

Poetry.

The Orphan's Tear.

Beside a grave, where flowers wild
Supplied the place of flattery's scroll,
There stood a lovely, artless child,
As down her cheek the tear-drops stole.

She never knew a mother's worth,
But still the name alone was dear,
And the first grief she knew on earth
Was that which caused the orphan's tear.

In after years, though fortune smiled,
And every earthly blessing gave,
When mirth and joy the hours beguiled,
A word would oft recall that grave.

For when she heard companions say,
That parents' words both soothe and cheer,
She felt she lost life's greatest stay,
When first she shed the orphan's tear.

Agricultural.

Seed Corn.

I would say that so far as my knowledge does extend, a mixture of the Oregon and Gourd seed, yields a better crop than any other kind I ever saw tried. The gourd-seed is of a hardish nature and weighs heavily, while the Oregon is softer and lighter, but measuring more than enough over the other varieties to make up the deficiencies in weight. By making a mixture of these two, we get a kind about half way between them, which I think is much superior to either kind alone. It has been four years since I adopted the above plan, and I fully believe I can raise five bushels more to the acre than ever I could of the gourd-seed alone. If some of your readers would give it a trial, I think they would be able to communicate to you accounts of having raised larger crops of corn than they can at present.

I would also say a little respecting early plowing for corn. The later the ground is left before broken up the better, as by so doing we get rid of much of the grass, which would otherwise be in the corn, where we plow it early in the spring or in the fall previous. One of my neighbors a few years since, plowed up his sod in the fall, and after running over it with a square harrow, he rolled it and left it thus until spring, when he put double the work on it that the neighbors did on theirs, which was plowed later in the spring, before he got it in order to plant his corn. This corn required double the amount of labor to tend it also, as the others. It was the most grassy piece of corn I ever saw; at one time it looked as if it would mow a good swath by harvest time, if left alone. I never could see any difference between the injury done by the worm on this piece, and other pieces around it; I therefore have come to the conclusion that grass does not prevent the worm from injuring, at least, not as much as it does injury to it. When husking time came the yield was not as good as had been anticipated, and I believe the experiment has fully satisfied him as to fall or early spring plowing, as I have never heard of his giving it a second trial.—*Correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph.*

DISEASE IN CHICKENS.—There has been a disease among poultry in this section of country, during the past season, than has been known for many years. There is scarcely a farmer or fancier who has not suffered severely from it. In some cases the whole crop has been lost. There have been various diseases, but the most destructive were the gapes, and a disorder I never heard named—I will describe it. The chicken is first seen moping about, and shortly after, it will discharge a viscid liquid from the nostrils and one eye, (it rarely affects both) which mostly results in blindness of that eye. There is also a swelling of the throat and difficulty in breathing. I have been engaged in the poultry business for several years, but never saw anything of this last-mentioned disease among my chickens before, although I have heard of it elsewhere. At first it carried off many of my finest, mostly selecting my Shanghai roosters. I finally checked it by feeding my chickens on ground corn, mixed with powdered sulphur, and giving them lime water to drink; this purified and kept cool the blood. When I saw a chicken with the disorder, I caught it, greased its head and throat well with old grease, and made it eat some. This cure in many cases needed several applications. Another valuable remedy, and perhaps better remedy than the first, is the use of copperas water. Soak the copperas in water, do not have the liquid too strong, and bathe the head of the chicken with it, putting some up the nostrils by means of a quill. This last remedy will be found good for the gapes. However, instead of copperas water, I prefer using old grease for the gapes. I catch the chicken on the first indication of the disease, and give it three or four little balls of grease to eat, and I find it will give instant relief in nine cases out of ten. If it is an extreme case, dose the chicken every ten or fifteen minutes, and use the liquid above referred to. This is so simple many doubt its efficacy on that very account; but I am confident that all who try it will find it beneficial. Poultry should be fed once a week on bits of meat and grease. This, I believe, will, in a great measure, prevent disease.—*N. J. Cor. Dollar Newspaper.*

