

AGRICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF FRUIT TREES.

The ground (wherever) is always to be kept clear of weeds. From the spring to the fall, frequent hoeing all the ground over, not only to keep away weeds, but to keep the ground moist in hot and dry seasons, taking care never to hoe, but when the ground is dry at top. This hoeing should not be deeper than four or five inches; for there is a great difference between trees and herbaceous plants, as to removal of their roots respectively. Cut off the lateral roots of a cabbage, or a turnip, or a wheat, or a rye, or an Indian corn plant, and new roots, from the parts that remain, come out in twelve hours, and the operation, by multiplying the mouths of the leaders of the plant, gives it additional force.

But the roots of a tree consists of rootlets, more or less hard; they do not quickly renew themselves; the year of permanent nature; and they must not be much mutilated during the time that the sap is in the flow.

Therefore, the ploughing and digging between the trees, ought to take place only in the fall, which gives time for a renewal, or new supply of roots, before the sap be again in motion. For this reason, if crops be grown under trees in orchards, they should be of wheat, rye, barley, oats, or some thing that does not demand a ploughing of the ground in spring.

In the garden, dig the ground well and clean, with a fork late in November; get close to the trees, but do not bruise the large roots. Clean and clear all well round the stem. Make the ground smooth just there—Ascertain whether there be insects there of any sort. And, if there be, take care to destroy them. Pull, or scrape off all rough bark at the bottom of the stem. If you ever peel off the outside bark a foot or two up, in case there be insects, it will be better.

Wash the stems with water, in which tobacco has been soaked and do this whether you find insects or not. Put the tobacco into hot water, and let it soak twenty-four hours before you use the water. This will destroy, or drive away all insects.

As the trees are sometimes subject to be injured by snow, to remedy this, scrape it off with a round iron scraper; also dig round the trees, and bring fresh mould to them. When found necessary, thin their branches, cut off all dead or irregular shoots, as well as those which appear to be cankered, and in a decaying state, all of which should be put off to some healthy leading branch.

Be particular to cut a scow, for taking off the limbs and branches, that are too large for the tree, and smooth the cut parts with a drawing knife, which is the most suitable for large computations.

In pruning, a good general rule is, never to shorten the branches, unless to improve the figure of the tree, and then to take them off very close at the separation, so that the wound may heal well and soon. If the wound be very large, cover it with tar, or thick paint; if small, raw dung will be the best plaster, secured by a bandage of cloth.

In pruning at the time of planting out young orchards, you should have in view, the advantage of keeping the middle of the tree open, in order that the fruit, in every part of it, may receive the free influence of sun and air. J. M. Gardner.

From trees should not be allowed to Maxima too early in the spring, as their blossoms are liable to be destroyed by frost. A method to delay the blossoming of fruit trees, is to bear the roots of the trees, by removing the earth for some distance around the tree, and covering with a little coarse litter. This should be done in the fall, and it will backen them, and keep them from vegetating too soon the next year.

HOW TO GET A FARM. About eight years ago a Dublinian, whose sole English was a good-natured "Yes," in every possible question, got employment as a stable man. His wages, six dollars and board, for that thirty six dollars in six months, but not one cent did he spend. He washed his own shirt and stockings, mended and patched his own breeches, and laid by his wages. The next six months, being now able to talk good English, he obtained eight dollars a month; and at the end of six more had \$18; making in all for one year, \$84.

The second year, by varying his employment—sawing wood in winter, working for the corporation in the summer, and making gardens in the spring—he laid by a hundred dollars; and the next year one hundred and fifty-five dollars; making, in three years, three hundred and sixty-nine dollars. With this he bought eighty acres of land. It was as wild as when the deer fled over it, and the Indian pursued him. How should he get a living while clearing it? This he did it!

He hires a man to clear and fence two acres; he himself remains in town to earn the money for clearing. Behold him already risen a degree—he is an employer. In two years time he has twenty acres well cleared, a log house and stable, and money enough to buy stock and tools. He now rises another step in the world, for he gets married, and with his ample bread and good natured wife, he gives up the town, and is a regular farmer. In Germany he owned nothing, and never could own anything; his wages were nominal; his diet chiefly vegetable, and his prospect was, he should be obliged to labor as a menial for life, barely earning a subsistence, and not leave enough to bury him. In five years he has become the owner of a fine piece of a good farm, with comfortable fixtures, a prospect of rural wealth, an independent life, and by the blessing of Heaven and his wife, of an endless posterity. Two words tell the story—industry and economy. These two words will make any man rich.

