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Feb 25, 1869—3m.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of St. Mary's County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of F A Jones, late of St. Mary's county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of Oct., 1869, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of March, 1869.

FRANCIS M GODDARD,
Administrator.

March 11, 1869—4w.

WHEAT CULTURE.

The following extract from the "minutes" of a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club of Milestown is sufficiently explanatory of the way the essay on Wheat Culture, given below, reached us for publication.

"*March 27th*, 1869.—On motion of R. F. Neale, the Club unanimously requested Mr. Z. D. Blakstone to transmit to its Secretary for publication in the *Beacon* a copy of his "Essay on Wheat," read before the Club to-day.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Club:—In obedience to the 12th Article of our Constitution, I propose to detain you for a short time—I do not hope to entertain you. Success in any branch of industry, (though that success come from outside causes, entirely unconnected with the avocation,) may speak, and claim the general ear; but failure, even though success were never better deserved, must keep silence, for want of an audience. I have, in my time, received many compliments, many of which I no more merited than did Abe Lincoln the cognomen of "Honest."

I was once, with my servants, in the days of negro slavery, where they were mauling rails by the side of the public road. I seized the maul, and struck three blows, when a wealthy old gentleman and his wife, who had a very nice daughter, turned the corner in about 50 yards of me. Of course, in respect to them, being a gallant young spark, I laid down the maul till they should pass. I received a very nice compliment for my industry. But, Mr. President, in justice to myself, I must say, I was too honest to keep it, for I told them how little I deserved it. And now, gentlemen, our worthy President has complimented me by making me the 2nd call under the 12th Article. But instead of doing what he meant to do, he has put me in the situation of the Cock and the Jewel—he has given me what I can't use myself nor can I make it useful to my associates.

Without further prologue, I propose to call your attention to a subject, the most important of all subjects, temporal, to man:—it is Wheat. Corn, Tobacco, Potatoes, and numerous other crops, are the pet crops of certain localities, but wheat is the pet crop of the world. When I speak of corn, I mean Indian corn—maize. In Europe, I believe they call all sorts of cereals corn. I once heard it questioned, and denied that the word "wheat" was used in the Old Testament. The first mention of it that I recollect is in the IX chap, 31st vs. of Exodus:—When God had tried the hard hearted and haughty king of Egypt by many sore and dreadful judgments, that he might break the yoke which his choses people had worn for 440 years, (rather longer than the colored brethren have,) he sent by the rod of His servant and prophet Moses, an awful hail storm, such as had never been known in Egypt. Moses, in his account of it says:

And the flax and the barley was smitten; for the barley was in the ear and the flax was boiled. But the wheat and the rye were not smitten; for they were not yet grown up.

In Deut. 25 chap. 4th vs. it is called corn.

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.

David in the 147 psalm, which is a perfect outburst of praise and adoration of the God of Israel, extols the goodness of God in the 14th vs. by singing,

He maketh peace in the borders and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

In Jeremiah also, and in Judith, one of the Apocryphal books, the word wheat occurs twice.

The question is often asked, how and why is it, that wheat with such capacity for yield, yields so little? I have seen from one grain, 24 heads, averaging 24 bars, making 576 bars; and this put to a moderate yield, say, 3 grains to the bar, would be 1728 grains. The greatest capacity of wheat to the bar is 7 grains. I have seen two heads having seven grains to two bars each, one grown by Mr. A. Hammett and one by myself. And yet, if we get 10 for one, we have great joy over the yield. Tobacco will work by the rule of thee. For instance: If one plant weighs a quarter of a lb. 4 plants will weigh a lb. So of corn. But wheat is excentric, and wickedly unruley. If we try the Rule of Three on wheat and state the sum, If one grain yields 1728 grains, how much will one bushel yield, the answer will be, 5 or 6 bushels.—There is a cause for this, but even if discovered, could not be remedied. As we sow, some will fall by the wayside, some on stony ground, and some among thorns. If not exactly to the letter of the Parable alluded to, something similar does waste our seed and shorten our crops. Great pains, and care, and trouble, will cause more to fall on good ground, some yielding 30, some 60 and some an hundredfold. God's Blessings are far greater than his maledictions; and who, what Christian farmer would annul one of the flats of the Great Supreme, if he could? When our first parents sinned without provocation, not needing that they sinned in, the decree went forth to them and their posterity forever. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. And would not this decree be in substance annulled, if an unthrived crop would yield, according to its capacity, 1728 bushels from one bushel of seed? Might not the farmer eat bread with a sweatless face, and the Divine decree be annulled? I think it would. Seeing that wheat is an unruley crop, we must do all we can to bring it as much as possible, under rule. To attain this end, fine tilth, pulverization and careful plowing must be observed. I prefer a harrow to break and soften the top crust, so as to give a soft bed to receive the seed, to after harrowing. But I like the harrowing after plowing too. The advantages of a freshly broken surface to receive the seed, are, that the grains are held in their places, nearly until the soil is turned; whereas, if the top is a crust, the grains begin to slide by their gravity the moment the plow moves the soil.—This is the cause of stooping in wheat fields, resembling drillings, in appearances, but without any of the advantages of that process.

