

THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. NOVEMBER 18, 1858.

NO. 48.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

JOB PRINTING.
Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Jurors, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

CHARITY.

In the hour of keenest sorrow—
In the hour of deepest woe—
Wait not for the coming morn,
To the sad and sorrowing go—
Make it thy sincerest pleasure
To administer relief;
Freely opening thy treasure
To assuage a brother's grief.
Go and seek the orphan sighing—
Seek the widow in her tears,
And, on mercy's pious flying,
Go, dispel their darkest fears.
Seek the stranger, sad and weary,
Pass not on the other side,
Though the task be sad and dreary,
Heeding not the scorn of pride.
Go, with manners unassuming,
In a meek and quiet way—
O'er the father ne'er presuming,
Though thy brother sadly stray;
'Tis a Saviour's kind compassion—
'Tis His righteousness alone,
All unmerited salvation
That around thy path hath shone.
When thy heart is warmly glowing
With the sacred love of prayer,
Be thy works of kindness flowing,
Not as with a miser's care.
Duty e'er would be thy watchword—
Pity drop the blessing tear;
To the fallen always cherish
Sympathy and love sincere.

A Desperate Resolution.
A young lady who signs herself "Eudora," sends us a gilt-edged sheet on which she declares in a positive manner that she is going to lead a single life, at the risk of being called an old maid. The poem opens as follows:

THE SINGLE LIFE.
A single life is the life for me,
For then I can go where I please, and the
flowers I can see;
I will drink all alone my own tea,
With naught but the gay and pretty birds
to see.

It must be very pleasant to see the flowers
and "pretty birds" all alone, but to sit
down in silence and drink a cup of
Sousong or Oolong must be dull business.
She goes on to say:
Oh never a man did I meet,
That by him I would wish to take a seat;
Through the voyage of life so sweet—
And perhaps I may never that blessed one
meet.

We don't suppose a man would hurt
you if you did sit beside him, and as for
the voyage of life being a sweet mixture
of masculine and feminine happiness, there
is no such thing in the book. But she
lays it down still harder:
But it will make no difference to me,
For a single life I have chosen and so it
shall be;
Oh, yes, a single life is the one for me,
And so it forever shall and will be.

Ah! that is a terrible resolution. This
declaring to live single to all "eternity"
is worse than taking the black veil or
joining the Know Nothings. Still she
does not seem to alter her determination:
So all alone I'll dwell in some island home,
Where I will raise no great and lofty dome;
But a little low and humble cot,
Where contentment and joy shall be my
lot.

This is worse than all the rest. We
could hear to hear that she was going to
drink her tea all alone, but this retiring
to a "low and humble cot" in some "island
home" is too much to bear in silence.
Won't you go to the city occasionally?—
Won't you visit the circuses, caravans and
cattle shows, Eudora?
So let me dwell.
Where all will be well.
There may I in peace and plenty dwell,
With none but God humble joys to tell.

Now she is getting serious. We fear
she will next decide on something dreadful.
Here it comes:
I would not have an old man to boss me round,
I'd sooner leave him sitting on the ground,
For now I can go where I please
Without having an old man to tease.

Oh Moses! What will the people say
to that? It takes the starch right out of
a manly form, who might otherwise be
moving in all the dignity of human great-
ness, instead of being left "sitting on the
ground." We would do any such thing
Eudora. It's cruel, it's inhuman, it's
dreadful, it's—oh Eudora!

"My son, would you suppose that the
Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a
space no larger than the area of a half
dime?"
"Well, yes, father, if a half dime is as
large as everybody's eyes as it is in yours,
I think there would be no difficulty in put-
ting it on about four times."

THE BLACKSMITH; OR, MY WIFE'S COUSIN.

Some time ago, I called on a cousin of
my wife who resided in the city of Philadel-
phia. I had not seen him for a long
time, but having understood that he was
in affluent circumstances, I was but little
prepared for the condition in which I
found him. Through information derived
from a Philadelphia Directory, I went to
one of those alleys with which that city
abounds, and found his name on a sign-
board, associated with that of another
man, over a dark and dingy shop. The
sign purporting that they were locksmiths
and bell-hangers; also that locks were
repaired and keys fitted. With ceremony,
I walked into the gloomy recess,
where there was a blacksmith's forge,
and where among several muscular-looking
men, up to their armpits in work was
"my wife's cousin." He received me most
cordially, and for a moment intermitted a
huge key on which he was engaged, and
the shake of my own dexter by one of his
broad, brawny hands, can liken to nothing
near than the stock of a young earth-
quake.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he observed,
"and just as soon as I finish this key,
we'll make tracks for home."

