

EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY MORNING,
By George W. Sherwood.

TERMS.—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum payable within the year. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, larger ones in the same proportion.
All communications to insure attention, should be post paid if sent by mail.
Postmasters will please give us prompt notice of any refusal to take the paper from their office.

POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

From the Ohio Cultivator. THE FARMER'S HOME.

If there's a place upon the earth,
Where want and sorrow seldom come,
Where discontent ne'er had birth,
And peace ne'er leaves the social hearth,
It is the Farmer's home.

True independence is a prize
To those possessing it more dear,
By far more precious in their eyes,
Than any other 'neath the skies;
Alone we find it here.

Let those who foolishly suppose,
That in the city halls alone
Are always found the "smarrest beaux,"
(And thus their ignorance expose.)
Visit the Farmer's home.

And there they're ever sure to find,
Within the evening's circle bright,
As "satelty forms" with hearts and minds
Enriched with gems of choicest kind,
Lit up with virtue's light.

And others, too, whose doings are
Around the social fire of life,
Whose cheeks are red, and eyes are bright,
Whose forms are fair, and steps are light,
Within the Farmer's home.

And yet another home is ours,
To those poor mortals here below,
And when from earthly homes we're driven,
We'll find a better one in Heaven;
Endless joys to know. M. B.

From the Natchez (Miss.) Free Trader.

LUCY LEE.

BY J. H. MICHAEL.
Air—Lucy Neal.

One by-gone morn, as village bells
Rang bright o'er stream and lea,
Young Walter breathed a sad farewell
To lovely Lucy Lee.
A glossy ringlet next his hair,
He braves the stormy sea;
The melting sigh—the tearful eye,
Remain with Lucy Lee.
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
The melting sigh—the tearful eye,
Remain with Lucy Lee.

And gone are years of hopes and fears,
From Walter o'er the sea,
No tidings came to fan the flame,
The light of Lucy Lee;
The flower with perfume scents the beach,
Though withering it may be;
So gently passed the wasted breath
Of lovely Lucy Lee.
Oh! poor Lucy Lee!
Oh! poor Lucy Lee!
So gently passed the wasted breath,
Of lovely Lucy Lee.

How sadly tolls the village bell!
Though bush, and flower, and tree,
Bloom gladly forth—yet every knell
Mourns lovely Lucy Lee.
A stranger joins that tearful train—
Young Walter cross'd the sea;
Beside her tomb—oh! true love's doom—
He weeps for Lucy Lee.
Oh! poor Lucy Lee!
Oh! poor Lucy Lee!
Beside her tomb—oh! true love's doom—
He weeps for Lucy Lee.

Miscellaneous.

THRILLING NARRATIVE—HISTORICAL FACT.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, decimated the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 17th of August, 1782, the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the personal left evident traces of joy on the countenances of both, the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantine caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession—Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the doors and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was very precious. Morgan, cool, and brave and prompt soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feeling overcame her—she arose—seized her infant but was afraid that his cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She

once more pressed her child to her bosom again, and kissed it with unexpressed tenderness. The infant alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon his cheeks, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud.—"In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child or we shall be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring voice, as he forced the infant from his wife—hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back then throwing off some clap-boards from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed, and severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy, both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death—Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering were not apprized of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life and called them to the scene of action. Morgan, was discovered, immediately pursued and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog, kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to out run or elude the cunning animal, tried to hunt to this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him—fired and brought him down—reloaded his gun and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached a light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased and the most agonized apprehension crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the canebrake, he beheld his house in flames and almost burnt to the ground. My wife! he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expired embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground, his left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruins and then on his master with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holy motives.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors and the surviving whites returned across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was amongst the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs and recollected the object of his affections. He urged on his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in the thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair and applied the scalping knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage as the one, which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian and with a death like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the ground. Morgan seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with slain; the once white and protecting rocks bleached with the rain and sun of centuries were crimson with blood that had warmed the heart of the patriot and soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death; rendered appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied

notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large ferocious looking bear covered all over with blood, now approached him, he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about to offer thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him and awakened him to a sense of danger.

