NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE FRENCH.

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

The recent work of LAMARTINE, *The History of the Girondins*, has been attended by singular success in France. Though it has been published but a short period *fifteen thousand* copies have already been sold. Some of his statements or strictures have, however, been questioned and criticised. We have already published the interesting letter of the daughter of Madame ROLAND. We publish to-day a translation of a letter from Mr. GEORGE SUMNER, of Boston, which was addressed to Lamartine in the Journal des Debats, pointing out an injurious statement with regard to our country. Mr. Sumner's letter has found a generous response from distinguished Frenchmen; and Lamartine, while thanking him "for the calm, manly, and persuasive manner" in which he has presented his views, has promised, in the "definitive edition" of his work, which is now going to press, not only to make the necessary rectifications, but to print his letter as a *piece justificative* in the appendix.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "JOURNAL DES DEBATS" OF JUNE 6TH FOR THE BOSTON ATLAS.

MR. SUMNER'S LETTER TO M. LAMARTINE.

PARIS, MAY 31, 1847.

SIR: In a work which, like the *History of the Girondins*, seeks to portray faithfully events and men too near our own time to be calmly judged by most minds—and yet still too far off to be accurately studied—it is impossible but that there should be expressions which wound the feelings and opinions of many. The author must have, himself, expected this. The elevated and independent character of his work, and the love of truth—that great attribute of the conscientious historian—which seems to animate it, cause me to believe that the rectification of any errors of fact, into which he may have unconsciously fallen, must be as earnestly desired by him as by those to whom, through those errors, he does injustice. It is this conviction which dictates the reclamation that I have the honor of addressing to you.

In the fourth volume of the *Girondins*, liv. 33, chaps. vi and vii, you give a fragment of a letter written to the Convention by the Deputy of Calais, THOMAS PAINE, in which he urges the necessity of bringing Louis XVI. to judgment, and you continue: "Such were the terms in which the voice of America, enfranchised by Louis XVI, echoed in the prison of Louis XVI! An American—a citizen—a sage—demanded, if not the head, at least the ignominy of the King who had covered with French bayonets the cradle of his country's liberty. Ingratitude expressed itself in outrage. * * * Paine had been treated with attention and kindness by the King during his mission to Paris to ask the aid of France in favor of America. Louis XVI. had made a present of six millions to the young Republic; and it was in the hands of FRANKLIN and PAINE that the gift of the King was deposited. * * * The last man on earth to show hatred to Louis XVI. should have been *the Apostle of America and the friend of Franklin*."

It is difficult to understand how or when the Englishman Paine became the "Apostle of America." He did, indeed, live some time in America, and was naturalized there—as he was afterwards in France—but he was never sent upon any mission, nor did he ever have any employment under the authority of, or in connexion with, the American Government, except that of Clerk in the Bureau of one of the Committees of Congress—which post, after a few months' occupation, he was glad to resign, in order to prevent removal for misconduct. The Commissioners sent from the United States to solicit the aid and alliance of France, during the war of Independence, were Franklin, Deane, and Lee; and it was to them that the sums, offered by Louis XVI. as a *don gratuit*, and accepted as a loan from the Government of France, were paid. All the documents and correspondence relative to this negotiation have been printed, either in the "Secret Journals of Congress" or in the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution," 12 volumes, published by order of the Government. These works I have at your disposition, and they will show you that Paine had no part whatever in this, or in any other diplomatic transaction of the United States.

There is little perhaps to inspire respect in the cynical character of the Deputy of Calais. It seems but just, however, to state that, when the judgment of Louis XVI. was determined on, *the influence which he* (Paine) *enjoyed in France was earnestly exercised to save the life of the unfortunate King*. In his letter to the Convention of 15th January, 1793, inserted in the *Procès-verbal*, and printed in the *Moniteur*, (No. 18—18th January, 1793,) is the following passage: "It is to France that the United States owe the succors by means of which they were enabled to throw off, by force of arms, the unjust and tyrannical domination of George III. The eagerness and zeal which she displayed in furnishing both men and money, was the natural consequence of her thirst for liberty; but as the nation, on account of the obstacles arising from its form of Government, could then only act by a monarchial organ, that organ, whatever might have been its private motives, *performed then a good action*. Let the United States of America, then, be the safeguard and the shelter of Louis Capet. There, far away from the miseries and crimes of royal life, he will learn, by the constant spectacle of public prosperity, that the true system of Government is not that of Kings, but that of Representation. In recalling these facts, and in making this proposition, I consider myself a citizen of both countries. I make this proposition as a citizen of the American Republic, who feels the gratitude that he owes to every Frenchman. I make it also as a man who, though the enemy of Kings, does not forget they make part of the family of humanity; and, to conclude, I maintain it, as a citizen of the French Republic; for I regard it as the wisest and most politic measure that can be adopted."

You will see perhaps, sir, in this proposition the evidence of a sentiment different from that which you find in the letter you have cited. The honor, however, and the disgrace of Paine's conduct belong to him and to his constituents, not to the citizens of the United States. He was the Deputy of Calais—not the Apostle of America. The wish expressed in this letter "*that the United States should be the safeguard and shelter of Louis XVI*," was indeed the echo of the ardent desire of all Americans; and, although the unkind allusion to the motives of the King was repugnant to their sentiments, it was remembered that the author of it was a member of that Convention which had but a few days before, in a solemn address to the people of the United States—drawn up by the Girondin Guadet—read and adopted on the 22d December, and inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 23d December, declared: "The United States of America will with difficulty believe it; the support which the former Court of France gave them in recovering their independence was only the fruit of a vile speculation."

