some pleasant adieus to Ella. "Good night, dear Ella, you will be there early?" Yes, yes!" and he was gone. Like a wounded wild beast, the man who had looked in at the window, sprang back, darted down a by-path across a field or two—on, on he went towards the inn, and stopped behind a clump of trees, crowded densely together. It was late twilight, and as our horseman was absorbed amid his pleasant thoughts he did not see the man's singular movements, or noticed that he was watched by him.

On came our horseman with a pleasant smile lighting up his face, talking love to himself, seemingly to add to his happiness "Yes, yes; fifty thousand will do; it will make us all very comfortable, and I shall resume my profession after a few months of real transports of joy and gay revel, for I mean to make the old folks happy, the old house like a palace, and dear, sweet gentle Ella, shall be the queen of domestic bliss!"

Oh, if he had but said "sister," "dear, sweet gentle sister"—changed only one little word. But ere the sound of his voice had died upon the solemn stillness of the evening, Rupert's head was nearly severed from his body, and his lifeless corpse dragged into the thicket, which was situated about three furlongs from the inn.

Clarance burried the body with his own blood-stained hands; and late, very late, in that dark and horrid place, goaded the poor horse to madness, and set him adrift with all save the gold.

The next morning the clear bright sunlight had scarcely tinted the tops of the gorgeous foilage of Autumn, when Ella sprang with a light bound from the door-steps, bounding over the stile near the cottage gate in such happy haste that her feet scarcely seemed to touch the earth over which she glided; the mile seemed endless—she had never felt such ecstacy before; and well Clarence, who was watching for her, marked the glowing cheek and bounding step of the once quiet dignified Ella, and he attributed it to a far different cause. These two people loved each other. But how different the faces, how different the hearts—one was dark and troubled, the other like sunshine. She had not noticed him before, but just as she laid her hand upon the door of her own home he grasped it—she started. O, Clarence! Good morning; how is it that you are here so early this morning? I hope nothing wrong has happened, for I am so happy! You look sad; come in, come in, you shall be happy with us—you shall soon see why Ella's heart flutters like a frighted bird's." And she, for the first time, passed her hand lovingly through his arm.

Her parents met her at the door, glad that she had returned, though they could not understand why she came so early.

"Well," said she, looking anxiously about the room, "well, father, who had you here last night?" and she smiled

"No one, my child."

"Had you not a man here last night—tall," and she went on describing Rupert so eloquently, that her parents gazed in her excited face, in silent wonder, trying to cypher out the cause of all this animation in one usually mild and quiet. But the eyes of Clarence glared like a demon when the old man turned to him shaking his hand warmly.

"Why, Ella is wild, I do think. "No, no, my daughter, no traveller was here last night!"

"Not here! not stop here!" and Ella, suddenly thinking that they were playing a *ruse* off on her, put out both her hands to Clarence, and turning partly away from her parents, said, laughing, "Why, that is my brother, that is Rupert, Mother, it is—it is our long lost son!"

"Great God!" screamed Clarence, throwing his arms and hands upward, "Great God! I have murdered Rupert Ellsworth, my Ella's brother, my first, best and kinlest friend!"—and he rushed out toward the fatal clump of trees, followed by the now wretched family. When they reached him, he had already, in his frenzy, dragged the body of Rupert to the light, and was peering into his face. I cannot picture this dreadful scene, so will hasten to a close.

The poor death stricken parents recognised their son at once for the eye of love is keen—Clarence sat weeping like a child over the corpse of his once beloved friend; and Ella, who had not spoken since she gave that one low shriek of depair and anguish, stood apart, gazing with a vacant stare, and, with cheeks paler than her dead brother's was a hopeless maniac!

Clarence after having given himself up freely to the hands of justice, contrived to place the fatal cord around his own neck and thus avoided the ignominy of a public execution.

The father and mother died broken hearted. And Ella, the once gay and lovely Ella, is confined, at this very moment, in the Bloomingdale Asylum, a maniac for life.

Oh! who will not acknowledge that truth is stranger than fiction?

TRUTH STANGER THAN FICTION.

The Pennsylvania correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, May 3d, relates the following occurrence:

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay the rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs—how much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognise me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."—"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm and led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

ADAM CROTCH: OR A MARRIED PHILOSOPHER'S CROTCHETS.