I of course replied that I was in no
hurry and at once became interested in
the facile manner in which he was meta-
morphosing a rough casting into a finish-
ed key. As soon as it was completed,
he washed the worst of the dirt from his
hands, hung up his work apron, and then
putting on his coat and hat remarked, in a
cheerful tone:

"Come, now, Cousin Aleck, let's go and
see whether wife has got any tea for us."

After we were in the street, our conver-
sation insensibly ran on business, and I
took occasion to say to him that I had
been of the opinion that he had retired
from his trade on a handsome competency.
"Don't say a word about retirement!"
he replied, "it nearly makes me sick to
think of it. People talk of retiring from
business while they are healthy and able
to work; why, I tell you, Aleck, they
don't know what it means. I didn't know
what it meant until I tried it, but now
retirement and misery sound to my ears,
like words of the same meaning!"

Perceiving that he had struck a subject
on which he could easily be communicative,
I looked inquiringly, when he rejoined,
"Perhaps you never heard the particulars
of my retiring."

On my replying that I had not, he pro-
ceeded: "You see, Aleck, it is about
three years ago, that having as you
would say, a competency, I made up my
mind to stop work, and move into the
country. So I sold out my share of the
business to my partner, spent a year or
more in looking at two or three scores of
country places, and at last found one that
my wife and myself were considerably
pleased with. Fine double house, four
acres beautifully shaded, vegetable garden
not to be beat, and soil of a superior
quality. The place is still in my possession,
but before I would go and live on it
again. I'd give it away; yes, Aleck, I'd
see it sunk in the middle of the Dead Sea.
But I'm getting a little ahead of my story.
For two or three months, matters
and things went on very well, because I
had something to attend to in making a
few little improvements about the house
and in furnishing a number of the doors
with locks of my own invention; but as
the whole premises were in excellent repair
when I bought them, I soon came to a
point where there was nothing to look
after but the cultivation of the garden.—
I was not long though in making the dis-
covery that I had no genius or taste either
for digging around roots, or pulling up
weeds, and so as wife didn't wish the
garden to run to waste, I employed a regular
English gardener to carry the thing hand-
somerly through.

"Well, don't mind the expense he put
me too in the way of guano, new fangled
gardening tools, and patent watering ap-
paratus; for I had fully expected to spend
money, and thanks to our previous econ-
omy, we had money to spend; but, Aleck,
it was really very amusing to see what the
fruit and vegetables raised from our gar-
den stood us in. Making use of the little
arithmetic I was master of, I recollect
that I cyphered up the cost of some of the
table fixings, and the result was—cu-
cumbers, seventeen cents a piece; green
peas, a dollar and three quarters for a
half peck; currants, fifty cents a pint;
beets, fourteen cents each, and everything
else in proportion. All this I cared
nothing about; but somehow I felt out of
my gearing in not having the right kind
of employment. Wife did her best to coax
me into gentlemanly ways; had the old
mechanical grime thoroughly scrubbed
out of my hands—finger nails cleaned out
and rounded—so as to make it appear
that I had never done manual labor.

"Then we must get behind a couple of
Morgan ponies which I had purchased,
and make fashionable calls in the day
time on those who had called upon us;
and wife wanted me to soften down my
voice and to be particular about grammar
and the subjects I talked on; but some-
times forgetting myself I would revel in
the proud memory of the locks and keys
I had handled in happier days and com-
mence a history of my exploits in that
line, when wife would look as though she
was going to sink through the floor. I
felt she wished to keep a perpetual lock
on my lips, (so far as our antecedents are

concerned) with the key in her pocket.—
But I sighed for the shop, and time hung
so heavily on my hands, that an hour
spent in stupid listlessness about the house
seemed longer to me than a day did, when
I had orders ahead for locks, and was
driving hard to get them finished at a
certain time. My youngest brother, who
is a college bred man and lawyer, sent
me, at my request, a fine collection of
books on all imaginable subjects, so that
my library outshone that of the parson
and indeed any other man in the place;
but I found I had no more taste to sit
down and read than I had for trimming
currant bushes. Time was, after I had
finished a hard day's labor at the shop,
when an hour at books was a real solace,
and I also believed an occasion of improve-
ment. Then I envied those whose leisure
allowed them to feast on books perpetually;
but the mistake I made was in fail-
ing to discriminate between mental habi-
ts and requirements of the professed
student and those of the working man.

