

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, & C. & C.

Printed and Published, Weekly, by George M. Phillips, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLII—No. 15.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1890.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 8.—NO. 9.

TERMS.

The "Carlisle Herald & Expositor" will be issued WEEKLY, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, \$3.00 at the end of six months, and \$5.00 if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

AGENTS.

The following named persons have been appointed agents for the "Carlisle Herald & Expositor," to whom payment for subscription and advertisement can be made.

D. SMELLY, Esq., Shrewstown, Camb. Co.	
SCOTT COYLE, Esq., Newville	do
P. KOONTZ, Esq., Newburgh	do
TROS. W. HINES, Esq., Shippensburg	do
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq., do	do
J. MATHER, Esq., Hagerstown	do
R. WILSON, Esq., Mechanicsburg	do
WILLIAM RUSSELL, Esq., Hopewell	do
H. STURGEON, Esq., C. urchdown	do
DR. ASA WHITE, New Cumberland	do
THOS. BLACK, Esq., Bloomfield, Perry county	do
A. BLACK, Esq., Lantshurg	do

PRODUCE & COMMISSION WAREHOUSE

THE undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Franklin and Cumberland counties, that he has opened a WAREHOUSE in Broad Street, next door above Broad Street Hotel, for the sale of all kinds of Country Produce, and respectfully solicits consignments.

From his general acquaintance, knowledge of business, and the extensive facilities he has provided for the interest of his customers, he flatters himself that he will be able to render general satisfaction.

JACOB BERLIN, Philadelphia, May 1, 1838.

References:
Philip Berlin, Chambersburg.
David Malton, Esq., Shippensburg.
Geo. W. Hines, Esq., do
J. Sawyer, Esq., Newville.
Geo. Sam'l Alexander, Esq., Carlisle.
W. M. Henderson, Esq., Harrisburg.
Jacob Rupp, Esq., do
Geo. W. Layng, Esq., do

Cleaning and Coloring Silks, Crapes, Merinos, and Wools of all kinds, also Wool Dyeing & Scouring.

MRS. JANE M. MURRAY, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that she has commenced the cleaning and scouring silks, crapes, merinos and all kinds of wools, also wool dyeing & scouring in all its various branches. She may be found at her residence in Church Alley, a few doors below the Grocery Store of Captain George W. Cahall, where work will be promptly received, and executed in a neat and handsome manner.

Carlisle, October 20, 1838.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at Dr. Myers' Drug and Book Store, at Carlisle, Pa., are:
The Bridgewater Treatises.
Lockhart's Life of Burns.
The Divorced, by Madame Bury-Walshington, or the Camerons.
The Liad, by Miss Sedgwick.
Diary of the times of George IV. Condensed.

FOR SALE.

TWO FARMS, adjoining each other, one containing One Hundred and Eighty Acres, and the other One Hundred and Sixty Acres, of first quality Limestone Land, in a good state of cultivation. These farms are situated on the Loyal Spring, in South Middleton township, Cumberland county, about six miles south of Carlisle, and within sight of two first class merchant mills on the said spring. The improvements are—

STONE HOUSE AND STONE BARN.

A further description is unnecessary, as purchasers will view the premises and judge for themselves. Possession will be given on the first of April next. An inquisitive eye will be given to the terms apply to the subscriber in Carlisle, Pa.

FORWARDING MERCHANTS.

Are prepared to receive and effect sales of any produce, provisions, or merchandise, which may be entrusted to their charge.

Liberal Advances will be made, when required, until sales are effected. All goods are forwarded by Rail Road or Canal, destined West, will receive prompt attention.

Robert Fleming, Carlisle and Camb. Co., Phila.
Samuel Smith, do
Wm. H. Thompson & Co., do
Johnston & Fung, do
Samuel Bishland, do
J. Logan Smith, Esq., Camb. Co., Pa.
King & Holmes, do
Kings, High & Anderson, do
Maclean & Kelly, do
Andrew Jones & Co., do
Edward G. Fair & Co., do
Sterling, Ward & Boche, do
Wm. Alexander & Co., do
William Crooke & Co., do

FORWARDING & Commission HOUSE.

