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Selected Poetry.

I Love this Glowing Southern Clime.

BY FRANK MYRTLE.

I love this glowing southern clime,
With skies so mildly bright;
Where reigns one constant sweet spring time,
So full of fond delight;
Where flowers are blooming all the year,
As beautifully fair
As if the floral queen had made
Her fragrant palace there.

I love the Southern songster's note,
The balmy zephyr's breath,
Where perfumed strains of music float
From out the forest's depth;
Where blithsome hearts are warm and true
As ever breathed a prayer,
And where enchanted pleasures woo
The soul to linger there.

I love the Southern twilight hour,
It breathes a holy spell,
While musing 'neath the orange bower,
Or in some fairy dell;
I love its starry heavens by night,
Its dewy moonlit eaves,
Where Luna's silvery beams of light,
Gleam through the orange leaves.

You speak to me of happy homes
Far in the snowy North;
I know the heart where'er it roams
Will love its native hearth;
But say, is not this Southern clime,
So beautifully fair,
More lovely in its sweet spring time
Than aught you cherish there?

Selected Miscellany.

ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

"Your turn now, captain," was the exclamation of several parties, who were seated round the convivial board, telling stories, narrating adventures, singing songs, and drinking each other's healths.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" inquired Captain S——, a small, wiry man of middle age, who had seen service in India.

"Oh, one of your most thrilling adventures," said one of the party; "for surely you must have had some, while stationed in that wild region which is said to teem with them."

"Ah! very well gentlemen—I remember one that I think will interest you, and here you have it. It was in the year 183—, that I joined my regiment, as a sub, at Bangalore; and not being used to such a climate, where the mercury runs up to 110 degrees in the spring, with no idea of coming down again till autumn, I soon found myself an invalid, and almost cursed the day I had been tempted to leave the cool old England for such a sweltering country.—Some of my friends advised a trip to the Malabar coast, and I was nothing loath to try any change, believing even the worst I could possibly make must be for the better. So I procured a palanquin, and eight good bearers, to take a turn about, and set off forthwith, through as wild a country as ever goor mortal could wish to see.

"Nothing remarkable happened till we entered what is known as the Wynard Jungle and if nothing had happened there I should have been tempted to indite the whole country as a libel on appearances. Such a jungle as that may I never behold again! Reeds, weeds, grass, brambles and bushes were interlaced like a net-work beneath gigantic trees of teak, whose bows interlocked and canopied the whole, so that in many places the bright sunshine of heaven never penetrated to the earth; and as I was borne along in my palanquin, on the shoulders of four timid coolies, while the other four walked leisurely behind, I had the satisfaction of knowing I was in a perfect wilderness inhabited by wild elephants, wild boars, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and any number of deadly reptiles, and that if we were attacked by any ferocious beast, I should probably be deserted on the instant and left to take care of myself. And then fancy me at night with all these howling beasts around me, attempting to sleep, amid all the poisonous exhalations of a malarious region, with millions of mosquitoes, moths, and bugs, humming, buzzing and perforating every pore of my body, and you will form some faint idea of the pleasures of a sick man's journey.

"Well, one hot, sultry afternoon, when we had reached somewhere near the heart of the jungle, as I was leaning back on the seat of my palanquin, and dreamily listening to the drowsy monotonous song of the bearers, I was suddenly roused and startled by two or three hoarse trumpet blasts which proceeded from a wild elephant who was crashing through the jungle at no great distance; but before I had time for a word, my attendants dropped me without ceremony, and betook themselves to flight. I leaped to my feet, with a kind of delirious strength, and, knowing there was not a minute between me and eternity if I remained where I was, I plunged into the copse, and run like a madman in the direction opposite to the sounds of my advancing foe.

"Fortunately for me, I was only a few seconds in reaching the foot of a large tree, up which I began to climb as only a man may climb for his life. I heard the monster crushing down the bushes, and making the very earth tremble under his powerful tread, and I went up, up, up, faster than I ever climbed a tree before or ever shall again, with every stitch of clothes upon me completely saturated with the perspiration wrung from me in an agony of fear—not so much the natural fear of death itself, as the instinctive fear of such a death.

