THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

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The Muse's Corner.

THE MIDNIGHT SKIES.

The midnight skies—the midnight skies—
Oh what a solemn grandeur lies
Upon their brows eternal height;
And yet around them wreathed there seems
A halo, brighter than the beams
Caught from the smiles of life and light.

The midnight skies—the midnight skies—
Millions of ever-waking eyes
Look through their silent starry bowers,
Watching their wizard twin of death;
Sleep—thinly moving on the breath
Of mortals—in this sphere of ours.

The midnight skies—the midnight skies—
In vain the Unbeliever tries
To laugh their shadowy terrors off;
For o'er his soul they cast a spell
Of God-head, so ineffable
As freezes on his lips the scoff.

The midnight skies—grand boundless deep—
Halls, where the watching angels keep
The passes of eternity.
Regions mysterious and sublime,
Stretched out upon the wings of time—
Dominions of a Deity!

We know that God is every where—
Beyond the eastern ocean, there
He girds the morn with wings of light—
He spreads upon the sunny hour
The dark pavilion of his power,
And then we say, behold 'tis night!

But oh—'tis in the skies alone—
The skies of midnight, God hath shown
Perspectives to the deathless mind—
Mansions, that all the blaze of day
Could never to the mind display
Afar in distant Glory shrin'd.

SONG.

OH! DO NOT SUPPOSE!

Oh! do not suppose that my hours
Are always unclouded and gay;
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers
That fortune has strewed in my way;
When seen by the cold and unfeeling,
We smile through the sorrows we feel;
But smiles are deceitful—concealing
The wounds which they never can heal.

Our moments of mirth may be many,
And hope half our sorrows beguiles;
But, believe me, there cannot be any
Whose features are always in smiles.
The heart may be sad and repining,
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,
As a goblet with gems may be shining,
Though bitter the portion within.

A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and woe;
And night's brightest meteor may hover
Where dangers lie lurking below.
Thus oft in the sunshine of gladness
The cheek and the eye may be drest,
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

THE MARRIAGE.

Bind the white-orange blossoms in her hair;
Soft be their shadow—soft, and somewhat pale;
For they are omens. Many anxious years
Are on the wreath that binds the bridal veil.

The maiden leaves her childhood and her home,
All that the past has known of happy hours—
Perhaps her happiest ones. Well may there be
A faint wan color on those orange flowers.

For they are pale as hope, and hope is pale
With earnest watching over future years—
With all the promise of their loveliness,
The unknown future dims their wreath with tears.

Literary Miscellany.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

BY A. W. LOOMIS, ESQ.

[The following is the conclusion of the masterly speech of A. W. Loomis, Esq., in the case of the *United States vs. John F. Braddee*, in the U. S. District Court for Western Pennsylvania, at May Term, 1841. Braddee was indicted with others for robbing the mail, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary. We were present at the trial from beginning to end, and we never knew a case that created more intense excitement. The defendant came into court backed with nearly a hundred witnesses, and with several learned and eloquent counsel to advocate his cause. Mr. Loomis, on behalf of the United States, made the closing argument, and by one bold stroke of his gigantic mind, floored his adversaries and scattered all their ingenious arguments to the four winds, as the rising sun scattereth the morning vapor! His speech done its work effectually.—The jury was convinced, the audience was overcome, and even the defendant himself shed tears—his adamantine heart melted like wax!]