In what I am now about to say, I suspect I shall stand alone. I consider the roller the most important of all, except the seeding and plowing. The idea that clods left in a wheat field crumble by rains and freezes and undo what freezes have done, is a perfect fallacy. Why, sir, go into any wheat field, fixed to keep guard over spowed wheat, and I'll wager a a peck of good seed wheat, that the clods either fell tother way, or fell on the wheat and smothered it. Besides, Mr. President, if these clods are to stand sentinel, you had as well have them locked up in your granery. If the soil has any of the constituents to produce a wheat crop, they too contain some; and they keep it, too, coming in like a badly managed reserve corps, after the battle is lost. I believe that rolling prevents winter-killing. It gives to a naturally light soil an artificial consistence, bringing it nearer to the stiffness of what is called a wheat soil. But I have not stated my chief preference for the roller yet. This is it—to save seed. I consider the roller equal to ¼ seed. I know some member mentally exclaims, absurdity! If it be an absurdity, I am not anxious to be the sole victim of it. I'd like to be undeceived. Let us take a field of 40 acres, of average order, for putting in wheat. I will venture to assert that there are many billions of small and large clods, even though it looks to be in good order. There will be more billions of clods than the United States owe dollars to a few rich Bondholders; and like the debt, they keep down the weak sprouts, trying to come out. I would start a roller on the one, and repudiation on the other and mash them both flat. You would then see ¾ of the people emerge from rags, beggary, half-starvation and serfdom, and one fourth more spires of wheat come through, to gladden the farmer's eye and to pay him for his toil and investment. If you will imbed a grain of wheat firmly in a clod, turn the side with the grain in it down and moisten it, the sprout will come through. But let the smallest vacuum occur between the germ and the air and light, and you will never see that sprig of wheat, unless you dig or scratch it up. There are almost innumerable vacuums or interstices formed by the plow throwing a mowlboard of soil into the furrows previously thrown out or cut. Put on your roller and you annihilate clods and vacuums, render the soil compact, and then, when the sprout starts, support it on all sides, it comes straight through to the light. When I used to pursue the system of rolling, as my father did, I could recollect that I ever failed in a wheat crop. I made 52 bushels from two Alexandria sowing (horter than our. But more measure,) with a quart of red wheat picked out of it by my sisters, on a piece of poor land, manured one time for tobacco. It was rolled. I have made 18 for one, and I think I made once, 13 for one from 100 bushels of seed, Rolled. Some years ago, I stopped putting stones in one end of the sack and corn in the other, like the Dutch miller; in other words, I took sides with those who think their "Sires were fools, so monstrous wise they grow." Since then I have not made, what I call, a crop of wheat. I cannot say that that was the cause. I have no evidence of it.—Conjecture and surmises are not evidence. The practice of seeding wide, bracket lands too, has come into fashion since I became a farmer. When I was a boy, the widest land was a cradle land; but more commonly a single reaphook land. This latter made, in the progress of economy was thought a waste of land, there being two many leanseilled furrows, yielding no wheat. I think so too. But I disapprove of wide bracket lands more than of single reap-hook lands. There is a greater waste of land and seed too. To illustrate what I mean by wide bracket lands; write all the names of members of Congress to whom the term gentleman would be a misnomer, group them together by a bracket, as you often see names, and you have the shape of a bracket land. Water will not run up hill, and the apex of the bracket will often be the only part where there will be a crop corresponding to the quality of the soil. In such lands put in wheat, it were better to have no furrows at all; for the effort to get the furrows deep, dams the water effectually on the wheat, which has to be evaporated or absorbed by the soil. I don't think that beds or lands of more than 15 feet can be made by two plowings. Follow in land, of 15 feet and plow the wheat in the same way, and I will guarantee that the wheat does not suffer in any ordinary season, unless the field is dished. This mode gives a slight ridge, but does very well. But if you want a regular deck-shaped or convex, reverse with three or four furrows at the lap, harrow before seeding as you ought to do any way, and you have it.

