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AGRICULTURAL. RENOVATION OF WORN OUT LANDS.

We copy with great pleasure the following excellent paper from the pen of H. P. Burgwyn, Esq. of Northampton County, North Carolina, in the May No. of the Southern Cultivator, in which paper it has been published, in anticipation of the “Patent Office Report” for which it was written.

We agree with the editor of the Cultivator, that if the “Report” contained nothing else than the essay in question, the money which will be expended in printing it, will be profitably laid out. What Mr. B. states, is not theory, which may or may not be true, but are the results of his own practice and experience, and therefore, implicitly to be relied upon.

In reading Mr. B.’s excellent communication, we regret that time and mail were not available in his district, as either, if used in connection with his peas-ley, would render his soil infinitely more productive. It is possible, however, that the stiff clays which underlay the lands of his neighborhood and which are brought to the surface of his deep ploughing, contain notable portions of lime, potash, and salts of iron in various stages of oxidation, and may thus afford valuable supplies of the two first named substances; but even in that case, benefit would result from the applications of lime in the quantity so properly suggested by the discriminating mind of Mr. B.—or, even, less quantities—“A quantity of lime,” says Mr. Pavia, which does not exceed thousand part of the filled surface layer of the soil, a like proportion of down ash, or a two-hundredth part or even less of marl, are sufficient to modify the nature, change the products, and increase by one-half the crops of a soil destitute of the calcareous principle.”

In another part of his valuable essay on the properties and modes of applying lime, he speaks most approvingly of the practice of the farmers of LaSalle, France, who apply every third year, 111 bushels per acre, in compost made of one part lime, and seven or eight parts good mould or earth.

In those districts of country where both lime and marl are to be had, but where the soil has been exhausted by improvident culture, by adopting the deep till and peas-ley system of Mr. B., and by liming or marling the proprietors of such lands, will greatly add to their productive capacities.

We invite your attention to the following IMPROVEMENT OF WORN OUT LANDS BY THE USE OF PEAS AND CLOVER.

By H. K. Burgwyn, Esq. of Jackson, Northampton County, N. C. Having heard from various reliable sources of the great success of Mr. Burgwyn in renovating worn-out lands, in North Carolina, we were particularly anxious to obtain, from his own pen, an account of his practice in this important matter, for the Agricultural part of the Patent Office Report. At our request, Mr. B. sent the following able and instructive essay, which we take the liberty to publish in the Cultivator, simultaneously with its going through the press at Washington.

There are large bodies of land lying in Eastern and Middle Virginia and North Carolina, which have been so much reduced by continued cropping, planting tobacco, cotton, and sowing oats, as no longer to pay the cost of cultivation, and are turned out as waste lands. These really still possess a good share of fertility, and by a very moderate expense of labor, and attention to common agricultural principles of agriculture, may be reclaimed, and have their productiveness increased from 100 to 150 per cent. They can be made truly valuable, and I do not hesitate to say, as the result of my experience, that they will give a greater profit in the course of five years cultivation than can be derived from any except our rich river lands.

This is the method I have adopted, and by which I have increased the products of such lands from 1 1/2 to 2 barrels of corn to 4 barrels per acre. The increase of wheat is proportionally greater than that in corn. My system of culture is substantially as follows:

If the “brown straw,” in which these waste lands always grow up, retains any sap, by which when turned under, fermentation will ensue, and cause the straw to rot, let the land, as it is, be plowed with the largest size plow, drawn by three or four horses, running as deeply as possible—say, not less than ten inches—and turning everything under. If the straw has no sap, it will not rot in a year; and in that case, burn it off, and plow as before. If possible, follow each plow with a subsoil plow, and go 6 or 8 inches deeper. This will make the soil airy, which almost everything renders; and land more open to the genial influences of the sun and air, and enable it to get rid of the surplus water of winter, and heavy rains in other periods of the year.

