

Original Poetry.

[For the Ledger.]
To J. W., of Lancaster.

"Thou saidst that absence conquers love,
But, oh! believe it not;
I've tried in vain its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot."

Why so long thy silence keep,
Whilst my poor heart is breaking?
Wilt thou not stir up the fountain deep,
That surely's in the sleeping?

Or will you let my heart-strings break,
And see me die with grief?
Or must I some corroding poison take,
To give my heart relief?

Oh, no! I know that nature did,
Thy bosom fill with worth—
It only lies concealed and hid,
Like precious gems of earth.

And why not then search out the gold
That in thee lies concealed;
And pay back to her who so bold,
That has her love revealed?

Or will you let your silence prove
A refusal of your hand,
And blast forever my pure love,
And drive me from the land?

You cannot thus my heart-strings sear,
And fill me with remorse;
If so, dear J.—this is Leap Year—
Send on thy watch and horse.

CAIN CREEK, N. C., June 23, 1852.

[SELECTED.]

A Very Grave Exhortation.

I believe you isn't married, Ned?
You doesn't know the sweets
Vat waits upon that happy state,
Ven man and woman meet.
The bussums varn emotions, Ned,
The drops vithin the eyes,
The nice vash'd things, the darn'd stockings,
And all them tenderies.

You don't know vat it is, Ned,
Vile lying in your bed,
To gaze on careful woman's form,
Vile the breakfast things is spread,
Ven you don't want to get up, Ned;
The kiver feels so nice;
And she says, "Do take another cup,
And this here 'tother slice."

Vile the fire is burning bright, Ned,
And all upon the chair
Your linen and your drawers, Ned,
Is hanging up to air.
I axes every heart, Ned,
Vot isn't made of steel,
If they can gaze upon that fire,
And not a varming feel!

Oh! wery few, indeed, Ned,
Knows ven they're truly happy;
Ven the baby is fetch'd in, Ned,
"To kiss its lazy pappy!"
You little tenney, penny thing—
Its mammy—tum and eat her;
You bessed babe—it was the thwiest
It could'd be no thwester.

"You dod-a-bessed angel, you—
It pulls its pappy's hair!
Take fingers out of pappy's cup—
Don't cry, then, thwiestest—there!
Oh fie! to spill all pappy's tea!
You naughty, ducky, dandy,
Owmy, dony, roguery pogyey,
Thwiest as sugar candy."

Oh, Ned! there are some moments ven
The sternest hearts will quiver,
Just let the baby spill your tea,
Vile you're beneath the kiver,
Ven little hand within your hair,
The 'tother in your cup;
Don't vonder if we sometimes feel
As we could "eat 'em up."

Stories for the Young.

From the Friend of the Youth.
The New Scholar.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Girls! girls! Do you know we have got a new scholar?"

It was Laura Burnham, one of the younger boarders in Miss Stone's seminary, who shouted this to a group of her mates in the yard, just before morning school hours. The girls crowded around her like so many ants around a lump of sugar, each asking a different question at the same moment.

"What is her name?" "How large is she?" "Do tell! where did she drop from?" "When did you see her?" "Is she coming into school to-day?" "Is she green, Laura?" were among the inquiries. The last was the question of Abby Rolden, a handsome but pert-looking girl, nearly a head taller than those of her age around her. A sort of sarcastic smile played over her lips, and in her fine black eyes, marking her as one of the *genius* school girl species, "a great tease."

"How you craze a body! You make my ears ache!" returned Laura, pressing both hands over her sun-bonnet. "I tell you, I only just had one look at her, as I was coming out of the parlor. 'Green!' well, Miss Abby, you may make up your own mind about that soon enough, for she is coming into school to-day, I suppose. She looked more black than green to my eye—what of her dress wasn't covered with dust?"

"But her name—what's her name?" repeated half a dozen.
"Louise, I heard Miss Stone call her; I don't know the other."

"Not *Louise*?" asked Abby, comical look that set others laughing. "Louise" she repeated to herself in a little mincing voice, with no emphasis on the last syllable.

"I wonder whether she'll sit next me!" said Alice Crawford, a quiet sort of a child, with dreamy blue eyes and golden brown hair.

"No—me!" exclaimed Laura, "Miss Stone will fill up my seat first—it's in turn."

"And she'll be your forty-eleventh friend, eh?" suggested Abby, playing with a spear of grass.

"No—you provoking thing!" answered Laura, good-humoredly. "What should I want of more friends than you?"