You will, sir, upon further examination, become convinced, I believe, that the man whom you designate as the "Apostle of America," had nothing in his position or character to justify that title. Permit me to say further that no voice of unkindness towards Louis XVI. ever came from the United States. All that could be done in his behalf was done. The sympathy so universally felt for him in America was shown in the conduct of the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to France—Gouverneur Morris—who did not hesitate to compromise, not only his own personal safety, but the diplomatic relations of the two countries, in order to save poor Louis XVI from the sad fate which Morris foresaw awaited him. While the trial was going on, efforts were made by him, with several members of the Convention, to secure the life of the King and his passage to America. Before the events of the 10th August, Morris was in frequent consultation with Louis XVI; he had counselled the King to quit Paris, and the arrangements for his flight were concerted at the American Legation. Towards the end of July, 1792, Louis XVI. deposited with Morris certain private papers and money to the amount of 748,000 livres tournois. The events of the 10th August put an end to the plan of flight, and on that day M. de Monciel Bremond and others concerned in it, together with the Count d'Estaing, took refuge in the hotel of the American Legation. "Whether my house will be a protection to you or to me," said Morris, "God only knows; but such refuge as it affords you shall have, let what will befall me." Part of the funds deposited by Louis XVI. were employed to save from the massacres of September, and to aid the escape of persons compromised by their attachment to the King. An exact note of these disbursements was kept by Morris, and the moment that his mission to Paris was ended he went to Vienna to render to *Madame Royale* [the daughter of Louis XVI, now Duchess of Angouleme] an account of his trust, and to pay over to her the sum which remained in his hands.

You speak of the gift of six million livres made by Louis XVI. to the United States. Permit me, sir, to draw your attention to certain facts which have a bearing upon this assertion. The whole amount advanced to the United States by the Court of France, during the war of Independence, was eighteen million livres. Part of this was generously offered as a *don gratuit*, but it was accepted only as a loan; and by the convention between Count Vergennes and Franklin, signed on the 16th July, 1782, (a copy of which I have at your service,) it was agreed that interest at five per cent. should be paid on it from the day of the conclusion of peace. The French Government became responsible also for other debts of the United States, contracted in Holland and elsewhere, amounting to sixteen million livres; so that the whole American debt to France, at the commencement of 1784, was thirty-four million livres tournois. Most of this bore interest at five per cent., and was to be repaid at intervals, after a delay of twelve years. At the close of 1789, Neckar, being sorely pressed for money, made indirect propositions to the American Government for an immediate repayment of this loan, at a great discount. These propositions were not accepted. "Justice and honor require," said Washington, then President, "that our debt to France should be fully paid, and that we should in nowise profit by the temporary embarrassment of her finances."

A law of Congress was immediately passed, appropriating money and authorizing a new loan in Holland, for the early acquittal of this sacred debt. The repayments were commenced on the 3d of December, 1790, and before the events of the 10th August 23,717,639 livres had been paid. On the 16th August a further payment of six millions was to have been made at Amsterdam, but the bankers of the French Government, Messrs. Hoguen, Grand & Co., refused to receive any sums to the credit of Louis XVI, declaring that their account was then with the Executive Council alone. Under these circumstances, the Minister of the United States to Holland, Mr. Short, deferred the payment. The endeavor of the American agent to secure this money for Louis XVI. exposed him to severe attacks from the French Ambassador at the Hague, M. Maulde, and caused also complaints to be addressed by the Executive Council to the Government of the United States. The ground for these reproaches of the Executive Council may be more easily understood than that for the reproach of American ingratitude to Louis XVI, coming from a conscientious historian.

On the 15th October, 1792, Jefferson, then Secretary for Foreign Relations, wrote to the American Minister in Paris relative to the debt to France, saying: "We are informed by the public prints that the late constitution of France, *formally notified to us*, is suspended and a new convention is called. During the time of this suspension, and while no legitimate Government exists, we apprehend we cannot continue the repayments of our debt to France, because there is no person authorized to receive it and give an unexceptionable acquittal. * * * Should circumstances oblige you to mention this, do it with such solid reasons as will occur to yourself, and accompany it with the most friendly declarations that the suspension does not proceed from any desire to embarrass or oppose the settlement of their Government in the way in which their nation shall desire it, but from our desire to pay this debt justly and honorably, and to the persons really authorized by the nation (to whom we owe it) to receive it for their use. Nor shall the suspension be continued one moment after we can see our way clear out of the difficulty into which their situation has thrown us. That they may speedily obtain liberty, peace, and tranquillity is our earnest prayer."

At the moment that this letter of Jefferson's was written money had just been voted by Congress for the relief of the suffering colony of St. Domingo, and, in addition to these gratuities, the sum of four million livres, which the National Assembly, by its decree of 26th June, 1792, had requested the Government of the United States to furnish the colony, was paid into the hands of the French Minister. The political considerations and the regard for the unfortunate Louis XVI, which caused the American funds destined for France to lie, for a certain time, inactive at Amsterdam, did not prevail to retard that portion of them which was destined for a work of humanity. Within two years from this time the last sol of the debt was paid.

The inexactitudes of fact in the History of the Girondins, to which, as an American, I have thought it my duty to draw your attention, have given me an opportunity to speak of the sympathy and gratitude towards Louis XVI which existed, and which still exists in the United States. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these feelings are confined to the unfortunate King. That nation, which is ever ready to succor the oppressed, and which prefers generous ideas to material interests, must ever possess the admiration of freemen, and, above all, the constant sympathies of those whose fathers chose to brave the dangers of the ocean and of exile in an unknown land, rather than to enjoy the comforts of home by the sacrifice of a *principle*.

The debt of American gratitude is due to the whole French nation, but the desire to individualize (if I may so say) the expression of that gratitude, has caused the names of three Frenchmen to be engraved on every American heart. The names of LAFAYETTE, LOUIS XVI, VERGENNES; and if this trinity of the well-beloved be completed by one whose actions were less prominent, whose services were less known to fame than those of the other two, it is that VERGENNES was the first friend America found among those having authority with Louis XVI; it was he who staked his reputation as a Minister upon the success of her struggle; he who proposed always generous aid to her cause, and he who, in his diplomatic relations with the American Ministers—FRANKLIN and JEFFERSON—showed always and honorable spirit.

