

The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum In Advance.

VOL. VII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1853:

NO. 46.

THE SUMTER BANNER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY W. J. FRANCIS.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.
Advertisements inserted at SEVENTY-FIVE Cents per square, (12 lines or less), for the first, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as a new one.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Agriculturist.

The Application of Peruvian Guano to Cotton.

Mr. Editor: For the benefit of my brother planters, you will allow me a short space in your valuable journal, to give the result of my experiment with Peruvian Guano, as applicable to cotton. I will confine myself simply to a statement of facts.

In the spring of 1852, I procured a little over a ton of guano, and applied two hundred and fifteen pounds to the acre. Not infrequently Plaster of Paris is mixed with it in the proportion of one-eighth of one fourth, but in order to test accurately the additional product of the land, unaided by anything else, I mixed only with sand. This was done also to render its application more uniform.

The land upon which this experiment was made, was originally what might be termed lively sandy, long leaf pine land—the clay about eighteen inches from the surface—adjoining rich, rolling, oak and hickory land. The field was cleared thirty-five years ago, and was completely exhausted by continued cultivation. It, however, had four years rest previous to the experiment, and had produced a scanty crop of poor grass. This was burnt off in January, and the land broken up with a shovel plough immediately afterwards.

Late in April, the rows were drawn off with a shovel plough, pretty deep, and in these furrows the mixture of sand and guano was strewn—leaving out an acre about the centre, to be planted without guano, which I and my manager, who is a man of excellent judgment, thought to be of the same quality as the rest. Beds were thrown up by passing on either side with the same plough, and the cotton was planted in chops about twelve inches apart.

The effect of the guano was manifest by the time the cotton was a week old, and was most marked during the whole season, and the yield was astonishing. The acre without guano, and an average acre of the guanoed, were gathered carefully in good weather, and weighed when picked out, and the former produced one hundred and thirty-five pounds of seed cotton, whilst the latter produced five hundred and eighty-one pounds. All will admit that the land was poor enough for an experiment of this sort. It will be ascertained that the guanoed acre produced four hundred and forty-six pounds more than the unguanoed acre, and if three pounds of seed will make one of clean Cotton, you will have one hundred and forty-eight pounds of clean Cotton, which, if valued at 8 cents a pound, is worth \$11.84. The addition cotton seed 1 value at one dollar, as mature making the total product of the guano \$12.84. Deduct from this the cost of the guano applied to the acre, which was \$6, and it will give \$6.84 as the net gain. This is over a hundred per cent. on the amount expended in guano.

Not is this all: It has certainly left the land in an improved condition, if present appearances are not deceptive. It is now at rest, and the growth of vegetation on it, up to this time, is as marked this year as that of the Cotton was last. This is no small item in estimating its value, and I go so far as to affirm that it would be economy to use it, if the overplus of Cotton only remunerated you for the cost of the guano. The improvement to the land, and the labor saved in the cultivation of less land to the hand, in order to produce a given crop of Cotton—added to the advantages derived from resting the land which would otherwise be planted, will far more than repay for the trouble of putting down the guano.

I have five tons this year, which I will apply in the same manner, and hope to be enabled to give you as favorable an account of it.

I have been thus particular, Mr. Editor, in order to give sufficient data to all to draw their own conclusions. Very respectfully,
I. M. DANTZLER.
St. Matthew's, April 16, 1853.

Care for Cholera in Horses.

Farmers' Journal, vol. 2, May 1852, p. 63.
Messrs Editors: Having read so many incongruous publications this spring, in sundry prints, purporting to be remedies for the cure of cholera in horses, induces me to offer your readers the correct treatment, on purely professional principles, that the lives of many animals, decidedly the most important of all others to the farmer, may be thereby spared, which are too often sacrificed through ignorance and mal-treatment.

Cholera in horses is divided into two varieties, viz: spasmodic and flatulent; the treatment of the two is decidedly different; the symptoms I need not detail at length, as most farmers are acquainted with them; suffice it to say, the spasmodic variety is attended with intense pain, recurring at stated intervals, sudden in its attack. The flatulent variety is not so painful in its commencement, but increases, together with the abdominal tympanites; the swelling continues to increase with the duration of the attack, the causes I need not mention, for the treatment is the *magnam desideratum* with farmers.