"Oh, I thought it was about time for you to take a new one again—that's all! It's all of a week since you and I cooked up a crosy-ship, and I suspect it is getting cold by this time!"

"You never was anybody's friend, Abby," said Laura, turning away with a reproachful look and tone.

"Much obliged to you! Do you rock on yourself *nobody*, then?"

"I had as lief have a new girl, at any rate," Laura went on, growing quite crimson in the face.

Fortunately, the quarrel that was fast coming on was nipped in the bud by the sharp stroke of the school bell.

"There! there! nine o'clock!" they cried, and away they ran to their seats.

A low hum of whispering died away on the benches, as Miss Stone came in leading by the hand a girl about eleven years old. All the scholars held their breath, and strained their eyes to look at her; and some even half rose from their seats to have a better view of the stranger.

She was dressed in black, as Laura had said, with a wide tumbled white fall around her neck; hair dark brown cut short in her neck, without curling; and a face so frightened and wo-begone in its expression as you could find anywhere. You could not see a particle of color in her cheeks or lips, as she involuntarily hung up behind her teacher, shrinking back from the gaze of so many pairs of blue eyes.

Miss Stone herself did not seem to take much notice of her bashfulness, but, almost pulling her along, pointed to a single desk at the end of the school-room.

"There is your seat," she said. "Your father wished you to sit alone. Bring your books to me after I have opened the school, and I will set you at work."

The school was opened by the reading of a chapter in the New Testament. Each of the girls read a verse. Alice, whose seat was nearest to Louise's, finished hers and then there was a long pause. Miss Stone looked up impatiently.

"Whose turn? Oh, Louise's. Do you know how to read in the Testament?"

"Louise made a gesture for 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"Well, read then! Stand up child!" Louise stood up as she was bidden, but it seemed that she could not coax her white trembling lips to do as they were bidden, for she made one attempt between a gasp and a sob, and then, bursting into tears, covered her face with her book, and shrank down into her seat again.

"The next!" said Miss Stone, pressing her fore-finger tightly on the verse. Abby curled her lips, shading it with her hand, and looked down on the new comer with a grimace of contempt, then dropping her hand, read the verse demurely and correctly as was proper. Louise had not seen her, neither had Miss Stone, but two-thirds of the scholars had; and they, taking the hint from her, began to try to despise the bashful stranger in their hearts. A geography class was the first one called up, in which Louise had any part.

"I wonder if she'll find her tongue, whispered Abby to Alice, as they were taking their places in the class. Alice looked straight forward at the black-board; for she knew that to whisper in school hours were contrary to rule.

"Louise Stoddard," observed Miss Stone, bending to put her name on the class list. The girls looked at each other.

"Your places, young ladies. Sit up-right."

"Louise, what is the capital of Maine?" No answer. Louise turned whiter than ever.

"Do you know, Louise? Then speak. You must say something. If you do not know, say so; if you know, tell me—what is the capital of Maine?" "Missa-cussets!" Louise gasped, making an effort that shook her small frame like a leaf on a windy day.

A titter went around the class. The poor child, seeing what a mistake she had made in her fear, colored to the roots of her hair, and did not dare to look up again.

It was just so in the arithmetic class, where she set all in a laugh by looking around with a distressed eye when she was asked, "What are four times nine?" and tremulously exclaiming, "sixty-three."

"The girl is a green-horn and a dunc!" cried Abby, after the recess bell had rung, as soon as she found herself outside of the school-room.

"Take care, Abby!" "Hush! she heard you!" quickly whispered two, near her. Abby looked half around, saw Louise standing near a window, seeming a mat-

ter, except for the tears that glistened over her dark blue eyes, and the distressful almost agonized expression of her face. She did not seem able to move, but stood as though the unkind words had turned her really into stone.

"What if she did hear me?" exclaimed Abby, a little piqued. "I'll repeat it again for her benefit, if she stands there staring at me much longer."

"Oh, Abby!" said Alice. Come—come away!"

"Go yourself, and comfort the cry-baby. See! she has gone to her bench to whimper away again. I do hate a nunny!"

Very few of the girls were so hard-hearted as Abby; but they were, without really knowing it, very much ruled by her opinion, because they stood in great fear of her power of raising a laugh against them. So, instead of going to comfort little Louise and make her feel at home, they joined in a laugh at her expense, and went off in a troop, to follow Abby to the 'spring.' One or two—Alice for one—gazed up timidly at the window, but did not dare to turn and go in, where Louise sat sobbing with her face leaned on her atlas.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, lifting her red eyes for a moment into the sunshine, which fell in a golden shower over her head, as though it longed to cheer her up, and call her out to play. "Oh dear! I wish—"

The very act of wishing brought a fresh burst of grief, and she dropped her face again.