About the middle of June, following, when the weeds are about half grown, and before they have formed their seeds, sow the land broadcast at the rate of a bushel per acre, of any of the numerous varieties of peas among which, except the “black-eyed,” which, having very little vine, affords little shade. In all cases, I prefer those which have the most vine and ripen earliest. When the land has much

of weeds or grass upon it, turn under the peas with any kind of plow, running not over three inches deep. If the land is bare of weeds, I prefer covering the peas with a large, heavy harrow, running both ways—first lengthwise, and then across the beds. As it is important to give the peas a start over the weeds and grass, I soak them six hours in water, and rub them in plaster of Paris; and, when they begin to leaf and branch, say, when 12 inches high, sow plaster at the rate of a bushel per acre. This stimulates their growth, and they overtop the weeds and grass.

When about half the peas are ripe—not half ripe—hogs should be turned in to trample and cut up the vines, otherwise it is extremely difficult to turn them under. So soon as this can be done, this can be done, the hogs should be taken off, for the peas are useful for shading the land from the summer’s sun—a most important matter in all improvement—and giving to the thin soil a large mass of vine-leaves and other vegetable substances. From experience in the use of both, I think peas not inferior to clover (to which family, indeed, it belongs), as a specific manure for wheat.

After this mass of vine has been turned under, you have a “pea ley,” over which sow a bushel and a half of wheat per acre, and six quarts of clover seed. Harrow both in thoroughly, and let the work be finished by the middle of October. The return will, of course, depend somewhat on the quality of the “soil field;” but I venture to affirm, that it will amply repay all labor and outlay, and astonish by the great result afforded from so trivial a cause.

I am familiar with the great increase of crops from the use of lime and clover, and I do not mean to compare the two methods of renovating land as equal; but, where lime is not to be had, there is no application that can compare for a moment, on well drained land, if it need draining, with plaster, peas and deep tillage. No gold mine is so valuable as a good soil pit. I am, however, confining myself to interior districts, where neither lime nor marl can be had.

After the wheat comes off in June following the clover, if sown early in October, will have grown so as to shade the land pretty well, even on the waste lands I speak of. It should not be grazed the first year, at all; in the February, after top-dress it with all the manure to be had, not forgetting to apply all the old ashes within reach. This time of the year, (winter) is best for applying manure in our country, where the hot sun acts so injuriously on a bare surface. The roots of the young clover being protected from hard frosts and sudden changes, by the manure, it shoots forward with the earliest warmth of spring, and smooths all weeds. When weeds make their seeds, they draw upon the facility of land equal to most crops. Clover gives a crop equal to any other, and is all returned to the land in droppings of the stock while grazing upon it. As proof of its profit, for three years I have never fed my working horses on grain or fodder, from the middle of May till the clover fails. They are turned on the clover-field after the day’s work is over, and taken up in the morning in good condition for service. I have never lost one by this management; in fact, they improve from the time they are thus treated, and work better.

After the clover has been on the land for two summers, during which period it has dropped three crops of leaves and stocks, and thereby greatly improved the land, either turn it under as before, in September or October, for wheat, or later in the fall for corn the ensuing year. In the former case, you will find your land as thickly set as before, with volunteer clover which ought to remain as a pasture for the summer, after the second crop of wheat comes off. If corn instead of wheat, be grown, sow peas broadcast among the corn at the last plowing, soaking the seed and rolling them in plaster as before. After the corn crop, do not suffer the land to lie out. No error can be more opposed to good farming, than that which assumes that land is improved by “lying out.” If we had fully reflected, this error would long since have been apparent, in the continued quantity of thousands of acres lying waste around us, not a wit improved by “lying out.” After the soil has been brought up by peas, subsoiling, or deep plowing and clover—all within reach of the farmer of the interior—it will not again relapse, unless the former barbarous and senseless practice of exhaustion and negligence be again adopted. If lime can be had, even at a cost of 20 cents a bushel, I would in all cases spread it on the land, after the first crop of peas had been turned under, to the amount of fifteen or twenty bushels per acre. This quantity will greatly benefit the land and enable the owner shortly to repeat the application of a like quantity.

NOTE, BY THE EDITOR.—If the Agricultural Report (of which one branch of Congress has ordered 100,000 copies to be printed, and the other will, doubtless, order half as many more), contained no other information than the above paper, from an eminently practical man, on the improvement of “Worn out Lands,” we should regard the money as well expended. A very large share of the \$32,000,000 annually paid into the national Treasury, is drawn directly or indirectly from the soil. Hence its preservation and economical improvement, are the most important of our public interests.