At the present day, the American pilgrim who comes to Versailles to visit the monument dedicated "to all the glories of France" pauses in a more humble temple—the Church of Notre Dame—and offers there his tribute of affection and respect at the tomb of VERGENNES; at the tomb of that Frenchman who, swaying the councils of his Sovereign, and having influence over the opinions of the nation, never forgot to be generous and *just* to America.

I beg you, sir, to accept the assurance of my high consideration.

GEORGE SUMNER,
Citizen of the United States.

A BLUNT JUDGE.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA OF JUNE 25.

Judge CANON is one of the bluntest, most plain spoken, straight-ahead Judges that ever sat upon any bench. His fearless independence and quiet simplicity have long been the admiration of the bar.

We happened yesterday in the Second District Court during the trial of a rule to release a man under arrest, on the ground that he was an unfortunate *debtor* and was only about to leave the State temporarily; as the best proof of which he would leave a wife and three children behind him. The lawyer sustaining the rule to discharge the arrest made quite a strong speech, dwelling on the hardship of arresting a man merely for debt, and incarcerating him in prison on suspicion of running off, when he had a wife and three children in the city to attach him to it. He cited the case of Ilsley *vs.* McCerren, lately decided by our Supreme Court, in support of his position.

The Judge, in deciding the rule, said that the gentleman's declamation would be more appropriate to another bar than that before which he was now pleading. As for himself, he had but little sympathy for any other debtors but those who get in debt to keep from starving. He did not subscribe to the fashionable democracy which represents the creditor as a fierce, illegal tyrant, and the debtor as a high-minded but unfortunate and much persecuted republican.

The Legislature had, from demagogical motives, relaxed greatly the law of arrest, but he would not relax the law as they had made it. The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Ilsley *vs.* McCerren, was a *most stupid* one, and he would not regard it. The Judges of that Court had no doubt their political motives in giving so stupid a decision, but he (Judge Canon) had no such motives. As to the fact of a man having a wife and three children proving his intention to remain here, he could not consider it conclusive. He knew men whose chief inducement to run off was, that they had wives and children to support at home. He had known, too, men who had wives and children wherever they went, and would, therefore, under the view of the counsel, have as many domicils as they had wives and children. The best way to keep from being arrested was to keep out of debt. That was his prescription and his judgment.

BEWARE OF "SNAKE HEADS."—The upward train of cars between Schenectady and Saratoga Springs, on Saturday morning, met with an accident that threatened very serious mischief to both the cars and passengers. About three miles west of Ballston, one of the rails of the road having become loose, and being struck by the wheels, was turned upward and forced through the bottom of the car about eight or nine feet, grazing the side of a lady passenger, tearing off a portion of her clothes, and curving forward in the direct range of a gentleman's head, who had but a few moments before moved from his seat to another part of the car. It was at first supposed that the lady (the daughter of Adam Treadwell and the wife of the Hon. James H. Titus, of this city) had been pierced through by the iron bar, but fortunately it proved to be otherwise. She sat on the outer side of the third seat from the rear, with her body and feet inclined, toward the middle of the car.

The four hind wheels were thrown off the track and carried forward a considerable distance before the train was stopped, tearing over the ground the sleepers of the road and other obstacles, until finally arrested when passing over a bridge elevated about thirty or forty feet above the stream below.

SUICIDE.—Mr. WM. HOGG, an iron merchant of Clinton Furnace, Kentucky, hung himself this week at the house of Mr. William Fleming in Wheeling. Mr. H. was a man of intelligence and in easy circumstances, and what caused him to commit the horrible act of self-murder is as yet unknown.

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE OF VOLUNTEERS.—According to the provisions of the election law of Pennsylvania the volunteers from this State now in Mexico will have the privilege of voting for State officers, at whatever place they may be stationed, on the second Tuesday of October next. The Captain and Lieutenant of each company act as Judges and Inspectors. In the late war with Great Britain, Pennsylvania volunteers held elections in camp at Baltimore, and camps Shellpot and Dupont.—*Phil. Ledger.*

Rev. Dr. RYDER, of the Worcester, Massachusetts, (Roman Catholic,) College, performed a solemn requiem on Saturday forenoon in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, for the repose of the soul of the late DANIEL O'CONNELL. He also pronounced a eulogy on the deceased. The discourse was confined principally to the religious traits in his character, his strong faith in the doctrines of the church, and his public acts in reference to Catholic emancipation and the removal of disabilities.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITORS.

Messrs. GALES & SEATON: I remarked in the Letter of your New York Correspondent, some days ago, a very pertinent quotation from a simple but pathetic Ballad which I had not seen for many years, but which was deeply impressed upon my memory by hearing it, whilst I was yet young, effectively recited. In a file of old newspapers I have just met with it in print. If you will oblige me by giving it a place in your columns—for which purpose I send it—you may leave it to your readers to judge how far little Peterkin's questions apply to the merits of the war in which we are now ourselves unhappily engaged. Yours, &c.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found—
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in that great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forc'd to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born infant died:
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good friend Eugene.
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
But that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

SHEEP-HUSBANDRY AT THE SOUTH—H. S. RANDALL'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN: Several weeks since I took the liberty of addressing a communication to my old and highly-esteemed friend, JOHN S. SKINNER, Esq., now editor of the New York "FARMER'S LIBRARY," commenting upon and reviewing a series of letters, now in course of publication in that valuable magazine, in reference to the expediency and practicability of a more general introduction of *sheep husbandry* in this section of the Union. Not having been able to find room for that communication, at as early a period as he desired, in the columns of the "Library," the editor very obligingly transmitted it to you for publication; and, as your paper deservedly enjoys a very extensive circulation in the Southern States, the main object I had in view—that of directing the attention of our farmers and planters generally to the subject-matter of these letters—will have been far more effectually accomplished than if my communication had received its original direction. Will you, then, grant me the favor of a portion of your columns for the completion of the cursory and necessarily brief review thus commenced. The subject is one of vast importance to the agricultural interest of this section; and the views and facts brought forward by the distinguished author of the letters in question are such as cannot fail to command the attention, if they do not stimulate the enterprise and the energies of our fellow-citizens of the South to the occupation of a new channel of industry and wealth.

