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☞Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY SQUOSH, OF CALIFORNIA.

Stuffed up while settin onto the Plaza fence,
Watchin of the American Flag wavin from
the Liberty Poal and a fetchin off fire-crackers now and then.
O, miy flag! 'tis boo-eous pees of cloth!
Made up of red white and blue stripes,
And stars painted on both sides—
Awhale! Again I'm settin in thy umbrajus
shadder, and admirin thi granjer.
And suckin into my chist the gentle zeffers
That are hidin you out well in onto
Pacific. Great Fing! when I shet
mi eye and look at yer, and think
how as when you was little, and not much
bigger than a peese of cloth, and
Almost as tender as a sheet of paper, yu
Was karried all thru the revolutionAry war, and have sum few times fence
Held up yur head with difficulty, and
How tremenjus yu are now, I feel
Just as if I shud bust and fil all rou d and want
To git down off the fense, and git shot
at stabbed, or hit on the hed with a stick
of wood, or hung, for my kuntry.

Religious bumer! Wouldn't I love to see
A Catholic, or a smal, minatcherize
Furriner undertsik to pul you down!
It's a hinamus. I shud sirkum, and kut
off six kew, and bare it off in triumf,
Before I'd see a slit tore in yer, or the sakrellijus
Hands of a fo kuttin yu up into bullit
Patchin, I'd brace my back again a wall (or a
fi pse, or a fense, or a bord, as it suite be,)
And bite, and strike, and skratch, and
Kick, and bite, and take my close, and
Lose mi hat, and git hit in the i, and
Oz my leg, and skrost the smail of
My back, and fall down, and git up
Agin, and kontinue the struggle for half or
Three quarters of an hour, or until I got
Sefirely wounded.

Ferrits in them! How proud yu look,
And how kinky sassy yu way round,
Snappin, and crackin, and skeerin of hosses;
I spose you almost tairin to git into a'
Fite with sumbody, and satisfyin your kurious disperation by eatin up a hole nashun.

State flag! I don't no which mike me feel
The most patriotick—yu or the forth of July:
Yu aint maid of the same kind of stuff, altho
Yu are about the same age, and are both
Sublime and terrible to kontemplate.

But I must klose and waiv my last adew,
However tryin to mi feelins it may be,
And git down off of the fense, for already the
Sharp pints of the pickets begin to stick
Me, and mi silk me scringe and hitch about, and
Threaten to tair mi close, and mak me holler.

Man-Thieves.

Mr. Swisshelm in a letter to the *Journal* gives an account of the following case which is sufficient to make any blood boil. She says:

"Coming into town to-day, the 16th, I met an old colored woman, Mrs. Barbara Barclay, who has resided on the Braddock's Field farm until the memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not to the contrary, coming to the city to hunt proof that her son is not a slave.

"I myself have known her for something in the neighborhood of thirty years, and some of the old people know that her children have all been born in the house where she now resides. But one of her sons, James Barclay, has been running on the river for years. She met me with a troubled face and handed me a letter from W. Bruce Thompson, Attorney at law of St Louis, to Col. Hawkins, saying that James Barclay had been taken off his boat, and imprisoned as a fugitive slave, and that he must be sold as such unless he can bring proof of his freedom. To hunt this proof is now the widowed mother had set out in the midst of this terrible storm. She has a daguerreotype, taken by a Cincinnati artist ten years ago. This she intends forwarding with her affidavit that it is the portrait of her son, born in Pennsylvania of free parents. She will send the deposition of Mrs. Croton, now wife of Col. Wallace, proprietor of the Braddock's Field estate, with that of several other persons who have known all her children from infancy.

"Shame on us all, who boast of our 'great nation.' Here is a person—who dare say she is not a man—certainly a human being, who is supposed to be a slave until he can prove he is a free man. Why in our courts do we not reverse the immemorial apothegm of the law and take every man against whom lies an allegation of crime for a criminal, until he proves himself innocent? We have no do doubt that Barclay will get off from the river thrives, but think of the degrading fact that a man is liable to be kidnapped upon a wretch swearing said men is liable to be kidnapped upon a wretch swearing said man is his slave, in such place and at such time as might be impossible for the injured man to procure proof of his right to freedom! There are many, many cases, doubtless, which never meet the public eye, of persons sold into life long slavery under the Grant's rule that 'might makes right.'—*Pitts. Gaz.*

A "Chilling" Adventure.