I WOULD respectfully offer my professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity. He has taken rooms at Colonel Ferree's Hotel, where he may be found at all hours. Persons requesting it will be waited upon at their residences.

RAIL ROAD.

At the West end of High Street, directly Opposite Dickinson College, where they can at all times be seen and forwarded to Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

FREE BEEHIVES.

JUST received a lot of Leaf and Brown Sugar, Coffee, Beans, Molasses, Nutmegs, Cloves and very fine Tea—sold low for cash.

SOFT SHELL ALMONDS.

Just received from a Philadelphia wharf manufacturer a most splendid lot of soft-shell almonds, and gentlemen riding whips of the latest style, and for sale by

Forwarding and Commission House.

WEAVER & MILLER, HAVE taken large and commodious WAREHOUSE, lately erected on the Canal and Rail Road, below the foot of Chestnut street, Harrisburg, where their arrangements are such that they can at all times forward produce and merchandise, with promptness and dispatch, to the following places, viz:

Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Columbia, Baltimore, Carlisle, Chambersburg, and all intermediate places.

FURNACE & FORGE FOR SALE.

WHAT well-known first-rate property, called the Mount Holy Iron Works, situated about six miles south-east of Carlisle and the Cumberland Valley Rail Road, having erected thereon a Furnace and Forge, 1 Smithshop, 2 Carpenters' shops, a Warehouse and Office, 2 Mansion houses of stone, a Bank, Barn and Stable, thirty Tonnages for workers, with a stream of water of great power, sufficient for an extensive Rolling Mill, or a National Foundry, and also several tanks of Ore.

By the payment of a reasonable sum in hand, a liberal time will be given for the remainder of the purchase money.

Application (if by mail, post paid,) to be made to W. M. GRIMSIAW, Harrisburg, Dec. 31, 1838.—G.

NOTICE.

THE creditors of William B. Milligan, are hereby notified that the subscribers have been appointed Trustees under a domestic attachment, and that all persons are requested to present their claims against the said W. B. Milligan, to the subscribers, on or before the 20th of February next, and those who are indebted are requested to make payment otherwise suits will be commenced by the Trustees.

JACOB MYERS, ALEXANDER KERR, Trustees. SCOTT COVILE, Newville, December 31, 1838.—G.

EXCHANGE BANK AND SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

No 66 South 4th street PHILADELPHIA. Open daily for the transaction of business from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Depositors of money received, for which the following rate of interest will be allowed:
1 year 6 per cent. per annum.
3 months 5
6 months 4

On business deposits, to be drawn at the pleasure of the depositor, no interest will be allowed. Interest on deposits of Solvent Banks, in every part of the U. States will be received as Special Deposits, on such terms as may be agreed on in each particular case.

J. DESSA, Cashier. Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1838.—G.

Assignment Notice.

WHEREAS Jessé H. Johnston died on the 29th day of November, execute to the subscribers a deed of assignment of all his effects, including his books and accounts, for the benefit of his Creditors. Notice is hereby given to all those who are indebted to said Jessé H. Johnston, or to the firm of Johnston & Newman, on bond, note or book account to make payment thereof forthwith, and all those having claims against said Johnston, or against the firm of Johnston & Newman to present them for settlement.

W. M. PORTER, Assignee. J. P. LANE, do. Carlisle, Jan. 4th, 1839.

NOTICE.

It is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of William Carothers, deceased, late of Westmoreland township, Cumberland county, have this day been issued in due form of law to the subscriber, who resides in the township aforesaid; all persons having claims or demands against or against the said deceased, are requested to make known the same without delay; and those indebted to said estate will present their claims properly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE HEIKES, Executor. December 12, 1838.—G.

NOTICE.

The subscriber residing in Monroe township, having taken letters of administration on the estate of Enoch Wolf late of said township dead, hereby gives notice to all persons who know themselves indebted to the estate of said dead, to come forward and make payment, and all those who have claims against said estate will present them to the subscriber duly authenticated.

DR. J. C. LOONIS, Dentist.

I WOULD respectfully offer my professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity. He has taken rooms at Colonel Ferree's Hotel, where he may be found at all hours. Persons requesting it will be waited upon at their residences.