The fifth letter of Col. RANDALL, as observed in my previous communication, was devoted mainly to a consideration of the *direct profits*, both at the North and the South, of sheep husbandry. After showing, by a series of carefully-compiled statistical tables, originally prepared for the use of the Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to the well-known "Circular" of that Officer in 1845, that for a period of fourteen years preceding 1845 the average price paid for good marketable wool was 39 4-7 cents per pound, he states the average weight of fleece in sheep yielding this description of wool to be about three lbs., and the average price of the sheep not less than $2 per head in the fall, and of lambs $1; while the annual increase of the latter would be at least 80 per cent. He adds: "One hundred sheep, properly littered, will make at least forty loads of manure during the one hundred and fifty days during which they are confined to dry feed in our northern winters." With us, of course, from eighty to a hundred loads might fairly be reckoned upon from this estimate. On grain farms it is considered at the North and East good economy to keep one sheep for every acre of cleared land; where mixed husbandry prevails the soil will profitably sustain two; and where sheep husbandry is exclusively practised, three sheep to the acre are allowed. Assuming the cost of land well adapted to this purpose at $20 per acre; the number of sheep per acre at three, their cost $2 per head; that of their keeping during the year (in a northern clime) about $25; the value of their fleece 39 4-7 cents per lb.; that of their lambs $1 each, and that of their manure $28, Mr. R. shows that a nett profit of upwards of 20 per cent. per acre per annum may be realized on the keeping of 100 sheep on 33⅓ acres. Estimating the value of the fleece at the present unusually depressed prices—averaging 31 cents—and reducing the cost of the sheep to $1.25, including a corresponding fall in the value of the lambs, the nett profit, even with all the disadvantages of a northern clime, is still shown to amount to nearly 13 per cent. per acre on lands worth $20. And these estimates are based exclusively on the average of a series of years in reference to sheep of the ordinary quality.

In our Southern climate, where land well adapted to the purposes of sheep husbandry can be abundantly procured at from $1.50 to $3 per acre, a much larger profit would obviously be realized. The expense of winter and summer foddering being almost wholly removed, the aggregate cost of maintaining a flock of 100 sheep during the year, including the interest on their cost, and on the value of the land appropriated to their maintenance, could not exceed $25 or $30, while the value of their fleece, at the present low prices, that of their lambs at 62½ cents per head, and of their manure, would reach $170—or a clear profit of nearly *three hundred per cent.* per acre on lands worth $1.50.

These estimates, it will be perceived, are based upon the application of land exclusively, or chiefly, to the purposes of sheep husbandry. Where the ordinary system of farming is pursued, the value of the land, taken together, will, of course, be higher, and the profits less. But it may safely be asserted that the introduction of this species of husbandry upon farms of the ordinary average value, will in no case, where common skill and prudence are used, yield a clear nett profit, over and above all expenses, of from *fifty to one hundred per cent.* per acre. Now, if this be so—and that it is, is susceptible of mathematical demonstration—it becomes an interesting inquiry why, in view of the decided advantages thus held out to the Southern agriculturist, our farms are not more generally stocked with sheep. Why should we permit our Northern neighbors thus to secure and monopolize the "golden fleece," when the facilities which Nature has so abundantly lavished upon our soil and climate are so immeasurably superior, so reliable and exhaustless? What is there to prevent an active and successful competition on the part of our agriculturists, in this fertile field of enterprise and wealth, with the sheep-breeder of the North in his own market? And, if we so choose, what is there to prevent the establishment and successful maintenance of an ample home market for the products of our sheep husbandry, as well as of our farms generally, by the occupation of those numerous streams and waterfalls which abound in every direction, and which require only the investment of capital to compete, in due time, with the Liverpools and Manchesters and Brightons of the old, and the Lowells of the new world?

The direct profits, however, which the introduction of this species of husbandry could not fail to secure, constitute but one, and that by no means the most important source of prosperity and wealth which it promises to bring in its train. The collateral and ultimate advantages of its adoption are ably marshalled by Mr. Randall, and consist, first, in the practicability and comparative economy of making it the basis of an *effectual amelioration in soils naturally sterile, or those which have been rendered so by an excessive and injudicious cultivation.*" Second, in "its comparative efficacy in giving to Southern agriculture a *mixed and convertible character*, and thereby sustaining (or improving) all the present good tillage lands, in the place of continuing the 'new and old field' system—(tilling land until it is worn out, then abandoning it and opening new lands)—once so general, and even now by far too prevalent." Third, in the production and manufacture by the South of the raw material of the apparel and bedding of slaves." Fourth, in the production of a "*cheap, wholesome, and highly nutritious food*," superior in the formation of muscle to pork, and less liable, particularly in hot climates, to engender inflammatory and putrid diseases. Fifth, in the diminished risk and damage occasioned by the death of these animals. "In reality," observes Mr. R., "the sheep *never dies insolvent*. If the colt or the bullock dies on our hands, after two or three years of trouble and expense with it, the loss is nearly a total one. If the fine-woolled sheep dies at any age, the wool then on it, or what it has already produced, *more* than covers all the cost which it has ever made us." Sixth, in the increased value of the manure scattered over the pastures, needing no spreading or other preparation for the fertilizing of the soil, and generally deposited on those elevated, dry, and barren portions of the land where it is most needed, "and where, being more remote from water courses, less of its juices are liable to be washed away by rains into the streams or on to the lands of others." Seventh, in the greater efficiency of sheep than any other animals, *in clearing up new lands, or neglected old ones, of those briers and shrubs* which it is often difficult (otherwise) to eradicate without ploughing." "The sheep delights to browse on the buds and to strip the bark of most shrubs, and they thus soon destroy them;" and, eighth, in the influence which these animals exert "*in improving the character of the vegetation. All wild poor grasses gradually disappear from their pastures, and are succeeded by the best ones, and the sward becomes remarkably dense and even. This is probably due to the richness and better distribution of their dung and urine.*"

