Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

LAW NOTICE.

JOHN AND J. HENRY REED,

HAVING entered into partnership for the practice of the Law, will attend to all business entrusted to them.

OFFICE in West Main street, a few doors west of the Court House and next to the Store of Jason W. Eby; and also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College.

Carlisle, Nov. 15, 1843. 3m-3

ALEXANDER & TODD,

Attorneys at Law.

THE undersigned have associated as partners in the practice of Law, in Cumberland and Perry counties. One or both of them may be always found and consulted at the office heretofore occupied by S. Alexander, next door to to the Carlisle Bank. Strict attention will be given to all business placed in their care.

SAMUEL ALEXANDER.
LEMUEL TODD.

October 18, 1843. tf-51

WILLIAM H. MILLER,

Attorney at Law.

WILL attend to all business entrusted to him in the counties of Cumberland and Adams. Office in East Main Street, second door from the Public Square.

Carlisle, November 29, 1843. 1y-

Leather, Morocco and Finding STORE.

WM. L. HARPER,

MOST respectfully informs the citizens of Harrisburg, and the public in general, that he has removed his Leather, Morocco and Finding Store to North Second street, a few doors above Henry Buehler's Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of the following named articles, viz:

Sadtrees & Saddler, Sole, Skirting, Harness, fair and black bridle, wax and grain upper whip and collar leather, wax and grain Calf-skins, Spanish and country Kips, top and lining Leather, Cow Leather for Furniture and Blacksmiths, and Bark Tanned Sheep Skins.

TYPE—MOROCCO:

Composing Men's Morocco, Women's undressed red and black straits, French kid of different colors, Red roans, Binders, Linings of all colors, Bookbinder's leather, Chamois leather and Buck skins.

ALSO—SHOEMAKERS' KIT AND FINDINGS,

Such as last Trees and keepers, Shoe keys, hammers, pincers, rolers, stamps, size sticks, punches, knives, rubbers, files, rasps, thread, boot webbing, spindles, inch cord, pegs, awls, &c. &c. All of which he will sell at the very LOWEST CASH PRICE!

W. L. P. returns his sincere thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to him, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favors.

Harrisburg, May 17, 1843. tf-29

"Keep it before the People."

IF you would avoid the cry of 'Bargains for Cash,' or those many other patent and heart rending diseases known by the name of "Heart Pills," "Sarsaparilla," "Lozenges," "Hair Tonic," &c.—call at the cheap and one price

Family Grocery Tea and Spice Store of J. W. Eby.

West Main Street, Carlisle, where may always be had a fresh and general assortment of Groceries of almost every description and quality, among which are Rio and Java Coffee's, Black and Green Teas, Brown and Loaf Sugars, Molasses, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Mustard, Chocolate, &c. and if Archers Patent Lamps don't please, then we would offer you in its place, Pure Winter Sperm and Elephant Oil, or Sperm, Mould and common Candles.

Also Salmon, Mackeral or Herring, Cheese and Crackers and Vinegar, Tobacco and Cigars, Corn Brooms, Tubs, Buckets, Churns, Baskets, &c.

SWEEPING AND OTHER BRUSHES,

China, Glass, and Queensware, &c. &c.

We shall be pleased at all times to try and accommodate all who favor us with a call.

P. S. The practice of dunning is becoming too common—we are studying how to avoid it, and we are on the road now to do it—our Books are posted and better or worse than all we take all the town NEWSPAPERS—certainly then we cannot be mistaken, either way we are content. But don't forget

EBY'S STORE.

January 17, 1844. tf-12

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

GANGENY & ANDERSON, on the North East Corner of the Public Square and directly opposite the Market House, are now opening a large and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES which they will sell on the most favorable terms. The following articles compose part of their stock, to which they are weekly making additions:

Wool dyed blacks and blue blacks, greens, invisible greens, olive greens, olive browns, cadet greys, blues and brown CLOTHS, also Pilot and Beaver Cloths.

Fancy, Plain and Tweed CASIMERES.

Plain and Fancy SATTINETTS.

Red and White Flannel, Canton and Doe skin FLANNELS.

Merinoes, Mouseline de Laines, Alpaca Lustres, Bolinnes Prints and Balzarines, Brocade Merino, Blanket, Tibet Wool, Silk and Damask SHAWLS.

Ladies Cravats, with a large assortment of Glove and Hosiery. Together with a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

Carlisle, Nov. 8, 1843. tf

FARMERS' HOTEL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the

PUBLIC HOUSE,

lately kept by Mr. Simon Wonderlich, in East High Street, a few doors east of the Court House, where he will at all times take pleasure in administering to the comforts of those who may favor him with their custom.