Spasmodic variety: If the attack be severe, first thing bleed *pro re nata*, then six drachms of aloes, dissolve in one quart warm water, add to the solution two or three ounces laudanum, with the same quantity spirits of turpentine, and administer it. Should this in due time fail to give relief, administer half the above dose; the belly and loins should be well rubbed and frequently bathed in clothes dipped in hot water; injections are also serviceable as a *dernier resort*, a suppository of tobacco, say two or three drachms.

Flatulent Cholera. This having been too often mistaken for the above variety, has caused the death of many animals, that might have been easily relieved. The swelling in the abdomen is so great that no one can possibly mistake it who bears in mind the two varieties. Treatment: two or three ounces of laudanum, the same quantity spirits of turpentine, in a pint of the spirits of pimento, given at once; to be followed quickly by one pint of solution of the chloride of lime or soda, in a quart of water, the latter to be repeated if relief is not soon obtained. *Rationale:* The tympanites is produced mostly by a collection of sulphureted hydrogen gas; the chlorine disengages itself from the lime or soda and uniting with the hydrogen, forms hydrochloric or muriatic acid, which unites with any fluid present containing water, and relieves the tympanites as if by *asphum*. A *dernier resort* in cases where no chlorine is at hand, is to introduce a *trocar* in the centre of the right flank, which will penetrate the *colon or caecum*; withdraw the *stilet* and let the *canula* remain, until the gas is discharged, then withdraw it, which should be done as soon as possible.

Flatulent cholera not infrequently occurs in cattle and other animals of the lower which may be similarly treated the *trocar* and chlorine. The following remedies every farmer should always keep on hand, for the loss of our animal will more than defray the expenses: Laudanum, spirits pimento, Barbadoes aloes, sol chloride, lime or soda.

WM. N. RAINES, M. D.
Horn Lake, Miss., June 1852.
Sec. 9. Be it further enacted, That each Agricultural Society, receiving money from the State as aforesaid, shall in each year, publish at their own expense a full statement of their own experiments and improvements, and reports of their committees, in at least one newspaper published in this State; and evidence that the requirements of this act have been complied with, shall be furnished to the State Treasurer, before he shall pay over to such society the said sum of fifty dollars, for the benefit of such society for the next year.—[Laws of the State of N. C., 1852, ch. 5, sec. 9, p. 7.]

Messrs. Editors: Last week we had very great pleasure in the presence, before the Robeson County Agricultural Society, of Dr. John F. Tompkins, the Editor of the Farmers' Journal. The Doctor addressed the Society for an hour or more, and was listened to with very great interest and pleasure. The result was an addition of some eighteen or twenty subscribers, and a perfect tutor for scientific farming. On yesterday we received the first three numbers of the Journal (vol. 2), and whilst I was engaged in reading some of the choice articles to a most attentive squad of our villagers, and among them "Care for Cholera in Horses," in came the news that our worthy old citizen, farmer Brown, had just got to the village with a very sick horse.—Oh! I started at once, and the crowd with me.

"Is it spasmodic or flatulent, Mr. Brown?" says I, with the number

open at the page and my thumb upon the article.

"Tain't neither," says he: "It's cholera."
"May be it's the tympanites she's got," says I.

"Well now it an't; it's cholera, I tell you, and that awful bid."
"Well," says I, "here's the treatment."
"What is it?" says he.

"Magnam desideratum," says I, reading from the number.
"And what's that, and how do you give it for you must be quick; as down his mare came and bounced about a foot clear from the ground.
I looked round to Smith and Jones and Barker, who are fellow-members of the Society with me, most inquiringly. Smith looked at Jones, and said that he thought the drought had killed all on his farm. Jones said that he knew it very well when he saw it growing, and a capital remedy it was, but he had not seen any since last Fall; and Barker said that he had never heard of the thing before in his life. Mr. Brown's mare got up, and down she came, and this time bounced about a foot and a half.

"Well let's leave that thing out," says Brown, "what's next for you must be in a hurry."
"Bleed her in the pro re nata," says I, reading on.

"Where?" says Brown, most emphatically.
"In the pro re nata," says I. And I looked at Smith, and Smith at Jones, and Jones at Barker, and Barker said that he did not think she ought to be bled in the pro re nata as it was dangerous. (Johnston who was standing by and always trying to say something smart, said he thought she oughter, but we were too seriously engaged for any body to laugh except Johnston.)

