

# Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. III.—NO. 28.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 132.

G. A. MILLER S. W. JAMES.  
MILLER & JAMES,  
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

**TERMS.**  
Two Dollars if paid within two months; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed six months, and Three Dollars if not paid within the year.

**New Arrangement of Advertising Terms.**  
The Proprietors of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates.

By the Square.	One Insertion.	Two Insertions.	Three Insertions.	Four Insertions.	Five Insertions.	Six Insertions.	Each subsequent insertion.
1 square.	\$2	\$1.50	\$1.25	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25
2 "	4	3	2.50	2	1.50	1	.50
3 "	6	4.50	3.75	3	2.25	1.50	.75
4 "	8	6	5	4	3	2	1
5 "	10	7.50	6.25	5	3.75	2.50	1.25
6 "	12	9	7.50	6	4.50	3	1.50
7 "	14	10.50	8.75	7	5.25	3.50	1.75
8 "	16	12	10	8	6	4	2
9 "	18	13.50	11.25	9	6.75	4.50	2.25
10 "	20	15	12.50	10	7.50	5	2.50

3 months. 6 months. 9 months. 1 year.  
1 square, \$3 \$5 \$6 \$8  
2 squares, 6 10 12 16  
3 " 9 15 18 24  
4 " 12 20 24 32  
5 " 15 25 30 40  
6 " 18 30 36 48  
7 " 21 35 42 56  
8 " 24 40 48 64  
9 " 27 45 54 72  
10 " 30 50 60 80

Larger advertisements in the same proportion. A square is the space occupied by sixteen colon lines.

An advertisement making 1 or 4 squares, charged in proportion to one square. And making 21 or 24 squares, charged in proportion to 21 or 24 squares. All fractions of a square equal to one, charged in proportion to the whole square which they are a part.

Occasional renewals without additional charge granted to those who advertise regularly through the year.

Three dollars for announcing candidates for office. Court orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for divorce of husband and wife, \$10 each.

Persons sending advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required, or they will be inserted until forbidden; and if it be wished they should occupy the most favorable position, write upon the back "close." Otherwise they will be put in the usual style and charged accordingly.

No discount on these rates.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE Lexington and Yadkin Flag.

Having engaged the services of JAMES A. LONG, as Editor, I propose, provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, to publish in the town of Lexington a weekly paper, to be called the Lexington and Yadkin Flag; the first number to be issued on or before the 15th of June next.

The Flag will be devoted to Politics, Science, Literature, Agriculture, and to the Mechanical and Manufacturing interests of the country. And although Whig principles will be advocated, yet its columns will always be open to all parties for a free and fair discussion of their particular creeds; it being the object and design of the publisher to correct error and to disseminate truth. The Flag will also advocate the doctrine that native born American citizens, and should and will govern America. And that it should be a fundamental principle of all true American patriots, that while they are prompt and firm to resist any and every unauthorized encroachment upon their rights, they will respect, and be careful not to encroach upon and invade the rights and privileges of other nations, however weak and insignificant; and that the area of Freedom and Liberty, which is its present circumscribed state, that it should be extended by unlawful conquest, or by any wrongful act, no matter under what name, cloak or disguise it may be affected.

It is the desire of the publisher to establish a paper, equally acceptable and interesting to all classes of the community; a welcome visitor to every fire side and from the perusal of which every reader may feel that he has been both amused and instructed without feeling anything left behind to foster and rouse in his bosom; for while he reserves to himself the right to express his own sentiments and opinions fearlessly and candidly, he will do so with all due respect to the opinions and feelings of his countrymen, and especially the citizens of the State, and will guard against unnecessarily wounding the feelings of any person however humble, or showing undue favor to any man however exalted his station.

The town of Lexington is situated in one of the wealthiest, most populous and fertile counties in the State. It is located immediately on the North Carolina Rail Road and only a few miles from the great Yadkin River, which under the fostering care of the State is expected soon to be made navigable. It is therefore hoped that the citizens of every portion of the State, will find it to their interest to have communication through the medium of the Press, with a place so very favorably and fortunately situated.

The paper will be 24 by 34 in size with 24 columns; the Press and materials all new, and will be published in the best style of the typographical art. It is hoped that the friends of the enterprise, and especially the citizens of Davidson, will use every exertion to obtain subscribers, and that they will contribute a breeze, that will unfurl the Flag, and cause its ample folds to wave over the most liberal, intelligent and happy people, of which any age could ever boast.