His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best the market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance—and nothing shall be left undone to please all who call with him.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Carlisle, April 12, 1843. tf-2

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

JUST received a fresh lot of this valuable medicine by the subscriber, sole Agent for Carlisle.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 20, 1843

BONNET VELVET AND RIBBANDS.

JUST received by the subscriber. Cheap and elegant.

CHAS. OGILBY.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

A VALENTINE FOR "BELLA,"

OF NEW YORK.

I've met thee once—and loved thee,
Not that thy beauty's power
With kindling ardor moved me,
In that enchanting hour.
It was not that thy features,
Were cast by Nature's care
In mould of charming symmetry,
And exquisitely fair.

Though sweetly thou wert smiling,
With looks of magic light;
With loveliness beguiling,
With glances gay and bright;
Though soft thy silken tresses,
Fell o'er thy sun lit brow,
Like vines that deck the cottage roof,
With rich festooning bough.

Though bright thine eye was beaming,
With fascinating spell,
And in its radiant gleaming
Affection seemed to dwell;
Though its bewitching sparkle
Was mellowed by a tinge,
A melting shade of tenderness,
From 'neath its long, dark fringe.

Although thy form was faultless,
Thy air instinct with grace;
And dignity, with softness,
In every move had place;
Although thy neck was stately,
Thy shoulders neatly spanned,
Thy figure perfect in contour,
And soft thy velvet hand.

Though all these charms were blended
Thy person to adorn;
My heart was still defended—
Was not yet bid to mourn.
I could admire thy beauty,
And say that thou wert fair,
And yet remain dispassionate,
Though pleased with grace so rare.

But when thy mental treasure
Was opened to my view,
Then—then I felt a pleasure
My soul before ne'er knew;
I found a store well worthy,
The casket that contained;
In musonging excellence,
I found that reason reigned.

I found a soul romantic,
A mind with knowledge filled,
Judicious not pedantic,
With lofty thoughts instilled;
A heart with tender feeling
That prompts to dry the tear
On sorrow's cheek, and ease the woes
Of poverty and care.

Such were the charms that bound me,
In adoration's gaze;
Wove Cupid's meshes 'round me
In labary ntine maze.
Oh! may I find the thraldom
By thy kind smiles approved;
And may I never regret the hour
When once I met and loved.

Oh! *how* shall I woo thee? The days are bygone,
(And I fear never more to return,)
When a Bride by the sword and the spear shall be won;
Then tell me the way I must learn.
For no gallant of old ever proffered his vow,
(And who e'er disbelieves it let him look to Rowell)
You lady more lovely, more noble than thou;
I'd break a strong lance for thy sake, ISABEL!

OBADIAH OLDBUCK.

Carlisle, February 14, 1844.

MISCELLANY.

In Ainsworth's Magazine there is an account of "A Night with Burns," which is characteristic and entertaining. One Andrew Horner, a resident in Carlisle, went to Glasgow to publish a volume of poems, much admired by himself. Oddly enough, on his way home, he strayed out of the direct road into Ayr, where he met Burns at a public house, and some boon companions set the poet errant and the poet resident (whose fame was then unmade) to try their strength in a match of verse making. An Epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "It is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced,

"In seventeen hundred thirty nine,"—

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739, (the real date was some years earlier,) so I make that the commencement.' He then took pen in hand, folded his paper, with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table like one who considered it no trifle to write even a letter, and slowly put down in a good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hundred thirty nine,"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, the ink and the paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following *viva voce*—

"In seventeen hundred thirty nine,
The deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But shortly after changed his plan;
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!"

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense not to be offended with its satire; cheerfully paid the wager, set to for a night's revelry with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when the sma' hours came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth-rug in a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymster—then, literally, a carpet knight—the old man, better prophet than poet, exclaimed:—"Hoot, man, but ye'll be a great poet yet!"

From the N. O. Picayune.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

'But why *don't* you get married?' said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent looking youth, who blushed up to the eyes at the question.

'Well, I——' said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes on vacancy, with a puzzled and foolish expression.

'Well go on; you what?' said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly inclining nearer to the young man, 'now just tell me straight out—you what?'

'Well, I—oh—, pshaw! don't know.'

'You do—I say you do know. Come, I want to know.'

Oh I can't tell you.'

'I say you can. You know I'll never mention it; and you may tell me, of course, you know, for hav'nt I always been your friend?'

