

its cover, she perfected a scheme of communication with the patriots, by which she put into their possession all the plans of the Spaniards. She was the princess of the Tertulias—a mode of evening entertainment common to the Spaniards. She presided at these parties with a grace and influence which brought all their officers to her house. They listened with delight to the power and delicacy with which she accommodated her voice—one of singular compass and melody—to the notes of her guitar, in the performance upon which she was uncommonly successful. Unsuspected of any connection with politics, and regarded only as a fine woman, more solicitous of a long train of admirers, than of any thing else, she contrived to collect, from the officers themselves, most of their plans in the prosecution of the war. She soon learned the force of their several armaments, their disposition and destination, and, indeed, in timely advance, all the projected operations of the Spanish Army. She knew all the officers, and from those present obtained a knowledge of their absent companions. In this way, she knew the station of each advanced post—who was in command, and most of those particulars, the knowledge of which tended as frequently to the success of Bolivar, as his own conduct and the courage of his men. All these particulars were regularly transmitted to him, as soon as obtained, by a trusty messenger; and the frequent disappointments of the royalist arms attested the closeness and general correctness of the information thus obtained.

Unfortunately, one of her communications was intercepted, and the cowardly bearer, intimidated by the terror of impending death, was persuaded to betray his employer. She was arrested in the midst of an assembled throng, to whom her voice and guitar were imparting a mingled melody of most attractive romance. She was nothing alarmed at this event, but was hurried before a military court—martial law then prevailed in the capital—with a rapidity corresponding with the supposed enormity of her offence. Her lover, a noble youth, named Gomero, though perfectly innocent of any connection with her acts on this occasion, was tried along with her, and both condemned—for at this time, condemnation and trial were words of synonymous import—to be shot. Zamano, the viceroy, desirous of more victims, and hoping to discover her accomplices, granted them a respite of twelve hours before execution, sparing no effort to bring about a confession. The friar sent to confess her, threatened her, if she ventured upon any concealments from him, with eternal punishment hereafter; while promises of pardon and reward assailed both herself and her betrothed, in the hope of effecting the same object—but all equally in vain. She resolutely denied having any other accomplice than the messenger she had employed, and prayed a release from the persecution of all further inquiries. Perceiving that Gomero, her intended husband, was about to speak, and probably confess, through a very natural dread of the death he saw near—she seized his arm impressively, and fixing her dark eyes reproachfully upon him, she exclaimed—

“Gomero, did I love you for this? Beware, lest I hate and curse you as I die. What! is life so dear to you that you would dishonour us both to live? Is there no consolation in the thought that we shall die together?”

“But we shall both be saved!” rejoined her lover.

“It is false! the tyrant Zamano spares none; our lives are forfeited, and all that you could say would be unavailing to avert either your fate or mine. He only desires new victims, and will release his grasp upon those in his doom. If you have ever loved me, Gomero, speak no more after this fashion. Shew your-

self worthy of the choice which I have made, in the manner of your death.”

The lover persevered in silence, and they were led forth to execution. The friars retired from the hapless pair, and the firing party made ready. Then, for the first time, did the spirit of this noble woman shrink impulsively from the approach of death.

“Butcher!” she exclaimed to the viceroy, who stood in his balcony, overlooking the scene of execution—“Butcher—you have then the heart to kill a woman,” and as she spoke, she covered her face with the saya or veil which she wore, and on drawing it aside for the purpose, the words “Vive la Patria,” embroidered in gold were discovered on the *basquina*. As the signal for execution was given, a distant hum as of an advancing army was heard upon the ear.

“It is he—he comes—it is Bolivar—it is the Liberator!” she exclaimed with a tone of triumph, which found its echo in the bosom of thousands who looked with horror on the scene of blood before them. But the Deliverer came too late to the rescue of the beautiful La Pola. The fatal bullet had penetrated her heart, but a few moments before the appearance of the liberating army upon the works, and in sight of the place of execution. Thus perished a woman worthy to be remembered with the purest and the proudest who have elevated and done honour to nature and her sex—one who with all the feeling and affection of the woman, possessed all the patriotism, the pride, the courage, and the daring of the man.

## AGRICULTURAL.

[FOR THE BEE.]