"You're right there, Mr. Barker," said Beeve Stoddiford, "for I bled one of my mules in the pro re nata, and she had the trimbles for a month afterwards." (You could just hear Johnston, as if talking to himself, "I don't wonder it hurt her.")

And Mr. Brown's mare got up and stood for a moment.
"She looks more oval than she did before," says Mr. Brown, meekly.
(And behind, too," says Johnston, quietly.)

She staggered but a step or two and down she came, and this time showed two feet clear of daylight as she bounced.

"Run to the Doctor's shop and get this," said I to Jake, hurried writing off—six drachms aloes, dissolved in one quart of warm water, and add to the solution two or three ounces laudanum, with the same quantity of spirits of turpentine.

In Jake's absence the mare took several bounces, and as Mr. Brown said, did not look so oval, but he thought she began to get roundish. Beeve Stoddiford said that he thought the pain was drawing her in a straight line from the head to the root of her tail, and if Jake did not get back directly he thought they would come together.
"Spouse they do!" said Bias Larnes, "my sorrel Wolf colt swelled so last Fall that you could not tell head from tail, and I bled him in the ho re porta, and he unrolled himself directly; and that's what she wants now.—I can do it."

Beeve Stoddiford looked at Bias but didn't say anything.

(Johnston only asked if that wasn't the colt that rubbed his tail off trying to get the *cuttlebones* out.)

By this time Jake came running, and I told him to hand the mixture to Mr. Brown. "Administer it," says I.

"How?" says he.
And I looked at Smith, and he said "Drench."

And Smith looked at Jones, and he said "Injection."

And Jones looked at Barker, and he said "Rub her down with it."
But Beeve Stoddiford said that he had very often administered that mixture, and the way he always did it was to hold up her head and pour it down her nostrils; and as none others had ever seen the dose administered we yielded to Beeve, and the whole of it was accordingly so administered. The mare sneezed, and struggled and coughed, and struggled and sneezed, and Bias and Beeve and Jake tried their best to hold her down, but up she rose, jumped about a foot clear of the ground, and came down with a run, and she bounced clear over.

(It's all over with her now," says Johnston, soliloquizing.)

"I'm afraid you can do nothing more for her, says Mr. Brown, sorrowfully.
"Don't give up yet," says I. "Let's try the whole prescription."
"What's to be done now?" says Mr. Brown, almost inaudibly.

"Give her injection of *dernier resort*," says I, "and two drachms of suppository of tobacco."
"What's that?" says Mr. Brown.
And I looked at Smith, and he at

Jones, and he at Barker, and Barker back again at Smith and Jones.

"Don't you know the *dernier resort*?" says Stoddiford. "I'll be durned if I can't gather six bushel-baskets of it out of my garden: Why, Bias Larnes, you must have seen thousands of it in the Burnt Islands."

"O, I know it like a book," says Bias, "and I could gather seven bushel-baskets of it out of my garden, but it is too far to go for it, and it don't grow about Lumberton. The sposity of tobacco won't do by itself, for all the good that comes out when you bite it with the burner desert."
"Adzactly," says Beeve Stoddiford, "I know it."

More and more sorrowful grew the countenance of poor Mr. Brown as he saw his mare swelling perceptibly, and heard her awful groans. He wrung his hands in despair, and stood half bent over her prostrate form as if in attraction.

"If we only had any rationals," says I.
"Wh-wh what you do with that, Honey?" says old Buggy.

"Rub her down with it," says I. ("Better take a little yourself," says Johnston.)

"Make haste," says Stoddiford, "or I'll be burned if she don't splode."

Again I looked at the page, and read hurriedly, "if you can't get the *dernier resort*: introduce a *trocar* in the centre of the right flank, which will penetrate the *colon or caecum*; withdraw the *stilet* and let the *canula* remain."

"Them's um," said Bias Larnes.
"Yes, I never knew that to fail," says Beeve Stoddiford.

And Mr. Brown's mare made one roll, and her legs looked as if they had been driven up to the knees.

"You may haul her off, Jake," says Mr. Brown, sobbing.

"I could have cured her," said I, "if she could have stood it until I got through with the prescription."
"I b'lieve you could," says old Buggy.