"In this wretched condition did time
at my country seat drag heavily along.
Visiting was a perfect bore, for not feel-
ing the slightest interest in such masculine
topics as corn, grubs and manure, and
caring less for the feminine ones of dress
and local gossip, I did not know what to
talk about. Books set me to sleep, and
not having the society of my two boys,
who were off at a boarding school, I be-
came fully satisfied that 'nothing to do'
was equal to having everything to suffer.

"My most delightful place of resort
was a blacksmith's shop some two miles
from the house, where occasionally I
would handle the hammer, and clang a
little on the anvil, but my wife making
the discovery one day that my hands were
getting grimy again, I was obliged to own
up to the cause of it, and this to my sor-
row was succeeded by a positive prohibi-
tion on her part from my taking any fur-
ther exercise at the forge. After this,
when I would sometimes ride past the
shop behind my prancing Morgan horse,
the tears would start in my eyes at being
debarred the only employment which was
in the least adapted to my taste or capacity.

"But, Cousin Aleck, to shorten my story,
my life proscribing my unhappiness was
increasing, at last consented to move back
in town, and let me resume my business.
I had no difficulty in renewing my en-
gagement with my old partner, and hence
you see me hard at work and happier
than the President. I am perfectly able
in a pecuniary point of view, to live with-
out work, but I have learned to my satis-
faction two important truths: First, that
we never enjoy ourselves so well as when
we are usefully employed; and Second,
that there is no occupation on the whole
for which we have been so long accus-
tomed and which has hence become to us,
as it were a second nature."

I was much pleased with the good sense
of "my wife's cousin" as evinced in the
small section of this autobiography which
he had given me, and very soon after he
had finished it, we reached his dwelling.
If his shop was dingy, there was no dingi-
ness here. The edifice was built on the
Philadelphia style, having a large dining
room back of the two parlors, and a no-
ble kitchen in the rear of the dining room.
The whole floor, as well as the airy and
pleasant bed-rooms above stairs, were
probably adorned with a better descrip-
tion of furniture than was owned by the
Governor of Pennsylvania. Everything
was in perfect order, and although the
blacksmith's wife was somewhat uppish
in her notions, I soon perceived she was
a capital housekeeper, and that my friend
was proud of his house and proud of his
two sons who had come from boarding school
to spend the vacation.

I found that these lads were quite in-
telligent, and that they were both intend-
ed for the learned professions. While
one of them entertained with some music
on a parlor organ, the worthy Smith beg-
ged me to excuse him for a few moments,
after which he re-appeared in perfectly
clean linen, and a suit of deainty black.

We supped at a table spread with the ut-
most profusion, and in the evening, some
company coming in, conversation and
music filled up the passing hour. I was
deeply interested, and concluded that my
"wife's cousin," the locksmith and bell-
hanger, was a wise man, and that un-
wittingly he had discovered the true philo-
sopher's stone. Daily work was to him as
necessary as daily bread, and the toil of
the shop only served to enhance the plea-
sures and recreations of a refined and
happy home. On taking my leave, I re-
alized that I had been taught a valuable
lesson:

Employment is the healthy lot of life,
and he that would seek happiness in a
state of perpetual repose, betrays a pro-
found ignorance of the beneficent laws
which govern us.

"Sam, can you tell me why a man
who has had his eye 'blacked' is like one
of the colored race?"
"No, I can't. How is it?"
"Well, it's because he's a dark-eye!"

An Irishman was about to marry
a Southern girl for her property. "Will
you take this woman to be your wedded
wife?" said the minister. "Yes your riv-
erence, and the nagers, too," said Pat.

Keep out of bad company for the
chance is, when the devil fires into a flock
he will hit somebody.

Life on the Peninsula.

It will surprise very many even of our
own people when we state that Kewaunee
county and the southern portion of Door
County are as densely populated as any
other section of the same extent in the
State—that is, of strictly farming country.
The people there are mostly Belgians,
and are settled compactly together—each
family upon forty or eighty—rarely upon a
larger tract. They are just beginning to
have openings enough among the trees to
raise what they need for their own con-
sumption. We can scarcely expect any
surplus from them for some years, but it
will come by and by; and we are con-
fident that the Peninsula will be one of the
gardens of Wisconsin.