I have gone through with a review of the facts upon which the United States rely for a conviction. I think I have shown you conclusively, that taking these facts by themselves, the result is inevitable. I have gone into an examination of the defence—I have endeavored to do it fairly. I have made no misrepresentations intentionally. I think I have shown satisfactorily that the defence has totally failed to overturn the case made out on the part of the prosecution.—Will you yield the convictions resulting from these clear, connected, consistent, and overwhelming proofs, to the influences of *doubt?* You have a right to indulge *rational*, but you have no right to indulge *captious* and *unreasonable* doubts. Will you require direct and positive evidence to sustain every step you take? A man may affect to doubt his own existence—the existence of the Universe—"the fool hath said in his own heart, there is no God." Why should *you* believe in the existence of a God? Have you seen or beheld him? Has mortal eye rested upon the uncreated and inapproachable first cause? "No man hath seen God at any time." But his *voice* has been heard in the distant thunder. His *power* has been displayed in the terrific lightning's flash. His *energies* have been manifested in the fearful earthquake and desolating volcano. The tempest-tossed mariner has felt his presence and his influence upon the raging billows of the great deep. Earth, air and sky, declare the wonders of his creative power. The heavens above, garnished with those resplendant orbs, whose grandeur, and sublimity, and order, and beauty, and harmony of action, in their destined courses, proclaim a celestial origin and an Almighty architect—demonstrate his existence, his wisdom, and his power. The mighty ocean, the lofty mountain, the majestic river, the boundless plain, the smiling valley, clothed with verdure and vocal with music, bespeak his wisdom and his kindness to man. Man himself, fearfully and wonderfully made, the mysterious combination of body and spirit; the powers, faculties, and capabilities of his immortal mind; his origin, present state, and final destiny, all declare the omnipotence and omnipresence of God. *Nature*, through all her works; *existence*, in all its modes and forms, is moved and animated by a divine impulse. If I have not greatly erred, witnesses *on this trial* have felt the providence and retributive justice of God, in the functions of that invisible tenant within, that can never repose, save upon innocence, purity and truth. We rest our faith of the existence of a God upon the circumstances with which we are surrounded, upon multiplied and irresistible evidences and inferences, upon results assignable to no other cause. Scepticism, it is true, may be found, so impudent in pretence, and so reckless in assertion, as to gainsay or deny the circumstances, evidences, inferences and results; and so there may be found those, who, from interest, prejudice or corruption, may affect to doubt or question the conclusion to which the evidence in this cause points with such unerring certainty and irresistible power.

I have anxiously examined the testimony in this case by day and by night, have meditated and reflected upon it, and endeavored to arrive at a correct result. I have felt fully and deeply the responsibility of my position—that it would be wrong and unjust to press the conviction of a man who was not clearly guilty. I have brought to the discharge of my duty the diligent and honest exercise of the powers and faculties which the God of nature has given me, and I now declare to you, in all candor and sincerity, my clear and undoubting conviction, that this man is guilty. I entertain as little doubt of his guilt, as of the existence of that God to whom I must answer for every thought, word, and action of my life.

The counsel for the defence have alluded to his wife and children. Whose heart does not glow with warmth and melt with sensibility, when an appeal is made to those endeared and endearing objects; to those consecrated idols of the affections? I do not complain of this appeal, or that they should attempt to influence you by such considerations. But you will not be governed by your sympathies, or the feelings of your hearts. You have a duty to discharge to yourselves, to your country, and your God. If his wife be pure, and innocent, and amiable, however painful the separation, it may be mercy to rescue her from the dominion and embrace of a corrupt and corrupting felon; it may be kindness to his children, to save them from the blighting and desolating influence of his example. When this defendant beholds the infamy which his offences have attached to his family; the desolation which his crimes have carried to his dwelling, the sorrow and anguish with which his iniquities have filled the bosoms of his wife and children, well may he exclaim with the jealous, loathed, and detested Herod, after the murder of his beautiful and lamented wife:

"And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
"This bosom's desolation dooming;
"And I have earned those tortures well,
"Which unconsumed, are still consuming."

The scene is drawing to a close—the defendant's long career of crime will now terminate—the multiplied, clustering and conclusive proofs, will not permit his escape from punishment—you will be compelled, however painful the office, to pronounce a verdict of guilty—the judgment of this impartial and venerated court will speedily follow. When the sentence of the law shall have consigned him to solitude, to separation from wife, children, friends and associates; when meditation and reflection shall have forced their unwelcome presence upon him by day and by night; when he shall have passed again and again, in sad review, the long catalogue of his crimes and enormities; when his alarmed and terrific conscience shall have awaked from its long continued repose; *then, then*, in the bitterness of anguish will he exclaim with the sanguinary, treacherous and remorseless Richard, when, on that fearful night which preceded the fatal battle battle of Bosworth field, the ghost of the murdered Edward rose and cursed him; when the spirit of Henry appeared and denounced him; when the ghosts of Clarence, Rivers, Grey, Vaughan and Hastings, cut off from life by his treachery and cruelty, arose and cursed him; when the spirits of the smothered princes, his murdered nephews the rightful heirs to the throne and crown of England, bade him "despair and die;" when the ghost of his wretched wife, the murdered Anne, "that never slept a quiet hour with him," "filled his sleep with perturbation:—

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
"And every tongue brings in a several tale,
"And every tale condemns me for a villain.
"*Perjury, perjury*, in the highest degree,
"All several sins, all used in each degree
"Throng to the bar crying all—Guilty! Guilty!"