All communications should be addressed to me either at Salisbury or Lexington, N. C.

## THE AMERICAN PICK.

THIS ILLUSTRATED COMIC WEEKLY which is published in New York every Saturday, has just commenced the fourth year of its prosperous existence. It has reached a larger circulation than any attempt of the kind ever started in America. It is filled with Gats and Caricatures, likenesses of persons and things, and these alone are worth the subscription price, which is only \$1 a year, for which 52 Nos. are mailed to any part of the United States. The new volume contains a continuation of the "Reminiscences of John C. Calhoun," by his private Secretary, and will be continued in the Pick until finished.

The Pick has become a favorite paper throughout the United States. Besides its weekly designs by the first artists, it contains editorial articles of a high character, and will carry cheerfulness to the gloomiest fireside. Its high character renders it a favorite in every family. It is emphatically a family paper. It contains each week a large quantity of Tales, Stories, Anecdotes, Scenes and Witi-cisms, gathered from life. Every article that appears in its columns is sent to the original, and it has clustered around it some of the best writers in the United States.

The subscription price is \$1 a year, in advance. Agents who send in subscriptions, and who have several persons, are allowed to deduct a commission of 25 per cent, thus reducing the price to 75 cents for the witliest weekly published upon this continent.

The Pick numbers among its subscribers many of the leading men in the nation, who give it a cheerful endorsement, and not a vine or design is allowed to appear in the Pick that is not unexceptionable, and its cheapness places it within the reach of all. The new volume commenced on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1855. All letters containing remittances must be addressed to

JOSEPH A. SCOVILLE,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Pick,  
No. 26 Ann street, New York.

## Poetical.

From the Abbeville Banner:  
MESSRS. EDITORS:—The poetry of R. H. Wilde, beginning "My life is like the summer rose," is universally admired, and frequently found in the periodicals of the day. His politics are forgotten; his life of Tasso encumbers the shelves of booksellers, whilst this gem, recognized as true poetry even in fault-finding England, promises to embalm his name in literary immortality. He will probably be known by it in future ages as Wolfe is in his burial of Sir John Moore, and Gray by his Elegy.

It is not, however, so well known that a lady of Baltimore, met the distinguished advocate in the Court of the Muses, and repaid with much force and almost equal beauty. As the stanzas of each are not found in connection, it is proposed to give those of Wilde separately and in a similar way the lady's answer in reply:

WILDE.  
My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
Yet on that rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept such waste to see;  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

LADY.  
The dews of night may fall from heaven  
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,  
And tears of fond regret be given  
To mourn the virtues of the dead.  
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,  
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,  
Affection's pangs be lul'd to sleep,  
And even love learn'd to weep.

WILDE.  
My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray—  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless, and soon to pass away.  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade;  
The winds shall breathe the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

LADY.  
The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,  
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,  
And friends may heave the sigh of grief  
O'er those who sleep within the tomb.  
Yet soon will Spring renew the flowers,  
And time will bring more smiling hours;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to sigh.

WILDE.  
My life is like the prints which stand  
Have left on Tempe's desert strand—  
Soon as the rising tide shall best,  
All trace will vanish from the sand.  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race  
On that lone shore, loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

LADY.  
The sea may on the desert shore  
Lament each trace it bears away;  
The lonely hearth its grief may pour  
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay.  
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,  
The waves dance bright and gaily on;  
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
And even love forgets to mourn.

## Agricultural.

### ESSAY ON THE CULTIVATION OF INDIAN CORN.

An Agricultural Association in Kentucky, last year, offered a premium for the best essay on the cultivation of Indian corn. The committee awarded the prize to Mr. S. T. Drane, of Henry county. The following is Mr. Drane's essay:

In writing an essay on the cultivation and management of a corn crop, the writer of this will not strive so much to maintain a system in writing as merely to contribute what he may know from practice.

Among the many requisites to ensure a good corn crop, the period of breaking the land according to its kind, whether it be turf, stubble, or land which had produced corn the preceding year, is of great consequence, and should be varied according to its tendency to wet or dry; and I will remark here that I have but little faith in the benefits resulting from fall or early winter plowing, because, if it be done earlier than November, the effects of the sun will prove injurious to the land thus exposed, and it will be sure to want rebreaking before it should be planted.