Indiana Farmer.

FROM THE SOUTHERN PATRIOT. TEA CULTIVATION. GARDEN-GROVE TEA PLANTATION. Greenville District, March 21, 1850.

GENTLEMEN:—Some of your subscribers may feel an interest in the progress of tea cultivation. I have removed from the village of Greenville to this place, the whole of the tea plants put out two years ago in my one acre experimental tea garden in the village, and last year transferred them to my plantation. They now constitute a part of Golden Grove Tea plantation, in conjunction with those plants received from China in June last, which germinated in September, and are now small but healthy plants.—All the plants from the village stood the snows of January,

and the frosts and storms of winter, without the slightest covering or protection, in perfect security, without a single loss, affording conclusive evidence of their natural hardiness and strength.

I cannot express my gratification at seeing every one of the plants lifted, especially as it was the first opportunity I have had of seeing the roots of the plant, now of Carolina growth. The main roots are fine and large; the collateral roots corresponding in strength and beauty, shooting out fibrous radicals in great abundance, in every direction. They have all grown remarkably well during the last summer, and I trust the whole will constitute the nucleus of extensive tea plantations in the United States.

Your obedient servant, JUNIUS SMITH.

TO CAUSE THE TREES TO THRIVE. Young trees will not thrive, if the grass is allowed to grow around them, they should, therefore, be kept clean and the earth mellow, to the distance of three or four feet around them, and every autumn, some well rotted manure should be dug in around each tree, and every spring, the bodies of the apple, pear, plum, and cherry trees, and other that is particularly desirable to promote the growth of, should be brushed over with common soft soap, undiluted with water; this treatment will give to the trees a brilliancy surpassing the expectation of any one who has not witnessed its effects.

Prince on Horticulture.

PICKLING EGGS. If the following were generally known it would be more generally read. We constantly keep it in our family, and find it an excellent pickle to be eaten with cold meat &c. The eggs should be boiled hard (say ten minutes) and then divested of their shells, when cold put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar, (sufficient to quite cover them) in which has been previously boiled the usual spices for pickling, till they are tight, with bladder, and keep them until they begin to change color.

TO PREVENT MOTHS GETTING UNDER HIVES. Pound a handful of peach leaves and salt them well and strewn them over the bench under the hive. In two or three days, repeat the operation. The flavor of peach leaves is offensive to the moth, but not to the bees.

GINGERBREAD SNAPS. Take a pound and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, the same of sugar and molasses, and an ounce of powdered ginger. Mix well before the fire, and five table-spoonfuls of thick cream, work into a stiff paste, roll out thin, dip a wine-glass into flour, cut out the snaps with it, and bake in a quick oven.

FROM THE KUCKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND. The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband was found by her son, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was liberally printed with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen.

"When this shall meet your eye, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the soil will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might seem but the nervous imaginations of a girl, yet dear G—, it is so. Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty and health, indeed, it is to struggle patiently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down alone into the dark valley "But I know in whom I have trusted," and leaning upon His arm, "I fear no evil." Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you.—How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrows as I feel at parting when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live if only to heat your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death-drops from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into His Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

"You are the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the Spirit's final flight and of transforming my sinking head from your breast to my Savior's bosom!"—And you shall share my last thought: the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have filled me, my eye shall rest upon yours until glazed by death—and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last ecstasy you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfolding glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know that, dear G—, where you will lay me; as often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glaced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold each particle has had to that one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over my Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost but gone before!"

CONDITION OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY. Much has been said of the destitution of the English laboring classes. Ledru Rollin has lately written a work in which a graphic and terrible picture is given of the distress and suffering which prevail among the poor of

England. But the following extract from the Paris correspondent of the *Britannia*, shows that the condition of the French peasantry is equally wretched with that of the English laborers:

"The reports of the Prefects to the government have for some time past depicted the profound demoralization which is spreading amongst the masses, throughout the length and breadth of the land. To verify them, the President, it appears, some weeks ago, sent into the departments a number of persons on whom he could rely, to ascertain from their own personal observation, the real state of opinion. Their letters, it is said, represent matters as worse even than had been supposed. Except in the legitimist districts, the vast majority of the peasants have become Red and Socialist and almost everywhere they declare themselves unfavorable to the President, owing to the non-fulfillment of his promises on his election. It need occasion no surprise to learn that the peasantry of France have joined the flag of the Socialists, for they are in a state of profound misery; and it is natural for misery to listen favorably to any extraneous who will promise relief. You will admit this if you will just read the following extract from a report on the state of the rural populations, read in a recent sitting of the *Academie Francaise*.—Whatever be the diversity in the quality of the land, occupied by the populations, or in their manners or skill, the dominating and characteristic fact of their situation is distress, or at least a general insufficiency to satisfy the first necessities of life. We are surprised at the small consumption made by these myriads of human creatures. People could not believe, unless they had seen, as we have, of what wretched materials are composed the clothing, the furniture, and the food of the inhabitants of our country districts. There are entire districts in which certain articles of dress are still transmitted from father to son, in which household utensils consist entirely of some wretched wooden spoons, and the furniture is a bench, or a crummy table. We may still count by hundreds of thousands men who never knew what sheets in a bed are; others who have never worn shoes; we may count by millions those who drink only water, who never, or almost never, eat meat, nor even wheat bread."

It is obvious that such a condition of things offers a field wide enough for French thought and philanthropy without crossing the ocean to interfere in nominal slavery. It cannot be just, it cannot be right that the great mass of a nation should occupy such a position; and to be made more wretched of wood and drawers of water, without reward and without hope, while a favored few roll in unbounded wealth and luxury. When the intellect of France shall have achieved so splendid a victory in social science as to discover and eradicate the causes of the glaring anomalies and inequalities of French society, it will have surpassed all its former triumphs in physics, in literature and in arms, and entire itself to speak with less presumption of the system of American servitude, in which the laborer is better fed, clothed and provided for, than in any other nation of the earth.

WATER-LOO AT NOON. THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE. On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying. The luxurious crop of rye grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels strewn with many a relic of the fight—helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords, all the variety of military ornaments; lance's caps and highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume and pennon; musket instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of slaughter field? Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be lightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, and their desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers, wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at reuniting individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. In many cases the dead by four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of the French battery.

Outside, lance and cuirass were scattered thickly on the earth. Maddy attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the muskets of the inner files.—Father on you tread the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseurs and Hussars were intermingled, and the heavy Non-horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's cavalry. Here the Highlander and tirafleur lay side by side together, and the heavy dragon, with green Erui's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was covered with the dead, and trodden felloe deep in mud and gore, by the frequent ruts of rival cavalry, the thick straggling corpses of the Imperial Guard, pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps on which his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen.

In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up, and here the bayonet closed the contest.—*Magdell's Victories of the British Army.*

THE PROPOSED CHANGE IN LADIES' DRESS. A lady thus writes to the *Syracuse Journal*. As the proposed abbreviation of skirts is one of the momentous questions of the age, we feel bound to approach it with due reverence, *pro and con*. The lady says: As I am a woman, I naturally feel interested in the proposed change in woman's dress, and therefore beg a little space in your paper for a word or two. Having this morning accidentally observed a lady dressed after the new style, and perceiving no change in her

garments except skirts shorter than are usual worn, and hairy looking pantaloons, I felt a desire for some information upon the subject. With any of the ladies *a la Turque*, please and enlighten the ignorance of us who dress *a l'Americaine* as to the advantage they derive from the new mode? Does it free the chest, and give room for the healthy action of the heart and lungs? Does it relieve the hips and abdomen of their burdens? If it consists in a mere shortening of skirts, for the weight of which is substituted a pair of hot and cumbersome pantaloons, how is our dress improved? I can see that for walking in the wet and snow, for going up and down stairs, and perhaps for some other purposes, the new dress would be convenient. But it must also be inconvenient. It would afford inadequate protection for the feet and ankles in cold weather, especially while riding, and in warm weather it would be less cool than the present arrangement. Short bodies will object to it, and with good reason, as it will lessen their apparent stature by three or four inches, and no one likes to appear diminutive. A change in our dress is desirable, and if it be made comfortable, convenient and tasteful, it will be rapidly adopted. If any lady will interest us about these matters, we shall be much obliged.

A GENERAL VIEW OF CALIFORNIA. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, treating of the improvement of society in that country, says: The truth is, society has been in a worse condition here than now, and it is improving rapidly. Gambling is not now the principal business of the winter, as it was one year ago. Money is not so plenty, and beside, many of our prominent men dare not now do as they once did: All kinds of trickery are required to draw business, and to attract green gentlemen. Women—yes, women are put behind the gambling tables, with their boxes and roulettes and other implements of the infernal trade.