"I think the animal must have turned from a direct course before espying me; for though close upon me, as I supposed, when I began to climb, I had succeeded in reaching the first limb at least some thirty feet from the earth, when he made his appearance at the foot of the tree, snorting and bellowing in the most terrific manner. Seeing me beyond his reach, he lashed himself into a perfect fury, his comparatively small, pig like eyes shooting gleams of fire as he cast them upwards in his disappointed rage. Then laying hold of the tree with his trunk, he tried his strength in it; but as it was too heavy for him to endanger my position by that means, he soon relinquished it for another. Quietly stepping back a few paces, he measured his ground; and then with a sudden bound forward, he struck the tree a tremendous blow with his head and tusks. I was watching him closely, but only barely comprehended his design in time to throw my arms and legs around a limb, and brace myself for the shock. Nor was I any too well prepared; for the concussion bruised me not a little, and it seemed as if a few pounds more of force must have sent me clean from my perch.

"But my enemy was not done yet. Stepping back and looking up at me, with an expression that seemed to inquire what I thought of it, at the same time that he would assure me of its being only the beginning of his battering operations, he returned to the charge with increased vigor. But this time I was better prepared for him, and came not so near being unseated as on the first trial. Nothing discouraged he retreated still further, and then came down like an avalanche. It was terrible. I had [illegible] manner; but when he struck, it seemed as if the concussion, after first bruising me, and almost knocking the breath from my body, relaxed every nerve. Doubtless, I should have fallen to the earth below, only that I was pretty securely balanced in the crotch of the tree, and having resisted the main shock, had now no difficulty in retaining an upright position.

"On again looking down at the elephant, I was surprised to see him with his head fast against the tree, lashing his tail, pawing the earth, and uttering a sort of moaning, bellowing sound, altogether not unlike a vicious bull when about to make an attack. I did not at first comprehend what had occurred, but supposed his actions to result from the anger of disappointment in not being able to bring me to the ground. But I soon had cause for rejoicing rather than fear. His last charge had been made with so much force, as to imbed his long ivory tusks in the tree and he was now a prisoner to his own brute strength. In vain he pulled and wrenched, moaned, bellowed, and lashed himself into a perfect fury. There he was, a fast prisoner—caught, as one might say, in his own trap—and if ever a poor mortal was justified in rejoicing over the misfortunes of a living creature, I think that individual was myself.

"But I was still a prisoner also. How was I to get down and how make my escape when down? True, the elephant might not be able to liberate himself in time to do me any injury; but I already knew enough of the terrible jungle to feel little inclination to set off through it alone. There were many intricate paths leading off from the main one, over which I had been borne, and the mistake of taking any one of these would certainly be fatal. What was I to do? It was reasonable to hope that some of my attendants would, sooner or later, return to learn the fate of their master, and before venturing on anything rash, I resolved to wait a proper time for them

Drearily passed the next three hours that I remained upon my giddy perch, above the imprisoned beast, looking off upon an undulating sea of matted foliage, with the hot sun pouring down on me and almost stifling me with its feverish heat. How eagerly I turned my eyes in every direction in the hope of getting a sight of one of my attendants to whom I could make known my situation. No human being was in sight, and my wildest shouts brought no reply. Should I remain where I was, or descend? We were, as I knew, almost half a day's journey from any settlement, and it would therefore be impossible for me to reach a habitation before nightfall, even should I be fortunate enough to follow the nearest path, while a single mistake would leave me to perish in that awful solitude. I decided, therefore, to remain where I was till I should see at least one human being capable of acting as a guide.

The sun was rapidly nearing the western horison, and I was despairing of any succor that day, when my attention was attracted to a commotion in the jungle, a quarter of a mile distant. Birds of various kinds flew up screaming, and either hovered over the spot in anger, or darted quickly away in fear. What could be the cause of this disturbance? Was it some of my attendants returning to ascertain my fate? Man, I knew, was almost universally feared by the wild feathered tribe of the wilderness and the animals of the brute creation, and in man was now my hope. Wildly did my heart beat, and eagerly did I strain my eyes to get a view of my deliverer.

