# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER EXPOSITOR OF MY LIVING ACTIONS.

CARLISLE, PENN.—Printed and Published Weekly—BY E. BEATTY.

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## HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.



**THOMAS J. BELL,**
**House Painter and Glazier,**

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has commenced the HOUSE PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPER HANGING, in all their various branches, and hopes by strict attention to business and moderate charges to merit and receive a share of public patronage. His shop is in Pitt street, directly in the rear of Stevenson & Dinkle's Drug store.

Carlisle, Oct. 12, 1842 1y.50

VALUABLE

**IRON WORKS FOR SALE.**

BY virtue of the powers and authority contained in the last will and testament of MICHAEL EGE, dec'd., I now offer for sale, the

**Carlisle Iron Works,**

Situated on the Yellow Breeches Creek, 4½ miles east of Carlisle Pa. The estate consists of a first rate

**FORGE & FURNACE,**
***with Ten Thousand Acres of Land.***

A new MERCHANT MILL with four run of stone, finished on the most approved plan: About 500 acres of the land are cleared and highly cultivated, having thereon erected

**Three Large Bank Barns**

and necessary **TENANT HOUSES.** The works are propelled by the Yellow Breeches Creek and the Boiling Spring, which neither fail nor freeze. There are upon the premises all the necessary workmens houses, coal houses, carpenter and smith shops, and stabling built of the most substantial materials. The ore of the best quality and inexhaustible, is within 2 miles of the Furnace. There is perhaps no Iron Works in Pennsylvania which possesses superior advantages and offers greater inducements to the investment of Capital. The water power is so great that it might be extended to any other manufacturing purpose. Persons disposed to purchase will of course examine the property. The terms of sale will be made known by

MARY EGE,
Executrix of Michael Ege, dec'd.

Carlisle, Oct. 19, 1842. tf-51

Baltimore Patriot, National-Intelligencer, United States Gazette publish in tri-weekly papers, to the amount of $5 and send bills to this office.

**THE N. YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,**
**By H. Greeley and T. McElrath.**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING in New York City, but mailed to distant subscribers on the Thursday preceding, and contains all the News received in New York up to and including that morning. It is a Family and Business Newspaper, printed on a very large sheet of good paper in Quarto form (eight pages per number,) and embodies a greater amount and variety of Political and General Intelligence than any other Weekly Journal. Among its contents will be found—

ORIGINAL AND SELECT LITERATURE: Consisting mainly of the best Tales, Poems, Narratives and Reviews, selected from the current American and Foreign Reviews Magazines and New Publications. Original articles of the same class will more sparingly be given, with brief Editorial Notices of all New Books of general interest;

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE. Proceedings of Congress, reported daily for the Tribune by our own Reporter, who is constantly in attendance on the session; Doings of the New York and other State Legislatures; Political Movements, Conventions, Demonstrations, &c. with early and full returns of all transpiring Elections throughout the Union. In this department, The Tribune *will not be excelled;*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE: Foreign and Domestic full and varied;

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE: Daily and Weekly Reports of the Markets, based on actual sales of Goods, Produce, Stocks, &c. with accounts of the state of Business and of all matters pertaining to Banking and Currency. A full Bank Note Table and Price Current will be given on alternate weeks.

The Editorial conduct of this paper rests with HORACE GREELEY, ably assisted in the Departments of Literary, Commercial and Miscellaneous Intelligence. In its Political course, The Tribune is ardently, inflexibly WHIG, and advocates, with its utmost energies, the PROTECTION OF HOME INDUSTRY, the restoration of a SOUND AND UNIFORM CURRENCY, the rigorous prosecution of INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, and the election of HENRY CLAY as next President of the United States.—Being sent only for cash in advance, the Publishers are enabled to afford it, notwithstanding its great size and the cost of its publication, at the low price of Two Dollars a year, Six Copies for Ten Dollars, or Ten Copies for Fifteen Dollars. Vol. II. commences with over 9,000 subscribers on the 17th of September. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

GREELEY & McELRATH, Publishers.
New York, Nov. 9, 1842.

Estate of Joseph Connelley, deceased.