These women, however, are mostly French strumpets. We are invited in *La Belle France* for several similar refinements in society. It is most revolting to see women unsexed, and set to grog-serving and gambling. But the business flags and the gamblers go about the streets with sick faces. The mighty music don't pay. The *Lauspeneis* is growing stale.

Society improves rapidly from the immigration of the wives and families of our citizens.—The proportion of virtuous females increases daily.

Of the administration of law, he says: Our papers are highly spiced with murders and lynchings, which are sorrowfully frequent throughout the State. How can it be otherwise? Look at our mongrel population! The whole world pours its petid excrement into the lap of California. The penal settlements of England and the hells and brothels of Paris and New Orleans have vomited most filthy upon this land. Chili, Mexico, and all Yankeeism have added largely to the mass of moral filth.

Not all the population are of this class—for there is a large proportion taken from the better ranks of society in the Atlantic States, and in foreign countries. It cannot be denied, however, that men who have borne a good character at home, often lose it here, at least they lose their claim to a good character.—No country in the world offers such powerful temptation to perdition and vice. The standard of morals in mercantile and business affairs is not very high, and the trading community are not far above the standard.

Some of our greatest soundness were correct men before they came here. They had never been tried. On the contrary, however, it is gratifying to know that many persons who came here with broken reputations, have redeemed themselves. The law can't do it; but the honest man can. An honest man may come out a rogue, and a quondam or suspected scoundrel is quite likely to come out purified. Morally and physically, it is the strangest spot on the globe.

At this moment an extraordinary fermentation in the moral world goes on. Society is not organized, and law cannot be brought into regular operation in the mining districts. Individuals are their own judges and avengers. Even in this city it is not an unheard of thing for an Alderman or a Policeman to withhold an enemy in the street. The spirit of Lynch law is rife. What the issue will be cannot be foretold. I have no doubt that ere long things will settle down in a regular course, law will assume its rightful authority, and in other respects the population of California will exhibit the general character of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR. The English papers by the steamer *Cambridge* full details of the opening ceremonies connected with the formal opening, by Queen Victoria in the presence of thirty thousand spectators, of the Great Exhibition at London. The following extracts respecting this event are from the *European Times* of the 3d instant:

After several days' excitement, during which the public curiosity has been wound up to the highest pitch, the morning of Thursday, the day fixed for the opening of the Great Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, opened auspiciously. On the preceding day we had rain and hail, with very cold weather, but the gloomy 1st of May was interrupted by scarcely a cloud; and at mid-day, when the Queen ascended the throne, the effulgence of the sun left no other wish ungratified. As far as the moral arrangements depended on man, they were perfect; and I rejoice to say that the day passed off without a single accident. Punctually, at nine in the morning, a line of carriages which reached from the Exhibition to the eastern end of Long Acre, existed west, north, and south. Finding this to be the case, I alighted, and walked into Hyde Park, entering the Commissioners' gate without the slightest inconvenience. The scene upon entering was beautiful in the extreme. Already every seat was occupied; but a member of Parliament who was an exhibitor, contrived to make a little coterie in the Tunisian department, to which I was admitted and I saw the whole inauguration scene under the happiest point of view.

The company kept pouring in until the last moment and, at half-past eleven o'clock, I gazed upon the wonders of the grand temple, and heard the mighty organ from the West end, the tones wafting their sounds through the