If the land is broken in November, December or January, it is still not exempt from the necessity of rebreaking, but it is liable, if the winter be a wet one, to excessive washing, and the consequence is, the valuable liquids are drenched out and the product will consequently be diminished. These remarks are intended to apply to stubble and sod lands.

From my observation and experience, I would say that February is preferable in Kentucky to any other time for breaking turf or sod land, and no farmer should, if he can avoid it, let a day pass, when this period arrives, without having some plowing done, when the ground is sufficiently cleared of frost to do so. Stubble lands may be broken in this month also, but should give precedence to the turf land.— Experience has proved to me, and I think

will convince any one who will try it, that turf or stubble which is turned under in February will rot as soon as that which is plowed earlier, while it is not liable to the injuries mentioned above.

Land from which a crop of corn was taken the year previous should not be broken before March but I hold that it is bad economy except upon land of great fertility, to tax it with two consecutive crops of corn. It is not only too exhausting to the land, but is always attended with more difficulty in the cultivation from grass and weeds—an important feature in the production of a good corn crop. The plowing should be deep and thoroughly done, and, if practicable, the subsoil plow should follow the ordinary plow; for upon a complete preparation of the land depends, in a great degree, the success of the crop. The planting should not be done until the ground becomes dry and warm enough to ensure the speedy germination of the seeds, so as to make a good stand, to avoid replanting the vacancies, and sometimes furrowing out entirely, which, if done without re-breaking, seldom produces a good crop, and is difficult to cultivate. It would be infinitely better for the farmer to attend to some other job until the proper season arrives.

An important point in this matter is the method of planting. There are as I conceive, but two definite methods of planting corn, one of which is by crossing off the land with a plow, the required width, and planting the crop so as to form rows each way; and the other is to drill it. Drilling is either performed by hand or by some of the numerous kinds of seed drills now in use.

From three years experience in planting with Barnhill's patent corn-planter, I prefer that to any other method of putting in my crop.

The advantages afforded by this method are—

1st. After I am ready to check off for planting I can dispense with three-fourths of the laborers and two-thirds of the horses, and the planter may from this cause alone be enabled to prepare his land thoroughly while the season is arriving when he may plant with safety, and he can thus be enabled to wait upon the weather and for the preparation of the land, which, if he does not, he will seldom fail to regret.

The land should in all cases be first harrowed before the planting. I consider the proper time for putting in this crop in Kentucky is about the middle of April; and in most of the land the 20th of April to the 5th and even to the 10th of May would not be too late.

Another reason in favor of the drill system with this machine is, that it deposits the grain at intervals of about twelve or fourteen inches apart, in rows say four feet to four feet three inches apart. The plants should be thinned out so as to leave but one stalk to each deposit. The corn is thus regularly dispersed over the ground, whereas, if in hills, the amount of stalks on the land would be about the same; but the more uniform distribution of the drifted corn over the surface of the land, I am confident will produce the largest yield, and if properly cultivated will withstand the effects of drought better than corn planted in hills, while the drilled corn can be cultivated easier and in much better rotation. For instance, if the entire crop is in one field, poor workings will always be in regular succession from one side to the other.— The period between workings to all parts of the field will be regular. Otherwise, if in hills to be plowed both ways when the field is once plowed over, say from east to west, you turn across and are obliged to rework a part of the corn immediately with apart that has not been worked for eight or ten days.

The system of cultivation that I pursue, and which I believe as successful as any other, is, as soon as the corn is planted and before it is up, if you choose, to run twice in a row with a one-horse Rounder or Livingston county plow, the bar side to the corn. I start half my teams thus: when they have proceeded this way long enough for the land to want stirring again, I start the second half, to follow with the Cultivator, twice in a row, which levels the ridges down. As soon as the third working is needed, or when those who used plows in the first case get over the crop, start them with Cultivators, also twice in a row. By this time the corn should be thoroughly and carefully thinned before the fourth working which should be done with shovel plows. Those who thin the corn should always carry hoes for the purpose of cutting briars, elders, sprouts, &c., that may have escaped the plow. The fifth process, which is apt to be the last should be with Cultivators twice in a row.