These considerations, it appears to me, are certainly entitled to very great weight at the hands of the intelligent farmer. In reference to the sole obstacle which, after diligent investigation, presents itself to the mind of this intelligent and discriminating writer—viz. the destructive inroads of wolves and dogs—he observes, after adverting to the fact that the former class of animals are becoming rare, and being gradually extirpated: "Wolves do but little damage, and would soon cease to do any; but the miserable prowling *curs* are, in many places, a serious detriment. There is something singular in the fact that, while so much complaint is made of them in the Southern and Western States, in New York, where there is certainly a great surplus of them, we hear little, comparatively speaking, of their depredations. *I am inclined to attribute it to the fact that dogs are here constantly familiarized with the sight of sheep. The first even playful movement of the adventurous puppy towards them is severely chastised, and he is thus educated to recognise them as within the category of 'protected' animals.* The dog which slays, *or even pursues*, a sheep, finds a long *pedigree* or a *silver collar* utterly unavailing to save him from immediate death."

I am inclined to the opinion that the depredations of dogs has, more than any other single circumstance, and perhaps, I may add, more than all other circumstances combined, discouraged the majority of Southern farmers from attempting sheep husbandry. The remedy above pointed out is, it seems to me, practical and efficient *in the case of dogs owned by the sheep-farmer himself*; but will Mr. R. instruct us how to proceed with "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," appertaining to our neighbors, far and near, who have no such immediate inducements to the mental and moral cultivation of their canine property? The *rifle*, at which he hints with ominous distinctness, almost invariably increases instead of diminishing the evil; besides, it generally comes too late, and assumes a *vindictive* rather than a *preventive* attitude; and nothing short of Colt's revolvers, systematically played off upon a regiment of vagabond "curs," drawn up in order, would prove an effectual extinguisher of this great evil in a majority of instances. The Legislature alone can apply the proper corrective, either by imposing a revenue tax upon the commodity, *ad valorem* or otherwise, or by the enactment of stringent laws, subjecting the owners of vicious "curs" to heavy damages in all cases where injury has accrued to their neighbors from their wanton and lawless incursions.

But, Messrs. Editors, I have already unconsciously exceeded the bounds of a reasonable article; and, while craving your indulgence for my garrulousness, ask, in legislative parlance, "leave to sit again" on the receipt of Mr. Randall's next letter. ACCOMAC.

DRUMMONDTOWN, JUNE, 1847.

The death of young Mr. BROWN, at Flushing, on Saturday last, (already mentioned,) by an accidental shot from a small cannon, was attended with some extraordinary as well as distressing circumstances. He was exercising himself in a swing with two sons of G. G. HOWLAND, Esq., one aged about 12 and the other about 14 years, who were amusing themselves by firing off a small cannon about three inches long, mounted on wheels. As the boys fired it off, Mr. BROWN, for the purpose of contributing to their amusement, would at each discharge drop himself from the swing, exclaiming "I am shot." At length he suggested to the boys that, in order to produce a louder report, they should put something additional into the cannon. They put in accordingly two duck shot. On firing it off it wheeled, and the shot passed through the head of Mr. B. He fell from the swing and exclaimed, as before, "I am shot," and never spoke again.

Mr. B. was the son of JAMES BROWN, of the house of *Brown, Brothers, & Co.*, and son-in-law of G. G. HOWLAND, Esq., to whose daughter he had been married about eight months.

SUICIDE AT CUMBERLAND, R. I.—A letter dated July 4 says: "Mr. Henry Norton, of Cumberland, committed suicide last Saturday by shooting himself, placing a loaded rifle in his mouth and discharging it. He made an unsuccessful attempt a few days previous. Domestic trouble was the cause assigned which led him to commit the fatal deed. He had been married but a few months to a second wife."

WILLIAM H. HAYS, (son of Michael Hays, of Burlington, N. J.) having recently studied law in the office of the Hon. GARRETT D. WALL, was married on the 8th of June to a young lady of Burlington, and, with his youthful bride, set out on a wedding tour to Niagara, Montreal, &c. Having returned as far as Saratoga Springs he was seized with bilious fever, and on Wednesday morning (just three weeks from the time he was married, at the same hour of the day) expired. His parents and sisters arrived just in time to see him die, at the early age of twenty-six—the wedding guests having since been most unexpectedly called to join in the solemn funeral rites; the bridal dress being exchanged for the weeds of the sepulchre, and the joy and congratulations of the wedding feast for the sadness and suffering of the funeral.

A CHAPTER OF CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

A GERMAN GRAND DUCAL CITY.

Among the miracles of things infinitesimally small, a German Grand Ducal City enjoys a proud pre-eminence! It is not only little in its proportions, but it is so in its interests, its tastes, its habits, and its ambitions; presenting a microscopic view of society so terribly minute that humanity itself seems shrunk into something like insect vitality.