When a philosopher marries, all the people of his acquaintance combine to laugh at him. Why? Is there anything incompatible in philosophy with philogyny; in the love of wisdom with the love of woman? "The wisest man the world e'er saw" appears to have thought otherwise; and Socrates, as well as Solomon, was a husband. When Adam Crotch, finding, like his first father and namesake, that it was not good to be alone, contracted matrimony with Amelia Smith, was that any reason why all the other Smiths—Amelia's kinsfolk excepted—and Joneses, and Browns, Tompkinses, comprising the world he moved in, should, simply because Adam was reputed a philosopher, make merry at the expense of his father's son? It is true that the marriage of Adam was a step inconsistent with that philosophy which placed the *summum bonum* in the main chance. He married purely for those reasons that, according to Uncle Toby, are "written in the Common-Prayer-book;" which include, we believe, no reference to the Three Per Cents.

As we have styled Crotch a philosopher, it behooves us to explain what were his pretension to that character. They consisted theoretically in a considerable amount of literary, scientific, metaphysical knowledge, and practically in a systematic course of life, based mainly on the principle of enjoying himself to the extent of his means, and repressing all desires that would exceed their limits. Thus Adam, who, like many other philosophers, was rather fond of smoking, though in the abstract he preferred Havana cigars to the common weed, was wont, adapting his taste to his finances, to content himself with a clay pipe. It was further a maxim with Adam Crotch, in economising, to sacrifice the lesser enjoyment to the greater, and always to deny himself what he could best spare.

Now there are two words to every bargain; and Adam Crotch did not plunge into matrimony without first having inquired what Amelia would say to the plan of life which he had chalked out. Her answers were most satisfactory. When Adam explained to her the difference between a real and a fictitious gratification, and asked whether, content with true happiness, she could despise its illusory phantom, she would reply, 'Oh yes!' with an enthusiasm which none but young ladies who are in love can pronounce these words with. Their marriage took place, but not altogether quietly.—There were two matters, connected with the event, on which they had a slight difference of opinion at the outset All other preliminaries having been settled, "Adam, dear," said the betrothed, "where shall we order our wedding cake, and whom shall we send cards to?"

"A wedding cake!" exclaimed Crotch, astonished. "Cards! my dear girl, what do you want with either?"

"Oh! we must have them, of course, love," she replied.

"Why of course?" asked the philosopher. "You are not fond of sweets, neither am I, and the very few friends we are going to visit we can write to."

"But they will expect," urged the young lady, "our cards and a piece of cake, We should consider others, you know, Adam."

"Yes, my dear," said Crotch, "of course we should; but what benefit will anybody derive from our sending them a mouthful of plum-cake? What is it to eat? There would be something in a large lump; but that is out of the question. As to cards they are wholly unnecessary. I object to them on principle, as a conventional humbug, dictated by the mere caprice of society."

"Still," pleaded Amelia, "we had better do what is usual."

"Granted," he returned, "when there is no particular reason to the contrary, I admit your abstract proposition. But in this instance, we shall lose money. It will cost us two or three guineas at least; and for what? No pleasure to ourselves, or anybody else."

"But surely we can afford it, dear."

"Nobody can, that is, ought, to afford mere waste. Not a farthing ought to be so squandered. It had better be given away in charity."

"But people will be offended, dearest, if we don't send them what they will expect."

"Then let them be offended, my girl!" exclaimed Adam Crotch; why should we regard unreasonable people;"

"Oh, you know, Adam," she answered, it isn't everybody that's like you; and it is best not to make enemies, isn't it!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the philosopher, musing, as if this last consideration had some weight with him, "there's something in that. Well—come—we'll e'en follow the ways of this absurd world for once. But Amelia, mind one thing; we'll have none of that silly silver twist about our cards. That is a piece of fiddle, not only imbecile, but, to me disgustingly vulgar."

"Do you think so?" was Amelia's answer, in a tone which rather inclined her lover to doubt whether her advocacy of cards and bride-cake arose from motives strictly of policy. Bride-cake and cards, however, though by no means with the good will of Crotch, were ordered.

The paradise to which Adam Crotch led his wife was the second heaven of a decent lodging-house, otherwise called a two-pair back. This however, was to be merely a temporary abode, to serve until they could find a small house, commensurate with their circumstances, in one of the suburbs of the town. With such a dwelling they were soon provided; and now arose the question of furnishing it, whereon the philosopher discoursed as follows:

"The essential points, my dear, to look to in choosing furniture are comfort and utility.—We cannot sit comfortably in an inconvenient chair; but so long as the chair is convenient, its material matters little. We may apply the same principle to beds, tables, and fire-irons."

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Crotch.

