EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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For the Easton Gazette.

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE, No. 2.

Mrs. Caudle, partially reconciled about the ring, is however determined on going to the Springs, and gives Mr. Caudle her parting admonitions.

I presume, Mr. Caudle, you have satisfied your own conscience about the ring. If you have deceived your confiding wife, God forgive you. If you have, it has been so well wrapped up that I haven't been able to detect your perfidy, and I suppose, as I have always been a patient forgiving creature, and said little or nothing even when I ought to have spoken, I suppose I must forgive you now. *What I have nothing to forgive you for?* Well, Caudle, its just like you men, after you have vexed and harrassed a poor woman almost to death, and she is willing to bear it all, and to forgive and forget, you end the whole matter by insisting that you've done nothing at all to annoy her—*All my own jealousy?* Well, its no use to talk any more about it Caudle, I've have told you already I forgive you; but I can't forget as long as I'm here. I must have change of scene to restore my shattered nerves, Caudle—I must have this, if it should be only for a few weeks. Dont kick the quilt off the bed Caudle—Have a little patience. I've borne a great deal and my nervous system wont bear much more. Its no use to be so violent, Caudle, not a bit of use. I have had the advice of Dr. Quin, he's a man of some feeling—its a a blessed thing to have one friend. *What its his policy to agree with me for the sake of his practice?* Oh, Caudle, Caudle, I believe you think every body's like yourself—No Caudle, the Doctor examined all my symptoms carefully, and he declares that the excitement I have had is too much for my delicate frame, and you'll loose your affectionate wife, Caudle, if you dont consent to my leaving home, till I recover my self-possession, which he says I can't do here. What do you say about your money? Aye—I always thought you valued your money more than your wife—And so I must stay here and die. *You did'nt say I must?* No Caudle, there's not many women in this world that would be the wife that Margaret Caudle has been to you. *How much will it cost?* There it is again—Well, I suppose, I cant leave home respectably, as Mr. Caudle would wish the wife of his bosom to do, for less than 300 dollars. Oh dont knock down the bed, Caudle. I'me sure I thought you had some feeling left or I never would have mentioned the Doctor's opinion to you. *You suppose it must be done?* There now Caudle, that's a little like yourself. Now Caudle, dear, this is Thursday, and I'll stay with you till Monday, I have too much feeling for you to leave you all at once. And now that its all settled Caudle, let me give you some advice for your own benefit when I am gone. *What, you dont want any advice?* Well I'm sure it wont do any harm just to tell you what I wish. You know you sometimes have little parties when I am gone, Caudle, and you sit up late, and do other things that's not good for your health, and you sometimes go to ——— and associate with young unmarried men, Caudle, and frolic with them, and you know as well as I do, that's not becoming in a man of your years that's the father of a family. I know you're fond of society Caudle, and fond of music, and all that; but cant you enjoy all these things at home Caudle dear, and not vex your wife by exposing your health to danger. *You know how to take care of yourself?* Aye that's my thanks for all my anxiety about you. Well I'll do my duty Caudle, and if you dont choose to be guided by me, I shall have the satisfaction, that I did'nt leave you without warning you against your weaknesses. *What, I have as much need of being warned against my weaknesses as you?* And pray what weaknesses have I Mr. Caudle? Is it a weakness to be too anxious for my husbands comfort? Is it a weakness to be too faithfull a wife to you? No Caudle, all my weaknesses, if I have any, are well tried. I've suffered more than I've ever spoken about. Is it a weakness to be patient under things no other woman but myself would bear? You know what I've endured without murmuring, since I've been your wife, Caudle, and you have the ingratitude to talk of my weaknesses; but some men ought never to have had wives—they dont deserve a woman to watch over their health, and attend to their comforts. *What, if I'd talk less about my doings and my sufferings, it would be better?* Oh, Caudle, that's the worst cut of all. A woman that every body tarks about as a model of affectionate forbearance—Talk! When do I talk I'd like to know—I never open my lips unless I'm forced to it, and that you know well, Caudle; but you'll never feel what a wife I've been to you till I'm taken from you, and then you'll find that Margaret Caudle isn't to be met with every day. *Will I let you sleep?* Do I ever prevent your sleeping, Caudle? No—Many and many a night do I lie quietly and listen to your snoring. *Aye, when I have talked you to sleep?* Well, it's useless for me to say any more—I've done my duty, Caudle! Caudle! you're not asleep already? Cau-dle! I cannot go away without some new dresses—Cau-dle!—But Mr. Caudle had fallen into the arms of Morpheus.

