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BY
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Agricultural.

From the Farmer's Register.

METHOD OF KEEPING SWEET POTATOES

Some time last Fall, as well as I now recollect, one of our Virginia correspondents asked for information on the subject of keeping sweet potatoes thro' the winter; and perhaps the writer was desirous to obtain Virginia practices; but if our Georgia plan should not be altogether applicable to your region, (I know of no reason why it should not be,) your correspondents may derive some useful hints therefrom; and though I give our plan too late for any practical use the present season, it will, if at all, be of service the coming one. There are various modes adopted in Georgia for saving potatoes, but as the one I practice, in common with many others, has always been so successful, I shall describe that only. As soon as the frost slightly affects the potatoe vines in the fall, (about the middle of October here,) I begin to make preparations for digging; and by the time the vines become thoroughly killed, I am prepared for the harvest.— I select an elevated piece of ground, and throw up circular mounds, or hills, twelve or fifteen inches above the common surface, the diameter of which should be about ten feet, to contain sixty bushels of potatoes. The situation and elevations of the hills are objects of importance, to prevent the possibility of the potatoes getting wet. In order to make the potatoes lie on the hill the better, the edges should be somewhat elevated by drawing the earth from the centre, giving it slightly the appearance of a bowl. Common pine heart boards are now placed on the earth, radiating from the centre to the circumference of the hill; and on these a layer one foot thick, of dry pine leaves. The hill being now ready to receive the potatoes, I select dry, mild weather, and commence digging in the morning, and stop time enough in the afternoon to haul up all dug during the day; for it left out at night, the frost, if any, would injure them. If possible, the hills should be filled and completed the same day, but if not, the potatoes should be well covered with straw to protect them at night,

and uncovered next morning. When the pile becomes two or three feet high, place a pole horizontally across, of sufficient length to pass entirely through the hill. A better ventilator would be an oblong box, four or five inches square, with several auger holes in it. The potatoes may now be put on, till the pile is about five feet high, and left in a conical form. Next, procure dry leaves and lay them all over the potatoes, at least six inches thick. Pine heart boards like those used at the bottom of the potatoes, are now placed over the straw, and a covering of earth six or eight inches thick, is put over the whole, and patted smooth with a spade. A small aperture should be left at the top of the hill, to assist in ventilation; or a short oblong box may be inserted down to the potatoes, and the earth drawn nicely up to it. If a pole is used as the horizontal ventilator, the earth should be removed from below it, where it projects from the hill. All the apertures should be left open, for a few days after the operation is finished, and then only closed during severe weather, with a handfull of pine leaves. Shelters, should be erected over the hills to exclude the rain entirely. I consider it important to perform the whole business in dry weather.

Columbus, Ga.

As to the best method of keeping sweet potatoes through winter, the following story may direct your attention to a quarter from which you may obtain some useful information.

In the Fall of 1833, I called at the house of J. G. near the Wateree canal. He had just put up his potatoe crop;— chiefly in a house of the following construction. It had a double log wall, and the space, between the walls (15 or 18 inches,) was filled with earth. The top or loft was floored with stout puncheons and these covered over with clay 10 or 12 inches thick, above which there was a common board roof. The ground floor was sunk about two feet below the surface of the earth. The area of the house was about 8 feet wide, 8 feet high, and 15 long, which he computed to hold 800 bushels. It was entirely filled with potatoes.

What struck me most, was to see the door (the only opening to the house,) closed up, and all the same in the shutter and facings carefully chinked up with cotton and tar; if I remember right, Mr. G. gave the following explanation. For two or three years, on first housing his potatoes, he was careful to have the door kept open until they had gone through a sweat; yet found that he had lost a third by dry rot. At length he was told that the air ought to be carefully kept out until the sweat was over. The truth of this was strongly confirmed to his mind by the recollection that in using his potatoes he found that the farther they lay from the door the sounder they had kept. He added that he had preserved two crops on the new plan with entire success; and that after the sweating was past, the door was often left open all day, in cold weather, without any sensible injury to the potatoes.

Would it not confer a public benefit for you to learn if this plan continues successful, and give your readers the information.

An old gentleman of Montgomery co., Pa., says—"Dig potatoe in dry weather, if you wish them to preserve well."— That's correct.

It is said that a spoonfull of horse-radish put into a pan of milk, will preserve the milk sweet for several days, either in the open air, or in a cellar, while other milk turns sour.

To IMPROVE CREAM.—Have ready two pans in boiling water, put the milk, immediately after taking it from the cow, into one of them, and cover it with the other, and our word for it, you will find a great increase in the thickness and quality of the cream.

REMEDY FOR LICE ON COWS.