"Not but that," continued Adam, "there is a certain pleasure derived by the sense of vision from handsome furniture, and if this can be obtained without financial embarrassment, well and good; annoyance at being hampered in circumstances is much more than equivalent to that gratification."

"There is no doubt about that, dear," said she.

"Well, now you see, love," he pursued, "we can get a set of deal chairs and tables for a comparative trifle; we can cover the chairs with what-d'ye-call-it, and make cushions for them ourselves. We can put oil cloth on the tables and paint their legs, which will make them look quite well enough; and a floor-cloth of green baize will be just as good as the best Turkey carpet."

"My dear, what are you talking about?" demanded his wife in amazement.

"Why, that instead of mahogany and rosewood, and fine carpets, in which there is no essential advantage, we will have deal chairs and tables, and green baize."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed the lady.

"Don't you see that by so doing we shall have the money to eat and drink, love, and to be enabled to save something over in case of a rainy day?"

"Oh! you're joking, Adam," she answered.

"Joking?" he repeated. "Not at all."

"Deal chairs and tables, and green baize carpet!" she exclaimed. "Horrible!"

"What is the matter? You admitted my proposition with regard to the furniture in the abstract," said the philosopher.

"Oh, nonsense," she retorted. "Bother the abstracts."

"Amelia! My dear," exclaimed the astonished husband.

"I have no patience with you!" she cried. Adam first started, then whistled, and then sat himself down biting his nails, while his irritating spouse overwhelmed him with upbraidings

The philosopher was fain to make his peace by conceding the point as to the upholstery, and the house, amid his suppressed groans, was furnished in fashionable style.

Among other domestic exigencies that soon arose was that of a set of dinner-plates. Adam, this time without consulting Amelia, went and ordered a service of pewter. The plates were sent home. No sooner did Mrs. Crotch behold them than, seizing one, she dashed it indignantly on the ground. It was unbroken.

"See," observed the philosopher, with mild equanimity, "the advantage of pewter over china!"

"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed Amelia.

"It is not nonsense," returned Adam, "What is there in a plate? Nothing—but food upon it—that is of any consequence.—What objection is there in dining off pewter?"

"I can't bear it," she replied.

"But why?"

"Because I can't."

"Now don't you see," reasoned Adam, "how absurdly you talk. You can't. Does it hurt your eyes or make your head ache?—Does it pain you in any way?"

"I don't like it—and that's enough."

"No, my good girl," urged Crotch, "it is not enough. When we say that we can't bear a thing, we mean that it produces an intolerable sensation. What intolerable sensation does a pewter plate produce in you?"

Such were the scenes that were enacted almost daily between Adam Crotch and his helpmate. He wanted her to wear stuff dresses; she would have silk. One of their most serious disputes arose on the subject of cotton pocket handkerchiefs.

"What earthly reason," he demanded, "could there exist for wanting any other?" She answered, "Every reason," but gave none.

Reasons, however, she didgive occasionally for her wishes. She wanted a white bonnet. Why? Because Mrs. Wilson had one. She desired to have venetian blinds for the parlor window. Wherefore? Such an embellishment had been added to Mrs. Blake's.

In the course of time Adam had sons and daughters. His philosophy encountered trials. Disquiet and doctor's bills he was prepared for; but he was not prepared for the requisitions of monthly nurses. He had not counted on supernumerary napkins, bibs, caps, pinafores, frocks, and trousers. Occasional disturbances at his studies he expected, but never thought he should be called from his books to rock a cradle. An expedient which he adopted to lighten this especial burthen should be recorded. It consisted in the adaptation of a smoke-jack to produce the required motion; but this arrangement was continually interferred with by the cook.

His calculations thus confounded, the system upset, his scheme of domestic happiness thus baffled, what was the philosopher to do? He had no alternative but to cut down his own expenses to the lowest possible mark. He relinquished the solace of his pipe—he drank his tea without milk or sugar—he lived on the smallest amount of food that would sustain nature!

Our latest account of Adam Crotch represents him as meditating some scheme for the enlargement of his means. He intends to devote those faculties heretofore employed on speculation to business. Would that he could discover that stone, whose acquisition has so long been the philosopher's object! In the mean time, let philosophers in general, and those of the Crotch school in particular, about to marry, study attentively that chapter in the book of human nature whose special subject is woman. (Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

FLOWERS are the ornament of vegetable existence, and have in all ages been cultivated by persons of leisure and taste, for the pleasure which they yield to the eye and the fancy.—While generally healthful and exhilerating from being pursued in the open air, flowerculture is justly reckoned to be a pure and harmless recreation, which by leading to the tranquil contemplation of natuaal beauty, diverting the mind from gross worldly occupation, has a positively moral and therefore highly beneficial tendency. It has also the advantage of being alike open to the pursuit of high and low, the peasant and the peer, the over-toiled man of business and the industrious artizan. It may be followed with equal enjoyment by individuals of both sexes, and, as is well known, on every imaginable scale, from that of a single flower-pot or ornamental border, to the princely green house and exquisitely varied parterre.