mass of British manufactures and productions; whilst at the eastern extremity you saw the American eagle proudly conspicuous over the bold inscription which marked the region of the United States' productions—long lines of beautiful women, with officers and gentlemen, filling up the background, in every way the eye was turned some surprising natural, or artificial object was to be seen: the *tertium cense* was altogether most beautiful. Punctually at twelve o'clock the Queen arrived, her *entree* being marked by long and animated cheering. She seated herself on a platform, surrounded by a spacious elegantly blue canopy, adorned with feathers, with Prince Albert on her left. They were accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. The court circle was now completely formed, making a *tableau* never to be forgotten. The Queen looked remarkably well. She wore the order of the garter, a pink brocade dress, shot with gold, and the Prince looked calmly and proudly happy. The Duke of Wellington, who this day completed his eighty-second year, had been there nearly two hours before, and the commissioners and all the officials and ladies of the household surrounding the throne presented a scene of extraordinary splendor. The National Anthem was performed, and the music produced a most delightful effect in the glass building. Prince Albert, with the commissioners, presented himself before the Queen, and read the report as described in the official programme. I could not hear the tones of the Queen when she read her reply, from the spot where I was placed, but the fact is, my moral voice lost in the vast audience.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then delivered a prayer at inauguration, which was followed by the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel, under the direction of Sir Henry R. Lubbock. The effect of this was most striking, and the voices of the chorists were here in the fullest perfection. A procession was then formed of the most interesting character. The State heralds preceded, Messrs. Paxton, Fox, and Henderson led the way. Then came all the officials engaged in constructing the building; afterwards the foreign acting commissioners; and most singular was to see all the various costumes worn by hard-headed capable men from every quarter of the world. Then followed the Royal Commissioners, among whom I noticed Mr. Cobden, dressed in a plain black coat. Then followed the venerable Duke of Wellington, walking side by side with the Marquis of Anglesea; both were loudly cheered. The foreign ambassadors, among whom Mr. Lawrence appeared to considerable advantage from his age and commanding appearance, followed, and Her Majesty's Ministers, headed by Lord John Russell. These were loudly applauded; and lastly the Queen and Prince Albert, the one leading the Prince of Wales, and the other the Princess Royal, closing the procession with the Royal Prussian guests at the palace, and the ladies of the household. The procession first marched along the British or western nave, and then, crossing the transept, passed on the eastern extremity, the U. States' aisle. At every step new exclamations arose; the music from the various organs saluted the procession as it passed, and thus every individual in the building was enabled to see every individual in the cortege. The Queen then declared "the Exhibition opened," and the trumpets and artillery announced the fact to the countless multitudes outside. The whole auditory arose to give a parting cheer, or a series of defending exclamations of joy, and the ceremony terminated by the retirement of the Queen, who went back to Buckingham Palace in the state in which she had come. The multitude in the park were countless. I looked through the glass window and a sea of human beings surrounded me on all sides. Everybody was in good humor, and all the superstitious presentations of the past, which had been formed in the imagination of some minds were wholly forgotten. Never was so great a spectacle inaugurated with so much good order and tranquility, in the presence of perhaps half a million of human beings.

Another account in the *London Times*, speaking of the Royal procession around the Crystal Palace, for the examination of the most prominent parts of the Exhibition, goes on to say:—

The French organ, by Du Croquet, and that from Erfurt, by Schulze, each in turn poured forth its music; and as the pageant rounded the eastern end of the building the bands of the Coldstream and Scots Fusilier Guards varied the programme by their spirit stirring strains. The return along the north side of the nave renewed the enthusiasm of the foreigners and visitors assembled there.—The cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs went on continuously around the building, and at last, having completed a progress more triumphant in its peaceful warfare and spirit of goodwill than the proudest warlike pageant that ever ascended the capital of ancient Rome, the Queen returned once more to the position in the transept where her throne was placed. She looked exceedingly well, and bore the excitement of the occasion with a firmness worthy of herself and of the people she governs. The applause of the assembly was acknowledged both by herself and the Prince in the most gracious manner. His Royal Highness appeared less composed when the ceremony and the procession had been happily conducted to its close. It was natural that he should feel strongly the termination of a spectacle, the grandest perhaps that the world ever saw, and with which his name and reputation are henceforth inseparably associated. He wore a field marshal's uniform, and the Prince of Wales the Highland dress. Her Majesty was magnificently attired, but we are not learned enough in such matters to describe her toilet. The royal children were objects of great attention, and the Prince of Wales received several special cheers from the assembly.

And now the last act of the ceremonial remains to be recorded. The Marquis of Bessborough, in a loud voice announced that the Queen declared, "the Exhibition open." A flourish of trumpets proclaimed the fact to the assembled multitudes. The Royal family, attended by the Court, withdrew from the building, the choir once more took up the strain of the National Anthem, the barriers, which had hitherto restrained the spectators within certain limits, were withdrawn, and the long pent-up masses poured over every part of the building, unrestrained by policemen, and eager to gratify their curiosity.

Such was the state opening of the Great Exhibition; a pageantry which no one who witnessed it can ever forget, and which is

stamped on the history of this age and country in characters which will not easily be effaced. Those who have indulged in sinister predictions of danger arising from this undertaking have at least thus far been false prophets. Nothing could exceed the good humor and disposition to be pleased visible over every part of the building. Republicans and anarchists may be made monarchial by such influences as the ceremony of yesterday exerted, but there seems but little prospect of any political movement in the opposite direction.