Probably no other race on this con-
tinent could have gone into the woods and
combated the privations of forest life
with the patience, industry, and success
which these people have. They were
poor, with few exceptions, reaching here
with the exhausted purses after running
the gauntlet of emigrant swindlers be-
tween New York and the West. The
purchase of forty or eighty acres of land
generally took all that was left—and after
throwing up a rough block house, the
first question which presented itself to the
head of the family was how to get food
for his little ones until an opening could
be made in the trees, and the season roll
around with the fruits of the earth.—

Shingle-making has generally been the
resource in such cases; but the hard times
of last year and the general crash in every-
thing reached the shingle trade, so that
none but a Belgian pioneer could have
faced the task of making a living for his
family by manufacturing shingles at the
ruling prices. It was done, however.—
The very best quality of shaved shingles
were made in large quantities and sold
for one dollar per thousand, and even
less. Another thing, some of them man-
ufactured lumber by hand. The state-
ment will hardly be credited, but it is
no less a fact that the Belgians have
with a common "whip saw," manufactur-
ed the best pine lumber at a less price
than it could be made for with all the ap-
pliances of steam engines, mule saws
and the most improved styles of mills.—
As handsome lumber as we ever saw has
been made by them and sold at \$5.50
and \$6 per 1000 feet! In such ways as
this—by hard and persistent labor—they
gathered together the means of obtaining
their daily bread, and little else they
needed; for some dry bread and potatoes
formed the bill of fare for six days in the
week, and the seventh a little coffee, mixed
with chicory, for economy's sake, made
a sort of holiday of Sunday. Butter and
milk and eggs, there were none, for there
were no cows nor hens.

Last week we were in the mill which does
the grinding for probably half the country.
It is the rudest structure imaginable.
An overshot wheel turns one stone slowly,
and the bolting apparatus is propelled by
a woman. She stood there patiently the
day long, turning the crank with one
hand, and with the other supplying the
screen with the unbolting flour. The mill
was thronged with customers, men, wo-
men, and children, who brought the grain
on their heads and waited for it to be
ground. Some of them came five, six, eight
miles bringing each a load of from fifty
to a hundred pounds. Among hundreds
of families, there are but two or three
pairs of oxen, and we did not hear of one
horse in the whole settlement. The
roads, indeed, do not permit of the use
of wheeled vehicles to any extent. They
are nothing but trails.

We saw, in one clearing, a man and a
boy hitched to a wooden drag, preparing
the ground for next season's crops. Most
of the tilling is done by means of a sort
of grub hoe; though lately the more for-
tunate manage to get some plowing done.

We met a woman and her son on the
way to Green Bay with a basket of chick-
ens and some other little produce. They
had already walked eight miles, and had
fourteen more to go—making twenty-two
miles. Their marketing would bring them
in town perhaps one dollar and a half.

At one house where we stopped in the
field hands were at dinner; a loaf of black
bread and a kettle of coffee were all that
we saw on the table. They dipped the
bread in the coffee, and seemed to be mak-
ing a comfortable meal. At another
house we found a man cutting up a pig.
So marked an instance of extravagance
surprised us, until we were told that a
bear had killed it the night before, and
they had rescued it from his clutches.—
The bears are very troublesome, carry-
ing off pigs and calves. Some of them
are killed occasionally.

We have already noticed the beginning
of a town on the Bay shore—Dyckville
—which is likely to be their principal
post on the western side. Here are one
or two taverns, or places where the trav-
eler may find rest for the night—and a
very good store kept by Mr. Van Dyck.
His establishment embraces almost every
thing needed in a new country, from
wooden shoes to sacks of flour. And not
alone wooden shoes, for we noticed some
fine shoes for women and boots for men.
Mr. Van Dyck seems to be doing a pay-
ing business, and he ought to—for he is a
pleasant and sociable gentleman. Years
hence, when another generation shall have
grown up and taken the place of the pre-
sent one, the solid and prosperous men of
the Peninsula will remember the stories
of their father's hardships in the new

country with wonder. The "gentle slopes
and groves between" will bloom and bloss-
om with all the wealth of a rich country,
and Kewaunee county will rank with the
first in the State.—Green Bay Advocate.

The Fortune of Abdallah. A PERSIAN STORY.

Abdallah was a prosperous barber of
Shiraz. He married a woman of surpassing
beauty, but excessively vain, so that his
whole substance was consumed in provid-
ing her with dresses, trinkets, and the
luxuries of a miniature harem.