SMOKING CHIMNEYS. Col. Wm. Mason, of London, in a letter to the Builder, says: “I have built many chimneys in all possible situations, and I have found one simple plan everywhere succeeded—the secret being to construct the throat of the chimney, so that a man or a boy can barely pass through it. Secondly, immediately above this, the chimney should be enlarged to double its width to the extent of about two feet in height, and then diminish again to its usual proportions. No chimney, that I ever constructed thus smoked.”

USE OF THE SPONGE IN THRESHING GLASS. Mr. Ensign, in your number of the Planter for this month, you publish an article recommending the use of the sponge in threshing wheat. It reminded me that I had all along intended at the proper time to testify in regard to that matter.

I tried it last summer—I, my manager, and my head man, who tends the machine, I answered admirably. I, who had never previously been able to be present for more than a few minutes whilst wheat, or oats, or clover was threshed, found that I could spend the

day in my barn with perfect convenience; indeed, but for the sight of it, I would not have known there was dust there. My manager was delighted with his sponge; and my feeder, poor fellow, I think must have slept in his, as I never saw it off his face. Not exactly liking the directions you copied I beg leave to simplify them as follows—Take a sponge large enough to cover the nose and mouth—squeeze it out until it fits like a muzzle—wet it, squeeze it, and tie it on to suit yourself. Whenever you feel it getting dry, rinse it. This is an indispensable part of the plan, as you will perceive from the modus operandi, which is simple. The labyrinthine pores of this sponge catch the dust on their moist surfaces, and turn it to mud—that’s all. I have established the use of it on my farm, and consider it a “necessary evil”—“hreshing.”

I advise all who know me to try it. You may advise “the rest of mankind” to do so, if you choose.

Your friend, FRANK G. RUFFIN. Shadwell, Albemarle, May 29, 1850.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

Man, they say, is a trading animal—the only one. The wants of each individual are more numerous and varied than his faculties and capacities devoted to supplying them. Each producer of necessities or comforts naturally produces a superabundance of what he grows or fabricates, and exchanges it for a competence of other wares or staples adapted to his wants. The grain-grower, for example, has a large surplus of grain, but requires nearly everything else; the pin-maker consumes, perhaps, a dollar’s worth per year of his own products, and four hundred and ninety-nine dollars’ worth of other people’s, obtained by the sale of his own. And as man rises in the scale of civilization, his wants are increased and diversified. He labors more, produces more; exchanges far more. The lowest savage may produce or gather a hundred dollars’ worth per annum, and exchange ten dollars’ worth of it for other necessities or comforts; while the population of the United States or Great Britain produce at least five hundred dollars’ worth to each individual, whereof two-thirds at least is exchanged by the producers with each other, and with the producers of foreign lands. And, as man shall continue to rise in the scale of intelligence, industry, efficiency and comfort, not merely the amount but the proportion of each man’s products exchanged for those of others must continue to increase. The aggregate of exchanges of property is probably now expanding throughout the world at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, though the annual increase of population is less than three per cent.

But while the aggregate of exchanges is rapidly increasing, the profits of the exchange tend steadily to diminish. It is the interest of the producers of all classes and classes to effect their exchanges with each other as directly and simply—as at all events, as cheaply—as possible. It matters little to the producers as a whole whether prices be low or high, if they be justly proportioned. If A, being a farmer in 1815, received a dollar per bushel for his corn, and bought the broadcloth for his coat at \$5 per yard, and now can get just such broadcloth for two dollars and a half, while his corn will bring but fifty cents per bushel, he is neither the better nor worse for the change, all other things being equal. But if in 1845, he had five bushels of corn for a yard of broadcloth, while the maker receives four bushels and three pecks of corn, or their full equivalent, for every yard of cloth he turns off, then there has been a real improvement in the condition of the producers of cloth, if not of corn also. And, as intelligence is diffused and knowledge is brought to bear upon the most intimate and homely relations of life, the cost of making exchanges—in other words, the charges and profits of non-producing traders—must and do decrease continually.