"Homesick, eh, little one?" asked one of the larger young ladies, passing by her desk.

Louise started up in confusion, and stared timidly at her, as though she did not know whether she were an enemy or a friend.

"Want to go home, hey?" added the other.

"N-no, ma'am!" stammered Louise, turning her head away to hide her tear-sprinkled cheeks.

"Oh, well, I'll let you have your cry out," said the other going away and taking no further notice of her.

The day passed thus. Louise did not venture to either the dinner or the supper tables, but crouched in a corner of the school-room, looking up into the sky, when the others were not with her. The teacher thought that she was sullen, and not disposed to become acquainted in her new home. The scholars had made up their minds that she was very disagreeable sort of girl, besides being "green," and they didn't care anything about her.

So the poor thing went uncared for until bed-time, when a servant was sent to show her to her sleeping place.

She was taken into a large room, where most of the girls of her age also had their beds set against the wall, all in a row. Hers was exactly between those of Laura and Abby.

The girls clustered into a corner to whisper and giggle, as soon as she came into the room, and expressed as plainly as they could without words, that she was very unwelcome, and they did wish she had stayed away. She stole along to her bed, and stood leaning against it, as though uncertain what to do next.

"Well, are you going to stand there all night?" asked Abby, at last, turning suddenly upon her. "Because I can tell you the light will be taken away in five minutes, whether you are dressed or undressed."

Thus warned, Louise commenced hurriedly untying her clothes; but the girl came for the light before she had finished. She was too timid to ask for her trunk, which had not yet been brought up. She stole along to the window, lifted the curtain, and stood unfastening the knots, by the light of the moon.

"I say girls, did you ever hear that the moon was made of green cheese? or was it 'made green cheese' which?" said Abby to the others, in a whisper loud enough to reach Louise.

"What's the capital of Maine?" chuckled Laura, in another loud whisper.

"Why, 'sixty-three,' to be sure! Don't you know it?" said Abby, very complacently; and all laughed again.

Louise felt as though her head and heart were bursting. But she did not shed any more tears. She had had her cry out, and was weary and hopeless to do anything but stagger to her bed. As soon as she lay down in it, however, she sprang up as though a bee had stung her.

"Why, what's the matter now?" inquired Abby. The others all kept silent.

"There's something in my bed!" exclaimed the terrified Louise, drawing up her feet.

A few of the girls giggled under their counterpanes.

"Something is there? Well, you had better lie down and take up with something, for I guess you'll get 'something' else if Madame Stone hear you talking out loud here, after hours!" and Abby turned over on her pillow.

Louise crawled out of her sheets, and rolling herself up as well as she could, slept the night away on the outside of her bed. In the morning she was suddenly awakened from a sweet dream by a sousing dash of cold water. She started up with a little scream; but nobody was near her, yet the girls were all laughing.

"Hope you rested well last night," observed Abby. "Come, girls, let us see

what could have got into her bed," said she giving a wink to the rest.

Turning down the clothes, they found one or two bunches of burdock burrs, stuck just where Louise was to have lain. They tried to conceal their laughter; and Abby seeming very much astonished, cried out—

"Dear me! who could have done this! How did these come here? Alice, do you know any thing about it? For she saw that Alice, who was the only one that had not laughed, was just on the point of speaking.

"No, I don't; but I know somebody that does!" said Alice, coloring with anger, unlike her usual gentleness.

"Ah, the tall tale bluish betrays the guilty!" said Abby, pointing her fore-finger at her, with a meaning look. "It was very wrong of you, Alice! I feel it my duty to report you!"

Alice was quite flustered, and did not reply. The others laughed as though they would kill themselves.

Louise was put into the small classes that day, with little girls a head below herself. Her teacher told her she thought she could get those lessons, at least. She hardly seemed to study them, however, but sat with her head on her hand, looking vacantly before her.

Two or three three weeks passed in this way. Louise became a little less bashful in her classes; but she did not dare to go near the girls in their play-hours; for she was two plainly conscious that they disliked and despised her. Abby called her a coward the second day, and she never went near the group at play, without seeing the game stopped, and hearing something muttered about 'dunce,' or 'sneak.'