Above all other women, the wife of
Hassan, the king's astrologer, was envied
by the wife of Abdallah, the unostenta-
tious barber; for this lady affected great
grandeur, and could afford it, on account
of the large salary and handsome presents
bestowed upon her husband.

One day the discontented beauty an-
nounced to Abdallah that she would no
longer continue to live with him unless he
gave up the miserable business of barber
and adopted that of astrology. In vain
did he represent to her that trimming
beards was his habit, while of astrological
predictions he knew nothing; she in-
sisted, and the unfortunate man infatua-
ted by affection, resolved to obey.

So observing the eccentric practices of
the astrologers, he took a brass basin and
a pestle of steel into the bazaar, and smit-
ing his basin, cried aloud that he would
calculate nativities, predict the events of
the future, detect thieves, and recover
lost property. His neighbors were aston-
ished, and one and all said, "Abdallah,
the barber is certainly mad!" But it
chanced that a certain lady returning
from the bath walked through the bazaar
with her veil torn; she appeared in great
distress, and upon hearing the cry of Ab-
dallah, sent one of her slaves to him with
this message: "If you are an impostor,
my husband shall cause you to be basti-
naded; if you are really an astrologer,
inform me where I shall find a necklace
of pearls which I have lost this day."—

Poor Abdallah, bewildered, gazed upon
the lady, and gaining time to invent an
answer, said: "She can will the pearls
when they are near, for the veil is torn!"
These words were reported to her by the
slave, and she uttered a cry of joy. "Ad-
mirable prophet," she exclaimed; "I placed
my pearls for safety in a rent that is in
the veil of the bath; and she ordered Ab-
dallah to be presented with forty gold pieces.
Now, it should be known that in the Per-
sian baths there are screens, the name of
which is the same as the native word for
"veil." So Abdallah, by a luck accident
of speech, had not only saved himself
from the bastinado, but he gained forty
pieces of gold.

At length, another lady, the wife of the
king's treasurer, made her appearance,
and just at that moment a messenger from
the treasurer came up to Abdallah, in the
bazaar, and spoke to him. The lady stood
close by, and listened. "Abdallah," said
the slave, "my master has lost the king's
great ruby; if you can't read the stars thou
canst find it; if not thou art a pretender,
and I will assuredly cause thee to be basti-
naded." This time the unfortunate bar-
ber was at his wit's end. "Oh, woman!"
he exclaimed, "thou art the author of this!"
He meant his own wife, but the wife of the
treasurer, who stood by imagined he re-
ferred to her. Guilt is always pale, the
poet says. She herself had stolen the
king's ruby, and believed that the astro-
loger was aware of her crime. So when
the messenger had departed, leaving the
barber petrified with perplexity, she ap-
proached him, and said, in a soft tone—
"O, astrologer! I confess that in an hour
of avarice I took the jewel. Restore it,
without sending me to condemnation!"—
Abdallah sternly replied—"Woman, I
know thy guilt. Where is the jewel?"—
She answered—"Under the fourth cushion
from the door, in the apartment of Kash-
on, my lord's Galician slave." Abdallah
hastened to the palace, was rewarded with
a robe of honor, a thousand gold pieces,
and a costly ornament.

Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed
once more. The king's treasure had
been broken open, and forty chests of
money had been discovered. The royal
astrologer had tried every sort of divina-
tion and failed, and was therefore in dis-
grace. But the fame of Abdallah, which
was now spoken of in all Shiraz, had
reached the ear of the king, who sent for
him, and gave him audience in the Hall
of Kalnet Serpenchidch. "Abdallah,"
said, with a severe expression in his face,
said, with a severe expression in his face,
"Art thou truly able to read the stars?"—
"Put me to the proof!" answered the bar-
ber, who was now prepared for the worst.
Then discover the forty chests of money
which have been stolen, as well as the
criminal. Succeed, and then thou shalt
marry a princess, and become my minist-
er; fail, and I will hang thee!" There
must have been forty thieves! said Ab-
dallah, making a fortunate and not very
difficult guess. "Grant me forty days!"—
"Forty days thou shalt have," said the
king, "and then thou shalt die, or live for
riches and honor."