As a specimen of the adventures with which Dr. Kane's Narrative of Explorations in the Arctic regions abounds we give the following. Dr. Kane and his Esquimaux hunter named Hans take a trip after seals:

I started with Hans and five dogs, all we could muster from our disabled pack and reached the "Pinacly Berg" in a single hours' run. But where was the water? where the seal? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting ground.

Ascending the berg, however, we could see to the north and west the dark clouds traius which betokens water. It ran through our old battle ground, the Gorge Belt—the labyrinth of our wandering after the frozen party of last winter. I had not been over it since, and the feeling it gave me was anything but joyous.

In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plush like nap to its surface, and the horizon dark columns of frost smoke which pointed clearly to the open water. The ice was firm enough for our experiment satisfied us that it was not very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed a second ice growth: it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went at a brisk gallop, may be for another mile, when Hans sung out at the top of his voice, "Pusey! pusey!" and seal, seal!" At the sound of the dogs bounded forward, and, as I looked up, I saw crowds of gray heads, the rough or hispid seal of the whalers, disporting in an open sea of water.

I had hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left, and front, was one great expanse of snow colored ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere hump, which stood like an Island in the white level. To turn was impossible; we had to keep on our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge runners; it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed and our voices were soon hushed in silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable. We knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon our dogs and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern in to the rapid tide way. No pressure of mind or resource health or mental could avail us. The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seems to be their characteristic expression. We must have passed some fifty of them, breast high out of water, mocking us by their self complacency.

The dispersion of our fragile fate could not last. The rolling of the tough salt water ice tortified our dogs, and when within fifty paces from the floe they paused. The leader went through our leader Tookalisiak, followed and in one second the entire left was submerged. My first thought was to lubricate the dogs. I leaned forward to cut your Toodla traces, and the next instant was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him. Hans, dear good fellow, drew near to help me, uttering pitous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by dragging himself forward with his jack knife. In the meantime—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge, dogs, and lines, in confused puddle around me.

I succeeded in cutting poor old Toodl's lines, and let him scramble to the ice—for the poor fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses—and made my way for the sledge; but I found that it would not carry me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole.—Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans, meanwhile, had reached the firm ice and was on his knees like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in Esquimax and English, as every fresh crushing in of the ice he would ejaculate 'God!' and when I recommenced my paddling, he recommenced his prayers.

I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one which I carried in my trousers pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I owed my extrication at last to a newly broken team dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling carried one of the runners chock against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledges as a bridge had failed, for it broke through to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a last chance. I threw myself on my back, so as lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim of the edge of the ice, and then with caution, slowly bent my leg, and placing the ball of my moccasined foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half yielding crunch of the ice beneath.

Presently I felt my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders; and they were fairly on.—One more decided push, and I was launched upon the ice and safe. I reached the ice fine, and was frictioned by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs, but the sledge, kayack, tent, guns, snow shoes, and everything besides was left behind.—The thermometer at eight degrees, will keep them frozen fast in the sledge till we can come and cut them out."

THE HARMONIOUS DEMOCRACY.

If the present troubles of the so-called Democracy are, at all, to be regarded as indicative of the troubles and difficulties which the Buchanan Administration will have to encounter, it will have its full share of them, and the subjected to no ordered trials, to keep the party united in its support, notwithstanding the immense patronage at its command.

In Pennsylvania an open breach has already been made. The election of Gen. Cameron and the defeat of Col. Forney, is but the first step in a series to be performed by the two contending factions into which the party is divided in this State.—Henceforth there will be a Buchanan and an anti Buchanan party, and this divided into two rival factions, one of which will be backed and sustained by the Administration; this other, now headed by Gen. Foster, of Westmoreland, will necessarily attract to it all those whose applications for office will be disregarded by Mr. Buchanan the prospects, therefore, are that the so-called Democracy of the Old Keystone will have an interesting time of it for several years to come.