As to the quantity of seed, I consider that three pecks are sufficient, if good, for any land, however poor or however rich. In the Fall of 1867, I sowed a peck of wheat on ⅝ths of an acre. To all appearances, it did not need another grain. It looked as thick as the wheat on land where I sowed one bushel per acre. I presume that nearly all the seed came up; for the piece of land had about seven workings, counting plowings, harrowings and rolling. The yield was not up to my expectations. I only made at the rate of 14 for one. But there were good reasons for this result. The land was common in strength, had no manure, ran into a sandbeach on one side, while on the other side, it was very [illegible], and so springy that ever some, I didn't carry a cradle. I have now the 3½ bushels sowed on 4¾ acres, and I hope, (I won't say expect,) to get 100 bushels from it. I had intended to sow the 3½ bushels, on six acres; but being thrown off my guard by a sack of wheat of another kind set with this pet wheat, I sowed two bushels before I knew how thick I was seeding. The bushel and a half seeded over more land than the two bushels; and yet, I'd be willing to take such a stand all the time.

The land had a little extra preparation, though my fallow field had six workings to get it in its present state. I once knew a lot of wheat so thin in the Spring, that my brother offered to bet $5 that he would get into a sulky and ride from one side to the other, and one wheel would not touch a blade of wheat. And, yet, at harvest at a little distance, you could not have discovered that there was not enough wheat seeded. If you put too many plants of tobacco on a piece of land, you diminish the size and weight of the plants.—If you leave too many stalks of corn on land, you dwindle the ears to grainless shoots; and why not by a parity of reasoning, come to the conclusion that there is a maximum of seed, beyond which to go, is loss?

As to the advantages of the drill, and its objections, I have very little to say, and shan't say that. This much I will venture, that when I see a man using his own drill, I think he can do without farming, if he likes. But that is not the case with most of our club.

There is no crop so uncertain as a wheat crop, none where the investment is so large, and none that pays so small a per cent. on the investment.

Mr. President, if I have tired the Club, they must charge it on your account. The subject I have selected is full of interest, from its importance. In beauty, other crops make contrasts and not comparisons. Pretty in its needle or spear state in the sunlight; lovely when a green velvet carpet on the floor of May; loveliest when zephyrs mistake it for a sea to frolic in; loveliest of all, when June breezes Theatrize a mock lake of molten gold, it may be, to mock the farmer with a golden disappointment.

But, Mr. President, disappointments and failure do not dishearten and dismay the stout hearted Christian farmer whose motto is, In God is my trust; and though failure seem to wear the garb of doom, he presses to his heart the bottom gift of Pandora's box, and Sisiphus-like, walks to the foot of the mountain, to begin rolling up his punishment stone again.

HAMS AND BACON—HOW TO KEEP.—I have never been able to keep my hams and bacon entirely free from the fly and worm during the summer. For the benefit of those like myself, please give us information. I cannot remember that this important item of domestic economy has been ventilated in your columns. People who live remote from markets are obliged to store hog and hominy, and therefore the question, "*How to save our bacon*," becomes one of great importance. *Rock Spring, Pa.*

Make bags of unbleached "factory," put the hams in, and then put in a layer of fine soft hay all around them, so as to make a stratum of hay between the factory and the hams. If merely bagged, the flies will thrust their ovipositors thro' the factory and sting the meat; but the interposed hay keeps them off. It is a common practice to whitewash the bags, but this is not so neat, and the bags cannot be so well used again. Another mode is to bury them in oats or some other grain, but they are more apt to become injured from want of ventilation. Charcoal dust keeps the hams well, but is black and disagreeable, and hard to get off. Whichever mode is adopted, it is of vital importance that the work be done *early in spring, before the flies are stirring.*

WILLIE'S HOME.—We have rarely seen a simple child story that more touched us than the following, which we find in an exchange:

"This is my home!" cried the little one, a treasured boy of four summers, as fresh and rosy he came from school at the close of a short winter's afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his father, "why is it? Suppose you go out on the sidewalk, and try at the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have done here, and go into the parlor, would not that be your home?"