So the barber went home and told his
wife, and said, "I have forty days to live;
I will sit upon my prayer mat and medi-
tate on the evils of life and the blessings
of death. Give me, I beg thee, forty beans.
At the hour of evening prayer, daily I
will give the one, that, by counting the
remainder, I may remember how many
days I have to live." She complied; and
every day at the exact hour of sunset, Ab-
dallah gave her a bean, and said, with
great firmness and solemnity, "There is
one of them!" And on the last day, he
said, in an excited manner, "There are the
whole forty of them!" What was his as-
tonishment when, at the instant, a violent
knocking was heard at the door! A
crowd of men were admitted, and one of
them, evidently the chief, said: "O, Ab-
dallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive
the forty chests of gold untouched, but
spare our lives!" In supreme bewilder-
ment he answered: "This night I should
have seized thee and thy wretched com-
panions; tell me on thy head, how know-
est thou that I possessed this knowledge?"
"We heard," said the chief of robbers, "that
the king had sent for thee. Therefore
one of us came, at the hour of sunset, to
listen at thy door, and heard thee say,
'There is one of them.' We would not
believe his story, and sent two to ascer-
tain it, and thou wast heard to say, 'there
are two of them; and this night, O won-
derful! thou didst exclaim, 'There are the
whole forty; but restore the king's
money, and do not deliver us unto the
executioners.'"

Abdallah promised to do what he could.
Being admitted to the palace, he declared
that owing to some mystery of the stars, it
was given to him to discover either the
thieves or the treasure, but not both. The
monarch at length, contented to take the
forty chests, and fulfilled his promise to
Abdallah.

From the Country Gentleman: Fattening Hogs.

To give hogs a start, when first put up
for fattening, there is in my opinion no
better food than good ripe pumpkins boil-
ed and steamed with a moiety of potatoes,
and that well seasoned with meal scalded
in and mixed with milk. There is a sweet-
ness in the boiled pumpkin, which is very
attractive to his pigskin. Indeed all the
trouble with this kind of food is, that it
is difficult to get enough to supply their
wants. The writer has fed to a pen of 20
two kettles, of 60 gallons per day for
some two weeks. I think to commence
on it is even preferable to hard corn.

While upon this subject, allow me just
to suggest how large an amount of good
fertilizing matter is usually thrown away
in fecking our pork. The common course
is to have an enclosed pen for the swine
to eat and sleep in, and all the manure
made usually goes into an uncovered
back yard—probably a real mud hole,
where the manure made from feeding a
large quantity of grain, is allowed to go
to be leached and evaporated by the
rains and sun; and when we come to get
out this valuable compound the next
season, to apply to our soil, we find it like
the Irishman's flea—not there. Now we
all talk about the value of swine's manure
and with truth, for it is indeed supposed
to be more fertilizing than that of any
other animal. This being so, why not en-
deavor to save it, and not actually throw
it away in the manner described? If no
better remedy presents, just make a tem-
porary cover to the hog yard of rough-
boards, or anything that will keep out
water, and just supply the pigs with plen-
ty of material to work up—muck turf,
straw, weeds, leaves, or indeed almost
anything of a decaying vegetable nature,
and the thing is done—, when perchance
the next season you will find that instead
of five loads of leached manure, you will
have just four times the amount, and a
little better article at that.

Now, brother farmers, is this mere
theory, and as such, unworthy of a trial
—not worth the time and expense? We
all know "the more manure, the better
crops," and will not a course of this kind
tend to enhance the manure heap?
W. J. FETTER.

I Wonder.

When a young man is clerk in a store
and dresses like a prince, smokes "foine
segars," drinks "choise brandy," attends
theatres, balls and the like, I wonder if
hes it upon the avails of his clerkship?
When a young lady sits in the parlor
all day, with her lily white fingers
covered with rings, I wonder if her mother
den't wash the dishes and do the work in
the kitchen?
When a deacon of the church sells
strong butter recommending it as excel-
lent and sweet, I wonder!
When a man goes three times a day to
get a dram, I wonder if he will not by
and by go four times?

When a young lady laces her waist a
third smaller than nature made it, I won-
der if her pretty figure will not shorten
her life some dozen years or more, be-
sides make her miserable while she does
live?
When a young man is dependent upon
his daily toil for his income, and marries
a lady who does not know how to make a
loaf of bread, or mend a garment, I wonder
if he is not lacking somewhere, say
toward the top for instance?
When a man receives a periodical or
newspaper weekly, and takes great deli-
ght in reading them, but neglects to pay
for them, I wonder!

A very singular circumstance happened
to a young lady in Cincinnati a few nights
since. The evening or all the day previ-
ous, she had been complaining of a severe
pain in the head and eyes, more particu-
larly the latter. Judge of her astonish-
ment and that of her friends to find the
following morning, that during the night
she had become completely cross-eyed.