FLOUR.

JUST received and for sale a quantity of Family FLOUR, a supply of which will be kept constantly on hand, and delivered to families in any part of the town by

MURRAY & FLEMING. January 1, 1839.

POETRY.

With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens culled with care.

From the Christian Statesman.
ON SEEING A TABLE MADE OF WOOD FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Hail, sacred relic—can it be
Judea's dust have nurtur'd thee?
Say, didst thou rear a verdant crest,
And spread in branches bold and fair,
Upon that mountain's hollow'd breast,
Where erst my Saviour knelt in prayer?

Borne on, by Fancy's swelling tide,
Deep visions of thy glory fling
Mechinks upon my pillow'd head
The pilgrim's kiss might be forgiven,
Or low the meek enthusiast bow
Before thee, as a shrine from Heaven.

On those whose table here below
At thy last supper held a foe,
Touch us a sleepless watch to set;
From every traitorous sin to flee,
And by thy prayer on Olivet,
Protect us, when we fly to thee?
Harford, (Cont.) L. H. S.

TO AN UGLY OLD WOMAN ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.

I cannot, without telling lies,
Defend the lightning of your eyes,
For madam, to declare the truth,
You've neither beauty, shape nor youth,
How'er, all-flattery apart,
You've played your cards with such art,
When young no lover saw your charms,
Or pressed you in his eager arms,
But triumphs your old age attend,
And you begin where others end.

MISCELLANY.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.
SHORT YARNS OF A LONG VOYAGE.

Flores—Singular Fancy—A Whale Killed—Hot Shot—Certain Cure for the Rheumatism—Singular Circumstances—The Skipper's Grog—Bovanista—Preparations for a Struggle.

We lay off and on Flores for three days, during which time we got on board a supply of potatoes, pumpkins, (the best, by the way, that I ever tasted) onions, &c., and "the old sow and little pigs," fowls, fruit, and a plentiful supply of bread—this latter gentleman, however, is no sailor, and a few days at sea generally terminates his mortal existence. The natives here are mostly of port Portuguese and part Negro descent, and when we landed, were poorly clothed, eager to traffic fur, wine, and the pretty fair baskets they manufacture, for knives, clothes, or money. They are uncleanly in their habits, and covered with vermin; and it was rather disgusting to see them sit leisurely down and overhaul each other's caputs, and when they found a resident, crack the poor little unfortunate between their teeth—alright! "De gustibus," &c. may be a very good notion, but I can't say it suited my stomach.

Our operations here completed, we bore away to southward. A look out was now kept from the fore and main topgallant head for whales, and the day after we lost sight of Flores we "raised a whale." "There she blows," resounded from all quarters, and amidst hurra, bustle, and no little confusion, the three boats were lowered, and in a few hours we had him alongside. That night he lay hove to, and the gray and white sharks played round us with glee at their approaching banquet. As I shall take occasion hereafter, to give a detailed account of the manner of taking and "cutting in" the whale and trying out the oil, we will, at present, let it pass. The next day he was cut in, and the night and part of the following morning was passed in trying out the blubber. And a jolly looking set we were—as we hovered around the fry works—the red glare of the fire beautifying our respectable vision's in a very peculiar manner. The mate, with his skimmer in hand, turning out the scraps, with his chin garnished with a beard of a week's growth—Griffith, with a red cap, overhauling his broad, ruddy, and well bearded countenance, now thoroughly soiled, as well as his dress, with oil—a duck shirt, and canvas trousers, and a long poker in his hands, stirring up the fry, and groaning like so many imps on the errands of mischief—say, it put me in mind of the sort of scenery they have down below most amazingly.

"The mate was in good humor—as the fires grew steady and the works hot, the oil became firmer in color. "Fine white oil, this Mr. Griffith, for a young bull," said he, as he turned some of it from his ladle into the cooler, "white enough this, for the old lady's glass lamp ashore."

"Sartin, sir, I never see prettier!" "Take that, you scoundrel, as he hove a hot scrap at a shark that poked his head impudently out of the water. The shark lit at a bolt!" "Once, sir, when I was aboard the old Thunderbolt, I saw a shark devour a man!"