We have been informed by a gentleman who has for many years kept a large stock of cattle, that fine dry sand scattered on the back, neck, and sides of the animals is an effectual remedy against these vermin. He collects dry sand, and puts it in a box or tub in the barn, and occasionally applies it during the winter by sifting or strewing it over the body of each creature with complete success in ridding it of its troublesome guests.

WET FEET.—How often do we see people tramping about in the mud, with leather soaked through, and how often do such people, when they return home, sit down by the fire-side and permit their feet to dry, without changing either stockings or shoes. Can we, then, wonder at the coughing, and barking, and rheumatism, and inflammation, which enable the doctors to ride in their carriages? Wet feet most commonly produce affections of the throat and lungs; and when such diseases have once taken place, "the house is on fire,"—danger is not far off, therefore, let us entreat our readers, no matter how healthy, to guard against wet feet.—*Medical Advertiser.*

BUILDING HORSES.

Not many years ago a pair of miserable lean horses, that looked as though the next gust of wind would take them into the air, and who were already waiting to have their *understanding* secured by a few nails, attracted the attention of a wag, while passing by a blacksmith's shop, and gravely accosted its occupant with "Do you build horses, sir?" "Build horses!" exclaimed the astonished son of Vulcan, taking off his paper cap and lengthening down his round good natured face—"build horses, sir! what do you mean?" "Why," replied the wag, "I saw a couple of frames standing at the door, and I thought I'd just inquire"

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

A boatman, while engaged in conveying salt on the Onondago lake, a few years since, saw a large gray eagle, cutting his gyrations in the air, apparently noticing some prey in the lake beneath. In a moment he poised, and darted from his attitude into the water, from which he was unable to rise. A continued flapping with his broad and extended pinions kept him from being drawn under, and proved that his diamond eyes had not mistaken their object. He approached the land slowly, the unknown creature below acting as propellant and helmsman. The boatman grew interested in the affair, and landed. The eagle, on touching terra firma, showed himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our hero, thinking it a time to take his share of the plunder, cut himself a stout cudgel, and approached the imperial bird of Jove; which, having his talons fast, was unable to rise, advance, or recede.— Three times was the club raised to strike, but the noble bearing of the regal bird, and his undaunted front, made even the boatman quail. He could not assault imprisoned majesty. The eagle exhibited no signs of fear, but occasionally nibbled the gills of his prize, and indignantly glanced at the intrusive boatman. At length the talons of one leg became released, and, by a dexterous turn, those of the other, when he soared away to his thunder-clouds on high, leaving the much coveted salmon to the boatman, who, on weighing it, found it to balance twenty-six pounds.

SHAKING HANDS.

Two duellists having exchanged shots without effect, one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the parties should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for (said he) their hands have been shaking for the last half hour."

A new way to remove a Juror's Doubts.—The Newburyport Herald states that on the night of the fire in that town, last week, a jury was in session at the Court House, having been out ten or twelve hours, unable to agree. When the alarm of fire was sounded, about half past two this morning, and the light of the conflagration became visible from the windows of the court room, the dissenting juror (they then stood 11 to 1) came round and agreed to a verdict.

RESUMPTION IN ARKANSAS.

The Little Rock, Arkansas, Gazette of the 27th ultimo observes: "We have to announce to the public the cheering intelligence that the State Bank in this city will resume the payment of specie on all her notes, on the 1st day of October next. This is the first step in the good work of resumption in our own State, and we hope and have good reason to believe will be followed up by every other bank in Arkansas, on or before the first of January next. It is a decisive step. The resumption by the State Bank will make her notes receivable for dues to the General Government and in payment for public lands, and will thus be of immense advantage to her and to the State."

COMMODORE ELLIOTT AND MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The following report of a conversation between two negroes, is from the Wheeling Times. It is amusing and pointed. "Sambo, what you drudder be, s'pose you wan't nigger?" "Why, Mike, I tink I drudder be a commodore in the navy." "Why you wan't be dat, Sambo!" "Kase you see I would cut up shines, and hab a cart mashel on me, and Mr. Van Buren gib nothing to do, five thousand dollars a year besides, like him did commodore El ut." "Ah, Sambo, you cute boy. Well, what you drudder be, s'pose you was nigger?" "Why, Mike, I drudeer be great ossifer's servant in de navy, cause I could swear again white man and make he get turned out. Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!"

A bridegroom Killed.—The Mercer (Pa.) Luminary details the particulars of a frightful catastrophe.