☞At the late Berkshire (Mass.) Jubilee, Mr. Macready, the tragedian, recited in a style of beautiful elocution, the exquisite metrical version of an Eastern fable by Leigh Hunt, which "deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and taken to heart by all." Would that the heaven-born sentiment it contains were appreciated and acted upon by all:

"Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And in the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised his head,
And, in a voice made all of sweet concord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord!'
'And is mine one?' said Ben Adhem. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abon spoke more low.
But cheerly still: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE, ESQ.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mean of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-pour,
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster—so, when Hope he would adjure,
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure—
That sad answer, "Nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

From the Diary of a New York Physician.

LOVE POWDERS.

About the year 1815, a rather stout, course looking man apparently some twenty-five years of age, came to my office and wished to speak with me aside. He was a dutchman from up the river and spoke English rather imperfectly.

Having got me aside he stated his case with very great solemnity. He informed me that he was in love with a certain young woman in his neighborhood, who unfortunately did not return his affection. This, he assured me was not owing to any indisposition on her part, for she was willing to love him if she could; and in order to overcome the repugnance she felt towards him, would consent to any feasible means. A love powder was that which most naturally suggested itself to his mind, and he had called to procure one.

"I would'a got it of out toctor to home,' said he, 'but I was afeard it would leag out zum how or anoder, and den I would be a laughingstog to de whole town. Zo as I was gumming to New York, I thought I might as well git it here. Wat you ask for one strong love powder, wat will do de busines for de garl, and make her love me like de tyvel all cut.'

At first I began to reason with him on the folly of endeavoring to excite love by means of powders, philtres, potions, and the like. But I found my argument thrown away. I then endeavored to laugh him out of his project. But my ridicule, like my arguments, fell harmless to the ground.

Finding him resolved on having the love powder, come what would, I concluded to give him something which would satisfy him. I accordingly put up two powders of tartar emetic; five grains each, telling him it was necessary for him to take a powder as well as the girl, in order to produce the desired effect.

'But I be in love now, toctor, and does not need any of the powders to make me love more as I do. What should I take it for den?'

'You must take it said I, otherwise the powder will have no effect on the girl.

'But den I shall have to bay for two powders instead of one.'

I then gave him directions to dissolve the powders in water, and to take one himself and to give the girl the other at the same time; and that they should be shut up together in the same room at the time of taking the powders, and so on for three hours there after, when I assured him they would produce a remarkable effect.

The fellow went away well pleased with the favorable termination of his love suit; and I thought little more of the subject, occasionally to laugh to myself at the physical effect the love powders would be likely to produce on the amorous dutchman and his dulcinea. How far they were likely to produce the desired effect, I could not of course determine; but the result would not, finally, prove injurious to the health of the parties, I was well satisfied.

It was somewhat like a year after this, that walking one day in the street I came plump upon my patient. Startled like Macbeth at the ghost of Banquo, I would have avoided him; and for this purpose I dogged into the——Hotel, just opposite.—But fear frequently brings the catastrophe which it seeks to escape; and the consciousness of guilt conjures up dangers where in reality none are to be apprehended.

My motions were undoubtedly suspicious, and the dutchman detected me the sooner for attempting to dog him. At all events, he followed me into the hotel, and with a very angry countenance began.

'B's you not the toctor what give me love powders a twelve mond ago?

'I what, I a doctor? I give you love powders? said I, appearing to be vastly surprised at this question—'you must certainly be mistaken in the man.'

'Py G—t, I pelleve you to be de man,' persisted the dutchman; 'you look so much like him as one egg does to anoder.'

'No, good friend,' says I, 'you must be mistaken in the man. But what is the story of yours about love powders?' continued I wishing to learn the effect they had produced, as well perhaps as mischievously to afford sport in the bar room.