One day, more unhappy than usual, she had gone down to the spring, all by herself, to get a dipper of water. Finding no one there, she stayed, throwing little pebbles in and amusing herself in various ways, until she heard the laughter of the girls very near her. She sprang to her feet, and met them on the little hill which arched up from the spring, like the side of a bowl. She passed them without speaking. She had walked slowly a few steps, whirling a pole which she had picked up for a cane, when she heard a terrible scream. She turned, instinctively, and ran down the hill. The girls were running in all directions like wildfire. Abby was the hindmost.

"A snake! oh, a snake!" they screamed. "Abby trod on a snake!"

Abby screamed louder than before, just here, as she caught a second sight of the snake, coiling through the grass. Louise saw it, too. Being a country-bred girl, and not in the least afraid of snakes, she dashed in after it. It was a large water adder, and was probably more afraid of the girls than they were of it. Louise soon dispatched it, by the help of her stick, and, hanging it across the end, held it up, to call back the frightened troop. The girls scarcely dared to approach, even when they saw their enemy killed. But by degrees they came near, touched it with the stick, and breathed more freely. Abby was first among them.

"If this snake hadn't been killed," said she, "we would none of us have ever dared come to the spring again! I declare, Louise, and she turned suddenly toward her, "you are a real heroine, and a right generous girl, and I'll make friends with you!"

She reached out her hand but Louise drew hers behind her back. Ah, Louise! there was a little of the poison of our fallen nature, pride, rising in your heart at that moment! But we can scarcely blame you for doing, on first impulse, what many another, older and wiser than you would have done.

All would have been lost, and the two would perhaps have been enemies forever, if Alice had not sprung forward as Louise half turned away.

"Oh, Louise, stay with us—do!" she exclaimed, catching her in both arms. "We haven't liked you, I know; and we have called you names, and laughed at you; but we are sorry, all sorry; and won't you forgive us, and be friends, now?"

"You never have, Alice," said Louise, as her lip quivered.

"But I have," said Abby, coming a gain to her side. "Look here, Louise Stoddard, I like you all the better for your spunk. I've called you a coward, over and over again. I won't say I'm sorry, but I'll tell you what I will do; I will leave it to all these girls to say which of us is the biggest coward! There will that suit you? Shake hands on it, then!"

Louise did not refuse again. She joined the party, and all clustered around her as they proceeded to the school-house. Louise seemed another being by the time they reached the gate. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were lighted up, and a bright smile made her once pale face beautiful. Alice walked beside her quietly, with Louise's hand in hers, having fallen back into her usual calm, sweet mood. Abby followed, but though Louise often turned to her, she did not look on her so lovingly and trustfully as on the dear girl at her side.

That night, Alice and Louise had a long confabulation at twilight, under the pear tree in the garden—a place celebrated in the annals of Miss Stone's school.

"Oh, Alice," said Louise, fervently, "why didn't you tell me you liked me, that first day, if you really did like me!"

"It was wrong not to, I know, Louise," replied Alice, sadly. "But, somehow, Abby Bolden always does make us do just as she wants us to. I didn't put the burdocks in your bed, though! You can't think I would be so mean as that! I didn't know anything about them, until Abby pulled down the clothes."

"I'll try to forget all that they have done, and all the three weeks past," said Louise, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"But, oh, Alice, I never, never can forget what happened before that!"

"Did your mamma die?" asked Alice, softly and tenderly; for Louise had covered her eyes, as if to shut out some horrid sight.

"Oh, Alice I shall almost be glad when she does die!" sobbed Louise.

Alice sat, silently wondering.

"My baby sister died—she went to Heaven, they said—half a year ago; and the sorrow, and trouble, and sickness, made my poor mamma crazy. And they say she never will get well."

Louise struggled to say, "They took her—oh, it was two days only before I came here—they tied her hands, and took her off to a great stone house, an insane asylum, to shut her up there; because, they said she would kill us all if she staid at home. She never, never would have hurt me," sobbed the child. Oh, mamma loved me so much! and I loved her so much, too. Before she was taken bad, we used to be studying and writing together the whole morning. Mamma would write, or paint, or practice music, and I would be close beside her, studying, or sewing, or taking lessons of her. I never went to school a day, before I came here; and I never played with any girls. Mamma played with me sometimes, and I played with the baby. Oh, I was so happy."

She leaned her head on Alice's shoulder, relieved by this outpouring of her sad heart's troubles.