"No, indeed," said Willie, "it would not be."

"But tell me why not?"

Willie had never thought of this. He paused a moment. Then directing his eyes to where his mother quietly sat sewing, he replied with an earnest gesture:

"*She* lives here."

An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied," unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."

DYING ALONE.

The patter of the rain on the roof tonight carries me back to a day in the far past.

Weary with uncongenial toil, and bitter against the conditions of my life, I closed my door with sullen satisfaction and listened almost gratefully to the driving rain which promised to shield me for a time against the intrusion of brighter faces and brighter hearts than mine.

I lit no light, but sat in the sombre fire light pondering the old, ever new riddle of existence—the questionable blessing of life—until I grew weary of my own.

I recalled all its longings unsatisfied; its capabilities dwarfed; its hopes—not "deferred" merely, but blighted. I went the way of all morbid, misguided souls, nursing and magnifying my discontent, until it rose to the height of ingratitude and rebellion against the Author of life.

I cannot tell how long I sat there, unconscious of my surroundings, going over the well remembered story of my life.

In looking back to its very beginning I recalled pityingly, the image of a lonely, sensitive, thoughtful child, living among those who gave her little love or care, and growing up without guardianship, except that of God's good angels.

Farther on I saw myself in that dangerous transition state, the debatable ground between childhood and womanhood, where wise influences are so necessary to the formation of a true character.

But I was alone, ignorant and weak, without a person or principal to guide me, abandoned to the direction of my own natural traits. My only reliance was an unconscious one, in the self-adjusting power, which Providence bestows upon every human creature.

And thus I lived innocent—as the world interprets innocence—negatively good because not tempted within or without to evil; one of those simple souls who "do God's will and know it not."

The years which passed over me brought little change for good or ill, unless, they may be charged with confirming the apathy which an uneventful life had engendered within me. The torpor that was stealing over me was worse, as I remember now, than all the misery of after years.

The awakening came, however, in the shock of death and desertion.

There came a day when not one of those whom I had called friends remained to protect or assist me.

Helpless and ignorant as I was, the struggle against the world was long and bitter.

I had none of the spirit which "makes drudgery divine," but a weak, luxurious nature, which, though strengthened inevitably by rough usage, grew harsh and unlovable. My faith in all that is good and beautiful was obscured, and I fell into a state of skepticism concerning everything except the existence of universal and unavoidable evil in every human nature.

Yet, let me not be unjust to myself.—Harsh and irritable and sad as I was, I had a grim pleasure in remembering that I had not always returned evil for evil to fate, and usually gave the world its due.

I thought, as I watched the fire burn low, that I could have forgiven all, the neglect, the unfriendliness, the hard toil, the disreputable poverty that I had borne.

Even the condescension that savored of contempt might be thrown back upon those who now thought it well to notice me; but this last disappointment was more than I could bear.

I had been but a poor gleaner in the harvest of happiness, following the rich reapers afar off, and gathering "more tares than wheat." But among my sheaves I bound *one* treasure, more loved and valued because there was but one.

And now I have been robbed, I who was already so poor.

In the world I claimed but one friend and for a time he had none but me. But fortune loved him too, and graced him with all her favors, and I learned that in the intoxication of fame and power he gave no thought to the friend who fondly watched his career, and patiently waited his coming, in her humble little home.

My friend, my love, had forgotten me! they even said some one else was in my place.

I tried to think of him no longer, but to turn my thoughts to the dead, barren future still before me. But stunned and humiliated as I was, I could only grovel in the ashes of my love.