'What is de story? why Mishter Toctor de love powders did'nt do at all. Dey was all one tam cheat. Dey was noting more as one vile tattero mattocks, what makes beples buke dere insides out.—When I goes home, I shuts minself up in a room mit Katterina, and we takes one a powder and toder a powder, just so as you dold me. Den we waits for de oberation. Py and py we grows sick in de stomach. Tinks I wat for a tyvel of an oberation is dis? dat makes me feel so all about de short rips, de heart and de stomach? Put I says nothing at all, hopin twould all turn out for de best. Py and py we pegins, pote on us, to be just like de sea in a tunder storm. Oh, how sick I pe, says Katterina. Den she groes bale as a gorbs, and I tought she would vaint, so I puts my arm round her vaist to hold her up—ven by G—t, we pote on us at once pegins to cry *New York! New York!* and py kreccious! you never seen any body gast up aggounts as we did. Dare was but one winder in de room and we could'nt get out de door because I logs it and throws away de key when I first come in; and so we pote stics our head out of de winder and bukes, and bukes, and bukes—you never seen de like in de days you was bourn. And what do you tink was de consequence toctor?'

'What! why I suppose the girl fell in love with you of course,' said I.

'No py G—t! she hates me den dousand dimes worser dan ever. She won't so much as speak to me now. And all de young vellers and de garls dey laughs at me, and boints de finger at me as I valk de streets, and says dere goes de fool vot pought de love bowders in New York! And now! I pe de laffin stog of de whole blace. And all dis comes of de tam cheat love powder you give me—for I can shwear you pe's de wery toctor what played dat trick upon me—and if I ever gatches you in our neighborhood,' concluded he, doubling his fist in a threatening manner, 'I'll give you one of de t—dest lickins you ever had in all de days of your life.

Saying this, he left the hotel in a rage, and that was the last I ever saw of him, or heard of the love powders.

Our Olio.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

Streeter defines a *fat office*, inspector of LARD. By the same rule a *lean* office would be inspector of LATHS. The same genius says, wood chopping is a *hew*-morous employment.

Poultry raisers are generally *egg*-otistical, and honey makers always *bee*-nevolent. The fire fly is a *glow*-rious insect, and a pig a very *pen*-etrating animal.

"What do you ask for this article?" inquired Obadiah of a young Miss.

"Fifteen shillings."

"Ain't you a little dear?"

"Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so.

"Who is that lovely girl?" asked a gentleman of his friend. "Miss Glass," was the reply.—"Glass!" reiterated the facetious gentleman. "I should often be intoxicated could I place such a *glass* to my *lips*."

LACONIC.—The editor of an Abolition paper says—"If this country is the Cradle of Liberty, the baby must have been rocked to death."

AN ANSWER.—A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

"The lady who this resolution took
Wrote it on *glass*, to show it could be broke."

"You've played the DEUCE with my HEART!" remarked a gentleman to a young lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Because you played the KNAVE," replied the lady, smiling archly. That was *diamond* cut diamond was'nt it.

"Pa, ain't geese's footses cold when they stand in the snow?"

"I think not very."

"I guess as how they must be, for I seed the old gander take up his foot this morning, and put it in his pocket."

"A werb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer, (which is all the grammar, and enough too, as ever I was taught) and if there's a werb alive, I'm it—for I'm always bein' sometimes a doin' and continually sufferin'."

Chuzzlewit.

Why is a young gentleman about to take a wife like one embarking for the principal sea port in France? Because he is going to *have her*. (Havre.)

"What letter is that, Henry?"

"I don't know, sir."

It's A,—try and recollect it."

"Golly Gosh!—if you know'd what 'twas, what did you ask me for?"

The urchin had no notion of being fooled with, and he streaked it for his seat.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?" "Certainly not my child; why did you ask that question? "'Cause I see that the newspapers call it Pa."

The editor of the Shippensburgh Herald defines "a sweet sight" thus: To see two lazy negroes lying upon a table out in the sun—one playing a jewsharp, and the other scratching him.

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, "Ah, Tom, I am going a long rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me." "Oh dear sir," replied the fellow, "let not that disturb you; it is all down hill."

A loafer thus addressed the keeper of a public house. "Say, landlord, will you please to give me a drink of good cool water. I am so hungry that I don't know where to sleep to-night."

ADAM'S FIRST SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept, and from his side,
Woman, in all her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled & charmed, he called that woman 'bride,'
And his *first sleep* became his *last repose!*

Reading for Farmers.

"I know of no pursuit, in which more real and important services can be rendered in any country, than by improving its Agriculture."—*Washington.*

From the Ohio Cultivator.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE OF OHIO.

Decrease of the Wheat Crop—Our Glory departing!