The natural grace, simplicity, and attractive coloring of flowers have afforded endless themes to mortalists and poets, and volumes have been penned to show how many associations of feelings simple and sublime, these beauteous objects are calculated to excite. As our desire is to improve the feelings as well as to instruct the understanding, we hope to escape blame for pausing an instant over this agreeable view of the value of flower-culture, and would refer, for one of the most glowing eulogies on the subject, to the elegant work of Miss Sarah Stickney—the *Poetry of Life*.—According to the well expressed sentiments of this lady, few natural objects are more poetical, or more calculated to refine the taste than flowers. "From the majestic sun-flower, towering above her sisters of the garden, and faithfully turning to welcome the god of the day, to the little humble and well known weed that is said to close its crimson eye before impending showers, there is scarcely one flower which may not from its loveliness, its perfume, its natural situation, or its classical association, be considered highly poetical.

"As the welcome messenger of spring, the snowdrop claims our first regard, and countless are the lays in which the praises of this little modest flower are sung. The contrast it presents of green and white (ever the most pleasing of contrasts to the human eye) may be one reason why mankind agree in their admiration of its simple beauties; but a far more powerful reason is the delightful association by which it is connected with the idea of returning spring. Perhaps we have thought long of the melting of the snow that impeded our noonday walk. But it vanishes at last; and there beneath its white coverlid, lies the delicate snow drop, so pure and pale, so true an emblem of hope, trust, and confidence, that it might teach a lesson to the desponding, and show the useless and inactive how valuable are the stirrings of that energy that can work its purpose in secret and under oppression, and be ready in the fulness of time to make out that purpose manifest and complete. The snowdrop teaches also another lesson. It makes out the progress of time. We cannot behold it without feeling that another spring has come, and immediately our thoughts recur to the events which have occurred since last its fairy bells were expanded.

"It is of little consequence what flower comes next under consideration. A few specimens will serve the purpose of proving that these lovely productions of nature are, in their general associations, highly poetical. The primrose is one upon which we dwell with pleasure proportioned to our taste for rural scenery, and the estimate we have previously formed of the advantages of a peaceful and secluded life. In connection with this flower, imagination pictures a thatched cottage standing on the slope of the hill, and a little wody dell, whose green banks are spangled all over with yellow stars, while a troop of rosy children are gambolling on the some bank, gathering the flowers, as we used to gather them ourselves, before the toils and struggles of mental conflict had worn us down to what we are now, and thus presenting to the mind the combined ideas of natural enjoyment, innocence, and rural peace—the more vivid, because we can remember the time when something like this was mingled with the cup of which we drank—the more touching because we doubt whether, if such pure drops were still there, they would not to our taste have lost their sweetness.

"The violet, while it pleases by its modest, retiring beauty, possesses the additional charm of the most exquisite of all perfumes, which inhaled with the pure and invigorating breezes of spring, always bring back in remembrance a lively conception of that delightful season. Thus in the language of poetry, 'the violet-scented gale' is synonymous with those accumulated and sweetly-blended gratifications which we derive from odors, flowers, and balmy breezes; and, above all, from the contemplation of renovated nature, once more bursting forth into beauty and perfection.

"The jasmine, also, with its dark-green leaves and silver stars, saluting us with its delicious scent through the open casement and impregnating the whole atmosphere of the garden with its sweetness, has been sung and celebrated by so many poets, that our associations are with their numbers rather than any intrinsic quality in the flower itself. Indeed, whatever may have first established the rank of flowers in the poetical world, they have become to us like notes of music, passed on from lyre to lyre; and whenever a chord is thrilled with the harmony of song, these lovely images present themselves, neither impaired in their beauty nor exhausted of their sweetness, for having been the medium of poetic feeling ever since the world began.