He placed his hand over his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes, steps approached, a cold chill ran over him—imagination—creative, busy imagination was actively engaged, death, the most horrible awaited him, his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and he be hurled alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished; another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down his face, a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed "my husband—my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house, they found some spirits and drank freely; an alteration soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab, and his life blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband she shrieked, and betrayed her place of concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party after setting fire to the house proceeded to Bryant's Station. On the day of the battle of the blue licks a horse with a saddle and bridle, rushed by her which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit and left the battle ground she with some other persons who had escaped with her determined to make a search for their friends, and if on the field and living save them, if possible, from the hands of the enemy. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she luckily discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd fellowship indulges in no idle mummery; her mystic emblems, and solemn ceremonies, without meaning to the initiated, are pregnant with important recollections. From the first step of initiation through all the various degrees, the candidate is taught the most solemn truths by regular and progressive steps. They are taught in a manner calculated to make the most lasting impression, and while they improve the mind, make him at heart a better man. His duty to his Creator, his family, his neighbor and himself, rank among the first of his lessons; while the great principle of Charity presents itself at every step; not that charity which proclaimeth itself from the house-top, but "charity which doeth good by stealth and blushes to find it fame." A case passed under the immediate eye of the writer in a neighboring city, which may prove of interest to your readers. In 1840, a gentleman from the North, who was an Odd Fellow, came south on some urgent business, on his way down the Mississippi he fell dangerously sick of typhus fever. The captain, crew and boat physician despaired of his life, and being desirous to get rid of such a charge, determined to thrust the sick man ashore. On reaching the landing the mate and hands were ordered to take him off upon a litter, and put him in one of those miserable doggeries which, to the disgrace of civilization, infest nearly all our river towns. The rude hand of the mate was laid upon the frame of the stranger, and his grief voice as he bellowed out "go ahead," partly roused him from his stupor, and he faintly asked what they would do with him—he was told they were putting him ashore at—. He inquired, are there any Odd Fellows here? A brother standing on the wharf, who had been gazing on the inhuman scene, replied, instantly, "Yes, there are many and more." "Then," said the sick stranger, "put me down, put me down right here, I shall be taken care of." He was taken care of; though a stranger in a strange land, ready friends clustered around him—they tested him; he was an Odd Fellow, and in good standing in his Lodge; it was enough, he was taken up by brother's hands—supported on friendly bosoms—he was provided a place in the best hotel, the best medical aid was called in, he was nursed by friends whose eyes never slept over his couch of anguish. For many weeks his case was considered almost hopeless, but by strict attention he got well. He returned home to gladden the eyes of his aged mother, and to infuse new joy into the warm heart of his young and beautiful wife. Odd Fellowship is not only charitable, but it is philanthropic; it gives the initiated brother in good standing a passport in every land where the Order is known. Although a stranger in a strange land, he will have that which will gain his admittance into

the Lodge, when his hand will be pressed by the hearty responding gripe of a brother, and his desires and necessities attended to. It is also sympathetic. It never heard the widow sigh, nor saw the orphan weep, and not relieve—indeed in all Lodges there is a fund especially set apart for the widow and orphans of deceased members; a committee is appointed from each Lodge, whose duty it is to see that the orphans are properly fed, clothed and educated.—[New Orleans paper.]

DECIDEDLY RICH.—An exchange paper gives the following anecdote, and gravely avers that several persons were witnesses of the scene, in Saratoga, New York.—A ruffian who had drunk a little too freely, fell from a part of the raft where he was employed, and was near drowning, when his brother plunged in to his relief, seized him by the hair, and was struggling with him to the shore. The tide was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when the despairing one, raising his head above water, exclaimed, "Hang on, Sam! hang on—I'll treat, I swear I will!" These words were stimulating, and his brother saved his life.

A POOR ORATOR.—"Mr. President, I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions, and republiques are hurled into arctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes—but sir, we can tell him indefinitely, that the consequences there from multiplied subterfuges by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than can the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of midnight tempest conflagrate the marble statue into ice. That's just what I told them."

PROVING AN ALIBI.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said, "I am not," replied the gentleman, "I retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong, for on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it was there."

OLD TWO PER CENT.—A correspondent tells a laughable story of a miser who being at the point of death, resolved to give all his money to a nephew at whose hands he had experienced some little kindness. "Sam," said he—for that was the nephew's name—"Sam, I am about to leave the world and to give you all my money. You will then have \$50,000—only think! Yes, I feel weaker and weaker; I think I shall die in two or three hours. Oh yes, Sam, I'm going to give me two per cent and take the money now!"

"Jim, you pollyticks is dat vine cee-pin' all about dare?" "Gosh, Sambo, you ax suspicious questions dis morning. Guess it may be a dymcrat." "No." "Vig, den?" "Not dat, neider, Jim. It is neutral, 'kase you see it is on de fence. Yah! yah! yah! got you dis time Snowball."