A few evenings since, it is stated, Mr. John Douglass, of New Bedford in Mercer county, was married to a young lady, a daughter of Mr. Hyde, of Vernon, Ohio, and on the following afternoon, just before leaving for this place, his brother-in-law asked Mr. D. to look at a young horse he had purchased, and while leading it towards the house, with a halter round its neck, his wife came out and remarked that she could ride it. He took hold of her, as though he was going to put her on its back, at which it took fright, and running close by another horse, the latter kicked him on the back, which knocked him down, and the halter becoming fastened round his hand, he was drawn over a pile of wood, and then for the distance of fifteen or twenty rods, the horse at full speed, until they reached a cross fence, when the side of his head struck the corner of a panel of the fence, fracturing his skull in a most shocking manner, and striking with such force as to move the rails several feet, and the sudden halt throwing the horse flat upon the ground. His leg was also broken and dreadfully mangled, either when he struck the fence, or by coming in contact with something on the way.— Mr. Douglass lingered until Saturday morning, at times showing signs of sensibility, and occasionally uttering a few words—when he expired."

A Warning to aged Adventurers.

We copied a few days since, the marriage in England, of a gentleman aged 77 years, to a lady scarcely 16, after a courtship of four days, and the settlement of his whole fortune on the blooming bride after his death. The following paragraph from a Liverpool paper, should operate as a caution to like adventurers in unequal matches.

Marriage and Death.—In our Chronicle of the 4th inst. we announced the marriage, after a courtship of four days, of James Hobbins, Esq. of Chaddesley Corbett, Worcestershire, to Harriet youngest daughter of Mr. W. Chambers, of the New House, Himbleton. The bridegroom was in his 77th year, and the bride in her 16th year. On Monday week, whilst Mr. Hobbins was stepping into his carriage with his young bride, he fell down, and was taken up a corpse. *Shrewsbury Chronicle Sept. 1840.*

A somewhat waggish friend remarked the other day, upon hearing the cheering news from the "Border State," that "Old Tip had really got the Kinderhook pony by the Maine."—*North Bend.*

A FIGHT FOR A HUSBAND—HARD CASE.

A lady by the name of Brown, who has been residing at Waterloo, was deserted by her husband, about a year ago, who left her and child and came to this city. The wife learning that he was here, came here some six weeks since, for the purpose of persuading him to return to his family. She traced him to his haunt, at the house of a Mrs. Daniels, and so far succeeded in her object, as to take him home with her. They had been home but a few minutes, when Mr. Daniels and her daughter came here and insisted upon the husbands returning with them, and while the wife was clinging to them to prevent their tearing him from her, they fell upon her and the daughter struck and kicked her several times. The wife, who is a small and delicate woman, finding it useless to contend against such odds, begged that she might retain her husband's miniature, which the daughter was taking down from over the mantle, and which she finally destroyed. For the assault and the picture the action was brought. The prisoner chose to be tried by a special court, and jury, which was empanelled, and the testimony gone through with, when the counsel for the prisoner objected to the *ex parte*, which on being examined by the presiding magistrate, was declared void, and the whole affair was quashed, and the prisoner escaped the punishment she so richly merited.— The counsel in his remarks to the jury, while recounting the sufferings of the wretched wife, so wrought up their feelings, that there was scarcely a dry eye among them.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Reverses of Fortune.—The U. S. Marshal

who has just completed the census of Cincinnati, mentions these incidents:

I met a man who had ruined himself by intemperance and was subsisting on charity, that I knew in Pittsburgh in the year 1815 owner of a fine property and store worth \$50,000 at that time. The property alone, I have no doubt, would since have brought \$150,000.

I found in the person of a day laborer in one of our foundries, a man who had once owned a large iron establishment in Scotland, on the Cannon side. He had become involved with others, and rendered thereby insolvent. My sympathies were the more strangely excited here from the simple dignity which forbore repining or complaint the family manifested in the case.

I found also the widow of a distinguished professor in an Eastern college, who was at the time eating her humble supper with her daughter, under such circumstances of penury, that their very table was formed of a board laid across an old barrel.

I have found in the city two cases of disparity of age between the oldest and youngest brother, worthy of notice. In one instance the oldest brother was 69, the youngest 25. In the other when the father was living, and aged 73 years, one brother was 46 and the other 2.

Elegant Extract.

At this very moment of time the wheel is in motion that reverses the lot of men, that brings the prosperous to the dust, and lays the mighty low! Now, O man! thou rejoicest in thy strength; but know, that for thee the bed of languishing, the bed of death will be spread. Thou now removest from thee the evil day, and sayest in thy heart thou shalt never see sorrow; but remember the changes of this mortal life. The calmest and stillest hour precedes the whirlwind, and the earthquake, the monarch hath drawn the charriot of state in which he was wont to ride in triumph; and the greatest who ever awed the world have moralized at the turn of the wheel.—*LOGAN.*

A GOOD DESCRIPTION.

"Do you know Mr. —?" asked one friend of another, referring to an old gentleman who was famous for his fondness of the extract of hops.

"Yes sir, I know him very well."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Why, in the morning when he gets up, he is a beer barrel, and in the evening when he goes to bed he is a barrel of beer."