"Mr. Brown," says Johnston, "I'm glad your mare is dead." We were all shocked at the inhuman expression. Mr. Brown looked at him imploringly through his tears, with a heart too full to speak. "If she had lived," continued Johnston, "you would have to bear the expense, but the prescription says the loss of one animal will more than pay the expense."

"D—n the expense—the Lord forgive me!" says Mr. Brown.
"SCIENTIFIC FARMER."

New Way to Make Butter.

"Miss Emily," a rustic lass of the Hoosier State, who has had for several years past the entire control of the milk department in her father's family, confesses in the Western Cultivator, that she was indebted to it for the following process of making butter surely and speedily said to be the Russian method, and most excellent one two, as her experience proves. She says: "Before I go to milk, I put a kettle, say one-third full of water, and large enough to let the milk pail into it, on the stove, where it will get boiling hot by the time I come in with the milk. I then strain the milk into another vessel, and wash the pail, which should always be of tin, then pour the milk back into the pail, and set it into the kettle of boiling water, till the milk becomes scalding hot, taking care not to let it boil; then pour it into crocks or pans, and set it away in the cellar for the cream to rise in the usual way. Cream produced in this way will seldom require twenty minutes to churn, while by the common practice the poor dairy maid may of ten churn four hours, and then perhaps have to throw all away, as I did on two occasions, before I became acquainted with the Russian plan, the essential features of which I have adopted in my present mode, as given above, and for which valuable information I am indebted to your excellent agricultural paper. This method is applicable to all seasons, and will answer in summer as well as in winter."

It has been said of the late celebrated Rothschild, that, though no man was less lavish of his money, no man was more ready to detect a love of it in others. It was one day, while at a city feast, that a gentleman observed, that, for his part, he thought venison was very good, but that he loved mutton better. "Ah, ah! I know why; it is because he doesn't like to pay the price; it is because mutton's sheep, and venison's deer."

QUEER REASON FOR KISSING.—A gentleman on parting with a lady, gave and received—as he supposed—a kiss of friendship. After the door had closed, he overheard the following:—"Why, Lucy, aint you ashamed to kiss a man, all alone with him?" "No, ma, I am not," answered Lucy; "for I only kissed him to smell his breath, to see if he had not been drinking."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nature's Engineers.

We extract the following from Mr. Benton's speech delivered in the Senate of the United States some time since, in favor of the bill for the construction of a road from St. Louis to San Francisco. Our readers will find the same thought in Humboldt's "Views of Nature."

"There is an idea become current of late—a new-born idea—that none but a man of science, bred in a school, can lay off a road. This is a mistake. There is a class of topographical engineers older than the schools, and more unerring than the mathematics. They are the wild animals—buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, bears—which traverse the forest, not by compass, but by an instinct which leads them always the right way—to the lowest passes in the mountains, the shallowest fords in the rivers, the richest pastures in the forests, the best salt springs, and the shortest practicable lines between remote points. They travel thousands of miles, have their annual migrations backwards and forwards and never miss the best and shortest route. These are the first engineers to lay out a road in a new country; the Indians follow them, and hence a buffalo road becomes a war path. The first white hunters follow the same trails in pursuing their game, and after that the buffalo road becomes the wagon road of the white man, and finally the macadamized or railroad of the scientific man. It resolves itself into the same thing—into the same buffalo road; and thence the buffalo becomes the first and safest engineer. Thus it has been here, in the countries which we inhabit, and the history of which is so familiar. The present national road from Cumberland, over the Alleghenies, was the military road of General Braddock, which had been the buffalo path of the wild animals. So of the roads from Western Virginia to Kentucky—one through the gap in the Cumberland Mountains, the other down the Kanawha. They were both the war-paths of the Indians, and the travelling route of the buffalo, and their first white acquaintances the early hunters. Buffalo made them in going from the Salt Springs of Kentucky; Indians followed them first, white hunters afterwards—and that is the way Kentucky was discovered. In more than a hundred years no nearer or better routes have been found; and science now makes her improved roads exactly where the buffalo's foot first marked the way and the hunter's foot afterwards followed him."

(From the N. Y. Musical World & Times.)

Newspaper dom.