"How was that?" "Why, sir, we were making long boards off and on Jamaica, looking out for the

Buccaners, that had begun to be troublesome in that quarter, an arrow and then, we got a piece of fresh meat from the shore—this spoiled our appetites for old salt junk in its natural state, you see—so when we get our allowance for the mess, we just sling it with a piece of spun yarn from the spirit sail yard, so that it soaked in the water and freshened its nip a bit. Well, there was a cursed shark that followed the ship, and every now and then bolted a piece of our beef, and so brought our mess upon short allowance. So we watched him, and one day heated a thirty-two pound shot, red hot, while old Tom Beverly tantalized him with the piece of beef, holding it to his nose one minute, and jerking it away whenever he made a rush for it—He soon got ravenous enough. So he gave the beef a last jerk, and dropped the shot in its place—the old commodore made a clean sweep, and caught it at least two feet from the vessel. My eyes, what a missing it made! I've an idea that chap's appetite for salt junk was as well cured as the Frenchman was of the rheumatism."

"I should think it was—who was the Frenchman, and how was he cured? I have it myself, sometimes, and should like to know."

"I don't believe you'll like the method, sir. As for the Frenchman, he was a kind of captain's clerk, aboard, and the poor critter had the rheumatism so bad that his legs and arms were all drawn into a heap—he had tried a good many things, when the captain of the foremast he could cure him, if he wouldn't stand at trifles. So he agreed to do anything in reason and not to stretch his conscience too taut if he went a little beyond it."

"In a day or two, the old tar caught a shark at least twelve feet long, and swung it like mad for the Frenchman. On deck he came as well as he could, so they quoted the shark a bit, ripped him open, strips the old fellow naked, and clibed him inside the shark—head out—beyond all solid, and left him to think a bit. In about a half an hour, they came back, took him out half dead, stows him away in his bunk, and wraps him up warm with a half dozen blankets. In three days after, he could run up the rigging as well as any powder monkey on board."

"I say, Mr. Griffith, ar'n't you a bit given to yarn it?"

"Not a bit, sir, not a bit—true, as I'm a sailor."

"Well, you are a sailor, I'll say that, but blow me if I ever heard of such a cure for the rheumatism before."

"Live and learn, sir, live and learn. But I say old one, what's that you're turning over the side so carefully?"

"Ah, well—I once was witness to a singular circumstance, Mr. Brown—can't say I could ever account for it rationally. Our steward, in the Trident whaler, once broke a large chipia distill—shallow it was, sir, and a foot and a half allward ships—so not caring to let the old man know anything about it, he threw it out of the cabin window. This was about two bells afternoon—the sea was as smooth as Polly Monroe's china—(you know Polly, sir—not)—Well, at eight bells I went aloft, to relieve the mizen topgallant head—I slews myself round and looking close astern, saw something dodging to and fro in the water, moving slowly down slantitudinal like, then rising slowly and again glancing down—I sung out, and they lowered a boat, and what do you think it was? I'll be hanged if it war'n't the broken dish. As fast as it went down the curve on its edge brought it up, all standing—and it couldn't sink—didn't the old nigger get a blowing up, though?"

"The mate looked at him with a quizzical expression in his eye—"That true, too, Mr. Griffith?"

"Sartin, sir; I see it with my own eyes."

"Well, it's no touch to what happened aboard the ship, last voyage. You see the old man was fond of a glass of grog now and then, and the steward didn't think so small sample of the same goods himself, so he used to knock the necks off the old man's bottles, and stow away their contents under his own belt—Well, one stormy day, we were hove under maintop sail, and the sea was going up and down as if half the world was on fire, under it, the steward came on deck and hove something to windward—the skipper sang out to him, and he went aft. In a quarter of an hour, he came forward again to look after something in the galley; just as he stooped his head to go in, we shipped a sea over the waist, and aboard came the bottle again, (for such it was) he had thrown overboard, splintered like a bombshell against the darkies' hard head. At the same moment, we all heard a voice saying, "Take that, you lubber for stealing the skipper's wine. It was Davy Jones, as I'm a sinner. The skipper's wine was safe enough after that, I tell you."

