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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Original Poetry.
For the Southern Enterprise.
Dedicated to my Preacher.

Chimera of immortal hopes
Watches on Zion's wall—thou follower of
The gentle Nazarene—the man of sorrows
And the mighty God! Thou bearest a name
Higher than any boasted style of man—
Above the name of ruler or of king—
The name of Christian! Thou art gifted with
A power more potent than a scepter monarch,
The power of holiness—and thou art crowned
With something loftier than a diadem—
A crown of heaven-born thought. In days of old
Moses, the Patriarch, with his rod did smite
The sterile rock, calling sweet waters forth
To quench the burning thirst of Israel's children.
But thou hast the blessed word of God
Stir in the stony hearts of sinful men.
The pure sweet springs of holy christian love
And God is glorified!
Thou hast a sort of lordship about thee—
A lordship not of mere outward seeming,
Of color or of form, but of the soul.
The pure high soul which looks from out the eyes,
Flashes in lofty thoughts, speaks in good deeds,
And casts a lustre halo o'er thy life.
E'en would I picture thee in all thy strength,
And gentleness, and purity and goodness.
But ah! as well might some admiring artist
Strive on his canvass dim to fix the image,
The glorious image of some splendid star
That shines above him.
Oft perchance bright one,
While treading the rough wilderness of life,
Sorrows may come upon thee, and black clouds
Obscure thy sky. Sweet flowers may droop and
die,
And thorns may spring along thy pathway, and
foc
May strive to mar the beauty of thy life.
For there are those whose hate would dare to
sing
Suspicious stains upon an angel's wing.
But thou wilt rise superior to thy foes:
Thou hast a friend—a loving savior friend,
"When God is with thee who can be against thee."
Thy frail life's bark is on a stormy sea,
Tossed by a thousand billows wild and high;
Yet fear thou not, lift the bright eye of faith,
Carol the glad song of hope and love,
An arm Omnipotent will guide thy helm,
Thy God will shield and save.

A Biographical Sketch.
Herman Blannerhasset.
Condensed from his life by Safford for the Metropolitan.
BY W. EDGAR FABOR.

BLANNERHASSET was born in 1767, in Hampshire, England, of Jewish parents; was a scholar at Westminster school and graduated at Trinity college, Dublin, after which he visited the continent at a period when France was racked by the whirlwind of revolution; he saw the massive Bastille torn down by the advocates of popular freedom and witnessed the oath of fidelity taken by Louis 16th in the presence of 40,000 delegates; was an observer of the struggles of the Irish to throw off the British shackles, and seeing them gain a point, but still as distracted as before, he left the shores of France for his native country; here, however, he did not remain, but selling his estate, he hoped in some "more quiet spot" to find repose.
He stopped some time in England where he married in 1797, shipped for New York. On his arrival he spent a few months in the city, and then, captivated by the description given of the far west, he set out to seek a residence in the, to him, fairy spot. He was soon floating on the bosom of the Ohio river, and it was not long ere his island home presented itself to his view. The description of this "American Alhambra" is truly fascinating, and we need not wonder at the choice made by Blannerhasset, whose poetic mind revelled in the scene, decorated in nature's fairest array and replete in everything that could heighten his bliss; its ruler, however, was not so easily won, and the beauty of the scene could not adorn, and the beauty of her pencil he could not master. The coat of his par-