**Notice**

IS HEREBY GIVEN that letters testamentary on the last will and testament of JOSEPH CONNELLY, late of West Pennsborough township, Cumberland county, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to

SAMUEL M'CORMICK,
Nov. 2d, 1842.—6t *Executor*

**Cleaning & Coloring**
**SILKS, CRAPES, MERINOES,**
***And Woolens of all kinds.***
**Also, Wool Dyeing & Scouring.**

**MRS. JANE M'MURRAY**

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that she still continues Coloring and Scouring

**Silks, Crapes, Merinoes and Woolens of all kinds;**

ALSO, WOOL DYEING AND SCOURING, in all its various branches. She may be found at her residence in Church Alley, opposite Education Hall, where work will be thankfully received, and executed in a neat and handsome manner.

**Boots, Shoes and Caps.**

MEN'S, Boy's and Youth's Boots, fine and coarse, Men's, Boy's and Youth's Brogans and Shoes, also Men's and Ladie's Elastic and leather over Shoes, furred Ladies silk lined and wadded gaiters, a french article—Bronze & kid slippers, white kid & satin slippers, and a full assortment of all kinds of Shoes. Mens, Boys and Youths CAPS, latest style. Cheaper than ever for cash.

WM. M. MATEER.
November 2, 1842. tf-53

**CHEAP GROCERIES.**

JUST received a fresh lot of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Chocolate, Cloves, Nutmegs, Rice, Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Cinnamon, &c. &c., all of which I will sell at greatly reduced prices for cash.

CHAS. OGILBY.
October 26, 1842. tf-52


## POETRY.

### HENRY CLAY

ON RETIRING FROM THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

WAIL for the glorious Pleiad fled—
Wail for the ne'er returning star,
Whose mighty music ever led
The spheres in their high home afar!
Bring burial weeds? and sable plume?
What—lift the funeral song of wo
Such as should o'er the loved one's tomb
In Sorrow's tenderest accents flow?
Ah! Freedom's kindling minstrel, no!
Strike! strike with a triumphant hand
Thy harp, and let its swelling roll
Speak, through the borders of our land
The might—the beauty of that soul
Whose Genius is our guardian light
Through sunny ray or darkling night—
A worshipped Pharos in the sea,
Lifting on high its fearless form,
To guide the vessel of the Free
Safe through the fury of the storm.

PRIDE OF THE WEST! whose clarion tone
Thrilled grandly through her forest lone,
And waked to bounding life the shore
Where Darkness only sat before—
How millions bent before thy shrine,
Beholding there a light divine—
Caught on the golden chain of love,
From its majestic source above.

STAR OF OUR HOPE! when Battle's call
Had wove the soldier's gory pall—
When blazing o'er the troubled seas,
Death came tumultuous on the breeze,
And men beheld Columbia's frame
Scorched by the lurid lexin-flame—*
Thou! thou didst pour the patriot-strain,†
And thrilled with it each bleeding vein—
Until the star-lit banners streamed
Like tempest-fires around the foe,
Whose crimson cross no longer gleamed
In triumph where it erst had beamed—
But sunk beneath our gallant blow.

SUN OF THE FREE! where Summer smiles
Eternal o'er the clustered isles—
Where Greece unsheathed her olden blade
For Glory in the haunted shade—
Where Chimborazo stands sublime,
A land-mark by the sea of Time—†
Thy name shall, as a blessing given
For Man, oh! never to depart,
Peal from our gladdened Earth to Heaven—
The warm, wild music of the heart.

PRIDE OF THE JUST! what though dark Hate
Her phrensied storm around thee rolls—
Has it not ever been the fate
Of all this Earth's truth-speaking souls?
Lightnings may play upon the rock
Whose star-kissed forehead woos the gale,
While they escape the thunder-shock
Who dwell within the lonely vale—
Living unnoted!—not so thou,
Chief of the fearless soul and brow!
Yet let the lightning and the storm
Beat on thy long-devoted form!
The silvery day-beam bursts! and lo!
Around thee curls the Promise-Bow!