An incident occurred at the termination of the performance of the grand Hallelujah chorus which is thus noted:—

At this moment the Chinese Mandarin, impelled by his own sudden impulse, dashed through the balustrades, and nearly overturning Lord John Russell in his speed, protruded himself for a moment at the Queen's feet, touching his forehead upon the floor.—Though this part of the ceremony was not in the programme and excited at first some little stir, Her Majesty received the salutation with gracious coolness, and the protestant again started.

IRISH EMIGRATION. We have had occasion, during the past year to draw the attention of our readers to the large number of persons who annually arrive in this country from Ireland. The "rush" for this country continues with unabated vigor. A recent paper states that the once populous district of Thales, and various other parts of Tipperary, appear to be almost totally deserted. The congregations attending the chapel have become, as contrasted with former years, miserably thin; and the once "finest peasant in the world" have all vanished.—During the last week 100 emigrants left Thales and its vicinity, and so great was the pressure at the railway station that additional carriages had to be put in requisition for their transit to Dublin. A letter from W. T. F. mentions that 2,000 emigrants, freighted with fully 2,000 suitcases, left that port for America on the 22d inst., and on the 24th another large vessel, also laden with emigrants, sailed for the same destination.—The accounts from the west are even more startling. A Magistrate and land owner in the county of Mayo speaks in terms of the utmost alarm at the prospect of the country being left without sufficient hands to till the ground. From Westport and Castlebar, shopkeepers, farmers, and able-bodied laborers, are flying as if from a plague; in many districts cultivation is at a standstill, and the population seems to be fleeing to the mountains of the workhouses. A Kerry paper announces that the Lords of the Treasury have consented to advance the sum of £2,000 to the Dingle Union for the purpose of procuring paper emigration.

The complaint of the press in Ireland is, that the industrious and the owners of such capital are departing.

ELECTIONEERING IN KENTUCKY. High up the Big Sandy, in Kentucky, is an unpopulous region of country known as the "Knobs," where doctors and schoolmasters are unknown, where a man under six feet would be a curiosity, and the girls and the good wives all are able to "whip their weight in wildcats." Annually, or bi-annually, as election days come round, the uncultivated inhabitants of this region become of importance, and their only property, their votes, are begged and bargained for by the would-be servants of the public. When Davy Trimble was a candidate for their suffrages he was opposed by Col. D., who started upon his "stomping tour" some weeks in advance of his arrival. The tributaries of the Big Sandy had poured out their hundreds, all eager to drink the Colonel's whisky, and the many ready to receive such other tokens of regard as he might think it necessary to give to secure their suffrages.—The Colonel had declared against banks and Federalists, opposition and political chicanery, and was ringing the changes upon the Tariff, when he was interrupted by an old fellow, who asked:—

"Well now Kernal, will ye jist tell us what sort of a fellah this ere Tariff is, for we've heard tell on him, from most every one of our town chaps what come up here to get lectured?"

"Why Squire, this tariff 's't a man, but a machine like a Carey plough that has been invented by the Whigs to scratch poor men's backs with, and if they get into power you'll be harried about the country like so many dogs; and Davy Trimble is a Whig, and is in favor of the Tariff."—Whereupon 's' went up that if Davy Trimble came after their votes, they would shoot him at sight.

Sometime later the lamented Richard Mennifee and Judge French were canvassing the same district for a seat in Congress. The speeches had been made and a barbacue given, and the excitement of the day was to be wound up by a dance at a double log cabin near a branch. Not wishing to lose any opportunity of making friends, the candidates were in attendance—Judge French holding the button of a young hunter while he delivered a course of impost and the unconstitutionality of internal improvement, and Mennifee with his coat thrown in a corner and his sleeves rolled up, swinging the roughest checked law in the room, through the wild galloping of a country dance. Such a contrast could not remain unobserved, and it was soon whispered around that Judge French would be ready enough to dance with the fine folks at Owensboro; but he was too proud to dance with the likes of us; and cold shoulders and contemptuous looks were bestowed upon the Judge, as freely as were smiles and promises of support at the polls, upon the merry Dick Mennifee.