A tap—very light indeed—at my door startled me as though it had been a summons to the last judgment. Nervous and trembling, yet glad to be awakened from this nightmare of wretchedness, I opened the door to admit a dripping, shivering figure, which I could barely descry in the dim light.

But I needed no light; I should have known it just as well in the dark.

Without a question of word of welcome, I stood gazing at him and wondering if I were in a dream.

"Is that you, Ruth, and may I come in?" he asked in eager, happy tones.

I made several ineffectual efforts to speak before I succeeded in saying in a strange, thick voice, "Yes, Frank, I am glad to see you."

"Why, bless your little heart, how startled you are," he said, following me into my tiny sitting room, "I have frightened away my welcome. Look at me, child, and say again in your own dear voice that you are glad to see me."

But I did not look at him, for I was busy just then lighting the lamp and somehow it took me longer than usual.

So Frank took it from my hand and placed it on the high old-fashioned mantle piece above my head, where the friendly shade could no longer screen me, and he took my face between his hands and looked down upon it silently and searchingly.

"You are pale and worn, Ruth," he said reproachfully; "toil and privation merely did not leave those traces. You have been sad and suffering."

I was pale no longer. The hot blood mounted to my cheeks for very shame that they should have betrayed me.—With the remembrance of his perfidy, my heart gave one great indignant throb and sent fiery flushes to my temples, throat and arms. I could not speak, for emotion always quenched my voice, but I tried to withdraw from those strong, cruel hands.

He only dropped them from my face to my fingers.

It is strange and perhaps, disgraceful, but even in that moment of anger and confusion I looked at my brown hands, and suspiciously broad palms and reflected that hers must be fair and dimpled.

Again he spoke to me: "Ruth, I have been away so long; haven't you one little word for me? At least look at me with those sweet eyes that have haunted me night and day."

There is a fascination in misery, a bitter sweet quality, which every unhappy soul must have discovered. It must have been that which made me reply, "I wish that I may never look on you again."

The history of the days that followed is very brief, for it chronicled only fading cheeks and silver hairs for me.

Yet the creeping months grew into years, years in which even suffering became monotonous, and I almost forgot that pain was not the true name for life.

But I never said, as in the old impatient time of my youth, that I was tired—tired of it. There was rest in my very hopelessness. I wished for nothing that the world could give, except a place in it so long as Frank lived.

Sometimes, a dream of what might have been, came over me, and the dull, perpetual pain would quicken into keener anguish, and what had seemed but torpid endurance would resolve itself into living agony.

Those I called my happy days, happy in all but this—I felt that they were numbered.

One such day stands out in my memory from all the rest.

The warm summer had lingered lovingly about the earth, up to its last appointed hour: the happy, dancing sunshine had beamed all day into every heart and home but mine.

I could not bear its honest face, and shut it out.

But when the glory of the skies had paled and the voices of the merry birds had sunk to a sleepy twitter, I crept out upon my little vine covered porch, and there listened to soft evening sounds, and looked upon tender tinted clouds. The honeyed breath flowers hung about my head with gentle endearment, and the little breezes sung in the ivy leaves.

The want of human companionship had early driven me to seek that of Nature, "who never did betray the heart that loved her;" and I think that in my devotion she kindly told me some of her secrets, and taught me her vocabulary.

So, that evening on the porch, when I closed my eyes to catch the mute message she had sent, I felt quite sure that I heard it aright.

"Dying, dying, dying!" all her messages chanted in sad harmony.

It could not be the day of whom they sung, for she was only sleeping, and would awaken smiling to-morrow morning. Nor could it be the requiem of summer, for she had only gone away for a time and would return again.

Was it? Surely that little word so often repeated, was not for me! My life was not to be vanquished at last after clinging to me so desperately for all these years.

"No, I could not be dying, for I heard the postman's ring at the gate, and his gruff, but cheery greeting.

I could not rise to take the letter he brought, I was so very tired; so he brought it in and laid it in my hand, scrutinizing my face in his rough kind way.

I generally had a welcome for the honest old man, for it was he who brought the papers with Frank's name and triumphs in them.

But that day, I believe I gave him no word or smile.

When he went away, I heard him mutter something about "dying alone," and I noticed how softly he closed the rattling gate. I remember too, how the letter dropped from my hand upon the floor, and that I never even wondered who could have written to me.