It is beyond my comprehension how Methusalem lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years without a news paper; or, what the mischief Noah did, during that "forty days" shower, when he had exhausted the study of Natural History. It makes me yawn to think of it. Or what later generations did, the furnished half-hours before meals; or, when travelling, when the old stage coach crept up a steep hill, some dusty hot summer noon. Shade of Franklin! how they must have been *ennuyed*!

How did they ever know when flour had "risz"—or what was the market price of pork, small tooth combs, cotton, wool and molasses. How did they know whether Queen Victoria had made her brother an uncle or an aunt? How could they find out whether Fanny Fiddlestick was Nathaniel Wilkins' sister? What christianized gouty old men and snappish old ladies? What kept the old ladies from making mince-meat of pretty young girls? What did love sick dandies do for "sweet bits of poetry" and "touching continued stories?"—Where did their papas find a solace when the coffee was muddy, the toast smoked, and the beef-steak raw, or done to leather? What did cab-drivers do, while waiting for a tardy patron? What did *draymen* do when there was a "great calm" at the dry goods store of Go Ahead & Co.?—What screen did husbands dodge behind, when their wives asked them for money?

Some people define happiness to be one thing, and some another. I define it to be a room carpeted and furnished with "exchanges," with a place cleared in the middle for two arm-chairs; or for a clever editor, and one for yourself. I say it is to take up those papers, one by one, and laugh over the funny things and skip the stupid ones,—to admire the ingenuity of the would-be literary lights, who pilfer one-half their original (?) ideas and steal the remainder; I say it is to shudder a thanksgiving that you are not in the marriage list,—to try, for the hundredth time, to solve the riddle, how can each paper that

passes through your hands be "the best and cheapest periodical in the known world?"

I say it is to look round an editorial sanctum, inwardly chuckling at the forlorn appearance it makes without feminine fingers to keep it tidy; to see the looking-glass veiled with cobwebs; the dust on the desk thick enough to write your name in; the wash-bowl and towel mulatto color; the soap liquified to a jelly (editors like soft-soap!) the table covered with a heterogeneous mass of manuscripts, and paper folders, and wafers, and stamps, and blotting-paper, and envelopes, and tailor's bills; and letters complimentary, belligerent and pacific.

I say it is to hear the editor complain, with a frown, of the heat and his headache; to conceal a smile while you suggest the *probability* of relief if a window should be opened; to see him start at your superior profundity; to hear him say, with a groan, how much "proof" he has to read, before he can leave for home; to take off your gloves and help him correct it; to hear him say, there is a book for review, which he has not time to look over; to take a folder and cut the leaves, and affix guide-boards for notice at all the file passages; to see him kick over an innocent chair, because he cannot get hold of the right word for an editorial; to feel (while you help him to it) very much like the mouse that gnawed the lion out of a net, and then to take up his paper some days after, and find a paragraph, endorsed by him, "deploring the intellectual inferiority of woman."

That's what I call happiness!
Fanny Fern.
From the London Spectator.

The Future of the Cuba Question.

The papers relating to the subject of Cuba, and the projects of annexation touching that island, which the House of Commons asked of the Crown early in the session now closing, have just been presented to the House of Commons, and issued to the public four months after date. The correspondence is of an amount that in most newspapers establishment might be got up in the course of twenty-four hours; but it takes four months for the State clerks and the State printers to bring forth copies of a correspondence which might go into twenty columns of the Times. As usual this delay gives us knowledge of the case after it is closed; but it does not happen to matter so much in this instance, since the question is for the present laid at rest; and the documents serve a useful purpose in letting us know how the affair stands for the future, which is by far the most important consideration.

The papers do not supply any decidedly fresh information. By the scraps which we had before, we knew that the Spanish Government was seriously alarmed; we knew that a correspondence extending back to 1822, between American diplomatic officials, disclosed an imaginary English intrigue to obtain possession of Cuba or part of it; we knew that the American Government had made overtures of that kind in 1848 on its own account; and we knew generally the terms on which the proposed guarantee of Cuba to Spain by the Governments of France, Great Britain, and the United States, had been declined by the last. But the papers fill up more than one hiatus in the case, and in several respects prove the question to have been of a much more serious character than it appeared to bear at the last time of its agitation. In saying this, we do not include the supposed English intrigue which was to have converted the guarantee for a loan into the means of territorial aggrandizement; for the American papers alone are sufficient to show that the facts do not warrant the extravagant conclusions based upon them.