"What did you use to study with your mamma?" said Alice.

"Oh, all the things that you study—arithmetic, and geography, and history, and French; and all sorts of studies."

"Why, then you needn't stay in the little classes, need you?"

"I won't stay there a day longer, said Louise resolutely. "I haven't cared to study before; but now I do care. That first day when you were all looking at me and laughing, and I was thinking so about poor mamma, I couldn't say anything nor do anything. I thought I would have to stay here, and be unhappy all my life; because my papa is gone to Europe, and he left me here until his coming back."

"But you will be happy now, Louise," said Alice, giving her an affectionate kiss. "I could cry to think how we plagued you, when you were feeling so dreadfully!"

"Never plague another new girl, Alice," said Louise. "I tell you, the very first scholar that comes here after me, I'll make friends with her the first day, if I can. You want to be jealous if I do, will you Alice?"

"No, indeed; I'll help you all I can," Louise kept her resolutions. She rose in her classes immediately. She studied with such energy as even to rival Abby in her classes. That tormentor was changed, so far as respected Louise, into an affectionate friend. Louise gained influence over her, after while, greater than any other girl had done; because she was the only one who would not be laughed out of what she thought right to do. She, the timid child before, became the courageous, erect, cheerful girl, whom every scholar, young and old, admired and loved. Her teacher, too, loved, praised and rewarded her.

Louise was also as good as her word, in watching over every succeeding "new scholar." If ever she saw Abby Bolden disposed to shoot her arrows of ridicule against one, she would give her a laughing hint, such as—

"Take care, Abby! she may kill a snake yet!"

And Abby would reply—"If she'll kill me, that's sure! You half did that, you know. I haven't been more than half myself since! But you're a jewel of a girl!"

But Louise is no longer a "new scholar," and we will leave her among her school mates now, hoping that her story may win some young laughing eyes to look more tenderly than they are wont to do on some other bashful *New Scholar*.

"SPIRIT RAPPING."—Among the many wonders of the Spirit Rappings, we learn that in a country village, not fifty miles from Cincinnati, a poor fellow had lost his favorite dog. He enquired for Towser, and the raps came.

Man—"Is your spirit happy?"
Dog—"Yes."
Man—"Are there any coons there?"
Dog—"Yes, but they are twice the size they are 'n your country, and I can't catch them."

This is said to have actually taken place. We have it on the best authority.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All! But the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad promptly. "I couldn't get quite all the gage out of that"

Agricultural.

From the Soil of the South.
Irish Potato Slips

In your April number, page 249, I noticed directions for keeping the Irish potato sound after digging. Your directions are good. My plan is somewhat different, and has proved very successful. Mix two bushels of charcoal with one bushels of air-slacked lime for every 50 bushels of potatoes, and sprinkle the mixture through the potatoes immediately after moving them from the field. In this way you may keep them perfectly sound until the spring.

Inasmuch as seed potatoes are with difficulty obtained at any price, I have been planting the Irish potato for the last three years by drawing the slips, and find that they produce in this way quite as well as the Yam potato. One bushel of Irish potatoes planted in this way, will produce more than two bushels planted from the seed. Bed them as you do the Yam, draw the slip, open a wide furrow with the plow, and plant them in it on the horizontal plan, as you do grape cuttings, leaving from two to four inches of the top out of the ground.

Mr. Cobbet, in an essay on the Irish potato crop, written in 1816, predicts that it will eventually fail. To this opinion we dissent. The Irish potato is a native of America, where it grows wild, and was transplanted in Europe, where it became an indispensable article of food, and where it has been cultivated with great success under forced culture. Neither is the Irish potato a native of the Northern States. And yet we have been hevers of wood and drawers of water to the Yankees until we have forgotten when to dig out our own potatoes or save them. Necessity now forces us to change our system of agriculture. The original stock of potatoes has become exhausted. We must renew it. Draw from your present crop slips or vines, when from 8 to 10 inches long; plant as before described, in good loose fresh soil; gather your potato apples or balls, and you will get a fresh start. By drawing the slips, you get clear of the parent potato which is diseased. The potato apple will probably produce several kinds of potatoes, and a premium of \$100 by the Southern Central Agricultural Society, would probably bring the energy of our farmers to bear on this subject, and bring to notice new and improved varieties. I am satisfied that our people do not appreciate the value and importance of seed raised on our own soil and in our own climate. The Cincinnati Society has offered such a premium for the best seedling strawberry.