In Virginia, though the breach has not yet become so apparent, as the defeat of Forney has made that in this State, it is nevertheless, notorious that equally grave difficulties there exist, and that the so-called Democracy is on the verge of being split asunder into two factions, the one headed by Gov. Wise, and the other by Senator Hunter. The former, it is understood, demands the appointment of Ex-Gov. Floyd to a Cabinet office, while the latter, backed by the entire delegation in Congress, protest against the same, and favors that of Mr Bocock, now a member of Congress.

In Georgia another interesting struggle is growing up between the so-called Union Democrats and the States Right's Democrats. Ex-Gov. Cobb heads the former, and is urged by them for a seat in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. Ex-Governor McDonald is the leader of the latter, and is said to be supported in his opposition to Cobb by Senator Toombs, Mr Stephens, and others, of like prominence and influences.

In Louisiana a bitter and uncompromising hostility exists between two factions, at the head of one of which is Senator Slidell, and of the other Ex-Senators Soule. The former is high favor with Mr. Buchanan, and would be offered a seat in the Senate, which would be filled by the other, and thus bring one of Mr. Buchanan's bitterest foes into the Senate.

In Maryland, though the Democracy is now in a hopeless minority, there has also grown up atreaee a bitter feud between those who were friendly to the re-election of Gen. Pierce, and those who favored the nomination of Mr. Buchanan. The former are headed by the Hon. Robert M. McLane, late Minister to China, and the latter by Ex-Governor Lowe.

In Delaware, two factions have likewise sprung into existence since the late election. They are the Bayard, and anti Bayard factions. The former is of course headed by Senator Bayard, and the latter is said to have for its leaders, the Hon. G. Read Riddle and Willard Saulsbury, Esq.

In Mississippi, the Democracy is one without troubles, the chief cause being the fact that it has entirely too many great men. Jefferson Davis believes himself to be Lord Paramount, while Senator Brown Gen. Quitman, Gov. McRae and Jacob Thompson, all imagine themselves to be some punkins, and aspire to position and influence.

In Alabama a like state of things exist and no less than three different persons are actively urged for a place in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. Senator Fitzpatrick has his friends actively at work for him, and so has Ex-Congressman Yancey, while the Hon. Geo. S. Houston has also a keen eye for the place and quite a number of backers for it.

In New Jersey, a very animated and bitter contest is now going on for the U. S. Senatorship. A strong party under the leadership of John P. Stockton Esq., is violently arrayed against the re election of Senator Thompson, and making great exertions to defeat him. What will be the result we can of course not say, but there need be no very great surprise, we apprehend, if Mr. Stockton, or some one else like him, shall defeat Thompson after the fashion Cameron has defeated Mr. Forney.

In New York, it is well known, a wide breach exists between the Hard Shells and Soft Shells, and that breach, we apprehend, will be widened still further, when Buchanan gets into power. Mr. Marcy is most cordially hated by Mr. B., and the latter in turn hated by the former, the effect of which cordiality of hatred will, we doubt not, soon be visible in the action of the so-called Democracy after the return home of Gov. Marcy.

In the Western States a lively and very interesting quarrel is growing up between two aspiring candidates for the Presidency in 1860. Judge Douglas has made up his mind to make "a bold strike" then for the White House, while Senator Bright, of Indiana, has a strong bent of inclination to contest the nomination with him. To enable him the more successfully to do this he is anxious to have a seat in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, and he placed at the head of a Department with the power and patronage of which he might make some political capital for himself; but to this, it is said Judge Douglas has a very decided objection, and has accordingly taken off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and gone to work in good earnest to defeat Bright.

Thus it will be seen there is hardly a State, which gave her electoral vote for Mr. Buchanan, but is momentarily be called Democratic, in which the party is not already on the high road to distraction. Difficulties, indeed, will be the task to reconcile these differences and difficulties, and to harmonize and consolidate the conflicting elements. Possibly Mr. Buchanan may be able to succeed in doing it. If he does, however, he will prove himself a better general than he ever showed him to be—Doubtlessly he will make the effort, but mark our prediction, he will, in the very attempt, but fasten on himself, and whirl his Administration into a minority in Congress.—*Daily News.*

From the National Intelligencer.

PAY of the REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

FRANKFORT, [illegible] 21, 1856.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer:—Gentlemen: It would be very acceptable information to all interested, as well as to many others, if you would state what was the pay of the officers of the army of the Revolution. I have heard the inquiry frequently made, without any satisfactory answer.