Look! on yon height Columbia stands—
Immortal laurels in her hands!
And hark her voice—"RISE! FREEMEN, RISE!
Unloose the chain from ev'ry breast;
See! see the splendor in yon skies
Flashed from the bosom of the WEST!"
Roused at the sound, lo! millions leap
Like giants from inglorious sleep!
What cries are here? What sounds prevail?
Whose name is thundering on the gale?—
(Far in the mountains of the North—
Far in the sunny South away—
A winged lustre bounding forth)—
The deathless name of HENRY CLAY!

* Alluding to his efforts as Republican leader in Congress during the late War.

† Who can forget Henry Clay's burning eloquence in advocacy of Grecian and South American Independence?

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate—
Still achieving—still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

## POLITICAL.

### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S

REMARKS TO HIS CONSTITUENTS, CONCERNING THE PUBLIC LANDS AND THE TARIFF.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I have opened and exposed to your view the dark chambers of the motive of Andrew Jackson, who first broached the doctrine of giving away those public lands to speculating adventurers, or to the States in which they are situated, and of John Tyler, for adhering with such unrelenting tenacity to the system of squandering the whole of this exhaustless treasure in the current annual expenditures of the National Administration; in doubling armies, quadrupling navies, and filching funds to buy up popular newspapers and hungry sycophants to pander for Presidential electioneerers. The motive is one, though the means are not the same. It comes from the store-house of Nullification: twin brother to the forty bale theory, and the outlawry of domestic industry, already disclosed to you by the letter of my friend, Mr. Nathan Appleton. It is of the same family with the war against Mexico for the annexation of Texas; with the war against England for the island of Cuba; or to burn at the stake the self-emancipators of the Creole. Its most dreaded foes are the self-evident truths, the right of petition, the panoply of the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, the freedom of speech, of the press, and of the legislative debate. The first founder of the family is SLAVERY. Its ultimate aspiration of destiny is the dominion of the slave-ridden over the free. Its antipathy to the African slave trade is for the monoply of the market in human flesh. Its fearful but remorseless foreboding of the future is the freedom of all mankind: and its abhorrence of all internal improvement by the mighty arm of the Union is to rivet forever the manacles and fetters of the slave.

To wrest from the people of the free States the property which would enable them to pursue, without overburdensome taxation, their own ardent impulse to the improvement of their own condition, Mr. Tyler conceived the device of diverting all those funds into the muddy stream of the daily national expenditures, with which they would run down and be lost. Mr. Tyler vetoes the Tariff because it departs from the compromise, to which he attaches some mystified moral obligation, and because it clashes with a condition which *he* had tacked to it, in direct violation of the compromise itself. For I have shown you that the compromise act of 1833, so far from contemplating or authorizing the application of any part of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the expenditures of the National Administration, was presented to the President together with *another* act for distributing all the nett proceeds of the land sales among the States for five years. That act emanated from the same source, and was sanctioned by the same Congress, at the same time with the compromise act, and, although on another roll of parchment, as a system of administration, formed a part of it; and to tell us now that the seizure of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to supply the deficiencies of the horizontal twenty per cent. impost duties, carries with it a moral obligation of reverence for the compromise of 1833, is no better than an attempt to blind our eyes in the act of picking our pockets.

Fellow-citizens, I had long entertained and cherished the hope that these public lands were among the chosen instruments of Almighty power, not only of promoting the virtue, welfare, and happiness of millions upon millions of individuals and families of the human race, but of improving the condition of man, by establishing the practical self-evident truth of the natural equality and brotherhood of all mankind, as the foundation of all human government, and by banishing slavery from the earth. The extent of territory, the fertility of soil, the salubrity of climate, the intersection of mighty rivers, with the numberless multitude of their tributary streams, were all signal indications of the purpose they were granted to accomplish. The admirable system of Territorial Government provided for them by the Congress of the Confederation, the unfading glory not only of Nathan Dane, but of Thomas Jefferson—and especially that fundamental principle of their Constitution, that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude throughout the land, seemed to me like the voice of the precursor in the wilderness announcing the advent of the Saviour of mankind. Was all this a Utopian day-dream? Is the one talent, entrusted by the Lord of the harvest for the improvement of the condition of man, to be hidden under a bushel? Is the lamp destined to enlighten the world to be extinguished by the blasting breath of slavery? The project first proclaimed by Andrew Jackson in his annual message of December, 1832, of giving away the national inheritance to private land-jobbers, or to the States in which they lie, and to renounce forever all national revenue to be derived from them, was the consummation of the Maysville road veto policy, and the substitute for nullification to perpetuate the institution of slavery and its dominion over the North American Union.