"The line of commotion advanced slowly, but still I could not be certain of the cause. Nearer and nearer it gradually came, till at last I felt a cold thrill of terror pass through my frame as I caught a glimpse of the spotted hide of a royal tiger, slowly making his way through the jungle towards the tree upon which I was sitting. I looked down upon the elephant, and perceived that by some peculiar instinct he was already aware of his danger. He was standing perfectly still, no longer making an effort to release himself; but I could see the skin of his broad back quiver, as if every nerve of his body were affected.

But his sufferings were of short duration; as he could make no resistance, the tiger had matters all his own way, and almost in the time it takes me to tell you the fact, he had torn open the throat of the giant beast, and was drinking his fill of the warm gushing blood. The sight sickened me and I clung to the tree with closed eyes and a dizzy brain.

I looked down again at the elephant, and beheld a gory carcass, still he held to the tree by his tusks. He was dead, and in his death was perhaps my own salvation, though I was still afraid to descend lest I should be assailed by some carniverous beast, attracted thither by the smell of blood.

"I expected nothing but that I should be compelled to remain there for the night; but I bethought me to try the virtue of my voice, and shouted for help. To my surprise and almost frantic joy, an answer was returned. I repeated my call for help, and one of my attendants made his appearance. I explained what had occurred, and by a signal of his own, he soon brought three of the others to his side. I then descended, but found myself very faint, and was by two of them assisted to my palanquin, where I swooned away.

"It is enough to add that I passed through the jungle in safety; though if any gentleman thinks I flatter myself on being a hero before I left it, I beg to undeceive him. I have since experienced some remarkable adventures, but none that have left upon my mind so vivid an impression of the terrible [illegible]

NOT USED TO IT.—A good joke is told of a member of one of the volunteer companies which went down to Pensacola. We think it was a Mississippi company, and it is said to be a fact. Being accustomed to fresh water, living in the interior, and not having been on the Gulf of Mexico before, he was in blissful ignorance of its briny properties.

Getting up in the morning to perform his daily ablutions, he drew a bucket of water, sat it down near some of his comrades, and retired for soap and towel. Returned with these articles, he soused into the bucket of water, hands and face. The consequence can be imagined. Recovering from the shock and rubbing his burning eyeballs, he exclaimed:

"I can whip the d——d rascal that salted this water. A man can't draw a bucket of water, and leave it for a few moments without some prank is played upon him."

Dashing the water aside, he left, amid the shout and jeers of his companions who had been silently watching his movements.

FALLING IN LOVE.—As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me? "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am; go and make love to her. The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, "Why do you tell me a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you tell me the truth. If you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

A TREASURE OF A WIFE.—A young English traveller contracted, in Valencia, a love affair with a pretty gipsy girl. The mother wished that he should marry her at once; but the Englishman declared that he was not rich enough to keep a wife. "What?" said the gipsy, laughing, "not rich enough in the land of guineas? With so renowned a thief as my daughter, you will be a rich man in a year."

☞ An absent minded professor in going out of the gateway of his college, run against a cow. In the confusion of the moment, he raised his hat and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, madame." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street; in a sudden recollecton of his former mishap, he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

☞ Many men spend a whole life-time in eager accumulation of the perishable riches of this world, but throw away the priceless pearl of character at the very outset, as though it were dross.

☞ "Mary, is your master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

☞ "Figures won't lie," is an old and homely expression; but few men can look on a fashionable woman's figure now-a-days and say as much.

☞ He who can irritate you whenever he likes, is your master. You had better turn rebel by learning the virtue of patience.

SPEECH OF C. L. VALLANDIGHAM, OF OHIO.