The cabin was built at the base of a high hill that came to a point a mile and a half below, and upon whose opposite side was another cabin (Tim Buffum's) where a similar justification was being held on the same night. To reach Buffum's, it was necessary to slide down on the point and up on the other side, making the whole distance three miles, or to take a rough foot path across the hill. Judge French determined to try his tactics upon this new field of operations; and mounting his horse leisurely, trotted down the branch; when Mennifee, who had observed his movements and suspected his intention, determined not to be out-witted by his opponent, and took the "short cut" over the hill.

Afterwards, in enumerating his "causes of his defeat," the Judge went to close his narrative of this rencontre with a—

"And what do you think I saw when I opened the door? Why there was that Men-

nifee, coat and jacket off, stamping away as if he were warring a wagger from Jim Crow! I thought the woods were full of Mennifee's! And the next morning for Owensboro."

After the mountain canvass was over, Mennifee stopped at the Amanda Terrace on the Ohio, where twenty or thirty brassy fellows had as many votes for whoever could secure their interest. Mennifee called all hands around him, and announced himself as a candidate for Congress. He would not propose to buy their votes, no, no. He had too much respect for the integrity of an American citizen to offer him such an insult. Besides these people up on the knobs had cleaned him out, and he had hardly thirty dollars left. But he would tell them what he would do. He would put up a dollar against every man, and wrestle for it, and if they threw him they were to keep the dollar; and if he threw them, they were to vote for him.

At first place, he threw such a stripping seemed but boy's play, but a second look at his compact sinews induced them to turn out a more virily adversary than they had at first anticipated. After a seemingly well-contested effort, he measured his length upon the turf; and John Dobins the best wrestler in the country, the orange had never met his match, was pitted against the "youngster"; but science prevailed over brute force, and his too, soon laid his heels in the air. Whereupon it was unanimously resolved that whoever could throw John Dobins would make good laws, and they would vote for him to a man.—*Great Western.*

EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.—One of our foreign papers relates an extraordinary tale of the recent disclosure of a series of frauds and forgeries, extending over a period of more than twenty years, committed by a clergyman of the Church of England, having the spiritual care, during that time, of two parishes in Wales.

Shortly after his institution to the principal benefice he purchased property, consisting of about twenty to thirty acres, upon which he erected a comfortable dwelling house and out-offices, as a residence for himself and his family. In a few years afterwards he purchased another small farm in an adjacent parish. His income amounted to £250 and £300 a year. But it was understood that he was in nearly circumstances, and was supposed to have borrowed money, but the manner did not transpire until after his death, which took place recently. An advertisement was then placed, calling on all persons who had claims of any estate to send them in to an answer of which, to the utter amazement of all parties, notices were given, from various parts of the kingdom, of some fifteen or twenty mortgages and charges on his property; to the extent of five or six times the value thereof. On further inquiries, it appeared that each claimant possessed what purported to be an original set of title and purchase deeds of the estate mentioned.

The reverend gentleman, assisted by a will be schoolmaster, who is also dead, had fabricated deeds and other documents of title, from copies of the original ones which he possessed, and continued to pass them off without suspicion or inquiry, and obtain money on them.

The spurious documents are not only drawn, executed, and attested by regular technical forms, but in order to make them more genuine, various were made use of for relieving them of their freshness and modern hue, and to give them an appearance of antiquity, the paper to agree with their dates.

The subject lies gone into law to determine which is the true and original set.

In England and Wales there is no registry of deeds. The possession of the originals is the evidence of title, and the transfer of them often made as the best possible security for loans.

THE GREAT METHODIST CHURCH CASE. This case was opened on Monday morning the 19th in the United States District Court, at New York, before Judges Nelson and Betts. The court room was crowded, and several Methodist clergymen were present. The following is an accurate, though brief statement of the case:

The Rev. Francis Harding, a slaveholder of the State of Virginia, was suspended by the Baltimore Conference, which was held about a year previous to the General Conference of 1844, for his connection with slavery. The action of this body was afterwards confirmed by the General Conference, which also suspended Bishop Andrew from the performance of his official duties, because of his holding slaves whom he had obtained possession of by marriage, and of his refusal to liberate them.

In consequence of the course taken by the General Conference, the southern delegates declared that a continued agitation of this subject would compel them either to abandon the slave States or separate from the north.

The southern delegates afterwards agreed upon what was called a plan of separation, and a southern convention, held on their return home, resolved to establish a separate organization; but the northern conference, which had possession of the funds, refused to give any share of them to that division of the church, which now became known as the South Methodist Church.

After this refusal, southern commissioners were appointed by the General Conference (South) to institute this suit for the recovery of their proportion of between