(the upper portion of this island) was \$2,500 and full \$60,000, was expended by him in erecting an edifice and decorating his grounds so that it has been said of it, "To the mind of the voyager descending the river, as the edifice rose majestically in the distance, spreading its wings to either shore, the effect was magical; and emotions were produced, not unlike those experienced in gazing on the Moorish palaces of Andalusia. There was a spell of enchantment around it, which would fain induce the credulous to believe that it had been created by magic and consecrated to the gods. On a nearer approach was observed the beautifully graded lawn, decked with tasteful shrubbery and interspersed with showy flowers; while a little in the distance, the elm threw its dark branches over a carpet of most beautiful green sward. Beyond these, the forest trees were intermingled with copse wood, so close as to exclude the noon-day sun; and, in other places, they found those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacies of which the eye delights to lose itself, while the imagination conceives them as the paths of wilder scenes of sylvan solitude."
The interior fitted up was in a style corresponding with the exterior, and here at last he had the real of what before was an idea, "an image of which had long haunted his dreams of youthful fancy as the picture of sylvan beauty, graceful solitude and calm repose."
But eight years passed away! then comes a dark cloud "gathering in the horizon of his effulgent future," destined to burst upon him and his with a sad fatality. In the year 1805 Aaron Burr, just out of the chair of the Vice Presidency, journeyed in the West for a purpose then unknown. He reached Blannerhasset's residence in the latter's absence, and after enjoying the hospitalities of the house re-embarked to view the country down the river. Blannerhasset, who had been to New York city to visit an old friend, soon returned, and Burr addressed him a letter, the general tenor of which was calculated to lull any suspicions that might arise, and by a mixture of flattery and future fame endeavored to win him over to his side; the answer was all Burr could desire for. Conceiving the country to be on the eve of a Spanish war he surmised the intentions of Burr, to be in that direction, and he expressed himself willing to enter into any engagement for the subjugation of Spanish rule. Burr replied in a guarded manner, and in August of the next year visited him, in company with his daughter, Wirt remarks on this visit, "In the midst of this peace, this innocence, this tranquility, this feast of mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to turn his paradise into a hell, yet the flowers do not wither at his approach and no momentary slithering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him."
The result of this visit is:
"The whole man is changed; every object of his former delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become fat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned; his retort and crucible thrown aside; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks in the melody of music—it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar.—Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife who hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable is now unfelt for and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul, his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diamonds and stars and garters, and titles of nobility; he has been taught to turn with restless emulations at the names of Cromwell, Caesar and Bonaparte."
What a change! the mind of the man has been filled with the wild dreamings of one, whose dreams of a city were like Aladdin's dreams of his Palace, or Columbus of Cathay! The air in him, and about him is filled with the fantastic phantasms of a diseased brain, and his spirit, having caught the infection, retains it with all the horrible ghastly train of evils consequent upon it.—The upas shadow has covered the once peaceful spot—its poison has entered his heart, and with its entrance has been the exodus of those finer feelings of quietude so holy and so pure in other days. Alas for him and his!

In September of 1808 active preparations were made for the contemplated expedition. The next month Blannerhasset accompanied Burr to Kentucky. About this time, the alarm had been taken by the public, and various conjectures were afloat regarding the ultimate designs of Burr, while Blannerhasset's name was coupled with that of the traitor's conspicuously. Soon after Burr was arrested but discharged for want of evidence. After this Blannerhasset was warned by Graham (who was the agent, or rather spy of the government, and who had revealed to him, under the supposition that he was one of the "party" important facts regarding the expedition) but was unsuccessful in convincing Burr of Burr's baseness—so closely had the latter interwoven himself and plans into the mind of his victim. At one time, however, he became disheartened, but his wife, unconscious that she was shar-