But this by no means proves that trade is poorer or that traders, as a class, do worse than formerly. It only proves that the number of trades cannot and does not increase in proportion with the increase of trade, without subjecting them to the necessity of taking smaller and still smaller profits. Every year the number of producers and of consumers of others’ products increases, as also the aggregate of products exchanged. Every year the construction of canals, railroads, harbors, steamships, and other facilities of transportation and traffic, impels greater and still greater production, with a still larger extension of commercial exchanges. The neighborhood of the Ohio valley which was clad in homesteads, and did not pay for its purchases from others half a century since, now wears the fabrics of Old and New England, and is a liberal patron of the spice-growers of both the Indies, the tea of China, the coffee of Brazil, and the fish of Newfoundland—probably paying thirty dollars per head for the products of other industry than its own, although the average range of prices is about half what it was in 1800.—Trade has greatly increased, is increasing, and is bound to increase even more rapidly than it has ever yet done.

It is idle, therefore, to say that commerce is ruined, prostrate, because overdone. It is only the possibility of making fortunes by trade with no decided capacity for the vocation that is vanishing. The time is at hand, if not already upon us, when the mercantile is to take rank with the most intellectual and arduous of the liberal professions. The merchant of the next age must be a genius—a financier—a man born to be an efficient and beneficent distributor of the bounties of nature, of the products of human labor. If he lack these essential characteristics, let him aspire to be anything else rather than a merchant, for his own sake and for that of others. An incompetent trader or doctor may live through his patients’ blood; not a poor lawyer may damage his clients’ trust; not an ineffectual banker may ruin his friends’ business. The chances that he may, however, grow less and less until they are very nearly extinguished.

It is idle and mischievous to hope for large profits hereafter, save in rare, exceptional instances. The general diffusion of intelligence, and the improvement of the facilities for direct exchanges between producer and consumer, render extensive and regular trade on the old basis of small sales and large profits impossible. If the flour dealers of New

York, the shoe dealers of Ohio, will not supply their customers at moderate prices, they provoke competitors to supplant and destroy them; or, this failing, they incite consumers to combine and buy at wholesale—care of flour, of coal, of shoes, for themselves. Any serious attempt to restore the old system of sales on long credits to customers of doubtful solvency, but at such high prices as to compensate for the risk and delay of payment, would only serve to impel the consuming classes to withdraw more and more of their exchanges by agencies and arrangements of their own. The practical choice of the mercantile class lies not between large and small per centages on their sales, but between small ones and none.

But small advances on cost do not imply small profits. On the contrary, there never was a time when larger profits were realized than may be now. Let us suppose, for example, that New England consumes annually ten thousand tons of western bacon, and that the quantity so consumed is annually increasing. Now if any Boston merchant at home can manage to become the channel of interchange between the producers and the consumers of half these hams, at an average net profit of two cents per ton, that merchant or house would clear \$15,000 annually on bacon alone.—So with flour, groceries, and everything else.

These, then, are the essential bases of a profitable and safe trade in the future—first, ability to supply the public demand on as favorable terms as any one else can offer; secondly, universal knowledge of the fact, and assurance that it may be relied on. Let a Boston dealer in flour, or meats, or cloths, or anything else, be able to supply all New England with whatever he deals in, at the lowest possible rate, and let all New England be assured of the fact that he can and will do so, and his fortune is made. No matter though his average net profit should range even below one per cent., his annual income must exceed his necessary expenses by thousands of dollars.

The merchant, therefore, who aims to succeed in business must aim at these two points—first, to be sure that he can supply a wide demand for the articles he deals in, on the lowest practicable terms; secondly, that everybody within the proper scope of his business is made aware of his ability and confidence of his disposition to do so. These points attained, he has only to do his business properly, as it comes in upon him, and his fortune is made.