"It is impossible to expend a moment's thought upon the lily, without recurring to that memorable passage in the sacred volume—'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow.—They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' From the little common flower called heart's ease, we turn to the well known passage of Shakspeare where the fairy king so beautifully describes the 'little western flower.' And the forget-me-not has a thousand associations tender and touching, but, unfortunately, like many other sweet things, rude hands have almost robbed it of its charm. Who can behold the pale Narcissus, standing by the silent brook, its stately form reflected in the glassy mirror, without losing himself in that most fanciful of all poetical conceptions, in which the graceful youth is described as gazing upon his own beauty, until he becomes lost in admiration, and finally enamoured of himself; while hopeless Echo sighs herself away into a sound, for the love which, having centered in such an object, was neither to be bought by her caresses nor won by her despair?

"Through gardens, fields, forests, and even over rugged mountains, we might wander on in this fanciful quest after remote ideas of pleasurable sensation connected with present beauty and enjoyment; nor would our search be fruitless, so long as the bosom of the earth afforded a respectacle for the germinating seed—so long as the gentle gales of summer continued to waft them from the parent stem, or so long as the welcome sun looked forth upon the ever-blooming garden of nature.

"One instance more, and we have done.—'The lady rose,' as poets have designated this queen of beauty, claims the latest though not the least consideration in speaking of the poetry of flowers. In the poetic world the first honors have been awarded to the rose, for what reason it is not easy to define, unless from its exquisite combination of perfume, form, and color which has entitled this sovereign of flowers in one country to be mated with the nightingale; in another, to be chosen, with the distinction of red and white, as the badge of two honorable and royal houses. It would be difficult to trace the supremacy of the rose to its origin; but mankind have so generally agreed in paying homage to its charms, that our associations in the present day are chiefly with the poetic strains in which they are celebrated After all the pains that have been taken to procure, transplant, and propagate the rose, there is one kind perpetually blooming around us through the summer months, without the aid or interference of man, which seems to defy his art to introduce a rival to its own unparalleled beauty—the common wild rose.—Blooming in the sterile waste, this lovely flower is seen unfolding its fair leaves where there is no beauty to reflect its own and thus calling back the heart of the weary traveller to thoughts of peace and joy—reminding him that the wilderness of human life, though rugged and barren to the discontented beholder, has also its sweet flowers, not the less welcome for being unlooked for, not the less lovely for being cherished by a hand unseen."

To this elegantly expressed sentiments, nothing need be added by the writer of these pages.

AGRICULTURAL.

Perhaps no county in Maryland has made more steady progress in the improvement of its agriculture than Montgomery. The Rockville Journal says that within five miles of that town the instances are numerous where fine fields of wheat, corn and oats are now growing, which, three years ago, were in common and sedge. The following case is said to be but one of many like it:

There is a farm of several hundred acres, near this place, on which the owner some years ago, with difficulty supported a small family; he sold out and removed to the West to seek more fertile lands. The present owner, it is thought, will cut from this place the coming harvest, at least one thousand bushels of wheat. His corn and oats also promise a very fine yield, with a pretty prospect of a very large crop of grass and other products.

Within a specified district where, four years ago, not one thousand bushels of wheat were raised, the product this year will be ten thousand bushels. Guano and other fertilizers are used with judicious liberality.

Baltimore American.

IMPORTATION OF GUANO.—In the United States Senate, on Monday, Mr. PRATT submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be directed to inform the Senate whether, by the existing treaties of the United States with the Peruvian Government, the citizens of the United States are placed upon an equal footing with the citizens or subjects of other countries in the trade in guano.

Resolved, further, That if no such treaty stipulations exist, the Secretary of State be instructed to inform the Senate whether there is any obstacle to such stipulations being effected with the Government of Peru as would place the citizens of the United States on an equal footing with the citizens or subjects of other countries in regard to the said trade.

Mr. Pratt said, During the whole of last week, the morning hour having been occupied with important business, I had not an opportunity of offering the resolutions which I have now submitted. They relate to a letter received by the Agricultural Society of Maryland, in which they allege that the Government of Great Britain, by a treaty with the Peruvian Government, has obtained for the subjects of Great Britain, a monopoly in the article of guano, which has resulted in this state of facts: that now no guano can be brought into the United States from Peru except such as is purchased from English merchants. This results in two ways, injuriously to our country. In the first place, we are obliged to pay for this valuable article of manure a much larger sum than we would otherwise be obliged to pay; and, in the second place, it operates against our shipping interest, because it must be imported here in English vessels. I ask, therefore, the unanimous consent of the Senate to take up the consideration of these resolutions now. They are mere resolutions of inquiry.

Mr. Webster. I have to say——

The Vice President. Does the Senator from Massachusetts object?

Mr. Webster. So far from objecting, sir the only question with me is, whether this resolution should be referred to the Department