One important point established by these papers is the great anxiety of the Spanish Government. Not only does the Marquis Miraflores receive with a Southern fervour of gratitude the English proposal for a tripartite guarantee, but, at a later date, he goes so far as to suggest that the English and French governments should join in a declaration, that of the United States "should not adhere to the proposition of a tripartite convention, they never would allow any other power, whether European or American to possess itself of the island of Cuba, either by cession; conquest, or insurrection of the same." The reply to this does not appear; but when we find, by the general tone of the correspondence, that the British Government had to a great extent permitted itself to fall into a position counter to that of the United States, and siding with Spain, we are startled to find how nearly this country had been dragged into an obligation to ensure Spain against the consequences of her own weakness to-

wards foreign powers, or of bad government towards her own subjects.—Spain might appeal to her own recent history for precedents, but they are bad precedents, and the public were informed during the progress of negotiations like the present, there would be additional security against the chance that official people, laying their heads together with foreign diplomats, should betray the country into so false a position.

Another important fact is the pertinacity with which American statesmen, from Mr. Adams to Mr. Marcy, have adhered to the policy of declaring that no other European power, save Spain, shall take possession of Cuba, and have refused to close against the United States the probable annexation of that island. Mr. Everett's letter of the 1st December, 1852, has been published as a resume of this policy. He shows, by the progress of territorial expansion in the United States, by the gradual cession of Spanish dominions on the other side of the Atlantic, by the improved commercial condition of countries which have joined the Union; by the geographical position of Cuba, the comparative waste of its suburbs under Spanish misgovernment; and finally other circumstances, that the island is destined to become a State of the Great Republic. It is the settled policy of the United States Government, not to bind itself in alliances; and the Government of the day cannot bind its successors.—Such were the reasons why the Government at Washington declined to enter into the tripartite guarantee.—Comparing the past, twenty years ago, before Louisiana was added to the Union and not long after Florida was sold by Spain; with the totally altered state of affairs at present, Mr. Everett asserts; that twenty years hence, no country in Europe would probably desire the union of Cuba with his own country. It is evident from the correspondence that these opinions of Mr. Everett represent views which the great majority of American statesmen have adhered to; the views both of the late Government and of the present Government at Washington. In 1848, a movement was made by the United States to purchase Cuba from the Government of Spain. It went very little further than talk between Mr. Romulus M. Saunders and the Marquis de Miraflores; but the satisfaction which Mr. Saunders discovered in the manner of Sonor Miraflores, proved at once the doubt which the Spanish Government entertains of its own power to retain the colony, and the probability that the Spanish administration will not be sorry some day to "realize" on Cuba in a commercial transaction with the United States.

All the proposals for tripartite treaties, declarations, and so forth, fell to the ground. The last communications reported in this set of papers, consists of a conversation which Mr. Crampton, accompanied by M. de Sartiges, the French representative at Washington, had with the new Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy. The nature of the talk was such that the French and English diplomatists considered the discussion of the subject to be closed. Mr. Marcy was conciliatory, and hoped that no misunderstanding would arise with the great maritime powers, but adhered to the views which we have already described. The subject therefore is shelved, and should it be reopened everything must be commenced de novo. The position of the United States Government is that of withholding its countenance from piratical attempts upon the island, but of keeping open its right to obtain possession of Cuba either by purchase or by conquest, should war arise on a legitimate occasion. The Government of France and England have expressed wishes, opinions, intentions to stand by Spain; but by this correspondence they are pledged to nothing. Risks were run of becoming entangled in very embarrassing pledges to follow Spain in all the fortunes of her decline, her mistaken diplomacy, or her bad government, and to fall into contest with the United States upon a subject which is at present theoretical and prospective. Should the question again arise, the disposal of Cuba must be judged by the circumstances of the time; and the use of this correspondence is to show how necessary it is that our representatives should limit themselves to practical considerations; and should abstain from endorsing or protesting without necessity.

A preacher once said that the ladies were very timid; they were afraid to sing when they were asked; afraid of taking cold; afraid of snails or spiders—but he never knew one that was afraid of getting married.

They have got a pig in Ohio so thoroughly educated, that he has taken to music. They regulate his time by twisting his tail—the greater the twist, the higher the notes.