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The Indian Maid.

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfaretta,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfaretta,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Strong and true my arrows are
In my painted quiver;
Swift goes light canoe
Down the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfaretta;
Proud waves his snowy plume
Along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder tones,
From height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfaretta,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfaretta—
Still sweeps the river on,
The blue Juniata.

JOHN TAYLOR,
The Backwoods Orator.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

[John Taylor, the subject of the following sketch, was licensed, at the age of twenty-one, to practice at the Bar of N. York city. Though poor, he was well educated, and possessed extraordinary genuis. He married a fashionable beauty of that city; and twelve months after was employed by a wealthy firm to go on business to the West, as a land agent.—As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade adieu for a while to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when he received a letter from his employers, that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, his wife removed with her father to the Mississippi, where she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and, to cap the climax of perfidy and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner! This treachery nearly drove Taylor insane. His career from that period was eccentric to the last degree; sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar—his surpassing eloqence attracting crowds wherever it was known that he was to speak; until at last a fever carried him off, at a comparatively early age.]

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of the spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and very beautiful girl on an indictment for murder. The judge was waiting at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the multitude all centred on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance riveted universal attention.

His figure was tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face, sallow, billious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow, broad, soaring, massive, and seamed with wrinkles—but not from age, for he was scarcely forty; eyes, reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagles, as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth, with lips of cast iron—thin, cold, and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was dressed in a suit of new Buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rain bow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparantly unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, many of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast exhibited between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titer, which grew louder, and soon swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be a wild hunter from the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it; turned his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look; his lip curled with a smile of infinite scorn; his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning; his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated a single word—'Savages!' No pen can describe the force he threw into that term, no pencil can paint the infernal furor of his utterance, although it scarcely exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter although it was a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on S, both at the beginning and end of the word.

It was the growl of a red tiger, in the hiss of a rattlesnake.

'SAVAGES!'

The general gaze, however, was at this point diverted by the advent of the prisoner, who then came in, surrounded by her guard. Hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enamelled in fire, and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid—softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid and beamy; in her motions, graceful swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, etherial, like a sylph's or seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched so serene, so like starlight, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration rose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of silence, was scarcely able to refrain from swelling into a deafening cheer.

The judge turned to the prisoner:

'Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick; have you employed any other?'

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of a nightingale, 'My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick; but God will protect the innocent!'

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and others wept.

At this instant however, the stranger, whose appearance had excited such merriment, sprang to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being, who had caused her such unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell metal.

'May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady.'

'What!' exclaimed the astonished judge; 'are you a licensed attorney?'

'The question is irrelavant and immaterial,' replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, 'as the recent statue entiles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party.'

'But does the prisoner request it?' inquired the judge.

'Let her speak for herself,' said the stranger.

'I do,' she answered, with a long drawn sigh, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately proceeded; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months previous, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishmhnt of millinery.—Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those glittering fireflies of fashion, the profession of whose life everywhere is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all, with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most dreadful duellist of the South-west. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, the inhabitants of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream, as of one in mortal terror; while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms; one, two, three, a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds proceeded; pushed back the unopened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all-dreaded duellist, Hiram Shore, grasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence—'tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!' and instantly expired.

'Who, in the name of God, did this?' exclaimed the appalled spectators.

'I did it,' said the milliner, 'I did it to save my honor.'

As may readily be imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of the story, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced her as an atrocious criminal. Unforunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in a revolting partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon.

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed, and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genus, they about equally portioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and her leather robed counsel, as if in doubt which of the twain was then on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his face bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought of slumber.

When the proper time had come, however, he sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his position almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper; but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unuterably ringing and distinct as to fill the hall from the floor to galleries. At the outset, he dealt in pure logic; separating and combing the proven facts, till the whole confused mass of evidence looked as transparent as a globe glass, through which the innocence of his client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors noddod to each other signs of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and language simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with a glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries.—His sallow face glowed like a heated furnace; his eyes resembled living coals; his voice became the clangor of a trumpet.—I have never before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle, charging a flock of crows; it was Jove himself, hurling red hot thunderbolts into the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods!