'You have I know,' replied the beleaguered youth.

'And I'm sure sure I always thought you liked me,' went on the fair maiden, in tender and mellow accents.

'O I do, upon my word I do; yes indeed I do, Maria,' said the unsophisticated youth very warmly; and he then found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his.

There was silence.

'And then—well John,' said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.

'Eh! On—well!' said John dropping his eyes on Maria's hand both at the same moment.

'I'm pretty sure you love somebody,—John; in fact,' said Maria, assuming again a tone of raillery, 'I know you're in love; and why don't you tell me all about it at once?

'Well, I——.'

'Well I—Oh, you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?'

'O, it aint because I'm afraid of anything at all and I'll—well now, Maria I'll tell you.'

'Well now John.'

'I—.'

'Eh?'

'I—'

'Yes.'

'I *am* in love!——now *don't* tell—you won't will you?' said John violently seiz- Maria by the hand and looking her in the face with a most imploring expression.

'Of course, you know, I'll never breathe a word of it; you know I won't, dont you John?' This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry cheeks of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that had he turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.

'Well, Maria,' said John, 'I've told you now, and so you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and——'

'Yes John.'

'I'm sure you would do any thing for me you could.'

'Yes John you know I would.'

'Well I thought so and you don't know how long I've been wanting to talk to you about it.'

'I declare John you ought to have told it to me long ago if you wanted, for I am sure I never was angry with you in all my life.'

'No, you wasn't; and I've often felt a great mind to; but—'

'It is not too late now, you know, John.'

'Maria do you think I'm too young to get married?

'Indeed I do not, John; and I know it would be a good thing for you too, for every body says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent, and inclined to love one another affectionately.'

'That's just what I think; and now Maria, I do want to get married, and if you'll just—'

'Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back.'

'I declare! I thought all along you might object, and that is the reason I've always been afraid to ask you.'

'Object! no, I'd die first! You may ask any thing you please.'

'And will you grant it?'

'I will.'

'Then Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—'

'*What?*

'Oh?'

'Do you love Mary Sullivan?'

'O, indeed I do, with all my heart.'

'I always thought you was a fool.'

'Eh?'

'I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home; your mother wants you—you—you—*stupid!*' exclaimed the mortified Maria, in a shrill treble; and she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling.

Poor Maria

'Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud
Prey on her damask cheek.'

Thus, alas, how often are the germs of young affection cast away!

DEATH OF TUTOR DWIGHT.

Shortly after the decease of the late Mr. Dwight, Tutor in Yale College, the Rev. Dr. BACON preached a Sermon to his congregation from the text—"Woe to the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh," in which he made some allusions, to the event which it was supposed caused his death. At the solicitation of the Washington Temperance Society, the Sermon was repeated, with some additional thoughts. It has now been published in the New Haven Courier. The great lesson of the text, which Dr. B. endeavored to inculcate was "the responsibility of men for each other's character before God." We quote from the discourse.

"There is an illustration of this lesson in a painful event which has recently agitated this community. I feel constrained to employ that illustration, for the sake of the vividness with which, by God's blessing, it may bring the lesson home to some whose consciences have never yet been distinctly sensible of its power.

A young man of one of our own families—a young man, the brightness of whose promise in respect to talent and learning and virtue, was equal to the venerableness of the name which he inherited—a young man who had just entered upon an honorable and responsible office—was struck while in the discharge of an official duty—was struck once, twice, thrice, with a deadly weapon, and has since been carried to his grave. Public justice, roused at last by the death of the sufferer, seizes on the unhappy boy whose hands is supposed to have held that deadly weapon, and whose frenzied purpose is supposed to have impelled it. Of his crime—what name should be given to it—what penalties ought it to bring upon the offender, that society may be guarded against the repetition of such acts, I have nothing to say. All that, is to be argued and decided according to the law, and as the facts may appear in evidence, before the constituted tribunal of public justice decided as well as it can in its own high and calm sanctuary, uninvaded by the breath of popular excitement. Here is the scope and utmost reach of human jurisprudence. This is its province.

But God's justice does not stop here.—Neither his law, nor his administration of his law, is bounded by such limitations. Christ says, "Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." By whom then came that offence? Who were partakers beforehand in that sin? Whose responsible agency went before, in the series of moral causes leading to that frenzied volition which drove the cold steel into the living flesh? When God maketh inquisition for blood, these questions must be answered.