With respect, J. B. B.

In reply to the inquiry of our correspondent we quote from the proceedings of the Continental Congress of the 27th of May, 1778, fixing the monthly pay of the officers and soldiers of the Continental lines. This rate of pay, as it regarded rank in the line of the army, was continued to the end of the war, and formed the basis of the settlements with the officers for their commutation of five years' full pay. It will be perceived that this only relates to the *pay proper*, and does not include emoluments of any kind

INFANTRY.	Pay per month.
Colonel and Captain,	75 00
Lieutenant Colonel and Captain,	60 00
Major and Captain,	50 00
Captain,	40 00
Paymaster,	20 00
Adjutant,	13 00
Quarter-master,	12 00
in addition to their pay as officers in the line	
Surgeon,	60 00
Surgeon's mate,	40 00
Sergeant-major,	110 00
Quarter master sergeant,	10 00
Sergeants,	10 00
Captain-Lieutenant,	26 66
Lieutenant,	23 00
Ensign,	9 00
Drum-Major,	9 00
Fife-Major,	7 33
Drum and Fife,	7 33
Corporal,	7 33
Private,	6 66

Each of the field officers commanded a company, and the lieutenant of the Colonel's company had the rank of captain-lieutenant.

ARTILLERY.	
Colonel,	$160 00
Lieutenant Colonel,	75 00
Major,	62 50
Captain,	50 00
Paymaster,	25 00
Adjutant,	16 00
Quarter Master,	16 00
in addition to their pay as officers in the line	
Surgeon,	75 00
Surgeon's Mate,	50 00
Sergeant Major,	11 25
Quarter Master Sergeant,	11 25
Fife-Major,	10 41
Drum Major,	33 33
Captain Lieutenant,	33 33
First Lieutenant,	33 33
Second Lieutenant,	9 00
Sergeants,	9 00
Bombardiers,	9 00
Corporals,	8 66
Gunners,	8 66
Drums and Fife,	8 33
Matrosses,	

CAVALRY.	
Colonel,	$75 00
Lieutenant Colonel,	60 00
Major,	50 00
Captain,	25 00
Paymaster,	15 00
Adjutant,	15 00
Quarter-Master,	15 00
in addition to their pay as officers in the line.	
Surgeon,	60 00
Surgeon's mate,	40 00
Saddler,	10 00
Trumpet-major,	11 00
Farriers,	10 00
Lieutenant,	23 33
Cornets,	23 33
Riding-master,	23 33
Quarter-master's Sergeant,	15 00
Trumpeters,	10 00
Sergeants,	15 00
Corporals,	10 00
Dragoons,	8 33

PROVOST.	
Captain of Provosts,	$50 00
Lieutenants,	33 33
Clerk,	33 00
Quarter-master Sergeant	15 00
Trumpeters,	10 00
Sergeants,	15 00
Corporal,	10 00
Provosts or Private,	8 33
Executioners,	10 00

This corps was mounted on horseback, and armed and accoutred as light dragoons.

ENGINEERS.	
Captain,	$50 00
Lieutenants,	33 33
Sergeants,	10 00
Corporals,	9 00
Privates,	8 23

Whiskey at Cincinnati.—The Price Current at Cincinnati, gives the following statistics of the "whiskey market" of that city, for the year ending in August last:

"There were, in this city and vicinity, thirty two distilleries in the 31st of last August, which manufactured and sent to this market during the year, 19,260,045 gallons proof whiskey, in the manufacture of which there were consumed 6,420,015 bushels Indian corn, besides a large quantity of rye and ship-stuff. The average annual exportations of corn from the United States to Europe for the last nine years were 5,274,585 bushels; so that the quantity of this article consumed in the manufacture of the distilled spirits sold in this market was 1,145,430 bushels greater than the average annual exportation of it to Europe, which is about all that is exported from this country. These are the facts in the case, and may be considered perfectly reliable."

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

HE IS AN ODD STICK.