A MARYLAND FARM.

From the Albany Cultivator.

Yesterday I returned from a visit to George Patterson, Esq., who resides at "Springfield," twenty-two miles west of this, in Carroll county. He is a wealthy gentleman, and is extensively known for his fine stock and enterprising character. His farm contains 1,735 acres, about 1,200 under cultivation, and 500 in wood-land. It is rolling land & well watered—a branch of the Patapsco running through it, supplies water for a grist mill, on the farm, where all the grain raised on the farm is ground for the family and stock. The woodland is admirably located to shelter the many fields from the northwest winds and presented a beautiful and diversified landscape. The timber was formerly oak but as it is removed is supplanted by a spontaneous growth of hickory and chesnut, principally the latter. Mr. Patterson has cut out much of the old timber to burn lime, and also with a view to get rid of it to admit the young growth of chesnut.

When Mr. P. took possession of this farm twenty years since, the land was poor, much of it *very* poor, and barren of vegetation, except *briars*, with scarcely any buildings. Since then he has put upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of lime on the land, and erected fifty buildings of various kinds, all, permanently and neatly built, and now all yellow washed presenting in contrast with the green fields & woods a picturesque appearance. His plan is whenever a field is brought into cultivation, and made to produce clover for mowing, to, errect as many barricks as will hold the hay. These barracks or barns, are made of frame, some 20 by 30 feet square, 12 or 14 high, weather boarded, and covered with cypress shingles.

Mr. Patterson commences on the poor worn out land by spreading two hundred bushels of lime per acre (measured at the kiln unslacked) on the surface, and lets it remain two or three years, then breaks it up and puts what ever dung he can muster, and plants it in corn. The following is his system of rotation: First year, corn; second year, oats, rye or wheat, and clover sowed in the spring; third, year clover, first year mowed second crop left on the ground; fourth year, clover, either left on the ground or moderately grazed; fifth year, wheat, timothy sowed with the wheat; sixth year timothy mowed; seventh year, timothy mowed; eighth year, grazed; ninth year, grazed and top dressed the last four years. Top-dressing he prefers to plowing in the manure of any kind. Lime, he thinks, acts slowly, and does not show much the first year or two, and should be always applied to *grass*, and not on fallow. Much of this land is now in a state of high cultivation, producing 20 to 30 bushels wheat 60 to 80 bushels corn, and two to three tons hay per acre. The contrast between this farm & some of the adjoining land is wonderful! The one green & luxuriant in crops, the other barren and devoid of vegetation, having no green thing except a few low running briars.

This land is also very stony. With the stones Mr. P. has turnpiked several roads across his farm, which enables him to haul wood, lime, and manure in wet weather.—He has also applied a portion of these stones to making drains. He makes drains by cutting a ditch four feet deep, & filling 2 feet with fine broken stones. Swamps & swails heretofore useless are now made dry, and are among the most productive parts of his land. The fences are in prime order—the few worn fences that he has are eleven rails high, staked and ridered, and six feet worm. The greater part are post and rails—upwards of ten thousand pannels—posts of mountain locust. A few chesnut posts he has been compelled to use, and these he protects from decay by filling round with stones, which drain the water rapidly off.

His barns, where the greater part of the cattle and hogs are fed in the winter, are situated on two opposite knolls & drains are so arranged as to convey the wash from both to permanent meadows adjoining.