PLOWING IN GREEN CROPS.—I am becoming every day more satisfied that the science of farming must look "upward;" that the air we breathe is the great fountain that sustains animal as well as vegetable life; and that the great primitive source of all the richness of our soil is from the air, or change until it returns to its original elements, and is prepared to be remodeled into new animals and vegetables. Let man do his worst, and he can not destroy one jot or tittle of substance: neither can he impoverish the earth so that skillful agriculture can not restore. My neighbor, an intelligent man, has collected all the manure he could buy, and has mingled it with caustic lime, and has made an immense heap which is now a perfect crater, almost on fire. Think you if he could see the wheat, corn, and grass, that is continually ascending from that heap, he would continue the fire! Far from it. He can smell at a great distance, the ammonia and enriching gasses arising, of course. Now, if, as I have said, we could see the enriching gasses arise, and knew their value, the world would have been convinced long ago: for "to see is to believe."

Well, I hear you say, what a destruction! Not so; not a particle is destroyed; it floats off in the air over your farm, and any farm, ready to be brought into the harness by the skillful, who has his clover and other ammonia-absorbing plants in his broad fields ready to devour it. I hold that the air above, is and has been for all time charged with all the organic properties of plants, and that it is a fountain that will never fail, ever ready to respond to the demands of science. Yet, we must of course properly cultivate the soil. I believe fully in Tull's theory. If I had the means of retaining all the ammonia and invisible nourishment for plants that is foolishly expelled from my neighbor's farm, I am satisfied that I should have the lion's share.—*Genesee Farmer.*

RAISING CARROTS.—This is a root that is raised but very little among farmers, for one that is of so much use. They can be raised with but very little trouble, and they will turn out more bushels to the acre than any other root you can raise. They will grow on almost any kind of soil that will raise any kind of vegetables, and are good to feed any kind of stock. For fattening, or for milk-cows, they will make them give more milk, and of a better quality. They are far superior to oats for horses; a horse will do a greater day's work and stand it better, on one bushel of carrots per day, than they will on the same amount of oats. There are a great many farmers that never think of the quantity of carrots that can be raised to the acre. They will raise a few in a bed in the garden, and never think that they could raise enough from an acre to keep eight or ten horses all winter. On a good soil you can raise from ten to fifteen hundred bushels to the acre. You ought to drill them out in rows from ten inches to two feet apart, and when they come up, thin out so as to leave them two or three inches apart, and hoe them often, and unless it is a very unfavorable season you will have a fine crop.

Miscellaneous.

The Journeyman Printer.

The following article we copy from the Unionist, a daily, published in Cincinnati by an association of journeymen printers. It is decidedly the best daily in that city. Our own experience assures us that what is here stated will apply, with truth, to printers generally:

"More than once we have had occasion to regard printers as more than ordinary men. An experience of some fifteen years with the craft has afforded innumerable opportunities to find them out, and study, in a measure, their 'natural history.' Printers are, to a greater extent than any other class of professional men, migratory. The printing office, of itself, being a literary institute, few can abide or labor long in it, without getting enlightened upon the historical, scientific, and general intelligence of the day; and about as soon as the apprentice gets into his freedom suit, and his head crammed with the knowledge of his craft, his ambition tends to go out into the wide world, and see the works and wonders of art and nature he has read of, and enabled others to read about. Few are seemingly bent on settling down to make a fortune—and the expense of a professional outfit being a mere song, or rather a brass or steel 'rule,' which serves as a sort of a sort of cabalistic sign to the brotherhood scattered over creation; a clean dickey, a light heart, and equally hefted pocket-book, the printer goes on his way of exploration and adventure.

Posted up in 'price currents,' he can talk business with the merchant or planter; versed in general statistics of the nation, he can hold his own with your country politician, and for whom, if he takes a notion, he can sit down in a flourishing settlement, start a paper, replenish his purse and his wardrobe, write and set up patriotic leaders and irresistible puffs, which sends his patron to Congress or the Legislature. He has long been accustomed to 'tattle,' 'squibs,' 'poetic gems,' 'the ladies' department,' &c., and proves quite at home in conversational circles, where he can illuminate old ladies, the girls and children, equal to a pedagogue, on Hood's works,