I live in a grape growing, grain raising and vegetable and fruit country, in sight of the Catoosa Springs, where my experiments may be seen by calling.

I return my thanks to you for the *Soil of the South*. It is just such a Periodical as will promote the agricultural interests of the South. I hope to add several new subscribers to your list.

There are sixty species of the Pepper tree.

The great Palm or Date tree grows in Africa to the height of sixty, eighty and a hundred feet.

The Cinnamon tree is a species of Laurel, and is a native of Ceylon. It grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and its trunk and branches produce the bark.

The Mahogany tree is a native of Cuba and Jamaica, and grows from sixty to one hundred feet high, with a deep green foliage, orange colored flowers, and fruit the size of a large egg.

The Pananua of Platanin is the most useful of trees. Its fruit, twelve inches long and two thick, serves for bread, while the leaves serve for cloth and covering; the root is penicillal, but the stalk is annual, and grows to fifteen or twenty feet high.

A Chestnut tree grew at Tamworth which was fifty two feet round. It was planted in the year 800, and in the reign of Stephen in 1145, was made a boundary, and called the Great Chestnut Tree. In 1759, when at the age of nine hundred and fifty-nine years, it bore nuts which produced young trees.

Among the earliest trees which put forth their foliage in America, are the Willow, Poplar and Alder; next are the Basswood, Horse-Chestnut, Oak, Beech, Ash, Walnut and Mulberry, which are not all usually in full leaf before the middle of June.

Trees are often found in Lapland and Siberia, converted into iron ore and carbonate of copper. Lignites are petrified trees, in a state between peat and coals.

Good Sense.—Farmers ought to husband their land as well as their time, and if any thing the first is the most important of the two. We of the South have been too prodigal in this respect, and the consequence is, that year after year acre upon acre is worn out and thrown aside, until we begin to see through our woodlands and find them running short. The only suggestion we can make is to clover half your cleared land, and manure and live off the other till the cleared lands are brought back to a fitness for culture again. If we do not begin pretty soon to renovate our old dry fields, we will have little else but dry fields to raise our cotton and grain upon. We want a good deal more of the Northern system of working lands infused among our farming communities.

growing, and the work is pressing, some unmannerly bull, or long nosed old sow, takes a fancy that better fare would be found inside than outside the inclosure, and accordingly enters, bidding all their friends welcome. Then comes a fuss—negroes and dogs are paraded, the intruders are ejected, but not until they have got a taste not soon to be forgotten. This storm works off in curses upon the negro, for his unfaithfulness, but never brings back the damage done to the crop. The cotton is now up, and needs thinning to a stand. The negroes are sent, but the overseer stays. We need hardly sketch the picture; you have seen it. The poor cut worms and the lice have many sins laid at their door, for which they will never have to account. The stand is spoiled, and the crop is lost, all for the want of going, instead of sending, to have so delicate a task performed. This sort of management is fun to the grass, also—only having to lower its head a little, and submit to a little dusting, and as soon as your back is turned, to come up with greater boldness than ever again. The difference between the labor of good work, and that which is slighted, is very little, but the results are vastly different—all for the want of the master's eye. The mules have plowed hard all day, when they are returned to their stable for rest and food. The overseer goes to his supper, and soon to bed, while he sends the plowman to do the business of feeding and watering. Corn is thrown in profusion to-night, and the poor animal, perhaps upon short allowance the night before, eats a perfect gorge, and in his fullness and heat from the double portion of corn in his stomach, thirsts for the cooling water brook, where he completes the work of death. Colic comes on, and the mule is lost, and the master and all wonder what could have produced it. All for sending and not going. The cattle go astray, the hogs are lost, the meat-house is empty, the provisions wasted, and a thousand nameless ills ensue, just because Sambo or Tom was sent. I am aware that I am perhaps reading a lecture to those who do not need it. For I would fain hope that I have not hit any of the readers of this journal. If I should have done so, however, I have no apology to offer, would admonish all such to stand out of the way for the future. I intend not to offend any of that very worthy and valuable class of men who are engaged in the laudable business of overseeing. There are among them as good and faithful men as belong to the land. I would do them all honor, and propose, by these castigations, to elevate their calling, by exposing the pretender, and helping, by the example of the faithful, improve, or drive from their ranks, all the drones who live only to pocket their year's salary, and leave the interests committed to their care, to take care of themselves. Do not forget the motto, "If you want any thing well done, go—if not, send."—*Correspondence the Soil of the South.*

Fruit Trees.

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