To the merchant or dealer who is sure of his ability to fill orders on the most favorable terms the attainment of an adequate publicity is the matter of primary concern. If his circle of trade is properly the county in which he lives, then he should take efficient measures to let every family in that county know what he sells, and on what conditions. It is idle to speak of the cost as an impediment—he might as well object to the cost of sheltering his goods from bad weather, protecting them from thieves or dealing them out to customers. All the other cost of his business is incurred without adequate motive or return so long as this essential element of business is neglected or scorned. If his location and his stock only entitle him to expect the custom of his own town or neighborhood, then he should incur the expense of fully informing that locality. Just so with the whole sale-merchant who aspires to a custom so extensive with his state, or section, or the whole Union. If he is prepared to satisfy so wide a demand on favorable terms, the expense of apprising those whom he desires for customers of the nature of his business, the character of his stock, the range of his prices and the reasons why he should deal with, is one which he cannot refuse to incur without gross incompetency and ruinous prodigality. By thus refusing, he increases his expenses for rent, lights and fuel, clerk-hire, &c. from half a per cent. to three, five and in some cases ten per cent. on his aggregate sales, and renders it morally impossible that he should sell at a profit and at the same time sell as cheaply as his more enterprising and capable rivals. In effect, he condemns defeat and ineffectuality, and retreats to the rear-rank of his vocation.

Some men, who know enough to advertise, are yet so narrow as to confine their advertisements to journals of their own creed or party. If they do not choose to trade with any but men of like faith, this is wise; but if they desire to have the whole public for customers, it is otherwise.

There is a large class who delight to shine in newspapers and placards as wits or poets, and announce their wares in second hand jokes or in doggerel fit to do the teeth of a dull man an edge. If their object is notoriety or a laugh, this is the way to obtain it; but if it be business, it would seem better to use the language of business. Leave others’ jests to the circus; let the men speak as they act, with directness and decision. The clearest words that will convey the advertiser’s ideas are the right ones.

Men of business are partly aware of the immense change which a few years have wrought in the power of the Public Press. A few years since, a circulation of three thousand copies was a very large paper for a daily paper; now there are journals issuing forty to fifty thousand copies daily, while lists of ten to twenty thousand are frequent, and rapidly increasing. As a general rule, an advertisement in a paper now will meet the eyes of four to ten times as many persons as a like announcement would have done twenty years ago. It is easy to place ones where it will meet the eyes of one hundred thousand persons within two days; or, by using half a dozen papers, to challenge the attention of half a million persons. When it is practicable to attain such publicity at the cost of a few dollars, and when some actually do obtain it, how can those who neglect it expect to build up a business? An old one may sustain itself; its customers gradually drop off by death or removal; but he who would build up a business now must “be like the times,” and improve the advantages it offers. Foremost among these is the facility now so cheaply afforded for General Advertising. To neglect it is like resolving never to travel by steam or communicate by telegraph. It is to close one’s eyes to the light, and insist on living in perpetual darkness. An individual may do this at his own cost; but a community, a class will never set so insanely; and he who neglects the advantages of advertising not only robs himself of his advantages, but betrays the spots on his wiser rivals. *Palmer’s Reg.*

Much rain is a sure sign of wet weather.

RIGHTS OF THE PRESS. A judge of one of the inferior courts in New York city recently decided that newspapers had the right to publish preliminary examinations before magistrates, without rendering themselves liable to a suit for libel, provided they published the record and not their own version of it. Judge Campbell, of the Superior Court, has, however, given the decision of that court, declaring that the decision of the court, declaring that the paper is responsible, not merely for the truth of the alleged occurrences before the magistrate, but for the truth of the complaint itself. The journal sued was the Courier and Inquirer of New York, and that paper comments on the decision with the consequences to newspapers, as follows:

It is no part of our purpose to argue the legal questions involved, or to dispute the correctness of the judgment of the court. But it will not escape notice that English law alone is quoted by the Judge to sustain his decision. He does not once allude to the existence of any law of libel in this State, or to any circumstances which place the freedom of the press in the United States upon a different footing from that which it holds in England. The decision of British judges is held to be conclusive as to what the American press may or may not publish. Those judges have decided that newspapers cannot publish the proceedings held in the public court of justice, in cases of complaint or preliminary examination, without making themselves liable to prosecution for libel; and the court therefore affirms that to be the law of this State and enforces it against this paper. It follows, of course, that every paper which publishes police reports becomes liable, not only for the truth of its statements, but for the truth of every libel stated in court, for the truth of affidavits making complaint, for the truth of evidence given by witnesses, for the truth of what lawyers may say, for the truth, in short, of whatever may be said by any of the parties concerned. Every person arrested for murder, theft, or any other crime, may bring an action for libel against every paper which shall mention the fact and the responsibility of proving his guilt is then thrown upon the paper which stated the fact of his arrest.