And yet, in the highest tempest of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the dash of a long bony fore-finger, direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness in coalescing for money to hunt down a poor and friendless woman till a shout of stifled rage rose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried "Shame!"

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustrations in the case of his client; till one-half the audience wept like children.

But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith, at once, of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse, his very hair seemed to stand on end; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word *hell* embodied the acme and ideal of all horror—it was a wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict its effect on all who heard it. Men groaned; females screamed; and one poor mother fainted, and was borne from the room in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour.

The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving their box; and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old courthouse from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment, which occurred about sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave out an appointment—"I will preach in this hall to-night at eight o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, although many attempted to draw him into conversation.

At 8 o'clock the courthouse was again thronged, and the stranger according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence at the bar; the same compact logic; the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include every body but himself; it was a picture of hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil.

But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility that any human being should ever get there.

Another Funny Letter from Australia.

The "Disbanded Volunteer" of the *Sunday Times* has another of his queer "epistols" from the gold diggins of Australia, in last Sunday's paper. He promises to write often from the distant land:

Melbun, Dec. 14, 1852.

Messrs Eddyturs—This is midsummer and the hetes ontolerabul. Ive ben a tryin, all this blessed blazin day, to fancy how everlastin kool and kumfurtabul you must be in York bout these times; but its unpossibul. I bleve thares a passidge in Otheller that says a man carnt stand fire by thinking upon frosted caucusses; and when a fellers greese is drippin from evry orrifiz—wen his wite ducks and even the canvas back of his vest is as wet as ef thade jest ben tuck out of the river—he cant realize the freezin pint, no how.—Weve hed to-day what they call a brickfielder—a hot wind that cums from the fur east like the breth of a furniss. It roasts and pepers you with dust at the same time; and wen it hes past over the fase of nater, evry thing is blasted brown. Doorin its continyance, I lade on the flore in a state of prostrashum, and ketchin my breth so short that they hed to let out my pants at the waste. These winds is almost as hot as the African simons, wich overtakes the traviler wen crossin the burnin Saharah, or central dessert; but thay aint the reel Simon Pure, bein quite ondistructive. The climate, on the hole, is raypher slewbrins, although grippin is complaned of at the diggins.

Since my last epistol, Ive ben in the bush amung the naytive kangyroos and uther abaridgeknees of the sile. Noo Holland niggers beets the jennywine Africans in stoopidity by chauks. Even the benited subjects of the King of Ashantee live in cabihs, but the devil a shanty ken you find amung these darkies. I guv thar hed cheef—King Dick, as they call him—a vest and trowses tuther day, and darn me he didnt slip his legs throo the arm-holes of the wastcoat, pull it up chock-a block, and button it bottom side up, with the buzzum round his butticks. The trowses he sot astride of his neck and tide the legs in front, and then, with a grin that reeched from eye to eye, broke for the bush, kwite onaware of his lewdickrus asspekt. The skwaws, or *gins*, as tha call em, appeer on all ockashuns in thare natral uniform, and as tha ushilly wash in seal ile, they hev raypher a polished appearance. There dispersishun is effeckshinit, and thare manners free and familyer wen thay meet the opposit sex. Much panes hes ben taken by the ladys of the settilments to konvinse em that thares virtue in clothes; but they laf at the idee. Ef tha put on a shemes in the town, they allus strip wen they git back to cover the mangroves; and at thar dances, of all conduck I ever seen, thares takes the rag off the bush.