ing a blade to plunge into her own bosom, spurred him on, and he yielded "more to her wishes than his own desire."
In December he left the home in which he had spent so many years of happiness and over which the angel of repose had unfurled her wings, now alas! withdrawn, and descended the Ohio, joining Burr at the mouth of the Cumberland river, he took command of one the boats belonging to the flotilla.
But by and by even the heart of Aaron Burr began to fail him; many of those on whom he relied deserted him and Blannerhasset, now cast down saw him, in the dead of night, make an opening in his boat and sink it with every chest of arms on board. It was not long ere Burr surrendered himself to the civil authorities, but soon after effected an escape, whereat a reward of \$2,000 was offered for his arrest; and Lieutenant Haines securing him, conducted him, after a painful march to Richmond, Va.
Blannerhasset having been arrested in Mississippi (then a territory) and been discharged, considered himself safe from further annoyance, but was arrested and thrown into prison. His wife here addressed him a consoling letter full of love and commiseration for his situation—lack of space forbids our giving it in extenso. Henry Clay exerted himself to the utmost to procure the acquittal of his friend, but all his forensic abilities could not avail, and he found himself under guard to proceed to Richmond on a charge of treason, whither Burr had preceded him.
The Court assembled.
Let us for a moment ponder on the characters assembled in and composing that court. On the bench was Marshall "spotless in purity—and for soundness of judgment without an equal." At the bar was Wirt, "whose fervid and soul thrilling eloquence even on this very trial placed him at once among the first of American Orators." There was Martin of whom it has been said "every word that he uttered, like a two edged sword, pierced the arguments of his opponents at every point." Hays, too, was there "ever ready to take advantage of suspicious circumstance." John Randolph "building up the vulnerable points of his case against the attacks of his adversaries." Bots and Wickham, the one ludicrous yet convincing, the other dignified and commanding, and there too was Aaron Burr, once the Vice President of the United States, now arraigned before her highest tribunal on the gravest charge that could be made; with him was—Blannerhasset his victim!
After a trial of 26 days, Burr was found, as we all know "not guilty, under the indictment, by any evidence submitted to us" and with his discharge all the other prisoners were liberated. Thus terminated the conspiracy of Aaron Burr.
Soon after Blannerhasset returned to Natchez but found himself ruined in resources and with a wolfish band of creditors pursuing him. His library, his apparatus, his mansion and all its contents soon passed into their hands and he found himself forsaken by all who professed to be his friends, but who were only the butterflies that hover in the sunlight of prosperity, about the person of a man. Finding that something must be done he exerted himself and, embarking in cotton speculation, he soon saved enough to purchase a farm; here after the wild buffeting of two years excitement he found a home, not, it is true, like the one of old, for the mellow lustre which pervaded that, had been scattered by the crumblings of faction, yet in it he could find what his weary heart most needed, repose!
Even this did not last long; misfortunes came and the prospect of his regaining his fortunes became daily less flattering, and in 1818 at the solicitation of his friend the Gov. of Canada, he removed thither, but here too his evil genius followed him; his friend was removed from office and Blannerhasset found himself east upon the world at an advanced age, without health, energy or means. He then resolved to sail for Iceland and did so in 1822; his reflections as he saw the shores of America fade in the dim distance, must have been anything but pleasing, and the retrospect truly painful.
Nine years of struggling and poverty passed away, and then "wearing with the fatigues of life, he sunk to rest with his head softly pillowed on that bosom which for forty years had throbb'd—his perfect union with his own."
Blannerhasset was about six feet high, of slender proportions and slightly stooping; his forehead was prominent and his nose was a distinguished feature of a face wearing an aspect of seriousness and thought.—He was rather near sighted; his disposition was retiring and his life sedentary and studious; books and philosophical experiments had greater charms for him than the fashionable party or the glitter of the ball room; his temperament was nervous and he was intensely alarmed at thunder storms or any convulsion of nature.
Of his companion too much cannot be said, and for fear of saying too little, we had better not describe her lengthily. Suffice it to know that, like Shakespeare's Portia, she was a "rich soiled creature in whom the first germ of womanhood had blossomed forth, without a weed to check or a chill to blunt their growth." She was a poetess,

and left one "eloquent lament over the misfortunes and ruin of the family and fortunes of Blannerhasset."
We have seen but one stanza, with which we close this short account of one whose life but for one act would have passed as unruffled as the placid bosom of a lake-let in summer's prime, but who now dots the world's history as a victim to polished promiscuous plausibilities, that fell from a traitor's tongue. More than one heart has cursed Aaron Burr for his crimes, and we will forbear. Speaking of "the deserted island" she says:
"Too many blissful moments there I've known;
Too many hopes they met their decay;
Too many feelings now forever gone;
To wish that they could't e'er again display
The joyful coloring of thy fine array.
Barras with these, let them remain a bolt.
With thee, their secrets, their bitterness forgot."

Interesting Miscellany.
The Lancaster Gun.
Our readers have probably noticed in the letters from the Crimea accounts of the Lancaster gun, which has proved to be a most effective weapon against the walls of Sebastopol, although it has not been altogether a safe gun for those who handled it, two or three of them having burst. The Montreal Gazette gives the following description of its operations:
"It is a well known fact, that it is impossible to cast balls or bullets in such a way that one side will not be heavier than the other, and it is also well known that this circumstance defects the projectile from its right line.
With small arms this difficulty is overcome by the groove in the rifle barrel, which, being spiral, acts upon the soft substance of the leaden bullet, and gives it a rotary motion before leaving the muzzle of the rifle, which continues until the ball is stopped. By this means the heavy side is alternately turned in all directions so that any tendency in one direction is immediately counterbalanced by a revolution of the bullet, which changes the heavy side, and the result is that the ball flies in a direct line. Now however small this plan may answer for small arms and leaden balls, the groove is impracticable for cannon and cast-iron balls, and it has long been a problem to discover some means of making rifled cannon.
The Lancaster gun professes to have accomplished this by means of an elliptical bore, out of which is to be thrown an elliptical projectile, either shot or shell. Without plates we may not be able to make all our readers understand our explanations, but we hope most of them will do so. The gun is large, because it is at a long range that its great precision of aim tells best over the common gun, and its appearance is that of an ordinary large cannon, except that the mouth, instead of being circular, is elongated like an egg, having one axis longer than another. We will suppose that the mouth is the largest up and down—that is, that the longer axis is vertical so that the flattened ball fitting it would stand on its edge; but the bore winds gradually from the mouth to the driven home to the proper position when the gun is loaded, it will have turned one quarter around and will lie horizontally, that is at right angles to the longer axis of the mouth of the gun and on its side. When the gun is fired, the ball must make one revolution for every four lengths of the gun, and thereby counterbalances any imperfection in its shape which would otherwise deflect it. Several of these guns have burst. This is perhaps attributable to the fact that they are used at very long ranges, and were probably overloaded, although it is quite possible, and, in fact, probable, that forcing the ball to take a rotary motion would increase the resistance offered so much as to increase the risk of bursting. Experience will soon test the question. We may remark that the same principle has been applied to small arms, and a decided advantage is claimed for the Lancaster over the common gun."