Is he indeed? Well, I really don't exactly know what you mean! an *odd stick!* The expression does not convey a very clear and definite idea to my mind—at the best it is a very vague sort of thing, this being an *odd stick*; and yet, somehow, I can seem to see the characteristic—yes I can see it, though my vision appears somewhat misty and murky. Well, then, how does the *odd stick* look. I cannot say that he looks very different from other men after all. There is nothing very peculiar as to his size, shape, personal comeliness or deformity. His physical proportions are about as other men's, and when speaking his voice sounds very much like the *human* voice. What then—are his intellectual faculties cast in a different mould from that of other men? We trow not! Is his moral nature diverse from that of his fellows? We think not! Well, then, wherein consists the *oddness* of the *stick*? In all probability, consists in nothing more nor less than some little peculiarities in conduct—some little eccentricity in his manner of life, which serve as sort of waymarks to distinguish him from other men.

Notice that man who is very often saying or doing something which causes surprise to those who hear or see him. Who speaks in a strange and curious manner to those with whom he is brought into contact. Who address s the magistrate or prince as a familiar or a menial, and the beggar as a king or hero. Who laughs when others weep, and weeps when others laugh. Who gaily walks in the storm as if it were sunshine and carries his umbrella when the weather is clear and fine. Who eats and drinks at unseasonable hours; changes light into darkness and night into day, and in almost all things does very much the opposite of what most people do, who in fact labors to a greater or less extent under some mental aberration. What an *odd stick*—sure enough! and yet such a man was Alexander Cruden, author of the best Concordance the world has ever read. Whoever wishes to see a truly amiable and pious character, and yet one in which the most singular and curious compound of eccentricity existed, can do no better than to read the memoir of this peculiar man, this *odd stick*, prefixed to his concordance.

A man who is very dull of apprehension; who is forever misunderstanding you; who is very hard to take a hint, in fact who will wait for a kick before his stupid brain can realize that you mean a hint; a bore; a man that bores you to death with his visits, talk, and power of endurance in tarrying where he is not wanted—is another *odd stick*.

An absent-minded man is an *odd stick*, is he not? Like good Dr. Hamet, he will write a letter to one person, address it to a second, and send it to a third. Or he may amuse by the exhibition of his peculiar traits of character, as in the case of Doctor Robert Hamilton, who went to his morning class, with his wife's white stocking on one leg, and his own black stocking on the other. Or he may afford a good subject for the painter, as in the case of the man who, wishing to boil his egg exactly three minutes—put his watch in the water and held the egg in his hand, looking steadfastly at it.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business" a man who rises early and sits up late, who eats the bread of carefulness, and is to all appearance, in different to the pleasures of life, whose faculties both of body and mind seem to be concentrated upon one object—and only one—his business—and yet see another man—who many will tell you is an *odd stick*.

The man who differs from others in reference to his food, who lives upon bread and water, who is killing himself by inches in order to preserve his health, and live a remarkably long life—and beat old Parr by a score of years at least—the man who like Graham, intending to live an hundred years, "died at fifty, is another of your *odd sticks*. Peace to his ashes!

So too the independent man, the man who feels that his soul is his own, and thanks God that he lives in a land where he dare say so; the man who is free to think and act for himself—who does as he has a mind to do, believing it is nobody's business but his own—such a man is considered by many an *odd stick*.

Some other characters might be mentioned to which the *odd stick* would apply—but enough have mentioned to show us that it is somewhat of a difficult matter to determine exactly what is meant when all that we are informed of a man—is that he is an *odd stick*.

True as Preaching.

The following paragragh is from the pithy saying of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

We spend our income for pain and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of loan. It is for cake that we run in debt; 'tis not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs us much. We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to a friend, and so we buy ice cream. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put the floor cloths out of his midst whilst he stays in the house, and so we pile the floor with carpets. Let a house rather be a temple for the furies of Lacedaemon, formidable to all, which none but a Spartan may enter, or so much as uphold. As soon as there is society, conflicts will be left for slaves.'

Lady — Woman — We are happy to add such authority as Col. Benton's to the protest which we have often made of the abuse of the word lady, to the neglect of those nobler words woman and wife. Indeed he goes further than we do, and eschews altogether a word which in its proper place is one of the best in the language, and which becomes offensive only in its misapplication.—*Prov. Jour.*

The Widow's Three Hundred Dollars.