There is a little court and a little army, a little aristocracy and a little bourgeoisie, a little diplomatic circle and a little ministerial clique, a little city with little shops, and very, very little money; but, in compensation for these "petitesses," there is abundance of gossip and any amount of etiquette. So narrowed are the interests of people who have neither commerce nor manufactures, who neither lend nor borrow nor carry, that from sheer ennui they fall back upon the pleasures of a ceremonial existence for occupation; and, for amusement, seek relief in discussing the affairs of their neighbors.

Their little monarch is the sun in their system, round which they revolve, in circles more or less remote as rank or court favor may determine. From the highest to the lowest, they are officers of his household; and, if not on actual duty, at least by style and title, acknowledge a position of dependence; none are exempt from this feudalism, from the "Hof Mareschal," who leads the procession at a court dinner to the "Hof Musicus," who leads the orchestra in the theatre. The result is palpable: society does not exist, the table-land of equality is here represented by a staircase, with step above step, and in lieu of easy intercourse there is substituted a little code of observances, to which the manners of China are a mercy. If the gradations to foreign eyes be small, even imperceptible, to the native they are clear and unmistakeable; the rank of each individual, stamped on him by office, not only clings to himself as he smokes in his bureau, but envelopes his wife as she stands cooking in the kitchen, and the Wohlgeborner has no monopoly of official dignity, for the lady enjoys reflected brightness, and peels her onions with a conscious pride of being the Gnadige Frau of a Government employée.

If, then, littleness be stamped on every pursuit and every thought of a people thus circumstanced, there is an amende in the far-reaching greatness of their self-esteem; for of a verity the world had never yet seen their equal in this amiable quality.

If the Government be absolute this Grand Duke is a greater monarch than the Czar. If they have a constitution, the English Parliament is a base counterfeit compared to their Legislative Assembly; and so with a battalion of foot and forty dragoons they talk of continental wars; so, with a roomful of their petty notorieties—heads of departments and small secretaries of small legations—they fancy they are rivalling the salons of Paris and London.

Littleness one might pardon, and even pity: the dwarfs of the social, like those of the physical world, are objects of painful curiosity, but the compassion becomes contempt when they affect to be normal, and when they tell you that they are the standard size. Such is the case here: these people sneer at all outside their territory, Hock Higmaringen. They rave about their influence on the great Powers of Europe; Peel cannot alter a tariff, nor Guizot sign a treaty, that the stroke is not levelled at them; and they actually believe that half the warlike preparations of real nations are undertaken from covert designs against the integrity of their own dominions. So magnificent are all their notions about government, so vast and all-reaching their legislative ambition, that they pay no attention whatever to the actual administration, which is a series of blunders that would be farcical if they were not actually annoying.

Imagine a series of rectangular streets, at each end opening on a flat country, the sides formed of two-storied houses of a pale yellow or a faint blue; the pavement grass-grown, the flag-way silent; not an equipage to be seen, nor a horseman, save some unhappy dragoon riding away his ennui at the cost of his charger's fore-legs; a sad-looking schoolboy with a knapsack, upon his way to school; a servant-maid with a tin bucket of vegetables, returning from the market: nothing else breaks the stillness; no one is about; nothing is stirring; a heavy tramp of heels, as some solitary soldier treads along in a neighboring street, and wakens the echoes, or the notes of the bellman proclaiming a reward for a lost ornament at a ball at the museum, but as the jewelry was brass, and the recompense twelve kreutzers, we won't stop for that. Oh! the dreary heart-wearying monotony of such a scene! Oh, for the laugh of merry childhood to break the stillness or the flitting forms of graceful beauty to cut those deep shadows that lie sleeping on the path! Oh, for the neighing steed, the crush of multitudes, the stirring signs of life and manhood, to wake up this tiresome lethargy into some semblance of vitality!

In the shops all is equally torpid. The dark eye of an Israelite peers, indeed, sometimes sharply from behind the hanging draperies of his window, and seems to vouch for the pleasure with which he could "cheat the Christian;" but even he seems to feel his natural instincts tempered by tobacco and the place. But hark! what is this? I hear the crash of wheels. It is the Grand Duke's equipage!—an old carriage, with two older horses, and the livery is scarlet. How rumbling the sound is over the heavy pavement! There goes another court carriage; no, it is the same—I'd know the horses among a thousand; they have only turned the corner to appear again there suddenly, and there they are a third time. Bless his heart for it, at all events—the sounds were pleasant, though fleeting. Ha! but what is this? Whence came this fossil of another world—this chariot of Mount Ararat? It is the Her ober Stall Meister von Blumerkahl training six of the Duke's horses; and, though he has a postillion on each, and holds a whip himself, the direction seems by no means to be a matter predetermined in. The beasts have a Germanic dignity in their heavy faces and their club tails tied over the back; they lift their legs with the ponderous gravity of burgomasters, and they scorn to step together, doubtless to assert their individualisms.

What is the little old man in the spectacles performing these courteous antics at? To the old lady in the flannel bed-gown at that window yonder; for all that yellow indescribable, and the strange poultice-looking envelope of her nether jaw, she's a countess! That is she, a kind of Hoch Deutsch Lady Jersey, who sits in high places, and takes the wall of the Free Frau von Donnerstadt.

Over all this dreary platitude there is an atmosphere of stagnant sewers, stale tobacco smoke, and sour cabbage, fertilizing the field in its richness, but scarcely grateful to the human nose. Such is the external sign of a Herzogliches Residentz; the life within is even worse.