A SMART DOG.—A friend of ours has a smart dog which he says used to be very smart. He was never beat 'cept once, says he.
One day we started a bear, a regular snorter. He put right straight off, and the dog after him, and I brought up the rear. They were soon out of sight, but I followed a mile or so, and came out at last on a clearing, where was a log hut and a feller settin down and smoking his pipe as comfortable as possible.
"Did you see anything of a dog an' a bear goin' by here?" sez I to the feller.
"Yes, I did 'ez he.
"And how were they?"
"Wal, sez he, taking his pipe out an' drawing his sleeve across his face, 'ez were about a nip an' tug, though I think the dog had a leetle the advantage."
"How was that?" sez I.
"Wal, he was about his length ahead."

The Jennings' Estate.
The Richmond Whig publishes the following extracts from a letter received from an intelligent Virginian in England, dated Oct. 24, 1854:
"I cannot find the Will of Old Jennings for the reason that Lord Beauchamp has lost it where he could not find it now. He administered the estate as next of kin, Earl Howe taking possession of Action Place as next heir, so that they cannot be reached except a will be found later than that now on record, which would show special devices and bequests to your ancestors, or some other claimant.
"If the will was found, and if lapse of time did not operate as an effectual bar to recovery, what next? (1.) It would take a mint of money, and many years, to out Lord Howe, and the Beauchamps have squandered away the money. (2.) A deeper fraud was never practised or planned than this claim. It has ruined many claimants, and will ruin many more. I would not touch it, for I was cautioned about it on my arrival by friends, and I took their advice. Thousands of judicious knaves, who practice law in London, would starve but for the harvest they reap from the investigation of such claims; and they stimulate inquiry and excite false hopes by newspaper publications and letters—*laci causa*—with the full knowledge that never a dollar could be possibly recovered. 'Tis a thing almost unknown: to recover claims of this character."
The Committee on Foreign Relations in the House of Representatives, to whom had been referred Mr. Clingman's resolution in favour of the mediation of the United States in the present European war, have reported unanimously in its favor.

Minor Morals for Married People.
"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.
Keep an Epictetus in your dining-room, to read while waiting for the completion of your wife's toilet.
Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off of them.
Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with woman has been forbidden since the flood.
The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodied like husbands, from flying off into space.
Wives, be lenient to the martial cigar. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle.
The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul "above buttons."
The liberties of a nation have been won by mutual concessions. Let the husband, who would acquire the privilege of asking friends to dinner without notice, remember this when his wife hints at a new bonnet.
Notwithstanding the assertions of mathematicians, the marriage ring is a circle which husband and wife have the problem set them of making all square.
Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. The Indians procure fire by the rubbing of the dried sticks.
Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.—Punch's Pocket Book.

The Mormons.
Speaking of the possibility of a collision between the Mormons of Utah and the United States authorities, growing out of the appointment of Colonel Steptoe to the governorship of that territory, the Louisville Journal says:
"Terrible as a collision at this time between the General Government and the Mormons might be, we say, unhesitatingly, let it come if it must. Let the legitimate authority of the United States be maintained in the Territory of Utah, even if, in order to that end, the whole Mormon population have to be driven out or annihilated. All appearances notwithstanding, sooner or later, a conflict between the Mormons and the lawful authorities of the nation must take place, and if so, surely the sooner it takes place the better. And it is especially desirable and vastly important that, whenever the conflict occurs, our Government shall be clearly and indisputably in the right, as it certainly will be in asserting and maintaining by force its right to appoint the Governor of Utah. The Mormons are a most pestilent people, and a great many persons insist that the General Government shall put down polygamy among them. We have no idea that the Government has a right to attempt this, but it has a right to govern Utah as it governs other Territories; and, as a conflict at no distant day must, from the very character of Mormonism and the whole conduct of its devotees, occur from one cause or another, we are not unwilling that those horrible fanatics should take ground for the maintenance of their profligate prophet as Governor, and bring on the issue now."