The bill reported by Mr. Washburn, "further to provide for the collection of duties on imposts, and for other purposes," being under consideration in the House of Representatives on the 10th inst., Mr. Vallandigham addressed the House substantially as follows:

Mr. Vallandigham said that in the Constitution which we have sworn to support, and under which we are assembled here today, it is written that Congress, to which all legislative power is granted, shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, and that no Representative or Senator shall be questioned for any speech made in Congress. Holding up this shield of the Constitution, and standing in the place and manhood of a representative of the people, he proposed to discuss the direct questions of this war, though with more decency of discussion, he trusted, than has sometimes been exhibited here.

The present war he knew to be a foregone conclusion; but there are questions connected with it about which he felt impelled to speak. The President in his recent message demands the enormous loan of $400,000,000, an amount nearly ten times greater than the entire public debt—State and Federal—at the close of the Revolution in 1783, and four times as much as the total indebtedness during the three years' war with Great Britain in 1812.

The Constitution—to which he gave his whole heart and utmost loyalty—gave to Congress alone the power to call for money and to fix the purposes to which it shall be applied, and it expressly limits appropriations to the term of two years. Each Senator and member therefore must judge for himself, upon his conscience and oath, and before God and the country, of the wisdom and justice and policy of the President's demand. Whenever this House shall become a mere machine wherewith to register the decrees of the Executive, it will be high time to abolish it.

He believed he had the right to say that, so far as the gentlemen upon this side of the House are concerned, however they might suffer in other things, they are firm and united in the determination that their own rights as the representatives of the people shall be preserved in the spirit and the letter, and some are here present who are with becoming decency and moderation, but at the same time fully, and regardless of consequences.

It is a wise and ancient practise of the English Commons to precede all votes of supplies by an inquiry into the abuses and grievances, and especially if any infraction of the law by the Executive. Let us follow this wise precedent. Availing himself of his right and duty he would proceed to consider the state of the Union and to supply some few ommissions from the President's message.

The President had undertaken to give us his opinion of the state of the nation, and it was his duty as an honest Executive to make that information full, impartial, and complete, instead of spreading before us a labored vindication of his own course of policy, which has precipitated us into a bloody and terrible revolution. He admits the fact. He admits now we are in the midst of a general civil war; not a mere petty insurrection, to be suppressed in twenty days by a proclamation, the *posse comitatus*, and three months militia.

It has been the misfortune of the President, from the beginning, that he partially and wholly underestimated the magnitude and character of this revolution, for surely he never would have ventured the hazardous experiment of plunging thirty millions of people into war without the authority of Congress. But at last, when he found himself hemmed in by a revolution which threatened this Capital, he woke up—as his Proclamation shows him to have done. Why did he not forthwith assemble Congress and throw himself upon the wisdom of the representatives of the people, instead of assuming the powers which the Constitution expressly conferred upon Congress? powers which Congress repeatedly at the last session refused to exercise, or permit him to exercise.

The President in his message has undertaken to give a summary of the causes which led to this revolution; but he has unfortunately utterly ignored the stronger causes contributed by the abolitionists and disunionists of the North. How could he have forgotten that the South, with one single exception, chose first to come here and demand its solemn constitutional guarantees for their protection against the abuses of the tremendous powers of the Federal Government, before resorting to Secession? Did he not know that at the last session of Congress every substantial proposition for compromise, except the one offered by Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois—and all knew how that was received—came from the South? The Committee of Thirty-three was moved for by a gentleman from Virginia, and received the vote of every Southern representative, except one from South Carolina, who declined to vote. In the Senate this Committee of Thirty-three was moved for by the Senator from Kentucky, and received the silent acquiescence of every Southern Senator present.

The Crittenden proposition, too, was moved by another Senator from Kentucky—Mr. Crittenden—a man venerable for his virtues, and revered for his patriotism, which for fourty-four years of public life he has devoted to the Union, and who, though he himself proved his courage fifty years ago upon the field of battle against a foe, is still, thank God, for compromise.

The Border States' propositions were projected by a gentleman from Maryland, and presented by a member from Tennessee, and, with Mr. Crittenden's propositions, were repeatedly and severally rejected in this House by the almost unanimous vote of the Republicans.