Baron Munchausen, and Robinson Crusoe. He can talk of horses and horned cattle, and all over the fields of agriculture. He has had many cases in his time to attend to, such as 'law reports' and 'wonderful cures'—hence is somewhat versed in law and physic. Having 'set up' and 'proved' astronomical tables, he knows something also about the starry heavens, the waters, and the winds. And indeed, not to be too prolix, the printer, if he be a thorough one, is a man of science, as well as art; and, backed by this natural education, his views expanded by travel, and himself made practical by the vicissitudes of a miscellaneous and peripatetic life, he is often a living wonder, and almost always a whole history of human nature—under a hat. One of America's poets thus writes of him:

"A mental lamp hung out by life's wayside,
Unnoticed; yet its unpretending ray
Shines clearly on man's intellectual way,
And proves to pilgrims an unerring guide.
He hath within a worthy sort of pride,
And knows his worth—'thou' some allow it not;
A heart and thinking mind above his lot;
He is a MAN! With coffers ill supplied,
Yet want and virtue seldom ask in vain.
Loaded with care—a life of various pain—
Few are his days; the rose that freshly bloomed
On boyhood's cheek, assumes the hue of death;
The oil of life within him's soon consumed!
Ere two score years and ten he yields his
breath."

In this office are some twenty printers engaged. Only look at them! In ages ranging from twenty to forty—in size and complexion, from the ordinary stout man (we never knew a fat printer) to some that might crawl through a greased flute; some white as Circassians, and others brown or rosy as a young "Georgia Cracker," or Pennsylvania publican—some bearded like the pard, others with faces as smooth as the Greek Slave. One has traveled all over the North American continent—hunted bears in Arkansas, and the wild horse in the pampas of South America; another has been out on the broad ocean, and seen "life before the mast;" another graduated at West Point, served in the army, and accompanied Col. Doniphan in his Xenophenic grand campaign all over New Mexico.—What a book he can write! Another has kept tavern, sold goods, at auction, traveled over the United States several times, been well off, and been "broke" often. Two have been "on the stage," a profession printers are much addicted to; for about half the actors on American boards were formerly printers. One, we believe, has preached sermons, and another has given lectures to crowded houses.

Another has served in Mexico with Gen. Scott. A sixth has been stump orator, member of the Legislature "out West," and fought a duel, we believe. Three have practised medicine, kept store, dealt in horses, cotton and negroes. Two have held municipal offices. Four or five have been officers and privates in various military companies. One served with Gen. Houston, in the Texas Revolution, and one in the Canadian Rebellion. Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in various parts of the United States. One has been first officer of a packet on the "ragin' canawl." One was wounded—leg off—at the storming of Monterey. Another has elerked it on a Mississippi steamer, was blown up and slightly killed. Some are, or have been married; most of them are bachelors. All of them have seen more or less of life and its changeable scenes. They are all live men, good practical printers, speak various languages, and form a newspaper corps hard to surpass or equal.

Thomas Paine.

We take the following from a lecture delivered in Philadelphia, by T. B. Read: "Thomas Paine was a citizen of the world, and of course alien to every part of it. Born in Great Britain, he was an exile and an outlaw. Naturalized in America, he renounced her moderate republicanism for the exaggerations of French democracy. A citizen of France, he became *ex-officio* an inmate of the Conciergerie, and was glad, not grateful, to escape with a head upon his shoulders. Buried in an American village, the grave was violated, and the bones of the restless cosmopolite were exhumed and carried abroad, in solemn mockery of the relics of holy men of old. Mr. Reed proceeded, without derogating from the actual value of Paine's services during the revolution, to define and mark their worth, and to correct the notion which in life he was so anxious to cultivate, that he was by common consent regarded as a great benefactor to America. Thomas Paine, the child of humble though reputable parents, was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, England, in 1737. His father was a member of the society of Friends, and his mother was an Episcopalian. According to his own story, Paine was an infidel in the nursery. Mr. Reed alludes to this statement of the deceased, as given in his 'Age of Reason,' and commented on it in a truly beautiful strain. The old man of sixty, he said (for such he was when these words were written) traveling back in memory to the hours of infancy, and persuading himself at the age of seven years that he was a reasoning infidel. The boy standing upon the garden steps, with the flowers and singing birds around him; with the sound of familiar prayer in his ears, seriously reflecting on thoughts of blasphemy. And fifty years afterwards, the childless, friendless man, who never knew the softening influence of domestic relations, amid scenes of blood and carnage, at which even

his heart, bold as it was, would sicken— for he wrote his Age of Reason in the midst of the Reign of Terror—boastfully recorded his persevering obdurate scepticism of all in God's written word, which could not be compassed either by children or his matured intelligence.