WEALTH IS NOT HAPPINESS.—Talk about the enjoyment of wealth—it never can be enjoyed. An abundance of money is a heap of misery. A man who has a small house, a small farm, a small wife, a big dog, a good cow, two or three fat pigs, and two children, ought to be satisfied. If he isn't he never can be.

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down east that is so industrious that he works 25 hours a day." "How is that Cuffe?" "There is only 24 hours in a day." "Why he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger?"

The seeds of the sunflower are the best remedy known for the cure of founder in horses. Immediately on discovering a horse is founderd, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his feed, and it will give a perfect cure.

Three men were in company—Strange, Wright and Moore. Says Wright—"There is but one rogue amongst us, and that is strange." "No," says Strange—"there is one more." "Ay," says Moore—"that is right!"

An old bachelor being laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them they were small potatoes.

"We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

A newspaper editor fancied he was a paragon—and he lay in bed debating whether he should rise altogether, or sentence by sentence.

A man must have confidence in himself if he expects the world to have any in him. "Come to the point!" as the fish said to the hook. "Wrongs may try a good man, but cannot imprint on him a false stain. Why don't you hit one of your own size?" as the tenpenny nail said to the sledge hammer.

COMMODORE ELLIOTT'S SARCOPHAGUS. We mentioned some time since that Com. Elliott had deposited in the National Institute at Washington, a marble sarcophagus brought by him from Syria, which was supposed to have contained the mortal remains of Emperor Alexander Severus. It was intended there to remain until the death of General Jackson, when, if he consented, it was to be appropriated to the reception of his body, but the General in a letter to Com. Elliott respectfully declines the honor intended him. The letter itself, will, however, be read with interest.—Sun.

HERMITAGE, March 27, 1845. Dear Sir: Your letter of the 18th inst., together with a copy of the proceedings of the National Institute, furnished me by their corresponding secretary, on the presentation, by you, of the sarcophagus for their acceptance, on condition it shall be preserved, and in honor of my memory, have been received, and are now before me.

Although laboring under great debility and affliction, from a severe attack from which I may not recover, I raise my pen and endeavor to reply. The steadiness of my nerves may perhaps lead you to conclude my prostration of strength is not so great as here expressed. Strange as it may appear, my nerves are as steady as they were forty years gone by; whilst, from debility and affliction, I am gasping for breath.

I have read the whole proceedings of the presentation, by you, of the sarcophagus, and the resolutions passed by the board of directors, so honorable to my fame, with sensations and feelings more easily to be conjectured than by me expressed. "The whole proceedings call for my most grateful thanks, which are hereby tendered to you, and through you to the president and directors of the National Institute. But with the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king. My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions, and the plainness of our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious Union, and whose virtue is to perpetuate it. True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade, are the governing passions; it can only dwell with the people—the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy.

For these reasons I cannot accept the honor you and the president and directors of the National Institute intended to bestow. I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an emperor or king. I again repeat, please accept for yourself, and convey to the president and directors of the National Institute, my most profound respects for the honor you and they intended to bestow. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid; for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body prepared to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality.

I am, with great respect,
Your friend and fellow-citizen,
ANDREW JACKSON.
To Com. J. D. Elliott, United States Navy.

Mexico. The Siglo of the 4th ultimo contains a letter from Mr. Shannon to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations in reply to the official note of Senor Cuevas, announcing the termination of official relations between the two countries.

We will now give Mr. Shannon's reply—which has undergone two translations, first into Spanish and now again into English—and also a rejoinder from Senor Cuevas.

UNITED STATES LEGATION, }
March 31st, 1845. }
The undersigned, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., of the United States has the honor of acknowledging the receipt of his Excellency's, Senor Cuevas's, Minister of Foreign Relations, &c., note of the 28th of March, announcing that the Congress of the United States has sanctioned the Annexation of Texas to its territory; that the Mexican Minister at Washington has terminated his official relations, and protested against the said act of the Congress and Government of the United States, and that diplomatic relations between the two countries cannot be continued.

The liberal and honorable sentiments entertained by the actual Government of Mexico, had induced the undersigned to hope that the differences which exist between the two governments could be arranged amicably upon terms just and honorable to both. It would appear, however, from the note of his Excellency, Senor Cuevas, that Mexico declines to adjust these differences in this manner, and thus preserve the peace of the two countries.