Mr. Crittenden's Compromise, which received the vote of every Southern member upon this floor, excepting one from Arkansas, never on any one occasion received one solitary vote from the Republicans in the Senate or House.

The so-called Adams' Amendment, moderate as that was, was carried through this chamber by the bare majority of one, after a severe struggle. Sixty-five Republicans voted to the last against it.

Up to twelve o'clock on the 4th of March peace seemed to be the policy of all parties, when Mr. Lincoln delivered his inaugural, and which left thirty millions of people in doubt whether it meant peace or war. Under this confidence in the restoration of peace the prosperity of the country revived, Secession in the past languished, and Secession in the future was arrested by the course of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, all of which declared for the old Union.

The national heart beat high with hope—the elections in Rhode Island, in New York, and in the Western States gave abundant evidence that the people were resolved on the most ample, satisfactory, constitutional guarantees as the price of the restoration of Union—then it was that a long and agonized howl came up from defeated and disappointed politicians. The newspaper press teemed with appeals and threats to the President; the mails groaned under the weight of letters demanding a change of policy, while a secret conclave of the Governors of the States of Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other States convened in this city and promised men and money to carry on the irrepressible conflict; and thus it was that a party in the pangs of dissolution, in the very hour and article of death, demanded vigorous measures which could restore it life, but at the expense of civil war—and nothing else.

But there was yet another cause—the passage of the ill-digested and unstatesmanlike tariff bill (Morrill's). About the same time the Confederate Congress adopted our tariff act of 1857—the result was inevitable. The trade and commerce of the West began to look to the South, from which it had been directed years ago by the canals and railheavy cost to the West. They threatened to resume their ancient and accustomed channels—the water courses of the Ohio and Mississippi, and political association and union, it is well known, must soon follow the direction of trade.

The city of New York began then to clamor loudly for the repeal of the tariff act. Threatened thus with the loss of both political power and wealth New England and Pennsylvania—that land of peace—began now, too, to demand coercion and civil war as the price of the preservation of their wealth; began to demand the subjugation of the South—aye, the subjugation of the South. He spoke not to children, and not a man in sound of his voice but knew that the South could not be restored to obedience to the Constitution except through subjugation.

The subjugation of the South and the closing up of her ports, first by force and then by law, was resolved upon, and when this policy was once established the self-same motive of waning commerce and of threatened trade impelled the city of New York to place herself first in the ranks of the uprising which swept over the North and West.

He would not now assert what subsequent acts of the Administration may make apparent, that its frequent infractions of the Constitution, its high-handed usurpations of power, formed part of a conspiracy to overturn Republican institutions and establish a strong consolidated government, but rather that in the beginning they rushed needlessly into acts which were designed to revive the fallen fortunes of a party, and the woeful consequences of which were not then foreseen.

Whatever may have been the purpose, he now asserted that every principal act of the Administration has been a glaring usurpation of power and a palpable and dangerous violation of the Constitution, and every one of which acts might well have been postponed until the assembling of Congress.

The whole responsibility of the war has been boldly assumed by the Executive, and all the power deemed necessary for his purposes are boldly usurped, either from the States, the people or Congress; while the judiciary, that last refuge of hope and liberty, was turned away from with contempt. Now he comes and asks Congress to support the army he has raised in plain violation of the Constitution, and to ratify his usurpation by a law *ex post facto*, and thus to make ourselves parties to our own degradation, and to his infractions of the supreme law of the land.

Beginning with these wide breaches of the Constitution, these enormous usurpations of the most dangerous of all powers, the power of the sword, the sanctity of the telegraph was invaded, though it turns out significantly enough that the only traitor discovered, so far, is one of the appointees and special pets of the Administration. One step more will bring upon us search and seizure of the public mails, and finally, as in the days of the Russells and Sydneys of English martyrdom, the drawers and secretaries of the private citizen. Though even these tyrants had the grace to look to the forms of the law, and the execution was then judicial murder, not military slaughter.