His stock is all of the most approved kind, and pure in blood. Of horses, there are several full blood mares of high pedigree and beauty. "Mary Randolph," a superb mare of rare good points, a grey, has a filly one year old the handsomest creature I ever saw. He has in all some twenty-five or thirty fine horses of various ages. At present he is about crossing these mares with a large, well formed horse, a cross of the Canadian—similar to the Morgan horse—with the view of increasing the size more suitable for carriage or draft horses. His herd of Devon cattle, about sixty in number, are a rare lot. I had heard of the Devon cattle and seen the prints representing them, but I had no idea of their beauty. The prints, or some of them, are *caricatures*, at least of Mr. Patterson's best cattle. His bull "Eclipse," imported two or three years since now five years old, is a perfect gem, the best bull of *any* stock, not excepting my old favorites, the Durham, that I have ever seen. The cows have fine shaped and well developed udders; and must be good milkers. Mr. Patterson says they give rich milk and a good deal of it. He has bred his stock with that object, and selected the best milking families. They have size enough—the bull would weigh 1000 lbs. net beef—the cows are also large enough. They have fine shaped yellow noses, with a ring of the same round the eye—all uniform as so many peas. What will you think if I tell you that this will become the favorite stock before many years? The beef, you know, is celebrated for its quality, being so evenly mixed, fat and lean, instead of laying the fat on the surface.

Here I also saw upwards of seventy Berkshire store hogs—*hog fat*, in the clover field—and as many sucking pigs intended for next year. The sows are allowed but one litter each year, and they all have pigs in May. Mr. P. has a fine flock of sheep, some full blood Downs, from the flocks of Mr. Rotch, New York, and Mr. Cope, of Pennsylvania.

Every thing is done here in the best manner, and all the stock is of the best, without regard to price. The whole establishment is well worth one hundred thousand dollars. I have not done credit in the description. Mr. Patterson manages the farm himself—has no white man on the place but himself, and is a pattern in industry and frugality, even to Pennsylvania farmers. His neighbors are beginning to follow his example in the use of lime. A few years hence will have completed Mr. Patterson's plan of improvement, and then he will have the best farm in Maryland.

ISAAC DILLON.

Eutaw House, Balt. May 20, 1845.

A Romance of Real Life.—Mrs. Child's letters from New York, which have lately been published by Wiley & Putnam, contain some very interesting reminiscences, among which is the following curious incident which occurred in the family of the authoress, while the yellow fever was raging in that city:

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at the time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared his wife sent the children into the country and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her and her children, for she would be too ill to know who attended upon him. Their arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be life long satisfaction to *her* to know who attended upon him, if *he* did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died.

Those who went round with the death car had visited the chamber, & seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go.—She told them that she never knew how to account for it, but tho' he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression in her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by her convict on, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round and again was heard the solemn words "Bring out your dead."—The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they had received; if they ever expected the pestulence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded & pleaded & even knelt to them in agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally overcome by her tears, again departed.

With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour again came round, & found him as cold & rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messenger began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all remonstrance she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that if he showed no signs of life before they again came around, she would make no opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed jugs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and these dreadful voices would be heard passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled voilently; and the hartshorne she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly, there was a sharp quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death men came again, they found him sitting up in bed.

He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

THE TRAPPER.

A Legend of the West.

On the shores of the Hudson, in times long since passsd away, an isolated being lived, bearing the name of Nick Wolsey.—His solitary home was in a valley of the highlands, about a mile from the river's bank, and his occupation consisted in hunting and trapping and trading for furs with the Indians. He was tall and gaunt, with a peculiar stern and even melancholy expression of feature, and from his lonely gloomy habits, seemed to claim no kith nor kindred with any living creature. The only companion of his hours was a grizzly deerhound, whose speed & strength often o'ermatched the fleetest buck; & once he closed with a silver panther, and, despite the monster's furious struggles, tore the windpipe from his throat. Crouched before the fire in the log cabin, he would watch each move and gesture of his master, and be as ready as his shadow to obey the beck and look.

Thus years had come and gone, and still found no change in the trapper's home.