The contrivance of Mr. John Tyler to waste all the proceeds of the land sales, by absorbing them in the gulph of the annual expenditures of the Federal Government, is a more insidious, a more plausible, but equally fatal expedient to divert the unparalleled bounties of Providence from the cause of freedom to the cause of oppression; from the improvement, to the degradation of the condition of man. The *proviso* of the 6th section of the act of September, 1841, to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and to grant pre-emption rights, suspending the distribution whenever the impost duties upon any article exceed 20 per cent. was a *lack* added to the bill in its passage through the Senate after it had passed the House—added to the dictation of Mr. Tyler, upon the usual intimation that, without it, he would veto the bill. It was equivalent to a fraudulent nullification of the distribution itself in the very process of enacting it. For no one knew better than Mr. Tyler that a horizontal impost duty of 20 per cent. could not possibly supply the indispensable necessities of the Treasury, and that a suspension upon that condition against concurring with the Senate in adopting this *lack*, which was carried in the House by Whigs against their own opinions, as more than one of them avowed to me, and in compliance with their overruling propensity to yield to the humours of Mr. Tyler. He, therefore, was the very individual who linked the two subjects so incongruous together, the very reason which he assigns in the fore front of the veto on the second tariff bill. The real motive to snatch from the people of the separate States the means of paying their debts, and accomplishing their great undertakings of internal improvements forever, and the primary spur to the motive, was the supremacy, present and protective, of the slavery over the freedom of the Union.

The persevering and unremitted exertions of the Whig majorities in both Houses of Congress, at the recent session, to rescue this treasure of the separate States from the grasp of the spoiler, and the convulsive struggle with which he clung to his hold upon it, have been witnessed by you all. The Whig majorities concurred with me to the last moment in the opinion that the enactment at that time, even of a protective tariff, indispensable as it was to the urgent necessities of the Treasury, to the punctuality of the national good faith, and to the suffering industry of free labor, was yet but a secondary object to that of retaining unimpaired the birth-right of the People's inheritance—the proceeds of the public lands, the best gift of God to them and their posterity for all future time. To this opinion I firmly adhered, nor have I yet yielded it to the event. But when it became apparent that the beggary of the Treasury, the glaring wreck not only of free labor, but of all the great interests of the nation, and the good name of the nation itself crumbling into ruin under the repudiation of State debts, were as nothing in the eyes of Mr. Tyler compared with the glory of seizing upon the property of the States to pay the daily expenses of his Administration, then their hearts relented, and in view of the agonizing distress of their country, to use the beautiful allusion of the true-hearted Stanly, like the true mother in the judgment of Solomon, they surrendered the darling child to the false pretender rather than receive the half of the mangled corpse as their own. They passed the tariff bill without repealing the suspensive proviso, and surrendered for the moment the property of their constituents to the rapacity and exhortation of Captain Tyler

I cannot share with them the honor of this great sacrifice, but I freely yield it to them. The tariff, as it is, has given some relief to the exquisite suffering of all interests throughout the Union. I fondly hope that it may definitively yield more, much more relief, though I have no expectation that it will supply the indispensable wants of the Treasury. Notwithstanding the large retrenchments made at the last session of Congress of the expenditures in the War and Navy Departments and in the civil list, instead of the enormous *increase* recommended by Mr. Tyler and his Secretaries, it appears by an official publication by the Clerk of the House of Representatives that the actual appropriations amounted to a very trifle less than twenty-five millions of dollars. I hazard nothing in saying that the tariff, even with the superadded plunder of the public lands, will not yield twenty. The national debt is yet unprovided for, and is daily increasing. The democracy of Congress have been complimented for what they certainly never have claimed, their share of the enactment of the tariff without distribution; while the trumpet sound of repeal is wafted to our ears on the wings of every Southern breeze. But the Whig majorities in both Houses of Congress, when they surrendered for the moment the dividends already due to their States of the proceeds of the lands, had no intention to surrender or abandon the principles of their right. One half year of their dividends was already due and payable to them, and they passed a separate act to repeal the proviso suspensive of the distribution. Mr. Tyler, stiffening in his resistance to them in proportion to the humility of their concessions to him, neither approved and signed the bill, nor returned it with his objections, but smothered it with a pocket veto.