We have been told—and for the sake of illustration, we will suppose it to be true—that some one, we know not who, a few moments before the commission of the fatal deed, put that deadly weapon into the hands of the desperate stripling. God, before whom the darkness shineth as the day, saw it; and who does not see that, in his eye, the offence came by that man who carried the deadly weapon to the scene of riot, and placed it in the hands of a wild boy whom drink had maddened.

Yes, we are told it was even so. The perpetrator of the outrage was beside himself. He know not distinctly what he did. Drink had maddened him. Drink? But that madness takes nothing from *his* responsibility. Drink had maddened him! Who gave him that drink? It was not through any defect of maddening quality in the drink—it was not through any defect of a volition to strike, in the boy whom that drink had maddened—that the weapon wielded in frenzy did not pierce the victim's heart, or spill his life blood on the spot from a dissevered artery. That the volition which drove the two-edged blade within less than an inch, of a main artery, did not divide that artery, was not owing to any want of force in the volition, or of madness in the drink. That the wounded man survived the strokes awhile—that the hope of his recovery was fair till disease supervened upon his enfeebled frame—that we are permitted to assuage our horror somewhat by the doubts which science confesses respecting the cause of his death—all this is not through any defect of maddening quality in the drink, nor through any defect of purpose to strike in him whom that drink had maddened. Who gave him that drink? It is known who gave it to him. It is known by whom the offence came. In the name of Christ I say, "Woe to that man." It is known who ministered to that poor boy the maddening draught. The finger of indignation anticipating the judgment of God points to the new dramshop, with its enticing appearance of respectability, where the drink was administered. From that dramshop—from the corrupter of morals who stood there that night dispensing drunkenness—came the madness which produced the riotous outbreak. Upon that threshhold is the stain of blood, to be removed, not by the mere profession of a change, but by repentance, and by "works meet for repentance!" "Woe to the man by whom this offence cometh."

Who gave to that young man the maddening drink? Who tempted him? Who led him along, and joined in hand, to the carousal, to the putting on of disguises, to the scene of mischief, to the mean, cowardly crime of breaking, at the dead of night, with heavy and dangerous missiles, the windows of an unoffending fellow student? In him has come to pass, in part, that which is written, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." Who are they that have been his companions, and that have led him thus far towards utter destruction? Who are they in whose company he encouraged himself in disregarding the necessary regulations, and in resisting the constituted authorities of the institution whose privileges he was permitted to enjoy? Who are they in whose company he was encouraged to practice that language of hell which broke from his furious lips as the dagger went to its aim? Who are they in whose company these low-lived sins—these base forfeitures of the honor which they plighted at the matriculation—these drunken frolics—these dastardly midnight outrages—seemed to him like marks of spirit and of gentlemanly breeding? Some of them may be here to-night. Let me say then to them, you are partakers in his sins, as he is in yours; on you rests a dread responsibility in regard to his moral character before God, as on him in regard to yours you partake in the responsibility even of that horrid act; the offence came by you; the stain of that blood reaches even to your souls.

And does not the responsibility reach farther still? Who gave the guilty boy the drink that maddened him? Tell me whose influence goes to form that state of public opinion, which tolerates and keeps up those bloody dens of intoxication at which the morals of our youth are corrupted? How does it happen that a man dares to come to such a place as this, and open a shop for the purpose of training men to outrage and and to crime? Who are responsible in this respect? I can tell you who are not. Those who in their own practice conscientiously abstain from all intoxicating drinks. Those who are known to be the pledged, uncompromising enemies of all that leads to drunkenness. Those whose influence is continually crying aloud, "Beware!—look not on the wine when it is red." Whatever these men's infirmities may be—whatever extravagances and errors may be justly imputed to them—whatever sins they may have to confess before God—this offence comes not to them.

Can you say that this offence comes not by you? If the example which you give to the community tends to uphold the habitual or the festive use of those drinks which maddened the brain, can you lift up your hand, untrembling, to God, and ask, "Lord, is it I?" If you, in your elegant exclusiveness, stand aloof from the great movement of the Temperance reformation—if you make light of this kind of philanthropy—if you contemn the vulgarity of "Washingtonianism,"—if the "red wine" "moveth itself aright" at your table, and passes round at your festive entertainments—can you say before God that this offence comes not by you? The young man, who by the use of wine for excitement and for revelry, has been led to the commission of so blasting a crime, has shared perhaps in the hospitality of some of our families.—Perhaps he has been admitted to the civilities of acquaintanceship in your family, and to the enjoyments of fashionable society in your dwelling. If so, what was the lesson which you gave him there? If he had been invited to your entertainments, tell me, what would have been to him the language of your wine-glasses? God's wisdom says to the young man, "Look *not* upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Tell me—tell me, by whom cometh the offence? Tell me have not you somewhat to repent of, somewhat for which to cry, "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, oh God, thou God of my salvation?"