A LOVE-LETTER FROM A TAILOR TO A MANTUA MAKER.—The following letter from a tailor to his sweetheart, we clip from an Exchange: "Remnant of my hopes! May I be ripped from the borders of your esteem, and never be buttoned to the top of your kindness, but I'm strongly yanked to the hem of your beauty—My heart never lose a thimble full of your favor, but you have so entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours, that I am stark mad to be your own—Odds-bodkins! I am sure you've every stitch of me, and my needle follows you. Therefore, don't let me the point of my endeavors; but let me baste myself to your kindness, that I may set the

fight to your affections. I love you beyond measure, but it his hard to cabbage one sweet look from you, that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit—Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being my dearest little Jouncer.

FROM THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. A SKETCH—HAYNE AND WEBSTER.

Our object is to give a sketch of Congress as it is—its members and their manners; and we must be pardoned if we travel a little out of the record point of time removed some years. We refer to the great South Carolina debate which took place in the Senate Chamber upon the tariff question of 1832. We were in the gallery. The nullification fever had risen almost frenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the Lower House to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, and Daniel Webster. When we entered the Hall, General Hayne was speaking; he was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of the middle stature and well made—He was speaking energetically—his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was extremely pale; he moved up and down the aisles formed between the desks with a rapid and agitated step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. We were peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling excited in the Chamber. Mr. Calhoun, then Vice President, was in the chair, with his large, steady and vigilant eyes witnessing the great battle of his doctrines, he seemed the very spirit of embodied interests—not a word, not a gesture of General Hayne escaped his lion look. The Senate was deeply interested as a matter of course.

The language of General Hayne was rich and vigorous; and his powerful sketch of the effect of the Impost Law on the South—the description he gave of her people—his own hold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing, were evidently making a strong impression on the body. From time to time attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom General Hayne attacked under cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark, and melancholy, that man, thus assailed, sat apart, bleak and frowning as a mountain rock; he evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment—how grand that scene, and what were the meditations and spirit rallings of that dark man? His countenance wavered not during the whole of that tremendous speech; assault after assault was made upon him, but yet he neither turned to the right nor left, but calmly and gallantly like a soldier waiting the signal, he bided his hour. That time of retaliation came swift as the thoughts of vengeance to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort—the lashing sarcasm—the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language—General Hayne (we remember distinctly) changed color and appeared much disconcerted; but who that heard him will permit the narration to be forgotten—those closing passages of grandeur, that majestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country? Looking with his dark and haughty eye, through the glass dome of the chamber, over which he could see that banner flowing and delivered an apostrophe which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest—a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling, a coming from such a source, (a man generally esteemed phlegmatic,) it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset, or the gleam of summer lightning, radiating the brow of the cliff to which we have above alluded.

But those scenes are past, and the country has the benefit of those speeches but the memory of them, and the incidents that attended them, are forcibly impressed upon our mind.

COURTS.—Jonathan Dunbatter saw Prudence Feastall at meeting. Jonathan asked her to go to Prudence after meeting, and she kind a stilled off. He went closer, and asked her if she would accept the crook of his elbow. She resolved she would, and plumped her arm right round his'n. Jonathan felt it over his, and said he liked the text, "and ye shall find," was purty good reading. Prudence hinted that "ark and ye shall receive" was better. Jonathan thought so, too, but this axing was a snarl when he fixed, and sturdin warn't no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream were slick. Jonathan they warn't so slick as Pruce's lips. "Now don't," said Pruce, and she giv' Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was leetle started, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pruce knew how to make pale good bread. "Now don't," said Pruce. "I should," said Jonathan. "Now don't," said Pruce. "May be you wouldnt"—and Jonathan sneck all over, and Prudence replied, "If you be 'ooming that game, you'd better tell feyther." "That's just what I want," said Jonathan, and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were "my old man" and "my old woman."

WELLERISM.—"Rather shady here" as the cockney said, ven he vas let down into a Cornwall tin mine.

"And damp too," as the bottle said, ven it ven, sind hundred fathoms in the sea.