One day, a party of Indians, of the Penobscot tribe, approached his dwelling, and proffered skins, in exchange for the white man's fire, water and gunpowder.—Among them was a girl of singular beauty, and with her Nick Wolsey became suddenly and deeply enamoured. As he looked at her full, round, and faultless form, his eyes flashed with the fire in his veins, and the volcano of passion burst through each fibre of his frame. No sooner was this feeling engendered, than he strove to win the tawny-skinned beauty—as many a fair one has been won—by pouring gifts into her lap, and long before a cessation of his profuseness took place, dozens of strings of beads were twined round her arm & neck and rings and baubles of all kinds bedizened her person. Then the whiskey flask was offered gratuitously to the company, and Nick's suit progressed with the brightness and velocity of a sky-rocket. In a short time a bargain was made for the red man's daughter, accompanied by a present of a hatchet and knife to the father, and a willing consent obtained.

A chief, whose fiery glance showed the effects of the potent dram, bent his bow, and winged an arrow perpendicularly to the clouds; and as it drove into the earth, quivering with the force directed the trapper to remain by the side of the weapon. Then he shot one some hundred yards, in a direct line, & the expectant bride was conducted to the spot where it fell by her father and friends. A third was then driven into the ground, a few feet from where she stood, and the chief, who acted as priest in the ceremony, addressed Nick Wolsey, by saying, as he again pointed an arrow upwards, "If my white brother would win the bride, he must catch her ere she gains her nest," and drawing his bow, the barbed arrow twanged from the string, and away rushed the trapper at the signal. For a brief second the coquette seemed resolved to reach the goal which would have freed her from the plighted faith; but stopping suddenly in her rapid pace, she turned upon her heel and threw herself, with a ringing laugh, into Nick's outstretched arms.

A shout of triumph announced the success of Nick's suit; & to all, *save one*, the completion appeared to give great satisfaction. This was an Indian youth, an undeclared lover of the trapper's bride.—In secret he had worshipped the idol of his affection, trusting that time would enable him to gain the prize, and, when his hope seemed ripening, he saw her thus suddenly lost to him, and lost forever.

"May the great spirit strengthen my arm!" said he, dashing forwards with all his savage nature roused within him; and like a tiger springing upon his prey, he was about burying his knife between the shoulders of the unsuspecting trapper, when backwards, he went to the earth, as if a whistling bullet had crashed through his brain, in the fanged gripe of Nick's deerhound.

"Hillos!" exclaimed the trapper, releasing his wife from an embrace resembling a grizzly bear's in tenderness. "Why, what's this about, eh?"

The drawn knife in the fallen Indian's grasp, and his ferocious aspect, quickly revealed the cause of the dog's attack, who continued to pin him to the ground in his torturing hold.

"Art jealous, man?" said Nick, laughing and bestowing a kick of no gentle form on his prostrate enemy. "Art jealous?" And lifting him from the earth, after snatching the blade from his hand, he cuffed him, amid the jibes and jeers of his tribe, far away from the scene of his dicomfiture.

Months rolled away. The maple leaf wore the brown tint of seering autumn, and Nick Wolsey was a rough, but doating father. Upon returning from examining his traps, late one evening, he was somewhat astonished, and not a little vexed, at his wife's neglecting to meet him, according to her wonted custom, some short distance from the log cabin.

"Where is Minamee, I wonder?" said he, striding towards the door; and as he reached the threshold, he stumbled heavily against something laid across it. Upon stooping to ascertain the cause, he discovered the lifeless body of his faithful deerhound.

"Minamee!" he shouted, with stentorian lungs. "Sea and earth! how did this happen? Minamee, I say!"

Hush!" exclaimed a voice, in a whisper.—"Hush, you'll wake my child."

"Wake your child!" repeated he, hearing his wife nestling her infant to her bosom, as he threw open the door. "Wake your—." The sentence was unfinished. Fell horror petrified him with the sight that presented itself; his lower jaw dropped, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their strained sockets; the warm blood curdled in his veins, and the checked pulse ceased its throbbing. Sitting before the hearth, upon the floor, there was the young mother, bearing marks of cruel violence in her gashed features and disordered dress, and pressing to her breast the headless trunk of her infant. Pale was her countenance; and the fixed, glassy stare, betokened madness in all its horrid form.