The tariff act is eminently protective, far more than it is financial; and its approval and signature by any other than the accidental President, might be considered as a formal renunciation of that religious veneration for the compromise of 1833 which he has announced as an article in his code of moral obligations. But little reliance is to be placed on the steadfastness of the tariff, and as to the currency, the circulation of exchanges, the fiscal corporation, or the exchequer of issues, the first step is yet to be taken, to redeem the prostrated reputation and credit of the nation.

## FARMER'S CORNER.

From the American Farmer.

### WINTER KILLED WHEAT.

A PRACTICAL REMEDY.

Facts, like figures, are stubborn things in all the vocations of life, and in none is their efficacy more valuable than in that of the husbandman, for after all that may be said of theories, there is nothing like having facts to back them. The following successful experiment by a western farmer, to repair the injury arising from a thin standing of plants in the spring, on a field of autumnal sown wheat, is worthy of consideration. It was made by Mr. Stiles S. Carpenter, of Van Buren County, Iowa territory. We, as our readers do know, are not the advocates of sowing *spring wheat*, but when from casualty, a field of winter wheat may be too thin in the spring to yield a remunerating crop, we think that such an experiment as was so successfully tried by Mr. Carpenter, would not be amiss, and with a view of bringing the subject before our readers, we make the following extract from a communication of the above named gentleman, which we found in the Union Agriculturalist.

"*Wheat.*—As I am writing for the purpose of gaining information, I will mention the result of an experiment I tried in raising wheat. From the appearance of my winter wheat this spring, I found it would be a very doubtful crop, and I sowed on to the ground spring wheat, which I harrowed in pretty thoroughly with an iron tooth harrow. I have harvested it, and it will yield an average crop of nearly, or quite, thirty bushels per acre. I sowed Italian bald, which makes nearly as good flour as the best winter wheat. The winter wheat crop in the prairie was much damaged from a very severe drought in the spring, though some of my neighbor farmers think it was frozen out; but, from the result of my observation, I am satisfied that wheat in this country seldom, if ever, is injured by the ground heaving, or freezing out, as it is called. To obviate this difficulty, my opinion is, that wheat should be sown early. I should like to hear more from the farmers about the best and most successful method of cultivating this staple article."

### BLUE GRASS PASTURE.

☞ The Baltimore American Farmer says: We have several times called the attention of our readers to the subject of the culture of Blue Grass as a means of providing permanent pasture for their stock. It is is their attention to this part of husbandry, which gives the Kentucky farmers such decided advantages as graziers over those of every other State, and which makes their woodland pastures the theme of praise to every stranger who visits them. Among the traits peculiar to this fine grass, are those of growing in the shade with luxuriance, of enduring for many years, and of being equally good when fed green or in hay.

We have heretofore expressed the wish that some one of our Maryland farmers would set a woodland, or other field which he could spare, in this grass, and we will again repeat that wish, as we desire to see it practiced upon. With these remarks we call attention to the following communication from the Union (Ill.) Agriculturist:

BLUE GRASS.—Blue Grass will grow upon any of the soils of Illinois, but it delights in a moist situation. Hence swails, level or wet prairie, bottom-landed and barrens, are best adapted to its cultivation. It suffers in the summer upon the rolling prairie, unless mixed with clover, which by its broad leaves, protects the roots of blue grass from the rays of the sun, or unless it is suffered to grow unmolested in which case it protects itself. Close feeding in the summer will keep it short and stinted until the fall rains set in.