On the fall of Robespierre, when the prisons were opened, Paine, with a few other survivors, worn out with distress of mind and disease of body, was set at liberty. Soon after he published the second part of his Age of Reason, the blasphemies of which, said Mr. Reed, are enough to sicken the heart. Subsequently, in 1802, Paine returned to the United States. He at last took refuge on his farm near New Rochelle, where he lingered until his death, in 1809, at the age of seventy-two.

Alluding to his death-bed scene, Mr. Reed closed his lecture in the most impressive manner. Paine dreaded being left alone, or left in darkness, screamed like a terrified child for his nurse and the light. He insisted on his nurse reading aloud; but it was not so much in order to take solace from what she read as to be satisfied by the sound of her voice that she was at hand. About ten years after Paine's death, Cobbett made a pilgrimage to New Rochelle, disinterred the mouldering bones, and took them to Great Britain. It was, said Mr. Reed, a piece of indecent and ineffectual mockery. The bones of the scold were looked on by such of the British people as knew anything about them, with no more regard than the anatomical student bestowed on the unknown carcase before him. And thus ended the story of one who was endowed with abilities that might have made an impression on the world, and have left a memorable trace behind him—a patriot in a certain though a narrow sense—but withal, infirm in the only high purpose which consecrated man's career on earth, and poor in the aspiration which alone dignified humanity—the aspiration for a reward which the "world neither gives nor takes away"—the mingling of the highest human qualities—the love of virtue and of truth, with a meek and humble sense of the power with which God had endowed us, and the love of freedom, with a decent reverence for authority and example, which constitute the perfection of human character—that of the conservative and Christian patriot.

A RETORT.—During the war of 1812, it was the misfortune of many American officers to be prisoners in Canada, and not always to meet with the best of treatment. True, they were physically well attended to, and generally messed with their captors; but they were subject to jibes and mortifying remarks, which not unfrequently called forth a Roland for an Oliver. On one of these occasions (it was just after the flight of the President from Washington, and before the news of his safety had reached Quebec,) an English officer gave the insulting toast, under the circumstances, "Mr. Madison, dead or alive!" Words cannot express the indignation of the indignation of the American officers, nor their surprise when they saw a prisoner rise from chair returning thanks for this recollection of his country's chief magistrate, and in the blindest voice call on all to fill, as he was about to make a return. There was a peculiar something visible, however, which led his companions to think they might follow his example, which they did; in a calm, unmoved voice he gave the toast—"His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, drunk or sober." Had a shell exploded on the table, the amazement could not have been greater, and the person who had given the first toast, said, "That, sir, is an insult." "No," said the American, "it is a reply to one, that's all." He continued, "If it be an insult, resent it!" The English are in the main a chivalrous race, and the commencing of the wordy dispute was induced to explain, and the party dispersed. This retort is sometimes attributed to the late Major General Kearney, and at others to the deceased Major Lomax, of the artillery; both one and the other were capable of it, for they were men of quick wit, and nerve and courage to sustain what they thought circumstances demanded on all occasions.

The celebrated Kit Carson in 1826 was an apprentice to the saddling business, but seems not to have relished the trade, and therefore, "broke for tall timber." See the following advertisement of Mr. David Workman:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL PERSONS, That Christopher Carson, a boy about 17 years old, small of his age, but thick set, light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Franklin, Howard county, Missouri, to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the 1st of September last. He is supposed to have made his way towards the upper part of the State. All persons are not to harbor, support or assist said boy under the penalty of law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back said boy.

DAVID WORKMAN.
Franklin, Oct. 6, 1826.

NEW WORK ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The National Intelligence announces that a new book, 2 vols. 8vo, entitled the "History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, with Sketches of its Principal Framers," by G. T. Curtis of this city, is about to appear. The work

is now being stereotyped at Cambridge, and its publication may be looked for in the course of the summer.