"Say," screamed the trapper, rushing to the side of his demented wife—"say how—who has done this?"

"Hush!" replied Minamee. "Do you not see he sleeps?"

"God of heaven!" exclaimed he—"she's daft—gone wild—mad!" and, scarcely less so himself, the strong, bold hunter, howled in his misery.

For days he was unable to learn the particulars of the terrible catastrophe. At length a change took place in the benighted reason of his wife, but, like the remaining spark in the charred ember, it was the last effort of the mind ere death expunged its miseries.

It appeared that at sunset Minamee was preparing to set out to meet her husband, after rolling her little charge in a robe of buffalo skin, and placing him on his straw, when the long shadow of a man was cast suddenly into the entrance, and as quickly disappeared. The deerhound sprung from the floor on which he had been lying, and as he leaped to the doorway, followed by his mistress, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the noble animal fell dead at her feet. In an instant afterwards, the form of an Indian, whom Minamee at once recognized as the foiled assassin at her marriage, bounded into the cabin, and, despite the mother's furious struggles, clutched her child from his little couch, and brandishing his knife with savage yells, severed the head from its body.

"There," said he, pitching the corpse towards the frantic mother, "is my revenge. Blood to the red man's wrong is as water to fire. I am satisfied. Farewell!" and turning upon his heel, he quitted the spot, like one who had accomplished a noble deed, with a low and haughty fall.

The hitherto happy and contented home of the trapper was now desolated. It was a long, long time since tears had fallen from Nick Wolsey's eyes; but as he watched the sinking moments of his dying wife they chased each other down his furrowed checks in streams, and shewed the floodgates of his heart were open. As the sun rose the spirit of Minamee fled.

"Revenge!" exclaimed the trapper, rising from the side of the dead body of his wife, over which he had mourned for hours.—"I'll have such revenge, that in tale and story none can equal. I'll be more bloody than the panther; more cruel than beast or savage of any kind or time. Revenge!" continued he, with a convulsive laugh.—"The white man's vengeance shall at least match the red."

Mounting his small but fleet horse, caught from the wild prairie, the trapper turned his head towards the west, and driving his heels into his flanks, gallopped, like one reckless of life and limb, to the valley of the Mohawk. There as he anticipated, he found the tribe from whom his Indian wife had been chosen. Brief was the horrid tale of his wrongs, and as brief his demand for justice.

"Give me," said the trapper, "the murderer and let me deal with him as I list."

The chiefs listened with that seeming apathy with which they listen to every relation, whether of good or of evil, and continued to send volumes of smoke, curling upwards from their lips, as they sat in a circle about the fire, without a perceptible emotion of any kind. At length the elder said, after a long silence, "My white brother says well. Let it be so. Deal with him as you list take him hence."

The consent obtained a howl of savage delight burst from the trapper's breast as he pounced like a galled tiger upon his victim. "You're mine," cried he, clutching the remorseless wretch by the throat, and lifting him from the earth in his brawny grasp like a weak, puny child. "You're mine!" repeated he; "and as ye gave no mercy, none shall be given ye."

Winding long narrow strips of untanned hide round the shoulders, arms and wrists of the prisoner, he bound them tight to the body, and fixing one end to his rude stirrup, threw himself upon his horse to retrace his steps at a slow and leisurely pace. The trapper appeared even to select the path with care, so that the prisoner might not be injured by brake or brier in their progress.