Rights of property having been wantonly violated, it needed but a little stretch of usurpation to violate the sanctity of the person, and a victim was not wanting. A private citizen of Maryland, not subject to the rules and articles of war, not in a case arising in the land and naval forces, is seized in his own house—not by process of law, but by the arbitrary grasp of military power—and torn from the side of his family, is borne to Fort McHenry, over which it had been invoked by Key that the flag of the free forever should wave.

The aid of the highest privilege which freedom has yet conferred upon the citizen of a free country was sought to vindicate the rights of Mr. Merryman, and the Chief Justice of the United States, the pure-hearted and high-minded Roger B. Taney, issued the writ of *habeas corpus* requiring the prisoner to be brought before him. The result of his interference has already become historical. The officer of the law found the portals of the fortress barred against him. He was denied admission, and it was told that the officer in command *had suspended* the writ of *habeas corpus*.

Mr. Vallandigham then entered into a history of the writ of *habeas corpus*, which had been extorted, after six hundred years of toil and suffering, from venal judges and tyrant kings. Granted to a wronged but spirited people at Runnymede, it was again conceded by Charles Second. It was a right which neither English Minister, nor Judge, nor English King or Queen, would dare to disregard; and yet that inestimable right, that dear bulwark of the citizen's rights, had been subverted and trampled under foot by an — American President, and only in the seventy-third year of American Independence; yet it was such acts of usurpation which Congress was called upon to sanction. He earnestly asserted that the cause which demanded such sacrifices could not be a just cause.

He recited the usurpations already practised by the Administration. The quartering of troops in private houses without the consent of their owners—the censorship of the telegraph—the subversion of the rights of citizens of certain States to keep or to bear arms; and said the next step—and it was but a narrow one, would be the violation of the freedom of the press, and of prayer; the sacred right of petition was even now tottering under the assaults upon it.

Mr. Vallandigham said he spoke freely and fearlessly as an American Representa- resolved not to lose his own constitutional liberties in the vain effort to impose those rights upon ten millions of unwilling people. He drew a fine comparison between the meeting of Congress in December last, when it was composed of thirty-four independent States, and the present Congress, from which the representatives of eleven States are absent.

Their places are supplied by 75,000 soldiers, and the armed men crowding the walks and lawns of this beleagured Capital, and the sound of the drum, give frequent evidence that in times of war laws are silent. He hoped that some years, some months hence, the present generation will demand to know the cause of all this; and some ages hence the grand and impartial tribunal of history will make solemn and diligent inquest of the authors of this terrible revolution.

Planting out Celery.

We have expressed ourself repeatedly in favor of the early planting out of celery.—From our experience and observation, we think that much of the poor celery is owing to want of time in coming to perfection. We have set out the plants at three different periods in July—say the first, second, and third weeks, and we have rarely had celery worth keeping by the last planting. The true period for transplanting, in our judgment, is the last week in June, and the first week in July. It is a good plan to set the plants between every other two rows of early-planted corn—the latter affording just the amount of shade desired.

It is not necessary to plant in deep trenches, except for the purpose of obtaining the means of shading the young plants in the old-fashioned way with boards. We have no objection to the latter mode; indeed, we are not sure that, if the subsoil be well loosened and manured, it is not the most certain way of obtaining a good crop. Where no trenches are prepared, the rows will be required to be farther apart to admit of earthing up. Our plan is to plant on a level surface, generally among the corn; and thus far, we have had satisfactory results.

Under any circumstances, the young plants should be shaded from ten to four o'clock, and watered twice a day. The ground should be in the best condition, and the plants should have one or two applications per week of strong manure water for the first three weeks. Afterward a dressing of cow manure, or some rich, well-rotted manure.

We prefer hilling up when the plants reach the proper size, and continued hilling as the plant progresses, instead of waiting until the celery is nearly or quite done growing before performing this work, as some do. This hilling up is rather nice business if properly done, and should, on each occasion be finished with the hands, due care being always taken that the "leader" should not be buried.

While our crops of celery have varied in quantity and quality, we have not failed in a satisfactory yield for fourteen years.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.