*Sowing.*—The seed ripens the 1st of July. Hence any time after until October will answer for sowing. It is better that it should get a start in the fall, as it does better the succeeding season. It will not generally make a sward for itself in less than two years; hence it should be sown with other grasses, such as timothy or clover or both. Were I to set ten acres in blue grass I should pursue the following method.—Prepare the ground for wheat and make it smooth; take 1 peck of timothy, 4 qts. of clover and 4 qts. of blue grass seed, and mix them thoroughly; sow one peck of the mixture (to the acre) about 1st of September or later. If sowed without fall grain, and the season be at all favorable, a fine crop of timothy and clover may be cut the succeeding summer. Some prefer to omit the clover till spring; in which case it escapes danger from the winter. The blue grass will hardly show itself the first season, and those unacquainted with it will be apt to suppose that their seed was bad, or that it had not come up. The second season, I would pasture it with cattle or horses. This mode will have a tendency to kill out the clover and timothy, and in the fall of that season the blue grass will show itself. The teeth (as the English call it) of cattle, seems to be necessary to bring it forth thrifty, or it may be that the *mere tramping* the ground has a beneficial effect upon it.

*Seed.*—What is called striped seed is the kind commonly found in market.—Some sell what is called *cleaned* seed, but it has all the chaff in it, and is seperated from the seed stems. The stripped seed is preferred, as its elasticity prevents its suffering with dampness, as the cleaned seed sometimes does. Great care is requisite in obtaining the seed, as it frequently loses its vital qualities by storage in damp warehouses; before using the stripped seed, rub it through a common wire meal seive; this prepares it and ensures its distribution among the other seeds with which you sow it.

I presume in point of fact that blue grass sowed at any season of the year, in any manner, and upon any kind of soil will grow and flourish sooner or later, according to circumstances. Tramping the ground at intervals is of prime necessity to bring it out, as far as my observation extends.—Blue grass spreads very rapidly *by its roots*, as well as by the annual seed.

Blue grass pastures, as well as others, become what is called *hide bound*, in the course of a few years. In such a case, a sharp harrow well loaded and dragged over it, so as to tear the sod materially, or a scarifier, which should cut two or three inches in depth, will produce the best effects. In thruth, all our grasses are as much improved by *cultivation* in frequently tearing the roots, as any of our grains or vegetables. The best time for the operation is late in the fall; but spring will answer, if done early.

With my apology for not sending you the above sooner,

I remain, yours truly,
THOMAS N. WELLES.

*French Creek, Peoria co., Aug.* 1842.

### ADVANTAGE OF SOWING EARLY.

The following extract, (says the Baltimore American Farmer,) which we make from a communication of Mr. Prescott in the Union Agriculturalist, very satisfactorily shows the propriety of sowing spring grain early, and how causelessly many of us apprehend danger from frost. Besides the advantage of getting in our oats and barly, we think that this experiment should satisfy every reasonable man, that there would be an equal one resulting from planting corn much earlier than is the present custom in many parts of our country.—This thing of waiting until danger from frosts is over, we always thought to be one of the idle bug-bears of prejudice: for if the roots of the plants be bedded sufficiently low to protect them, a little nipping of the tops is but of trifling moment.

"I sowed my barley and oats on the 10th and 11th of April. It came up finely about four inches, when a frost came and cut it all down. I thought it was all killed, and should have ploughed it up if I could have got seed to sow again. As I could not, I left it standing. In a few days the crops began to sprout again, and I never saw such a growth of barley and oats. While the cold kept the grain down, it must have been sprouting all the time in the ground, for there is from four to eleven sprouts on almost every grain.