The way the naytivs forridge is as curus as it is disgustin. Thare faverite *moresoes*, as we uset to say in Paryis, is baked kangyroos, roasted guanos, kangyroo-rats and mise, (wich is minnytoor kangyroos), bandy coots, moles, snaix wild tom cats, and emews; and wen these titbits is skarse, they dine on dingoes, (wild dogs) or grub on the katterpillers thay find under the bark. Thay are armed with wooden spears, and when after the kangroo with a sharp stick, they run with setch swiftness that they soon run him throo. Sumtimes thay git up a grand nateral barbykew by settin fire to the kangyroo grass. Follerin the track of the conflagurashun, they pick up enny kwantity of lizzards, moles, rats and other small game, all dun brown by the flames, and then they skwat on thare hams and go to devourin thare skortched vitals. Doorin my late xcushun, I sor a black swan and a black cokytoo, wich is specimens of the fethered tribe kwite common in the kuntry; also wite crows, and a burd called the larfing jackass, which pitches its voice in a key so like a regular donkey, that at fust I mistrusted my own ears. Pidgons of varus kinds are remarkably plenty, both at the diggins and in the settulments.

Praps the most wunderful eraekteristick of naytiv kwadrapids in this iland is, that most of the females are endowed with nateral bags, in which they carry there litter. From the forester, the biggest specie of kangyroo, down to the fieldmouse, this pecular feetur is seen. Wen the nativs ketch one of these pouched critters, they immediately xamin its pockits, and ef thare purty full, thay oney grab the suckers, and let the muther go; and I dessay thay pick as many pockits, in thare way, as the ticket-o-leve men in thares.

I dont like the sosity here. The rich settlers that kum to the kuntry volunteerily is as proud as lucifer, and the convicks that hev served thare time make the most ridicalus distinkshuns between one annuther. Burglerry turns up its nose at petty larseny, and forgery wont set at the table with arson. Evryboddy seems suspisphus of everybody else, and nobodd meets ennybody with a cordyul spirit xcept at the grog-shops.

To-morrow Ime off to the bush agin, bein invited to a naytiv getherin, or *corryborrx*, as they call it, given by wun of tpe cheefs. Fifty yung *gins*, the crack danfuses of the iribe, are to be thar. In my nex, I may give pou sum account of thare Tupiscoriun feets. Yours, allus.

A DISBAUDED VOLUNTEER.

To Stop a Runaway Horse.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, who has observed the mode adopted in Moscow and St. Petersburg, think it altogether better than Newall's new plan of the moveable whiffletree, which lets the animal clear off from the vehicle, if disposed to run away. The Russion plan is as follows:

"Around the horse's neck, near the neck strap, is placed a cord with a running knot. To this slipnose is attached a pair of reins, on gentleman's horses generally of silk cord, about the size of a pipe stem—which always lie thrown over the dash-board, ready to be seized at once.—When a horse starts and becomes unruly, the gentleman takes up this cord and tightens the horse's throat so that he cannot breathe. The most furious horse stops almost instantly, but he will not fall or kick. I have seen many such reins upon high-spirited horses, even in common city dhroskies."

NEW HAMPSHIRE UP HEAD.—A man in New Hampshire went out gunning one day this spring—he saw a flock of pigeons sitting on a limb of an old pine, so he dropped a ball into his gun and fired. The ball spilt the limb, which closed up and caught the toes of all the birds in it. He saw that he had got them all, so he fastened two balls together with a wire and fired, cutting it off, which fell into the river, he then walked in and brought them ashore. On counting them he found there were over three hundred pigeons, and in his baots there were two barrels of fish!

☞ A silver mine has been discovered in Izard county, Arkansas.

Agricultural.

Weevil.

These troublesome pests may be kept out of grain by using salt. Sprinkle a little fine salt on the bottom and around the sides of the bin as you fill up, and over the top when full. Wheat kept in old salt barrels will never be destroyed by the weevil.

Soak linen cloths in water, wring them and cover your grain with them. In two hours time you will find all the weevils on the cloth, which must be carefully gathered off that none of the insects may escape, and then immersed in water to destroy them.

Sulphur for Lice on Calves, &c.