MR. DAWSON.—Sir,—The article in the last Number of the BEE, on the mode of preserving and sowing acorns, will perhaps be considered by some of your readers, as “unnecessary information”—not that they are already informed on the subject, but because they erroneously imagine there is no necessity for raising trees in a country containing so much woodland as ours. A slight investigation of the subject, however, will convince them of the propriety—nay the necessity of raising oak timber in Nova Scotia.

That this Province contains a considerable quantity of wood, I admit; but the serious complaint of every naval architect is, that it is of a very inferior quality; and, judging by the demand on our forests during the last few years, for building timber, it must be obvious to every one, that ere long they will contain nothing more than a quantity of wood fit only for fuel. Consequently, Nova Scotia must then procure her materials from other parts, or cease to build her own ships.

But these results may be obviated by a little attention now, on the part of land proprietors. Let every extensive land-holder be a planter, which he may with comparatively little trouble. In no part of the Province is the oak so profusely planted by the hand of Nature, as to warrant the propriety of cultivating it in that state; it must therefore be raised from the acorn. The *Quercus alba*, or white oak of North America, although generally smaller, is much superior in quality to the red oak, and is therefore the most valuable tree for planting. But as the *Quercus rubra*, or common oak of Britain, is much superior to either of these species, young plants, or acorns should be obtained from it. The emigration of the oak, has as yet never been tried to any extent in this Province; but as fruit trees will bear emigration without injuring their properties, why not the oak also, with equal success?

Some perhaps may urge, that the ground is too valuable to appropriate any part of it to the

cultivation of oak; or that oak trees would be too cumbersome on their farms. In answer to the former of these assertions, I would ask if their ground is more valuable than land in Britain, where the oak is cultivated with profit, in very large quantities. Naturalists say, that the most suitable land for oak is a cold clay soil, and much of this may be found in Nova Scotia, that will raise nothing else. The latter assertion is equally insupportable, as every farmer may have a hundred or two oak trees growing about his fences, &c. without occupying exclusively any ground at all. Try the experiment farmers, and if you will not be benefitted by it, your children at least will—in a century or two an oak plantation in Nova Scotia will be invaluable. MELVILLE.

### FARMER'S WORK FOR OCTOBER.

POTATOES.—Very erroneous directions relative to gathering and securing potatoes have been given by agricultural writers of high authority. Some advise to dry them in the sun, others say the sun should never shine on potatoes. Judge Buel tells us not only that potatoes should never be exposed to sunshine, but should be housed with all the dirt that adheres to them; and that it is even beneficial to add more dirt to potatoes in the bin or cask, to exclude external air as much as possible. Their surface should be kept moist, and the atmosphere as near as possible to the freezing point.

The Farmer's Assistant asserts, that “A planter of North Carolina lately sent some potatoes to the West Indies for market; a part of which were dried in the sun, in the usual way, and a part were laid away in moist or wet sand, as fast as they were dug; and when exhibited for sale, he obtained three times the amount per bushel, for those laid in sand, that he got for the others. We mention this circumstance in order to observe that such potatoes as are designed for the table should be laid away in wet sand, as fast as they are taken from the earth.”

The Hon. Oliver Fiske, in an address delivered before the Worcester Agricultural Society, Oct. 8, 1823, speaking of the potatoe, observes, that “It seems probable that the earth, by some unknown process, perfects its qualities after it has attained its growth. That potatoes which have remained the whole season in the earth are more farinaceous and pleasant has been observed. A farmer in this town, who was in the practice of planting a large quantity, took his supply from a spacious field early in autumn. As the residue were intended for stock he deferred harvesting them till a late and more convenient period. During their consumption, his table, by mistake, was furnished with some which had been destined for the barn. The quality was so obviously superior as to lead to an investigation of the cause. From that time the two parcels received an exchange of destination. Another fact, illustrative of this position, was stated to me by an eminent farmer in the vicinity of Boston. A distinguished agriculturist from Scotland, who had dined at the best table in the city and its neighbourhood, remarked at the hospitable board of my informant, that he had not seen in this country, what in Scotland would be considered a good potatoe. He imputed the difference to the different mode of cultivation. Thore they plant early and dig late.—N. E. Farmer.

DRINK FOR HORSES.—Some of the inn-keepers on the western road have adopted the practice, recommended by the Bath Agricultural society, of boiling the corn given to horses, and giving them the water to drink. It is most satisfactorily ascertained that three bushels of oats, barley, &c. so prepared, will keep working-horses in better condition than six otherwise.