It would be ungenerous to reproach people with poverty, and the habits which poverty enforces. Small economies and house thrift are not things to sneer at, neither are simple tastes and unostentatious pleasures; and such are the features travellers are so fond of attributing to Germany. The country has been a stock theme for years past for tourists to expatiate on in praise of primitive simplicity, its unaffected good nature, its cordial hospitality, all heightened by the cultivation of mind and the diffusion of intellectual tastes and pleasures. Now, of all the romances, in one volume or three, there never was such absurdity as this. The simplicity is mere coarseness; the good-nature, vulgarity; the politeness is pretension suing "in forma pauperis;" and as for the hospitality, it is difficult to characterize, for the same reason that Von Troil did not discuss the snakes of Iceland, because "there was none there." It is true there are ceremonial observances without end, forms, and outward shows of social intercourse; but all the state is expended on the vestibule of the temple—the worshipper gets no further. There is plenty of gold leaf over the statue, but it is mere clay within. An ill-lighted room crowded with an ill-dressed company, a heavy odor of the kitchen, and a harsh grating crash of rude gutterals are the ideas that make up a German soiree. This imaginative people discuss nought but caserne and cuisine, how to dress corporals and cutlets: this musical nation has scarcely an amateur performer worth listening to. The statesmen are the routine clerks of a dull "Bureaucratie;" are either the besotted worshippers of absolute monarchy, or the violent partisans of French Jacobinism. To give such people the form of constitutional government is to legalize anarchy, and to confer the liberty of the press is to guaranty the right of libel.

It is a country with little to suggest hope, and still less to create esteem. Flat, stale, and unprofitable as a residence, dull to live in, and only delightful to leave.

"KENNST DU DAS LAND," &c.

"Away with all jesting, sit procul! ye scorners,
I sing the Land of Tobacco about!
Of Gnadige Frauen, and Hoch Wohlgebornen,
Of Hamels Coteletten, and eke sauer kraut.
Where even the language can interdict joking,
Nor gleam of bright fancy can ever arouse
The brains that are torpid by hourly smoking,
Or inventing flat phrases to flatter fat Fraus.
Where men have no higher enjoyment than spitting,
Or lounging in gardens to sip sour wine;
And lady-like pastimes are centred in knitting,
Or cooking fat messes adapted for swine.
Where age is like childhood, and childhood old fashion'd,
Where prosing and twaddle are taken for sense;
Where even young manhood is never impassion'd,
And the semblance of pleasantry deem'd an offence.
The fancy-struck maiden—I hope I shan't kill her
By letting such treason escape from my hand;
But such is the country of Goethe and Schiller,
And such are the types of the famed Fatherland."

Much astonishment has been lately created among the Venetian populace by the circumstance that the water of an Artesian well, which was lately sunk at Venice, burns brilliantly when brought into contact with a flame. This seemingly wonderful combustion is caused by the carburetted hydrogen gas which the water contains.

Capt. J. B. THOMPSON, an old and respected citizen of Louisville, (Ky.) died a few days since. He was on the steamer *Lucy Walker* when the terrible disaster occurred to her some three years ago, and has been, from that time until the hour of his death, confined to his bed in consequence of the injuries he then received.

A CHAPTER ON TOASTS.

Independence day is not alone remarkable for bonfires and illuminations, ringing bells, and firing cannon, shouts and huzzas, dinners and orations—but it is also the great season of *toasts*, those "short speeches" of the people which frequently fill columns of the largest newspapers for weeks afterwards.

But, alas and alack, how few there are, even among the men of learning and talent, who are capable of concocting a *good* toast! A man may be a scholar and a gentleman, a graduate of a college or a professor, able to write a book as large as a Basler Bible, and yet, when Fourth of July comes, he may lack the brains to write a decent sentiment. He may be entirely competent to write a novel, a poem, a tale, a play, an essay, an oration, or a Government despatch; yea, he may even be equal to the task of inditing a "leader" for the editorial columns of a newspaper, and, after all, prove the merest bungler at the apparently easy task of writing a toast.

There is, depend on it, in this species of composition a wonderful amount of tact necessary. Every body can describe, without difficulty, what a toast ought to be, and yet not one man in fifty knows how to execute one. Brevity and point are the two great ends to be attained. A good toast is always embodied in a single sentence. Two are sure to spoil it. It should be spontaneous, too, not labored. Midnight oil is as fatal to it as mildew to a delicate plant. It must strike some vital chord in the inner man, that will cause the whole animal and mental economy to vibrate as if touched by electricity.

Such toasts have been produced, and can be again. I remember one. Some years since that prince of wits, ERASTUS ROOT, was present at a celebration in New York. Wine and wit maintained a rivalry. By the side of Gen. ROOT sat a noted militia captain, who in due season discovered himself toasted, and "called out" for a response. The honor was unexpected, but the recipient was too much a soldier to flinch. True to his "ruling passion," he proposed: "*The militia of the United States—may they never want—and—and—and.—*" Poor fellow! His heart was true, but his tongue treacherous. He could not have found words to complete what he had begun, had an empire depended on it. Calling spirits from the vasty deep was a trifle in comparison with the poor captain's appeal to language to help him out.

At this critical moment, Gen. ROOT arose at his side, touched him gently on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "*And may they never be wanted!*" The Captain had found relief. With the suddenness of thought he had joined the parts, and, assuming an air of conscious triumph, which was certainly felt, he repeated his sentiment, as follows:

"The Militia of the United States—may they never want, and may they never be wanted!"

Capital sentiment! Let a man try in his closet a month, and he cannot produce a better. It is a text on which one might almost hang a volume. Not one word too much, not one too little.

A near kin to this toast was the one recently elicited in Richmond, for whose paternity, as for Homer's, even cities are contending—

"The States of this Union—distinct like the billows, one like the sea."

This is likewise capital. Toasts such as these it is a pleasure to read and treasure up in the mind; but one does not often meet with them. They are a mere grain of wheat, buried in a mountain of chaff. The mass of Fourth of July sentiments are sickly, silly stuff; and how men can find it in their hearts to cheer over them is wonderful. I would almost as soon think of spending "nine cheers" over the grave of my grandmother. Enterprising publishers, concerned for the literature of the world, frequently advertise attractive prizes for the best written poems and essays, and even conundrums are rewarded. If a premium was occasionally offered to the author of a series of the best Fourth of July toasts, it would not be a bad investment.—O. P. Q.—*Boston Post.*

THE WATER-CURE, AGAIN.