You now have the crop "laid by," as the term is, with the ground in a level condition, to avoid washing, and in a good condition to receive small grain in the fall or spring. We have now come to a period when we await the process of maturing, and the further management of the crop will vary according to the design to feed to the various kinds of stock; but it

is good economy, as soon as it is sufficiently ripened, to cut and set in stacks (if in hills) of 16 hills square, or if in drill, a little less than that proportion, as there is apt to be more on the ground, unless carefully thinned. There is more danger from too early cutting than too late; and all corn intended to be cribbed should be secured by the first of January; otherwise, it is very liable to receive material injury before it can be housed.

The stacks of shocks or fodder should be doubled after the corn is shucked out by laying one-third on the ground and setting the remainder carefully around.

This method of saving provender for stock in winter is by far the most speedy and cheap that can be used.

**HOW TO RAISE CUCUMBERS.**  
Saw a common-sized barrel in half, and put one of the parts, end downwards, into the ground, leaving the top of the barrel barely even with the surface. Fill it with rich dirt 4 inches deep. Then make a rough box (not less than 5 inches square, with one end nailed up but not so as to hold water. Place the box, with the headed end at the bottom, in the centre of the barrel, and then fill the barrel all around it up to the surface of the ground with rich loam, or the washings of a bottom, and well rotted manure. The box should stand several inches above the surface, as the design of it is to receive dirty water, soap suds, &c., to nourish the plants around it in dry seasons. Plant your seed, say 4 hills in the barrel around the box. Thin to one plant in a place. Stir the earth well till the vines begin to run, and then if you like make a frame for them to run. The more they shade each other the better.— Cucumbers, thus raised, will bear until frost and bear abundantly.—Edgfield Advertiser.

**THE FLEAS IN CALIFORNIA.**—In the course of my experience I have been tortured by sandflies in the Eastern Archipelago, and have made acquaintance with every kind of mosquito from Malta to Acapulco, including, of course, the famous "tiger" breed against which there is no resource but fight. I remember that when sick at Hong Kong I was crammed into the cab of an old store shop, so full of cockroaches, and these so ravenous, that they kept my toes nail quite close every night, and would try the flavor of the top of my head, and when they found that to be all gone, they ate my hair and whiskers' the las. circumstance being very annoying, from the fact that whiskers were scarce with men those days. But I would have preferred any of these annoyances to the attack of those Santa Rosa fleas. On lighting a candle we found the place alive with them. Unlike, both in appearance and manner, the modest flea of ordinary life, that seeks concealment as soon as by accident it is unwearied, these insects, reared in the rough school of a wild bullock's hide, boldly faced us as they attacked us. We discovered the next day that the room, the floor and walls of which were of earth, had contained hides, and had been cleared out about in the skins of every beast you kill and even live on the ground, like little herds of wild cattle and as of all shapes and sizes and stand up savagely on their hind legs, and open their mouths, if you only look at them. The fleas attack any meat that may be hanging up, and commence at once cutting out small pieces, which they carry home, and it is astonishing the quantity they will carry away with them.— What they do with it when they get home I never ascertained; but I presumed that they were "jerked" it for winter use, as the Spaniards do.

### BEAUTY.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of the sparkling fountain or that aspect which breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could not see a leaf wither or flower fall without a slight tribute of regret. This under interest in the beauty of becoming grief and affection for Nature in adversity never deserts us. She comes more near to us in our sorrows and leading us away from the paths of dis-

pointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still and birth points, to that home where decay and death can never come.

### MARRIED LIFE.

Within the last few years we have observed that cases of divorce, misunderstanding and separation were more frequent than formerly. We sometimes hear the cause alleged to be "incompatibility of disposition," but we are not sure if the distempered notions of life and the proper manner of living are not among the principal causes. This is a fashionable era and it often happens that tastes differ with reference to company, amusements and worldly embellishment.

For example, if a husband may be a business man—actively and ardently engaged throughout the day, and his energies exhausted at night-fall. Under circumstances of this kind, the wife should not expect the husband to engage with any zest in the giddy follies of fashion, and might after night to participate in the labors of modern parties. One of three things must give way under such a policy—the business, the health, or the social festivities. Business and health are among the essentials and should not be foolishly thrown aside. The wife should consider the world out of the parlor, and appreciate the anxieties to which men of business are liable. It is man's first duty towards his wife to provide her with the comforts of social life, and this cannot be done except by an application to business; and one of the first duties the wife owes her husband is to render his home the sunniest spot on earth—a shelter from the perplexities of outdoor life—sacred, cheerful and happy. Let her surround him with temptations that will allure him from the festive board, and make him feel that it is his citadel where he is free from care and temptations to evil that might be laid in his path. Let her smile be his welcome when he lays down his ledger or his implements of whatever kind, and she will win him from the fascinations of a tempting world. "Nothing," says a celebrated writer, "could be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of the husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant has been riddled by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered branches; so too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependence of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up his broken heart."