The following is the report of a case decided at the recent term of the Supreme Court in Pittsburgh, which is of very great interest. The decision settles the law in a matter of frequent occurrence:

SUPREME COURT IN BANC

The widow of a decedent is entitled to three hundred dollars out of the proceeds of the sale of his real estate, in preference to a judgment creditor in whose favor the husband had waived the benefit of the Exemption Act of 1849.

Joseph Spencer's Appeal—From the Orphans' Court of Allegheny.

The opinion of the Court was delivered November 27, 1856.

Sarah Smith took out letters of administration on the estate of her deceased husband, James Smith, who died Sept 15, 1854. In her administration account she charged herself with the proceeds of a lot of ground, sold by her under an order of Orphans' Court, and retained credit for the sum of three hundred dollars claimed by her as a widow, by virtue of the act of April 14, 1851. Joseph Spencer held a judgment against James Smith the decedent, entered Jan. 24, 1854, on a bond with warrant of Attorney, waiving the benefit of the exemption Act of 1849. Joseph Spencer accordingly filed exceptions to the administration account, and contended that the widow was not entitled to retain $300 as against him. The Court below, McClure, P. J., decided differently, and Mr. Spencer appealed.

The case was argued by Mellon and Negley, for appellant, and by Hasbrouck, for appellee.

Lowrie, J.—We think that the learned President of the Orphans' Court decided this cause rightly. The act of 1851, allowing a widow to take property to the amount of $300, out of her deceased husband's estate, is plainly a restriction on the remedies thereto fore existing in favor of creditors. It is therefore a restriction or qualification on any liens acquired by operations of law against her estate after the passage of the act.

It is supposed that his waiver of any right of exemption alters the case but we do not think so. His waiver of a privilege granted by law to himself cannot effect a right granted to another. It puts the creditor in the same position which he would have occupied if the husband had no exemption to be waived. And surely this provision in favor of the widow might have been enacted and enforced, even if there had been no exemption at all in favor of the debtor himself. The creditor might have divested his whole estate in his life time, but not having done so, the prospective provision in favor of the widow comes into operation and restricts his remedy so far as to prevent it from interfering with the right granted to her.

Decree affirmed at the cost of the appellant, and record remitted.

Banking in Maine.

Gov. Hamlin says in his Message: "It will be seen, on examination of the law, that the charters of all the Banks in the State will expire on the first day of October, 1857. The subject of their re charter will invite your attention. The system of Banking in Maine, as a whole, has proved a safe one for the public. No losses to the public have taken place, it is believed, which cannot be traced to a violation of the spirit, or letter of the law. Such additional safeguards as time and experience shall have proved to be necessary for the safety of the community should be added. It may be deemed expedient to designate some officer, by law, who shall deliver to each Bank, blank bills, duly countersigned and registered, which shall constitute the circulation of the Bank; and also determine by law the amount of bills to be thus delivered."

☞A couple of young ladies who had recently buried their father, who, by the way, was an old humorist, and had such an aversion to marriage that he would not allow them to enter the bonds of matrimony, however advantageous the offer, conversing on his character the eldest observed:

"He is dead at last, and now, I think we will marry.'

"Well, I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C——shall be the man," said the youngest.

"Hold, sister," said the other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice of husbands—let us marry those whom the Powers above destined us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book.'

"I am sorry for that,' replied the youngest 'for I am afraid father will have an opportunity to tear out the leaf.'

☞The Sandusky Register says the Message of the Governor of Michigan was ordered to be printed in the English, German, Holland, French and Chippewa languages, and the appointment of competent translators authorized. The Iceofoco members opposed the printing in all except the Chippewa language. Mr. O'Flynn of Wayne, proposed to add 500 copies in the Irish language; but as he could not give assurances that a competent translator could be obtained, his proposition did not prevail.

☞Here is a brief but pointed "essay on man:"

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise, at fifty, rich:
At sixty, good, or never.

Here is a brief essay on woman;

At ten, a bud; at twenty, in bloom;
At thirty, married, if ever,
A forty, mother; at fifty, aunt;
At sixty—

The probability is that the old lady is a little the worse of the wear.

Agricultural Column.

[From the Pennsylvania Farm Journal.]