Having given place in our columns to that Brattleborough man's accounts of the two stages in the process of water-curing, we suppose it is our bounden duty to go through the whole series. Though the state of the weather about these days is not exactly favorable for calling attention to the heating stages of the affair, there are occasional glimpses of cold plunges in icy water the very thought of which is consoling. Number three lets us into the mystery—if mystery it can be called, with mercury at 90—of SWEATING:

BRATTLEBORO', JUNE 21, 1847.

You have already received a description of the process of wet-sheet packing—how a subject is folded up very tight, first in a wet sheet, then with three or four thick blankets, and covered over all with a feather bed, to guard against catching cold, and how he lies in this condition till he gets warm, which is usually in from one to two hours, to be then taken out and tumbled into the plunge to cool. Well, this packing is one thing, and the sweating process is another thing; quite another thing in its effect, although, in fact, only the same thing as the other, with an appendix and a supplement—the appendix being the hot stage that immediately ensues, and the supplement the abundant flow of perspiration that follows that.

After sleeping a delightful sleep in the packed-up and laid-out state, a decided change comes over the spirit of his dream, and his fancies become not a little horrid; he wakes up any where else than in Abraham's bosom, and supposes himself just where he always expected to go, where his friends feared he would go, and where his enemies had often wished him; consciousness comes upon him with an all-alive sensation over the whole surface, as if his skin were all nerve, and a sense of oppression, as if the feather bed were a mountain. His head is as a bushel, every joint is cramped and uneasy, his inwards are parched with thirst, and an intense burning consumes his outwards. The heat is upon him. The doctor has told him to expect this, and advised him of the ways of alleviating the unpleasant symptoms. He is a sensible man, and with ordinary judgment and resolution; but, for the time, he forgets all his resolutions, and loses all his judgment, and the great fact flashes across his mind that the water-cure is a humbug, and himself not only a deceived, but injured man; it is evident he is outrageously oppressed.

He calls for his bath attendant. Now, it so happens that Henry, not being blessed with ubiquity, and having only the ordinary allowance of hands, is at present busy in rubbing down a patient whose prescription allows him a "hard rubbing for ten minutes;" the other bath men are busy with their own respective charges. Henry knows what is wanted, but can only answer, "Me can no come now—wait five minutes." Five minutes! a little eternity to the burning man; but Henry has known such cases before, and it is easy, we know, to become used to the sufferings of others. The subject still shouts "Henry, *Hen-ry*, Hen-*ry-ee*." And every shout increases his distress. Soon No. 22 joins his voice to the chorus, and the whole wing rings with the shouting. Henry phlegmatically rubs legs and arms, and back and back, and arms and legs, consoling himself with the thought that he is fulfilling his duty, and that the subject won't die. The subject doesn't agree with him in the last idea, but is convinced that he *will* die, and that right soon, without the melancholy satisfaction of kicking in his last agonies. He repents him of having despised calomel and jalap. Then he forgets propriety, and forthwith anathematizes Henry. The sympathizers join in the anathemas, and the bath man is trebly cursed with every breath of Nos. 18, 20, and 22.

At last Henry comes, but is astonished to see the roll of bedclothes and the bed, which indicates that "here lies a man," performing strange movements, lifting and falling at one end, wriggling at both, twisting and jerking, as if a chrysalis had taken a notion that it "would be a butterfly," and was struggling to burst the vile folds that held him to earth. These convulsions soon release the arms and the upper part of the body. Henry is in doubt whether to consider it a case of craziness and run for help, or to prepare for a fisticuff, when, with his partial release, the subject becomes tranquil, falls back on the pillow, and exclaims, "All right; it was only to see if I could get out of this if I wanted to; I am satisfied; pack me again." Henry does so, and proceeds to apply the palliatives—opens the window, and puts a wet cloth on the forehead, with an effect so magical that the subject can well realize why "a certain rich man" once, in a like situation, expected so much relief from a similar application of cold water. The perspiration now bursts forth, to his exquisite and entire relief; he becomes as quiet as a lamb and sweats like a bull; and now it will do to drink a little.

He takes from time to time a few mouthfuls of water, which greatly promote the operation, and a third stage comes on, wherein his sensations are as if he didn't rest any where, but floated in mid air, like Mahomet's coffin; as if the clouds were his bed and cherub's down his pillow; as if his body and legs, arms, and trunk, with their manifold sensations and afflictions, were nothing to him, and time and space and care were forgotten circumstances. If he could command entire consciousness he would beg Doctor Wesselhoeft's pardon for having lately thought some hard things of the establishment. It is not, however, entirely unpleasant to be aroused to prepare for the plunge. How sweet are its icy waters, as they lave his sissing-hot body! as refreshing as fifty ice creams all at once. Even when come out and standing on the brink to be rubbed, he feels that a little more cooling would not be bad, so slips through Henry's fingers and souses in again. This process wastes the system of some of its substance, but after a walk, in which the joints move with remarkable ease, he returns to supply any deficiency in his substance with immeasurable quantities of homminy and milk, white bread and yellow butter.

After the first trial the process is easy, and although the hot stage can never be made entirely pleasant, it soon becomes quite endurable.

Messrs. WEBSTER and CHOATE, of Massachusetts, are now trying the famous will case of the late Oliver Smith, of Hatfield, involving some $300,000 or $400,000. Mr. W. is *for*, Mr. C. *against* the validity of the will. The trial is going on before Justice Wilde, of the Supreme Court, now sitting at Northampton.