Let that serious lesson which has been thus feebly illustrated, be deeply engraven on every mind. "Woe to the world because of offence!" "Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" He who influences men to sin, whether by sin, whether by teaching and maintaining false principles of action, or by the fatal power of a pernicious example, or by spreading temptations like snares and pitfalls in the path of the unwary, or simply by encouraging the transgressor in his way to death—he brings a woe upon the world, and the justice of God will bring a woe upon his soul. Let him repent, then, while there is yet "space for repentance," and call upon a forgiving God while there is yet "a day of salvation." Let every man look with careful, trembling circumspection into the tendencies of that influence by which he is contributing to mould the character and destiny of those around him. It was a fearful thing to encounter, in the final day, the record of an influence that has counteracted the mercy of God. It will be a fearful thing, in that day to encounter the upbraiding gaze of souls whom the light of eternity has wakened to know, too late, the influences that blinded their minds, and hardened their hearts, and seared their consciences, and led them to their ruin. Let every man whose conscience stirs at the thought of such an encounter, bow in repentance at God's mercy seat, and thus commit himself, with trembling yet confiding hope, to the power of Christ's atonement."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

It is stated in a recent number of the Southern Planter, that JOHN M. BOTTS, of Henrico, Virginia, raised this year, one hundred bushels of corn upon an acre of land. And why should not this quantity become common on our farms? Why should not our *farming* operations become synonymous with *gardening* upon a large scale?

We entirely believe, and occasion has been taken to make the suggestion in the Cabinet before this, that the answer to these questions may be sought in the fact, that the operations of our farmers are upon too large a scale; that is, they till more land than is proportionate to the capital which they are able to employ on it. Of course, and of necessity, their tillage is deficient, and their land remains to be unimproved, not yielding any thing like its maximum of profit.

In this young country, stretching from the Bay of Fundy to Cape Sable, and from this to the Rocky Mountains, with a population but thinly spread over the whole of it, our redundancy—our surplus, it is plain to be seen, must be land: in England, on the contrary, their surplus is capital and labor, and therefore it is, that their agriculture is far superior to ours. They make outlays in their farming operations which enable them to bring their lands to approximate at least, in many instances, to the highest state of productiveness. Their large amount of capital, and their surplus of labor are thus brought into the market, and made available, both for the general good and individual profit. We lack capital, and we lack labor—but having abundance of land, we are persuaded to undertake the management of farms, which are extensive beyond our means to make the most of, and not unfrequently we are found going behind-hand, on plantations of two or three hundred acres. The man whose farm is larger than his means, must of necessity be a poor farmer—his land grows thinner and thinner—his crops lighter and lighter—and his labor, in proportion to the returns from his lands, become heavier and and heavier, for the furrow, it will be acknowledged, is just as long in a corn field that will yield but fifteen bushels to the acre, as in one that will give one hundred.

In connection with this subject, we recollect an anecdote of the late William West, brother of Sir Benjamin the painter, and one of the best farmers in Delaware county, and the late Benjamin Johnson, of this city, who, at the time alluded to, had just purchased a farm. He inquired of William West, what method he should adopt to render it the most profitable?—"Make it rich," was the reply, "Ah, but it will cost too much money." "Then make twenty acres rich." "Then enrich ten—or if not ten, five—and if not five, make one acre rich. At any rate, enrich a part as soon as possible, always having an eye to enrich the whole: the part first made rich, will immediately help to enrich the other." Who will say that this advice does not contain a text, that will bear to be speculated upon by many of our readers, during the whole of one of these long winter evenings?

From the Genesee Farmer.

SMALL PRODUCTIVE FARM.—I raised the past year, from 30 acres of land, 700 bushels of potatoes, 80 bushels of barley, 25 bushels of beets, 15 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of beans, 4 tons of mowed oats, 6 tons of English hay, 10 tons of meadow hay, 40 bushels of corn; 20 bushels of carrots, 75 chickens and turkeys, and a great variety of garden sauce.