### ON CUTTING CATTLE FOOD.

A diversity of opinion exists among some as to the length which hay and straw is most advantageously cut for horses and cattle—one party contending that an inch is short enough, and the other that it is not. We incline to the former opinion, and we would respectfully offer our reasons. The object in using the straw-cutter is to prevent waste, and to facilitate the process of mastication. It is enough to get the food into the stomach, but it should go there in a proper condition for easy digestion—in a perfect masticated form, the fibre broken down, and intimately incorporated with the saliva of the glands. It is uniformly enjoined upon persons who are sickly, or have weak stomachs, and it is a common admonition to the hale, to eat slow, and chew well their food before they swallow it, that it may more readily digest. And we see that cattle, high-fed with corn and oats, often void the perfect grain, without its having benefited them a particle.—Whether this would not be more or less the case with fine-cut hay, we cannot judge from observation, but we are told it would be so. There is another difficulty to be apprehended from short-cut food, if given to ruminating animals, as cattle or sheep, which chew the cud—that they would be very liable to lose this indispensable requisite to health. At all events, there can be no doubt, that all solid food should be perfectly chewed, and mixed thoroughly with saliva, before it passes to the stomach of the animal—the grain crushed, and fibre of hay and straw broken by the teeth. To ensure this we doubt whether forage should be cut shorter than an inch, or an inch and a half. A gentleman who had fed largely with very fine cut-hay, found that much was voided in an undigested state, tinged with blood from the intestines, and that his cattle, after a few weeks, ceased to thrive.

### FOOD FOR HOGS.

Grain is worth far more, as food for animals, ground than unground. Cooking, also adds greatly to its value. Some have estimated cooked meal at fifty per cent. more in value than uncooked. There can be no doubt that grinding and cooking grain will make an improvement, far excelling in value the costs of these operations. They will probably add nearly 100 per cent. to the value of the food.

It is well to have a mixture of food for hogs; it is less cloying, and induces more thrift. Roots of various kinds, with apples and meal, make an excellent and cheap food. Pumpkins may be added, or pumpkins, meal and apples, may be used, if no roots are at hand; sweet pumpkins and sour apples, with meal form a very palatable and nourishing dish.

All these kinds of food, excepting the meal, and that may be used sparingly, are very cheap, and yield a large amount to the acre. Apples are produced with little labor, after the trees once attain a good size. They are probably the cheapest food that can be produced in New England or the Middle States. And even in the West, where grain is raised with little expense, apples may be produced with little expense also.—*Farmer's Journal.*

### DESPAIR AND HOPE.

The raven wings of darkness overshadow me. The buoyance of youth has fled.—Grim Disappointment and dark robed Sorrow attend my steps. The very loveliness of nature is a mockery to me. What interest have I in the charms of beautiful scenery—in the glorious tints of the vaulted heavens—in the flowers that bloom in my path? The very voice of affection is, to my ears, a discordant sound. The sweet prattling of infancy is connected, in my mind, with nothing but the miseries of life. Well would it be for thee, beautiful prattler, if the gates of death would close upon thee in the morning of life, before adversity and misfortune closed thy early and fair prospects of existence. Why is it that death is painted in colors so dark, in form so terrific? Thou art to me as one all beautiful, crowned with garlands; and I fly to thy arms as a dear believer. I would embrace thee as my dearest friend.

What lonely spirit is this which thus protects me from the arrows of the destroyer? "Sweet girl, I fear him not."—"Neither should you," she replied; "but rush not unadvisedly to his arms. You will find them cold and comfortless—rather await his approach. He will come soon enough, doubt not. Dost see yonder brilliant star which shines through the thick darkness? It is, believe me, for thee the harbinger of a glorious day. Observe smiling Joy and her fair sisters by thy side—a sister's sweet voice calls thee in the distance. Despair not, but persevere, and I promise thee that wealth and honor shall be thy portion, and be secure that I shall never leave thee." She placed her hand in mine. Fair shone the heavens in the distance—the whole minstrelsy of nature greeted my ears in varied sounds of joy and merriment. I forgot the troubles and trials of life, and determined to live and enjoy life as I found it. So closely allied are Despair and Hope.

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God." Pronounce that dread mystery, and each star above will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of Island and main? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attunes amid banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchains the lightnings that linger, and lurk, and flash in the gloom? Who gave to the eagle the eyrie, where the tempests dwell, and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forest that ever echoes to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made thee, oh man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave the matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs? the regular flowing of blood? the irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love? And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of the earth are chained. They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs above and beneath them; and it were better that the limitless waters and the mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that those very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom, than one single soul should be lost, while mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the altar of intercession.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Mr. Negrier states, that hemorrage may be almost instantaneously checked by raising the arm on the same side as that of the nostril from which the blood flows.