In silence—without one word being spoken in that long, long night—they continued on through waste and wild.—The ruffled Hudson reflected the clear rays of the moon, bright and unbroken as a looking-glass. The refreshing mists rolled along the sides of the highlands in graceful folds, and nothing broke on the ear but the rush of waters, and the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will. Just as the first tinge of light streaked the east, the trapper arrived at the door of his cabin; and after securing his prisoner, beyond the chance of escape, to the trunk of a primeval willow hard by, he at once began the task of his unequalled, unheard of revenge.—With a hatchet he cut long and stout branches from the willow, and tying them firmly together with pieces of dried skin, formed a sort of rough, strong basket, resembling a large cradle. When this was complete, he threw his helpless captive into it, a full length, with his face upwards, and, passing strips of hide through the apertures of the cradle from his feet to his neck, bound him fast, that not even a sinew might be moved. Then taking the corpse of his wife—ill fated Minamee!—he placed it face to face with his prisoner.—The horrified wretch clenched and ground his teeth as the body pressed upon his; but no groan escaped his lips. His bloodshot eyes revealed the anguish of his soul; still he would not speak. In a few minutes the living and the dead were lashed together. The breathing man and putrid corpse, festering in corruption, were as one. When so much of the horrid work was finished, the trapper stood with folded arms, and, with a fiendish smile, surveyed the advancement of his task.

"And now to complete it," said he, lifting the load lightly in his arms, and placing it longways on the back of his horse tethered on the green sward. The animal sniffed the air, and would have plunged from his burthen had not the well known voice of his master soothed & quieted him. Still he stood with fiery eyeballs and dilated nostrils, ready to fly from his own shadow as he smelt the offensive stench issuing from the cradle. Girding it, in the same fashion as the bodies were bound together, round the loins, ribs, and neck of the horse he so contrived to fix it that neither jolt nor jar could move it from the firm position.

"Now, my eagle of the rock," said the trapper, addressing his horse—"my untamed unicorn, you shall for the first time since ye left the prairie grass, feel the effects of the lash," and taking a punishing switch in his hand, he struck the animal sharply until wrought to a pitch of fury and pain. Flakes of foam flew from his mouth, and streams of perspiration rolled from every pore in his skin. Leaping in the air, like a stricken stag, he strove to snap the bond which held him, and at length, with one terrific plunge and cry of terror, broke away with the speed of thought, and swept through forest, swamp, and wild, with madness in every stride. On, on he went. The flood was passed, the praire gained; still on he went. A wild piercing shriek broke on the unbounded waste, and lent new fear to the maddened horse. On, on he went. The noontide sun darted his rays, unbroken by leaf or bough, upon the fleeing o'erloaded steed; but still his gallop was unslackened. His skimming shadow became gigantic in the falling light; and still he continued on. The pale moon tipped the thin fleecy clouds with her silver light; and yet his speed was unabated.

'Tis said—but ever in a whisper—by the hunters of the far west, that the horse may still be seen scouring the plains, where the footfall of man is seldom heard; with his load of the living and the dead.

The extraordinary productiveness of the soil of the West is strikingly shown by facts stated in the Alton (Illinois) Telegraph of last week. That paper says—

The quantity of standing Corn which may be seen from Mound Farm, in Jersey county, under twenty miles from this place, cannot amount to less than *five hundred thousand bushels*. Nor is this all, or the best. From Mr. B. A. Davidson's residence on the bluff, on the road from Alton to Edwardsville, and about seven miles from this city, there may be seen, without moving from the same spot, by looking only in two directions, fields of standing Corn, the probable yield of which is estimated at one million five hundred thousand bushels. Beat this who can!

Effect of Guano on Vines and Orange Trees.—Mr. Drivers, in Madeira, in February last used four bags of guano on four acres of vines, the result of which is that he has four-fold the quantity of grapes produced on former years, which, of course will yield four times the quantity of wine, unless bad weather occurs between this and the vintage. Mr. D. also tried it with orange trees, which has given nearly double the usual number, and much larger in size.

APPLES—*Immense Orchard.* Mr. Rob't. Livingston Pell, of Pelham, Ulster county, N. Y., has an orchard of Newtown pippins comprising twenty thousand flourishing trees, from which he has been enabled to gather and pack, this year, nearly four thousand barrels; all of which are preparing for shipment to Europe, Cuba, China, and other distant countries. They are sold in New York, by his commission merchant, at six dollars per barrel, as fast as they arrive by the boats from the farms.

Lucky Chaps.—It is stated that no less than six persons connected with the late Globe office at Washington, have been appointed to offices under the General Government. Mr. Martin Johnson, the foreman, received an appointment on Tuesday 7th inst.

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