S. S. PRENTISS, ESQ. We place before our readers a speech of Judge Bellard, at a meeting of the New Orleans Bar, in honor of the late Sergeant S. S. Prentiss. It is one of the most melancholy reflections connected with the death of Prentiss, that he leaves behind no solid memorial of that wonderful genius which enchaind his auditors as by a magic spell. His glorious thoughts have passed away with the sound of his voice. Let us hope that some future Wit may be found to immortalize this second Patrick Henry. Judge Bellard rose and said, that it would be more appropriate if the duty of addressing the Bar, upon the melancholy occasion of their assembling, had been assigned to a younger man. He was old enough to be the father of the lamented deceased, and was far advanced beyond that period when the thoughts and feelings suitable to such an occasion, find utterance in words of appropriate fervor and eloquence. But he had known the deceased for twenty years—he cherished for him a warm friendship—a deep and ardent admiration, that prompted him, despite age and many deficiencies, to bear testimony to his remarkable abilities and great worth as a man and lawyer.

When I first made the acquaintance of Sergeant S. Prentiss, (continued Judge Bellard) he was then a mere youth, and was emerging from the condition of a schoolmaster, and under the solicitations of some discerning friends embarking in the practice of law. In first following the profession of schoolmaster, he pursued the course almost invariably adopted by the eminent men who come from the section of the Union where Prentiss was born. Nearly all the great men in N. England have produced here passed through the condition of schoolmaster. It may be said to be the chrysalis state of her great men. Before they expand their wings and essay to soar aloft, they discipline their minds and temper in the humble sphere of the teacher. It was so of John Adams, and many other of the great men of New England. The man from whom I learned the first rudiments of knowledge, became a chief justice, and my brother had an opportunity of imbibing his first elements of knowledge from no less a man than the present distinguished Judge Woodbury, of the Supreme Court. P. passed through this ordeal, and soon emerged into the active world, a ripe scholar and a brilliant genius. It was not long before his great talents were discovered and appreciated. It was not long before the renown of his oratory blazed through the whole country, and his reputation as an advocate became coeval with the boundaries of the Republic.

He was a native of Maine, the extreme of the Northern State. Respecting a priori, one would suppose that the character of his mind would have been as cold, solid compact as the granite that his hills—that his nature would have been cool, cautious, sedate and prudent; and yet how different was the real man! His soul was as fiery as that of the Arabian; his heart was as warm as that of his first throbbings had been made beneath a Southern sun; his imagination was as luxuriant as the vegetation of Tropics, as fertile as that of the author of the “Thousand and One Nights.”

The Flora of the South is richer and more abundant than that of the Tropics. Every flower here sends forth its fragrance, and doth light the eye with its bloom; but, now and then there springs up from some sterile straggle, or at the foot of some snow clad mountain, a beautiful flower, which, in fragrance and beauty, exceeds the choicest products of the Tropics. The heavens near the Equator are bright and refulgent with the rays of the sun, and a golden radiance surrounds every object; but the cold and dark North is sometimes lighted up with the unquenchable refraction of that brightest of celestial phenomena—the Aurora Borealis. In the South, there are numerous volcanoes which periodically belch forth bright and devastating flames, but none of them exceed in grandeur the vast volume of fire which Hecla sends forth from its deep caverns, to roll in descending torrents down its snowy sides.

Mr. Prentiss possessed the most brilliant imagination of any man of his day. He had more of the talents of the Italian Improvisator than any man living, or perhaps than any man dead. It was, however, a great

error to suppose that he was a mere declaimer. On the contrary, all his flights of fancy rested on the firm basis of reason. Even on convivial occasions, when he gave full rein to his imagination, his oratory consisted of something more than gorgeous imagery—sparkling wit and brilliant language. There was always some solid principle, some well settled doctrine on which his most brilliant metaphors and oratorical flights rested. He was not satisfied merely with throwing out clever smart things. The rich ornaments and brilliant gems which hung up in the jewelry of his imagination were used to deck, to brighten, and render more brilliant and conspicuous, some valuable truth, some solid principle.—Such was his remarkable gift of throwing an attraction,—a beauty over all the objects upon which his fancy lighted—that under his hand a truism became a novelty.