I have killed one hog, weighing 390 lbs. made 400 pounds of butter kept three cows, a pair of oxen, two heifers, two steers, eight sheep and four hogs. I have been on the place but two years, and have laid six acres of land to grass; the land a clay loam, easy to work. I have no convenience for my hogs to graze, neither do I believe it economy, for the extra manure that can be made by yarding them, will pay the extra feed. I mix lime with my compost, and plaster my corn, potatoes and grass. I sort my potatoes before sale and by that means save half a peck per bushel, which would be lost to me if not sorted. Finally, I cooked every thing I gave my hogs, and feed warm, and *keep warm.*

A. T. PERKINS.

HEAVY CROPS.—Mr. Agustus Shriver, in writing to the Editor of the American Farmer, states that in a field containing ten acres and seven-eights of an acre, he raised the present season 210 barrels of Corn, being an average of a little upward of ninety eight bushels of shelled corn to the acre! Mr. S. says, the corn was carefully measured by three men in his employ, whose certificate he has in his possession.

The field which produced this crop, is lime-stone soil, which was ploughed last fall, full nine inches deep, manured with one hundred and fifteen five horse wagon loads of good barn-yard dung, spread over the whole surface, and covered just deep enough to prevent absorption. The after culture did not differ materially from that pursued by good farmers generally. Mr. Shriver says—"The yield on the above mentioned field has not exceeded my expectations: I have always firmly believed, that by proper cultivation, from sixteen to twenty barrels of corn an acre can be grown on almost any land susceptible of improvement. It requires a little labor and attention to be sure, but what is that in comparison to the product. When a farmer can produce as much on ten acres of land highly improved, as on twenty by farming the old way, why not do it! the labor will be the same, and instead of his land deteriorating, it will improve in his hands."

The editor of the Kent (Md.) News also raised over eighty-four bushels of Corn to the acre, in a small lot of two acres.

Mr. Jacob Frock of West Vincent, in the neighboring county of Chester, states that he raised the present season, one hundred and four bushels and one quart of Corn, from one acre! The field in which it grew contained nine acres, and the acre which he measured was about an average of the whole field.

Mr. O. Dickinson of Onondago county, New York, announces in the Cultivator, that he raised the past season, fifty-two and a half bushels of Wheat to the acre.—Mr. D. says—The field had a crop of oats on, and was then seeded to clover. In the spring when I came on the farm, the clover was small and thin, and I sowed on it, 1½ bushels of plaster per acre. The second week in July, I mowed off the clover for hay. The last of August, I plowed in a large growth of clover, and harrowed it thoroughly. On the 6th and 7th of September, I sowed on one bushel and three pecks of Canada flint wheat to the acre, and harrowed it in. The soil is a friable black slate or loam. The wheat in the whole field was remarkably equal, and the crop per acre as stated."

The time will come, we think, and is not far distant, when our farmers will add at least one fourth to the yield of all their crops—and when 40 or 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, will not be considered a great crop.

A SIGN.—An exchange paper says that the best sign a dry goods merchant can raise in the West to make ready sale for his goods is "Not Married."

The suggestion is pretty good, but it does not go far enough. The following written on a sign in a New England village, was better. "Dry Goods, by John Biglow, who wants to get Married." This sign drew all kinds of custom.

The single ladies went of course; and the married men always told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily cheat so great a fool.

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—A Boston 'dandy black' stepped into a provision store in that city, to buy some potatoes; before purchasing, he gave the following truly eloquent description of its nature:

'Do tater is inevitably bad, or inwarably good. Dere is no mediocrity in do combination of de tater. De exterior may, indeed, appear, remarkably exemplary and butesom, while de interior is totally negative; but, sir, if you wends de article 'pon your own recomwendations, knowing you to be a man of probability in all your translations, why, sir, without furder circumlocution, I takes a bushel.'

QUEER SIMILE.—That eccentric mortal, Lord Timothy Dexter, said many curious things, but his idea of ingratitude is the richest thing of the kind we ever met with. 'Hang that fellow,' said his Lordship one day while speaking of a neighbor whom he had befriended without being thanked—'he is like a hog under a tree eating acorns, but never thinks of looking up to see where they come from.'

A genuine Jonathan lately took a ride with his sweetheart, and stopped at a store a few moments, he called for a glass of gin sweetened with molasses. It was prepared, and he swallowed it at a draught; then turning to his companion, he said, 'Sal, that war darned good, why don't you buy some for yourself?'

AN AGUE STORY.—There is a place in Michigan where the fever and ague is ten per cent. below par. We heard it stated, recently, that a poor ox in the street would lean against a fence a few minutes to rest, and then stand out and shake till all was blue again. It was also feared that the wheat crop would be a failure, as they were shaking off! Who will say Michigan is "no great shakes" after this?