Ah, why did not the kind breezes whisper to me of life as they had of death.—Did they not know as they heedlessly tossed about that white envelope, that it contained the power to draw me back from the very shore of the dark river?

But they let me wander almost beyond the reach of human help.

Long afterwards, I learned that the merciful old postman had sent his doctor, and his daughter, to care for the poor woman who was "dying alone."

They found me exhausted and insensible, from which state I passed into one of fever and delirium.

My faithful nurse has since told me that in the garrulousness of fever I gave them the clue to my possible recovery.—It almost broke her heart she said, to hear me say continually "Poor Frank will be so sorry."

The memory of those sick days, if I may call that a memory which must have been but a dream, is very dear to me.—I seemed to be gently, silently drifting away into the other life, but ever looking back to the bleak shore I had left, where some one seemed to stand with outstretched arms imploring my return.

And after many days, when I had, floated so far out that the figure on the shore was dim and formless, my little bark was caught by the flowing tide and carried slowly in again. I quite remember that a strong hand seized me and bore me to the shore.

The sweet dream brightened into broad reality. I woke to find my hands in the very grasp from which I had withdrawn them that rainy night, long, long ago, and Frank's blue eyes were bent upon me lovingly, and I dared look into them again.

Poor Frank! Had I drawn all those lines across his brow, and deepened into sadness the thoughtful curve of the lip?

I think if anything could have added a pang to the remorse of by-gone days it would have been the apprehensions of that.

I looked at my thin shrunken hands, and thought they deserved to wither, as they had done, for such a wicked deed.—Frank's eyes followed mine; but I think the pitying tears in them veiled my sin, for he leaned down and kissed them very tenderly.

We had no explanations, no accusations, no regrets. My pardon was written in Frank's face, which said as plainly as did once the Redeemer's voice, "She loved much."

And now Frank sits beside me, and I am called by his name.

No flowers or festivities graced our wedding day; no bridal attire mocked my faded face. But in a darkened room with doctor and nurse for witnesses, he took me for his wife.

"Till death do us part," Frank said courageously, but the words died on my lips; for I fear—I fear—nature is so vindictive that she will be revenged on those who have wronged or neglected her, and I have done both.

Frank hopes to propitiate her with love and care; and she may accept the offering for his sake, not mine.

But if the message that came to me, that evening on the porch be true, perhaps I shall be brave enough by and by to tell it to Frank. And I can tell him too, that if his love would not bind me to earth, it has made me less unfit for Heaven.

HARD ON THE ENGINEER.—An engineer on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad tells the following story of himself: One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana.—While this operation was going on I observed two green-looking countrymen, in "hum-spun," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up to me and said:

"Stranger, are this a locomotive?"

"Certainly. Didn't you ever see one before?"

"No, haven't never saw one afore.—Me'n Bill come down to the station to-night purpose to see one. Them's the biler, ain't it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What yer call that you're in?"

"We call this the cab."

"And that big wheel?"

"That's the driving wheel."

"That big black taing on top is the chimbley, I suppose?"

"Precisely."

"Be you the engineer wot runs the machine?"

"I am the engineer."

"Bill," said the fellow to his mate, after eyeing me closely for a few minutes, "*it don't take much of a man to be engineer, do it?*"

"All aboard!"

A model criminal was tried in Paris lately. Being asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "Yes, a good deal.—In the first place, I object to the judges."

"To the judges? You mean the jury."

"Nothing of the kind; I mean the judges—all the judges of France." "Impossible!" "It is not impossible, but a fact."

"And, sir, on what grounds?" "Because they are prejudiced against me."—Judge, (severely,) "Prisoner, you must not say such things. No judge in France is prejudiced against any one." "Well, I don't know about that," replied the prisoner: "but you must know as well as I do that they have already condemned me five times."

"You say, Mr. Springles, that Mr. Jacocks was your tutor. Does the court understand that you received your education from him?" "No, sir. By tutor I mean that he learned me to play on the French horn; he taught me to toot—hence I call him my tutor." "Ah! the court understood you differently. Call the next witness.

During the Louisiana campaign, a party of soldiers marching through a swamp were ordered to form two deep, when a corporal exclaimed: "I am too deep already, I am up to the middle."