The undersigned can assure his Excellency, Senor Cuevas, that his (Mr. Shannon's) Government entertains the liveliest desire to cultivate amicable relations with that of Mexico; and here he will improve this opportunity to repeat that which he has before communicated to the Government of Mexico, to wit; that the United States has not adopted the measure of Amexation in any spirit of hostility towards Mexico, and that the United States are anxious to settle all questions which may grow out of this measure, including that of boundaries, in terms the most just and liberal.

Having offered the olive-branch of peace, and manifested a sincere desire to arrange these questions amicably, and upon principles just and honorable to both Governments, the United States have done whatever is in their power to preserve the friendly relations between them, and it now remains for Mexico to decide whether they shall be continued, or whether the peace of the two countries shall be broken by a conflict equally injurious to both, and which can give satisfaction only to the enemies of civil liberty and republican institutions.

The undersigned will pass over in silence the charge made against his Government of having violated the treaty of friendship with Mexico. The right of Texas to cede the whole or a part of her territory to the United States, and the right of the United States to accept such cession, have already been amply vindicated repeatedly.

The undersigned has received no official communication as to the action of his Government in regard to the Annexation of Texas to the Union; nevertheless, he cannot doubt, from the tenor of his personal correspondence, that the measure has been passed by Congress and approved by the President. He expects daily despatches from his Government, with special instructions upon this subject, and before taking any further steps, has resolved to await their arrival.

The undersigned has the honor, &c.,
WILSON SHANNON, Minister, &c.

In reply to the above, the following letter was sent two days after:—
NATIONAL PALACE,
Mexico, April 2, 1845.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Relations, has the honor to communicate to His Excellency Mr. Shannon, Minister, &c. &c., in reply to the note of His Excellency of the 31st March, that the Government of Mexico cannot continue diplomatic relations with the United States upon the presumption that such relations are reconcilable with the law which the President of the United States has approved in regard to the Annexation of the Department of Texas to the American Union; that this determination is founded upon the necessity which Mexico is under of maintaining no friendship with a Republic which has violated her obligations, usurped a portion of territory which belongs to Mexico by a right which she will maintain at whatever cost; that the relations between the two countries cannot be re-established before a complete reparation of that injury, [aggravation] such as is demanded by good faith, justice to Mexico, and the honor of the United States, is made.

Moreover, the undersigned will take the liberty to say to his Excellency Mr. Shannon, that if the United States Government thinks that it entertained friendly sentiments towards Mexico at the time of giving such offence, and when attacking the integrity of the Republic of Mexico, this Government (Mexico) is very far from entertaining the same views, or acquiescing in the assurances which his Excellency Mr. Shannon has given, whatever may be his sentiments towards his Excellency personally.

The undersigned, in making this announcement to his Excellency Mr. Shannon, doing so by the order of the President of Mexico—cutting short a new discussion which the interruption of the relations of the two countries will not permit, and because nothing can be added to what this Department has already said—has the honor to renew the assurances of his very distinguished consideration.
LUIS G. CUEVAS.

HOW THEY USE UP SHEEP IN THE WEST. Ohio must be a great Golgotha for hogs, cattle and sheep. They kill hogs by hecatombs, and oxen by myriads, and what they do not sell down they tumble into big vats, and steam them up for lard and tallow. Sheep, too have to come up to the slaughter by ten thousands. Ellsworth, in his late report, gives the following statistics of sheep slaughtering. Messrs. Hollister & Boalt slaughtered last year 5100, which they say yielded, on an average, 9 pounds of tallow. Mr. Hollister slaughtered about 3500, which averaged seven and a half pounds of tallow each.

In Cleveland, Mr. Millard states that 50,000 sheep will be slaughtered the present season. He gives the following schedule of cost and profits.

Cost of sheep, each	\$1.12½
Cost of slaughtering, &c.,	10
Total cost,	\$1.22½
Average of tallow, 8 lbs. 5½ cts.	44
3 lbs. of wool, each at 33 cents,	99
For hams,	5
Total value,	\$1.48
Total cost,	1.22½
Total profit,	26½

So that they get a pretty fair profit per head. If the English government take off their tariff on lard oil, it will open a large market for that article, and the way the pigs will have to bleed will be a caution to old porkers. This manufacturing of lard oil from pigs, and of candles and soap from mutton tallow, will prevent our neighbors of the fat prairies of the far west from glutting our markets by their hogs and sheep, which they grow at a cheaper rate than we do, and thus our home market will remain undisturbed.—Maine Farmer.