As a lawyer, I can testify that Mr. Prentiss possessed great diligence of research.—His arguments were always solid and thorough. Indeed, it was sometimes objected to him, that he urged points too thoroughly and fully. He never struck a nail that he did not clinch it, and sometimes clinched it so tight as to break off the head. It is uncommon fault of lawyers of great intellectual vigor and fertility, that they press an argument so far as to produce the impression that their convictions are not sincere; not satisfactory to themselves. But Prentiss had a remarkable faculty of making all subjects attractive and interesting. When he attended court in the country, the intimation that he was about to speak would attract to the court house crowds of ladies and from miles around. I remember well a plain case of usury, which he had once to argue at a country court, and a great crowd assembled to hear him. Most of us would have argued the case on dry principles, on adjudicated cases, but in Prentiss, hand, it became a prolix theme for the richest imagery and the most striking illustrations. He made Shylock more hideous and revolting by his scorching satire and invective against the usurer. In truth there was no case so wide that he could not reach it with the rainbow of his imagination—a rainbow in which the brightest and most varied hues were beautifully commingled into one gorgeous circle of light and brilliancy.

The fame of such a man as S. S. Prentiss could not be narrowed down to the limits of any State or section. It extended all over the country. It shone with splendor in the halls of Congress—in other cities and States. Even in Faneuil Hall, appropriately called the Cradle of Liberty, where the first words of independence were heard, and where the orators of the country have thundered forth their noblest efforts; where Adams, Everett, Webster, Dexter, Choate, and others had long maintained an ascendancy over the minds and hearts of that cold, reflective, but intellectual people,—there when Prentiss appeared and poured forth the burning torrent of his gorgeous eloquence the whole audience would rise to their feet under the influence of his magical powers.

I have heard much of the great men of the age, and can freely say, that I never heard a man, combining in so remarkable a degree of reasoning faculty, with such brilliancy of fancy and felicity of language. There are, no doubt, men more learned, of more exact and cultivated language and fancy but none who rolled such brilliant thoughts, such ingenious metaphors, such exhaustless wit. In these respects, his speeches were like the most brilliant displays of the skillful pyrotechnist.

But, gentlemen, I intrude too far upon your indulgence. I hardly know how to begin; I do not know when to stop on this theme. It is inexhaustible. Poor Prentiss! what can I say of his qualities of the heart—who can describe the charms of his social intercourse? Old as I am, his society was one of my greatest pleasures; it made me feel young again. His conversation resembled the kaleidoscope, in the variety and brilliancy of its hues and objects. The darkest cloud was fringed with the lightning of his wit, and his beaming imagination colored every subject it touched.—Who would have thought that I, worn down with age and infirmity, would have preceded him to the dark vale of the Shadow of Death? Why should I, passed so far beyond the meridian of life, be spared, and he, in the vigor of life and maturity of strength, be cut down by the relentless arrows of the Archer—Death? But that is an inquiry which it may not be proper to pursue. Inevitably are the ways of Providence, and it becomes us to submit with fortitude and resignation to His decree.

Ere I close these remarks, allow me to express my warm thanks to the editors of the Delta for the truthful and eloquent eulogium which that journal contained of the virtues and genius of the lamented deceased. Proceeding, as it does, from gentlemen of opposite political sentiments, it does credit to the heart and head of the writer, and is one of the most touching and eloquent eulogiums I ever read.