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We know of no plant, the cultivation of which has attracted so much attention as the Chinese Sugar Cane, and which, from all we are able to learn, promises to become so valuable. It is possible that the anticipations of our Northern farmers, in regard to its profitable culture, may not be realized; but the results already the shadow of a doubt that it is eminently adapted to the Southern States; and that in sugar producing qualities are in any degree comparable with the ordinary sugar cane, it must, from the greater ease of cultivation, eventually supersede it. It becomes, therefore, a question of the highest import with the farmers of Pennsylvania, whether it can be cultivated with success and profit in this State. We have before us [illegible] of many instances in which it has fully matured its growth, and some, in which the experiment of making sugar and molasses from it has been successfully practised. Further experiments are wanted and will doubtless be made during the coming year, and its value to the farmer thus definitely ascertained.

From all that we have been enabled to learn in regard to it, we are inclined to regard it as possessing a value to Northern farmers, independent of its sugar producing qualities. We find that cattle eat it readily, and improve upon it rapidly—more rapidly than upon corn fodder or stalks, and equally as well as upon hay.—Such being the case it will doubtless be largely cultivated for foddering purposes, should it not be found to answer well for sugar making.

At all events, it is worth experimenting with, and as seed sufficient for this purpose can be procured for a shilling or two, every farmer can test its value upon his own premises and under his own supervision, and thus satisfy himself in regard to its adaptation to its purposes.

Much has been said and written recently in its praise, and there are doubtless those who if they could, would adopt the usual system of extravagantly high prices for the seed. Fortunately, the principal bulk of the seed has fallen into more considerate hands, and while the price demanded is high enough, it is a mere nothing compared with some other seeds, the value of which is decidedly problematical. Its immense seed producing powers forbid the idea that even present prices can be maintained beyond the coming season, as the product of a shilling's worth of seed will supply the wants of a neighborhood in a single season.

We therefore commend it to the special attention of the farmer. There is no necessity for engaging in its cultivation extensively until its merits are thoroughly understood, and its value to Northern farmers definitely ascertained. These points settled, it will then be time enough to make it a standard article of culture, or reject it as worthless. The following brief notice of it, we copy from the Lewisburg, Pa., Chronicle:

"This plant, as its name imports, came from China, where sugar is made out of its stalks. Its seeds are small, and of an exceedingly rich, shining, black color. I planted my seeds on the 7th of May last, in a sandy loam, about an inch deep in the ground, in hills like Indian corn, and cultivated them like corn. The growing plant looks very much like Broom corn, but has a richer green color and more beautiful form, than either our Broom or Indian corn plant. I put from six to seven seeds in a hill, and they all grew and ripened finely, making stalks from ten to eleven feet high, whose tops, like those of broom corn, were full of seeds.—And if the seeds are planted earlier, and the season more favorable than our last dry one, the plants will, I am confident, grow from three to five feet higher. The stalks abound in a rich, sugary juice, which induces cows and hogs to eat them up greedily and in preference to most other kinds of food. The growing plant will also thrive under a drouth that will parch and dry up our Indian corn plant—and this, in connection with its large yield, will render it a desirable fodder plant to feed and fatten horned cattle and hogs."

WINTERING COWS.

Somebody has made the following excellent suggestion, which we recommend to the special notice of our farmer friends. At all events it is worth a trial:

"If I were to have cows wintered just to my liking, they should be fed on corn stalks, and, if profit were consulted, these, by all means, should first run through a stalk cutter. This in my estimation, is a saving of at least one-fourth their value. My method of feeding is to give each animal a bushel basket full of chopped stalks; they will not eat them clean, but by save all, I throw all they leave in the mangers to my colts, who soon dispose of them, and without a remainder. Those cows which are in milk, are fed a slop of buckwheat bran, night and morning; those not yet come to are given two or three ears of corn at each feeding, until they begin to spring bag, when they are fed once a day, the same as the cows which are milked. In this way cows may be kept in a thriving condition and I believe a yield of milk and butter can be better obtained than from any other mode of feeding."

A warm stable, plenty of litter, and daily carding of cattle is true economy.

☞Frosted Feet.—A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce says the following is a simple and effectual remedy against frosted feet, and one that will afford immediate relief: Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning.—Cut an onion in two, and dipping repeatedly in salt, rub it over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done for a few times, it is almost certain to save your feet entirely.