For the last five years, it has been published to the world, that Ohio produces more wheat than any other State in the Union. This is the proudest boast of her citizens, and it has done more than all else to establish her *credit* abroad. With a wheat crop from twenty to twenty-five millions of bushels, one-half surplus product, it was well known that the farmers of Ohio would be able, without difficulty, to pay their taxes, and the indebtedness of the State, and speedily to become prosperous and wealthy.

But the reports of the Commissioner of patents, show that our State is fast losing this enviable distinction; *and it is probable that next year's report will strip our farmers of this their highest honor!* The report for last year affords an argument in favor of the promotion of agriculture in Ohio, that ought to cammand the most serious attention of her citizens, and cause them to put forth *immediate and vigorous efforts* for the diffusion of a knowledge of improved methods of cultivation among farmers.

The wheat crop of Ohio for the past three years is estimated as follows:

Crop of 1842,	25,387,439	bushels.
" 1843,	18,786,705	" (30 per cent. loss.)
" 1844,	15,969,000	" (15 do more loss.)

Showing a decrease of 45 per cent. or *nearly ten millions of bushels in only two years!*

And this too, while it is well known that the number of acres devoted to this crop has every year been greater than the one preceding! And another important fact is, there has not been a proportional increase of other products to make up for this immense loss. Is it any wonder then that our State is embarrassed, and that farmers find it difficult to meet their taxes? (The reports of the Board of Public Works show a decrease in the aggregate amount of wheat and flour shipped on all the canals in the State for the past *four* years.)

As evidence that this falling off is mainly attributable to *defective farming*, let us look at the example of New York, where knowledge has been diffused for a number of years past, by five or six widely circulated *agricultural papers*, several of them numbering from ten to twenty thousand subscribers; and where forty or fifty county Agricultural Societies, and one for the State, are sustained by the aid of $8,000 per year from the Treasury. There the reports show a marked increase in the wheat crop during the same time that it was decreased in Ohio. The figures stand thus:

For 1842,	11,132,472	bushels
" 1843,	12,479,497	"
" 1044,	14,975,000	"

Showing a gain of nearly four millions of bushels in two years; and most of the other products of the farm in that State, have increased in a proportionate ratio for the past four years.

From these figures it is easy to see, that in all probability the next annual report will rob Ohio of the honor of being the first wheat State in the Union, and award the palm to the farmers of the *Empire State!*

And yet Ohio possesses at least double the number of acres adapted to this crop that New York does; and there can be no good reason why we should not retain this high honor; or if so unfortunate as to lose it for the coming season, it should be regained, and made more securely our own than ever before. It is true our Legislature, in the heat of party strife, have seemed to neglect the greatest interests of the State, but this only renders it more necessary for the *people* themselves to awake and exert themselves.

The first thing necessary to be done is to *circulate agricultural papers among the farmers*, and point out through them the necessity and means of improvement. Until this is done more effectually than now, it will be of comparatively little use to legislate upon the subject or form associations; for till then, not one in twenty of the farmers will co-operate in such measures. If the friends of the cause, who perceive the evil and the remedy, will go to work for this purpose, with one-tenth part of the enthusiasm that is manifested during an ordinary political campaign, we should soon see results that would cheer the heart of every true patriot.

LADIES POPPING THE QUESTION.—In the Isthmus of Darien, the ladies make every year "a leap year," by asking the gentleman they fancy to marry them, indeed the principle is exercised promiscuously by both sexes.

When a young woman falls in love with a man, she goes to his father's house, and reveals her passion in a most tender and pathetic manner, and promises most submissive obedience. Should he make excuse, she resolves to persevere, and takes up her lodging there; should he continue obstinate, the church takes her side, her kindred are ready to avenge her honor, and he has no method but to betake himself to flight till she is otherwise disposed of.

From the story of Sampson and Deliah, says a cotemporary, it would seem that the young men of Israel were denied the power of asking a female in marriage. Sampson saw in Simuah one that was beautiful, and he said to his father, "I have seen a woman of the daughters of the Philistines, now therefore get her for me to wife." But his parents objected; he, however, did not elope, or go to Texas—he merely repeated, "get her for me, for she pleaseth me well."

CONVICTION OF MCCURRY.—In the City court, yesterday, McCurry, charged with the murder of Mr. Paul Roux, was found "guilty of Murder in the first degree." The punishment is death. —*Balt. Amer.*

Two tea spoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, says the N. Y. Herald, drank in half a tumbler full of water, will in less than fifteen minutes, give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.