Gentlemen, it is the fate of the improvisator, that though his influence is so strong and visible, and his fame so brilliant and extended in his day, he leaves behind him but few and faint memorials of his genius and greatness.—Such is eminently the case with orators like Patrick Henry and S. S. Prentiss. The effect of their oratory lives in the memories of those who enjoyed the rare happiness of hearing them. How many brilliant effusions have we all heard from Prentiss, which have no permanent record, and which pass away with the memories of those who heard them. I will state an incident illustrative of this remark. There was, some years ago, a meeting held at Dr. Clapp’s church, the object of which was to raise a subscription to procure a statue of Franklin, to be executed by the great American artist, Hiram Powers. The occasion called forth all the eloquence and stores of thought of Richard Henry Wilde, then fresh from the classic scenes of Italian art. It happened that Prentiss had just arrived in the city. He was dragged into the room by some friends, and clamorously called on for a speech. He arose, obviously surprised and embarrassed, but warming with the theme and the occasion, proceeded to pour forth one of the most brilliant and remarkable outbursts of oratory which I venture to assert ever fell from an individual, so suddenly called on. It displayed a most astonishing familiarity with the poets and fine arts, and yet that speech there exists no vestige. To have caught up its brilliant effusions would have been as difficult

as to have snatched the meadows as they shoot about the sky. Could all the brilliant things that have fallen from Prentiss in his career be collected and preserved, they would form a volume as rich and various as that of Shakespeare. There would be found beautifully blended, the humor and stately of Falstaff, the keen wit of Mercutio, and the overwhelming pathos of Lear.

But, alas! the wand of the magician, the wand of Prospero, is broken! We shall no more hear his eloquent tones, laugh over his mirth-provoking wit, weep over his tender touches of true feeling, or behold with admiration the rich gems which he dragged up from the depths of his imagination, and exhibited to an admiring world.

“The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples—the great globe itself, Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, And like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind.”

Deeply is it to be regretted, that what through a polluted press, the prany literature of the day is beginning to engross the minds and imaginations of the rising generation, that the thoughts and ideas of such a man as S. S. Prentiss should have no permanent and tangible form.

I beg Mr. Chairman, in conclusion, to move that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions, expressive of the feelings of the Bar on this occasion.

LADIES’ DEPARTMENT. ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work and not to be dependent upon servants to make your bread, sweep your floors, and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too highly those honorable young men who sustain themselves by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company, those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves so long as they can keep soul and body together, and get sufficient to live in fashion.

Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the pines of your vain lover, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their hearts and habits. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves; see if they have a butterfly’s existence, and to love and respect their parents. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft, delicate and the fine appearance of the young gentleman, but not those foolish considerations too much engross your thoughts.

“DONE TO THE LIFE.” Any one who has heard a fashionable young lady sing at an evening party—and who has not enjoyed that extraordinary pleasure—will recognize the following picture as drawn from the life.

“The young lady on being led to the piano, first throws a timid glance around the room, ostensibly to evade a gentle confusion, but in reality to see who is looking at her. She then observes to the mistress of the house, ‘that she is not in very good voice,’ which she confirms by a faint snuffle, something between a sigh, smile and a single knock cough. ‘The hostess replies, ‘Oh, but you sing so delightfully.’—The young lady answers, ‘that she cannot sing the evening—’ to strengthen which opinion, she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous, by giving him her bouquet to hold; and drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, tucks them behind one of the candlesticks, together with her flimsy handkerchief, in such a fashion that its deep laced border or embroidered name may be seen to the best advantage. The top of the piano, which had been opened for the quadrilles, is then shut down by an active gentleman, who pushes his fingers in the attempt the musician forms a series of dissolving views, and disappears, and no one knows where, nor ever will and the young lady takes her place at the piano, and as she plays, the chords of the key she is about to inaugurate in, every one is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music stool is too high, or too low, or something of that kind, and the pedals appear exceedingly difficult to be found. At length, every thing being still she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess and saying that ‘she is certain that she shall break down,’ brings out the opening note of the recitativo, which makes the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and shows a couple who are whispering all sorts of soft nothings on a caresser in the back drawing room.”

A SERIOUS KISS. A Caution to Frank Young Ladies with Modest Loves.

An Austrian nobleman, one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men in Vienna, was passionately in love with a young girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court, and on these considerations as well as regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lovely and admirable, and treated them with affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for the Count, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind delicate sensibility; he loved her for herself alone—for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form. Like a lover of such perfections he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade the sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings, when one night at the house of his intended bride, a party of young people assembled