"That's something new," as the brewer said, ven the dancing master offered to sell him his kops.—Pic.



THE FARMER.

(From the Farmer's Cabinet.) IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

The drought of last season having destroyed or greatly injured the second crop of hay, many farmers have but a short supply for their stock the coming winter. Every means, therefore, of using this with the greatest economy should be resorted to. It has been abundantly proved, both in Europe and this country, that cutting all long feed for stock, is a gain of one-third to one-half of the cost of keeping on long or uncut food. The great objection to this mode of economizing, has heretofore been the severe or expensive labor attending it; to remove this impression that I trouble your readers with these remarks. This difficulty no longer exists, since the introduction of that new class of agricultural machines, GREEN'S STRAW CUTTER, which may almost be said to be the self-acting, so small is the force required to work it—On this point I may mention that the committee on machinery of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland, having carefully tried the "Yarkee notion," say in their Report, that "it will cut three times more than the best machines of the common sort, and with less force; that one person driving the machine, will cut with ease five hundred weight of hay or straw per hour." To the truth of this assertion I am ready to bear full testimony from my own experience. "Now, with the ascertained power to convert three tons of hay into four, by the investment of only thirty or forty dollars, it is to be hoped that no farmer will allow himself to be concerned for want of sustenance for his kine. If the hay, after being cut up, be sprinkled with lime, it is more valuable, and be eaten up cleaner, from the trough. Try it.

[We perceive the machine is still advertised for sale by Mr. I. L. Hitchcock, at Landreth's, 30 Chesnut street, and at Hirst and Droe's new and elegant establishment, No 97, same street. We are "true believers" in the economy of cutting all long feed for stock, and we constantly here Green's instrument spoken of in the highest terms of praise by those who have used it. ED. FAR CAB.]

DUTIES PERFORMED BY A GOOD FARMER.

The approach of winter induces the thoughtful, and careful and industrious farmer to look about him to see that he is prepared to meet so boisterous and inclement a season of the year in the best possible manner. His windows, his doors, and the roofs of his buildings, are all examined, and if necessary, made tight and secure—

His barn and stables are looked to, and put in order. His sheep, and hogs and poultry have all comfortable, dry lodgings prepared for them in due season; for he knows that no animal can thrive and do well, that is not well housed, and well fed, and every young made clean and comfortable. His potatoes, his sugar-beets, his turnips and all his winter fruits and vegetables are well secured against frost, and placed in such positions that ready access can be had to them; when necessary, without subjecting them to danger of injury by exposure to the weather. His fuel is so arranged and prepared for current use that his family can procure it without any unnecessary exposure to the rude blasts of winter. His fields and meadows are kept closed during the winter, and early part of spring; so that animals may not be permitted to ramble over them and injure his grounds. His barnyard is so arranged that his cattle never leave it during the period of winter feeding, by which means he saves all their manure for the nourishment of his crops. His implements of husbandry and food are all carefully housed and arranged in good order; so that they can be had when wanted for use—His garden, in which not a weed has been permitted to perfect and scatter its seed during the autumn, is thrown up into ridges about 18 inches high, and separated only by trenches extending from end to end of the beds; this he knows exposes the soil to the meliorating influence of the frost, destroys the grubs and worms which seek refuge during the winter, deep in the ground, and induces the ground moles to seek out for dryer and warmer lodgings elsewhere. By this plan of rigging his garden in the fall, as soon as the frost is out in the spring, his beds are dry and warm, and admit of being leaved and worked at once, long before fall and wet ground can with propriety be moved by the spade; this enables his family to have a supply of garden vegetables several weeks earlier than those who have less intelligence or industry; the deeper film, and more thorough pulverization of the soil, also increases the growth of the plants, and enables them the better to protect themselves against the incongeniencies of either very dry or very wet seasons.—Farmer's Cabinet.

WELLERISM.—"Rather shady here" as the cockney said, ven he vas let down into a Cornwall tin mine.

"And damp too," as the bottle said, ven it ven, sind hundred fathoms in the sea.

"That's something new," as the brewer said, ven the dancing master offered to sell him his kops.—Pic.

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