☞ The September number of the Stock Register, quoting from the Genesee Farmer, recommended sulphur fed to animals as death to all such vermin. I tried it on some calves so covered with lice that the outer ends of their hairs were thick with them. Tobacco and other remedies had but little effect. I fed in salt and meal, giving a spoonful to each calf twice a week. In two weeks not a louse could be found. A neighbor who has often used this same remedy on all kinds of animals, with perfect success, assures me it should be given in fair weather or the animals housed, else there is a liability of taking cold and injury being done to the animal.

When shrubs or dwarf fruit trees produce an abunance of foliage, but not flowers or fruit either move them to a poorer soil, or cut through some of the principal roots.

Potato, Interresting Experiment.

The Journal of the New York State Agricultural Society contains a very elaborate and carefully prepared table, showing the result of experiments in the cultivation of potatoes, in every possible mode, and under all the different circumstances which could well be conceived; the whole forming a mass of information seldom found condensed into so small a compass. It is from the pen of our friend H. H. Eastman, Esq., of Marshall, one of the best practical farmers in the State—a careful experimenter and exact observer of results. In this table Mr. E. has presented the result of his experiments with such exactness, and in so concise a form, as to be readily understood by the reader. We only regret that it is so formidable as to prevent its being laid before our readers in detail, especially as the rule and figure work in the table is very inconvenient for our columns. We may, however, as briefly as may be, state some of the results of the experiments, as gathered from a careful perusal of the table, hoping at some future time to present the matter in a more acceptable form.

1. Manures. The experiments embrace Hog manure, fermented and Unfermented Yard Manure, Compost, Manure of Fowls, Lime, Ashes, Gympsum, Sulphur, Saltpetre, &c. &c. The results are decidedly favorable to the use of Hog manure the manure of Fowls coming next, the Compost next, then the Unfermented Manure. The Lime and Gypsum did not increase the yield beyond that part on which no manure was used. The same may be said of the Sulphur and Saltpetre.

2. Time of Planting. The earliest planting proved decidedly best—the difference between the 18th and 28th May being 19 bushels per acre, and a further reduction on that portion planted as late as 10th June of 34 bushels per acre, with a decided advantage as to size and quality in favor of those planted early.

3. Whole and Cut; and Large and Small Seed. Here the result proves precise as we anticipated. The seed from large potatoes produced decidedly best.—We will give the exact statement.

	Wt. of Seed.	Wt. of Product.	Bush's pr acre.
Large potatoes one whole in a hill,	10 lbs.	5 oz. 771 lbs	193
Large potatoes two halves halved, in each hill,	10 lbs.	6 oz. 81 lbs.	217
Large potatoes one-half in halved, each hill,	5 lbs.	3 oz. 52 lbs.	139
Large potatoes 4 quarters, quartered, in each hill,	9 lbs.	58 lbs.	156

Thus far with reference to cut and uncut; those halved producing most when used in the same quantity, but a little smaller in size than the product from the whole seeds. The produce of the quartered seed was much smaller and inferior. The following is a pretty clear test between large and small seed.

	Wt. of Seed.	Wt. of Product.	Bush's pr acre.
Large, one whole in hill,	12 lbs	4 oz. 80 lbs.	215
Medium, " "	6lbs.	50 1-2lbs.	137
Small " "	3lbs	7 oz. 43 1-2lbs.	115
Small, two whole in hill,	6lbs	1 oz. 51 lbs.	138
Small, four whole in hill,	9lbs.	63 lbs.	167

The produce of small seed inferior and unmarketable.

A very clear demonstration, so far as our experiment goes, in favor of large seed a result which will, we doubt not, be generally reached in all experiments, with whatever crop, between perfect and imperfect seed. There are many other results to be drawn from this paper, which we should be glad to lay before our readers, could we conveniently do so. The public are under obligations to Mr. Eastman for this elaborate and accurate experiment, and we hope he may repeat it another season.—*N. Y. Tim.*