The above was written by our Associate. For particulars of cause and effect, see Marriage here in this paper. S. of Age.

### "THEM ERE LEGS"

A Distinguished public speaker, not very long since, illustrated, in conversation with us, the singular want of acquaintance, in certain localities, with scriptural subjects and phraseology, by the anecdote which we subjoin. If the extreme ignorance of the hero did not relieve him from all imputation of the sort, he would be considered only a coarse blasphemer; but our informant, who vouches for the facts on personal knowledge, declares that the case was nothing more or less than an exemplification of the happy simplicity which characterize some of the back-woods counties of Tennessee.

It seems that an adventurous son of the State mentioned, born and nurtured among the mountains, went down to the city of Memphis to "seek his fortune." He found, instead, a complaint which the Mississippi water not unfrequently generates; and which, whether it find speedy termination in the cramps of cholera, or gradually saps life in the chronic form, is always to be dreaded. It was in this latter shape, that poor Bagley "picked it up." And month after month it tugged at his vitals; reducing him day by day, until at length, he was but the outline of a man, a mere peripatetic skeleton.

A worthy minister marked the poor fellow and seeing that the king of terrors had "spotted" him, determined to call on him and offer spiritual consolation. It never occurred to him that the ears of any one born in this christian land should be entirely unfamiliar with the verbiage by which spiritual subjects are commonly approached. He therefore, after some kind inquiries about the ravages which the disease was accomplishing in Bagley's system, broached the important topic somehow thus:

"My Dear Mr. Bagley, in view of your relations with this life, how do you feel?"  
"D—d sick!" was the prompt reply.  
"Don't swear, my earnest friend," said the parson; "and let me earnestly ask you if you ever think of your latter end?"  
"Lord!" said Bagley; "I ain't thought on nothin' else for more'n three months!"  
"Not, I'm afraid in the right way, Mr. Bagley, I beg you to pause and reflect! It is time you began to wrestle with the Lord!"  
The sick man looked down at the miserable, callous, poker-like legs extended before him, and with an ineffable expression

of amazement in his countenance, exclaimed—  
"Rastle with the Lord! What! with them ere legs!" pointing to his own—"Why! parson, he'd firt me into hell the first pass!"

The record in the case does not disclose whether the parson continued his efforts on so obtuse an intellect; but we think the inference very fair that so tough a customer survived even the "chronic Mississippi water complaint!"—Mont. Mail.

### From "Woolfer's Recoit." BY WASHINGTON IRVING. THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I have spoken heretofore with some levity of the contrast that exists between the English and French character; but it deserves more serious consideration. The two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry, essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposite qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition! In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival progress. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry dashed like waves on the compact squares of the English infantry. They were seen galloping round those serried walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; while rows were swept down at a shot; the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood, execute their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are given is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre and courteously riding on. Peace be with the generous warrior, whatever were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foudring fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave!—and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, unflinching courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

It was several years afterward, that I visited the field of Waterloo. The ploughshare had been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul and Briton, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke towered from the vortex of battle as from a volcano: "it was," said my guide, "like a little hell upon earth." Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fitful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clangor; the team slowly labored on the hill-side, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldier's grave, as summer seeds dimple over the place where the tall ship lies buried.

To the foregoing desultory notes on the French military character, let me append a few traits which I picked up verbally in one of the French provinces. They may have already appeared in print, but I have never met with them.

At the breaking out of the revolution, when so many of the old families emigrated, a descendant of the great Turenne, by the name of De Latour D'Auvergne, refused to accompany his relations, and entered into the republican army. He served in all the campaigns of the revolution, distinguished himself by his generous spirit, and might

have risen to fortune and to the highest honors. He refused, however, all rank in the army, above that of captain, and would receive no recompense for his achievements, but a sword of honor. Napoleon, in testimony of his merits, gave him the title of Premier Grenadier de France (First Grenadier of France) which was the only title he would ever bear.—He was killed in Germany, at the battle of Neuburg. To honor his memory, his place was always retained in his regiment, as if he still occupied it; and whenever the regiment was mustered, and the name of De Latour D'Auvergne was called out, the reply was; "Dead on the field of honor!"

### THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

The London Times of the 22nd of April says:  
The following important and interesting information is contained in a letter just received from a captain in the Royal Engineers, dated the 9th of April. It may be stated that the officer in question is one of the three superior engineer officers upon whom it will devolve to take a leading part in the assault upon Sebastopol. He says:  
"On the extreme right of the Russians, and consequently opposed to our extreme left, is a bastion, called by the French the Bastion du Mat, and by us the Flagstaff bastion, owing to its having been when we first came a flagstaff in the salient. This bastion is one large battery, or rather succession of batteries, and the French left attack is principally directed against it. Next come what are called the Garden batteries, which are a succession of batteries in three tiers, and very powerful batteries they are, well supplied with 13-inch mortars, of which our left attack reaps the entire benefit. We oppose these batteries with the right portion of the French left attack and the left portion of the English left attack. Next comes the creek that runs up toward us, in which the Russians can put ships that can fire on our camp. Then comes the Barrack battery, a most powerful assemblage of cannon, against which the principal force of the English left attack is directed. We have the battery all to ourselves, as we get the entire benefit of its fire. Next comes the Rodan, consisting of two faces, one of which is directed against our left attack and the other against our right, (I mean the English right.)

"You must know that the English left attack and the English right attack join each other and form the centre of the entire attack, the French left attack being on the left of us and their right attack on the right of ours, including Tchernomann and all that part. Well, to proceed.

"Next to the Rodan comes the Malakoff Tower, which is the key of the whole position, and the spot where the assault will be made. It is considerably to the rear of all the other batteries, so that if we obtain possession of it we could see all their other defences in the rear. In front of this tower, and about half-way between it and the advanced works of the French right attack, is the far-famed Mamelon hill, which is now causing such a stir. It is a knoll which commands most of the Russian works about the tower, enfilades many of our advanced trenches. It was always considered our weak point. About five weeks ago the Russians made a lodgment about half way between the tower and the Mamelon. The French tried to drive them out of this, and failed. Since that the Russians have advanced on the Mamelon itself, and in spite of all the efforts of the French have retained it and constructed on it a battery of thirteen large guns.

"My principal duty here is to be in the trenches. There are four captains to take command of the works, each of whom remains twenty-four hours down there, so that my turn comes one day in four. We have a subaltern under us, who only stays twelve hours, so that I remain through two reliefs of subalterns. The working parties are relieved every eight hours.

"Now, as our advanced works are within seven hundred yards of the main batteries of the place, and they keep up a constant fire on our working parties, you can imagine how harassing this work sometimes is. No man, be he ever so brave, can stand under fire for so long a time, inactive so far as fighting is concerned, without finding it a great wear and tear to his nerves. The first hour is the worst, as after that one gets more used to it. The Russians treat us to a pleasing variety in the way of projectiles. It is first coming the round shot of all size, which rushes past you with a shriek something like a railway whistle badly blown. Next comes the grape, which flies slower and round, like a large covey of strong birds flying very swiftly. Then comes a gun shell, which approaches like a round shot, but has the pleasing trick of bursting when it reaches you; so that you have to run a double risk, first of the shot itself and then of the pieces. Next comes the mortar-shell, which, though really the worst of the large projectiles, I somehow dread the least. It remains in the air for nearly half a minute, and in the night you can see it quite plainly, owing to its bearing the fuse. It glances along very gracefully, rising to a great height, and making a gentle whistle every now and then like a peewit or plover, which becomes louder and louder till it drops. Although you can see it all the way, it is a most difficult thing to tell where it will fall; and none but the oldest hands (men of whom it is said that they have got so injured to fire that a cannon ball would hop off the pit of their stomachs) can really make a good guess as to where they will drop. What makes it worse than a gun shell is that the former, flying so low, retains its impetus, so that if it is once past you before it bursts all the pieces will continue to fly forward and you are safe, whereas, as the mortar shell is pitched as high as it will go into the air, and then drops, the bursting charge gives them to fly in every direction for a radius of upwards of two