Heading Cabbages in Winter.
The following plan to accomplish this desirable end is that which we understand is adopted in the New England States. We in best farmers and gardeners there, invite to it attention in this region, as we not unfrequently see much cabbage, which failed to head in the fall from various causes, either pulled up and fed to the stock or left a prey to the frost.
Select a suitable spot in a garden or field, six feet in width of any desired length, free from standing water; run a furrow the proposed length of your bed, and throw a back furrow upon it. This double furrow will form a wide wall of your cabbage house. In the trench stand your cabbages on their roots leaning towards the furrow at an angle of 40 to 45 deg. Let the next furrow be thrown upon the roots and stocks of the cabbages, and another row be placed in the trench made by the second furrow thus proceed until your six feet of width is planted, then let the last furrow be a double one—making the other side wall about the height of the cabbage heads. Through the whole length of the middle of the patch lay rails lengthwise, supported by crutches, at a height of about two feet from the cabbages; this will form the ridge of the cabbage house. Lay light brush-wood from the side walls to the ridge pole; then throw on salt hay, or log hay, or straw, two inches in depth. As the cold weather advances, throw on dirt until you have a depth of, say six or eight inches—or even more, when the winters are severe, and finally spank the dirt roof with the flat of a spade, until it will shed the rain.—Fill up the two ends of your house in the same manner, leaving only small air-holes of a foot or two diameter, which may be closed with hay, and opened occasionally on a fair day. The length of the house should be on a north and south line.
In the early spring you will find your most unpromising plants have heads of their own; and all be thriving and fresh. Try it once, and you'll try it over afterwards.

NOT BAD.—A genuine "Down Easter" was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly "tough beef" at dinner, in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with his knife and fork attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament as himself. At last "Jonathan's" patience vanished under ill success, when laying down his "utensils" he burst out with, "Strangers, you needn't laugh—if you haint got no regard for the landlord's feelings, you orter have some respect for the old bull!" This sally "brought down the house."

GUANO DISCOVERIES.—The Guano deposit which was recently discovered by an American shipmaster upon Bird Island, a short distance to the eastward of St. Thomas, towards Barbadoes, is said to be equal to at least three or four hundred thousand tons, and in quality, it approaches that of the Chinese Islands. The New York Post says, that another Island has been discovered with at least a million tons on it, the locality of which is yet secret. Measures are now taking for the organization of a company to bring the guano to market. The value of this article to the farmer makes these discoveries a matter of general importance.

Facts About the United States.
THE United States are composed of 32 States and 9 Territories.
They contain a population of 25,000,000, of whom 21,000,000 are white.
The extent of sea coast is 12,660 miles.
The length of its ten principal rivers is 20,000 miles.
The surface of the 5 great lakes is 20,000 square miles.
The number of miles of Railway in operation is 20,000 which cost \$600,000,000.
The length of canals is 5,000 miles.
It contains the longest railway on the globe, the Illinois Central, which is 734 miles.
The annual value of its agricultural productions is \$200,000,000.
Its most valuable production in Indian corn, which yields annually 400,000,000 bushels.
The amount of registered and enrolled tonnage is 4,407,010 tons.
The amount of capital invested in manufactures is \$600,000,000.
The amount of foreign imports in 1853, was \$267,978,947—and its exports \$280,971,167.
The annual amount of its internal trade is \$600,000,000.
The annual value of the products of labor (other than agricultural) is \$1,500,000,000.
The annual value of the income of their inhabitants is \$1,000,000,000.
The value of its farms and live stock is \$500,000,000.
Its mines of gold, copper, lead and iron are among the richest in the world.
The value of gold produced is \$100,000,000.
The surface of its coal fields is 138,131 square acres.
Its receipts for customs, lands, &c., &c., in 1852, was \$51,472,274, and its expenditures \$43,543,263.
Within her borders are 80,000 schools, 6,000 academies, 234 colleges, and 3,900 churches.

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