The first volume embraces the Constitutional history of the United States, from the commencement of the Revolution till the Peace of 1783, and from thence to the Federal Convention of 1787; together with the characters, and their agency in forming the Constitution, of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Franklin, Pinckney, Gouverneur Morris, and other leading members of the Convention. The second volume embraces an account of the process of forming the Constitution, and the history of its adoption.

DEO. HAYNES, THOS. WARDLE, JR.
GEORGE HAYNES & CO.,
575 MAIN ST., CORNER OF YONCALLA ST.,
LOWER SCOTTSBURG.

OFFER FOR SALE
Flour, California and Chilli,
Bacon, Mess and Clear,
Pork, do do,
Beef, "Fulton Market" Mess, in 1/2 bbls.
Hams, lard covered,
Lard, in tins,
Sugar, China, Nos. 1 & 2,
Coffee, Rio and old Java,
Candles, Soap, Liquors, Cigars, Dry goods,
Boots and Shoes, &c. &c.
April 28-11f

ALLAN, LOWE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
132 CLAY STREET,
San Francisco.

ALLAN, MCKINLAY & Co. } OREGON CITY, O. V.
SCOTTSBURG, " }
April 28-6m

THE undersigned has for sale large assortment of
Groceries,
Provisions,
Liquors,
Cigars,
Boots & Shoes,
Clothing,
Cutlery,
Tinware, &c.
ISAAC N. HALL,
Main Street, Lower Scottsburg.
April 28-11f

SCOTTSBURG HOUSE.
THE undersigned, having purchased this establishment, and feeling grateful for past patronage, takes this opportunity to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is now prepared to accommodate regular boarders, and all travellers or visitors who may come this way. Terms reasonable, and accommodations as good as generally found in Oregon.
JOSEPH PUTNAM,
Scottsburg, April 28-11f

W. N. WELLS,
House Carpenter and Ship Joiner.
MAIN STREET, LOWER SCOTTSBURG.
All kinds of the above work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.
April 28-11f

B. F. JOHNSON,
Blacksmith & Gunsmith.
MAIN STREET, LOWER SCOTTSBURG.
HORSE-SHOING done on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. GUNS repaired and put in good order.
April 28-11f

HINSDALE & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in General Merchandise
CORNER OF MAIN AND NELSON STS.,
LOWER SCOTTSBURG.

WOULD invite the attention of Traders, Packers, and Farmers to their large and well selected stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, &c., which they offer for sale at prices which will be an inducement to those wishing to purchase.
Call and inspect our stock. [April 28-11f]

THE STEAMER
WASHINGTON
WILL make tri-weekly trips between Lower Scottsburg and the mouth of the Umpqua River, leaving Allan, McKinlay & Co.'s Wharf Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.
A good crew for the transportation of cattle is always in readiness.
For freight or passage apply on board, or to
ALLAN, MCKINLAY, & CO.
April 28-11f

WILLIAM E. LEWIS,
BOAT BUILDER AND SPAR MAKER.
MILL CREEK, UMPQUA RIVER.
BOATS Repaired, and all kinds of Carpenter Work done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.
April 28, 1854-11f

FOR THE COQUILLE.
THE Sloop "MUCKSHAW," Capt. J. J. WALKER, will sail for the above place, on or about the 15th of May. For freight or passage apply on board, or to the Captain at Scottsburg.
April 28-31.

STORE TO LET.—on Main street; suitable for a wholesale or retail business. Apply to
WM. H. H. TORKEY.
Scottsburg, April 28-11f

TO LET.—The lower story of HARRIS' NEW BUILDING, on Main street, size 40x60, can be occupied as a store-house, or would be divided into two stores, suitable for any kind of business. For particulars, apply on the premises, or to
JESSE U. HARRIS.
Lower Scottsburg, April 28-11f

CROSBY'S HOTEL,
LOWER SCOTTSBURG.
F. S. CROSBY, having again taken charge of the above named Hotel, will personally superintend the efforts to make those comfortable who may have occasion to visit this place. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords; and choice Liquors and Cigars can always be had at the Bar.
April 28, 1854-11f