

By George W. Sherwood.

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POET'S CORNER.

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

IT SPOILS A MAN TO MARRY HIM.

Believe, dear girls, this maxim true, In precept and in practice too, That it spoils a man to marry him! The creature never ought to go Beyond a honey moon or so; If they survive that, they will show That it spoils a man to marry him!

When first he kneels before your feet, How soft his world he looks how sweet! But it spoils a man to marry him, When once a late comers he'll bring, And get your finger in the ring, Oh! then he's quite another thing; It spoils a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy? you must drop it; A will it may be, you must let it, Before you think of marrying; And even if you venture then, Select the very worst of men; If not, nine chances out of ten, 'Twill spoil the wretch to marry him.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where are they—the companions of our games, With whom in youth we gambled on the dice, The gray-haired fathers and the gentle dames, Whose hospitable thresholds erst we trod; The beauteous forms that taught our hearts to love,

Whose tales around the hearth we loved to hear, Whose hopes and fears with whom we went to roam, Whose cheerful friends with whom we went to roam, Whose tales around the hearth we loved to hear,

Where are they—the gay train of laughing hours, Youth's longest for morrows and glad days, That joyous season of hope's budding flow, That fairy portal to life's thorny maze; The pregnant sunny seed months of life's year,

The calm bright moments of its April sky, Ere stormy passion and blue-rolling care, Had vexed and maddened its blue serenity, Where are they?

Where are they—the fond dreams of buoyant youth, That soaring—beyond the bounds of to-day, As eye-watching the fair syren's truth, Slumbering in hope's soft lap entranced we lay;

Where are the glowing visions that arose, Before our eyes like purple clouds of eve, Of beauty, fortune, honor, and repose, And all the wretchedness hope alone can weave— Where are they?

Where they—the resolves of life's young morn, The resolutions firm to be and do, Whose weakness, difficulty laughed to scorn, Sate plans for future years we fondly drew; The deep devotee's love and truth, The manly purpose and the sacred vow, That clustered, big with promise, in our youth,

Like opening spring buds, blushing on the bough— Where are they?

Miscellaneous.

From Noah's Weekly Messenger.

Yankee Trick. REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

COMMON consent is a queer sponsor. Common consent makes us of a stipulation; fools of wise men, gallants of Josephs, and rascals of honest individuals.—Common consent stamped "Yankees"—in their first days—as strewed, incomparable tricksters, and common consent was pretty near right just at that time. Whether the Yankees are a match for opposition now, we leave to older and wiser heads to determine. We gained our independence by the force of arms. Now and then fortune would favor our side with a little extraordinary good event or circumstance, but not very frequently. It was fought twenty times where it was maneuvered successfully once. The English, always on the look out for "squalls" and "Yankee tricks," not infrequently deceived themselves in the most ludicrous manner.

In the month of May, 1814, Sir James Yoe, with a fleet of vessels to the number of thirteen, of various sizes, appeared off the mouth of the Genesee, threatening to annihilate Rochester, and destroy every improvement and person in the vicinity.—Great alarm was created by this. Messengers were despatched at once throughout the country for aid. The people were aroused—like the fiery cross of Rhoderick Dhu the summons sped, and what, think ye, was the result? In Rochester there were then just thirty-three people capable of bearing arms, and about half a dozen came in to help them. Truly a formidable army to repel an English fleet, and oppose a clever offshoot of the British forces. The first thing that the little band of Americans did was to throw up a breast-work—rude and slight—near the deep hollow, beside the Lower Falls. This breast-work was called Fort Bunker.—They then hurried down the junction of the Genesee and Lake Ontario, because there the enemy declared they would land. They left behind them two old men, with several small boys, to remove the women and children into the woods in case the British should land for the

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provisions, and the destruction of the bridge at Rochester.

The Rochester forces were commanded by Francis Brown and Eliza Ely, who acted as captains. Isaac W. Stone was appointed major. The Americans were elegantly accoutred in various garments of shapes and makes almost antediluvian. No two men were dressed alike. No two men were armed with the like weapons.—Certainly they had all firearms; but they were not fashioned in the same style.—The discipline of these troops were as curious as their costume and equipments.—But if they displayed an awkward front to the warlike eye, they also exhibited sagacity and courage—two qualities quite as much needed as a great number of good tactics.

The enemy watched the advance proceedings with considerable interest.—They beheld, as they supposed, numerous bodies of militia marching to head quarters, and preparing to give them a warm reception. To deceive the English, the forty men marched and countermarched incessantly through the woods, from point to point, in such manner as to convince the soldiers in the vessels that the whole country was aroused and prepared for action. The English thought it was high time to be cautious, and therefore sent an officer with a flag of truce to the shore.—One of the militia captains, with ten of the best-looking and most soldier-like men, were sent to meet the officer. The men carried their arms as upright as might be consistent with their plan of being ready for action, by keeping hold of the triggers.

The British officer was astonished. He looked all kinds of things, unutterable and unutterable, and with a swelling crest said:— "Sir, do you receive a flag of truce, under arms and with cocked triggers?" "Excuse me, I beg," said the American captain, "we are not soldiers, only back-woodsmen, and know more about felling timber and following the plough than of military tactics;" saying which the American, to rectify his first error, ordered his men to ground arms!

This, of course still more astonished the British. He looked indignant; then suspicious; then a little terrified—and at last delivered a brief message in haste and incontinently sought the fleet again. He declared that the ignorance of tactics was feigned to draw the commodore into some snare, and informed those who sent him that some "Yankee trick" was under process of development.

The British wanted the spoils, but they were too suspicious to attempt a landing, if by making a compromise, they would secure a part of them. Accordingly another officer, with another flag of truce, was sent to parley. Capt Francis Brown was this time deputed to receive the officer. Brown took a guard with him.

The British officer looked very suspiciously upon Brown and upon the guard.—He conversed with the utmost caution, and walked as though he expected either to find a trap door, or a spring mine, beneath his feet. After spending a short time in conversation, the officer suddenly discovered that the width and clumsy aspect of Captain Brown's garments betokened something not exactly right. He thought that Brown was a regular officer of the American army, and that his regimentals were masked, for some stratagem, by clumsy and hastily made overcoats. Impressed with this idea, the British suddenly grasped Brown's pantaloons by the knee, exclaiming half jealously, while he handled the cloth most firmly, "What a pity such excellent cloth should be spoiled by a bungling tailor."

Brown smiled upon the object of the officer's movement, and quick-witted, he carelessly replied:— "Oh! I was this morning prevented from dressing fashionably by my haste to meet and salute distinguished visitors."

The officer then made a proposition that if the provisions and stores which might be in and about Rochester, were delivered up, Sir James Yoe, would spare the settlements around.

"Will you accept and comply with this offer?" inquired the bearer of the flag of truce.

"Blood knee deep first!" replied Francis Brown, with stammering emphasis.

While all this parley—the last clause of which was enough to affright the oldest and toughest soldier—an American officer with his staff returning from the Niagara frontier, was accidentally seen passing from one wooded point to another. This, with other very curious circumstances, confirmed the Britons in the belief that a large American army collected, and that the Yankee officers shammed ignorance for the purpose of enticing them on shore to be slaughtered and annihilated. They had not proofs exactly as strong as holy writ, but they were irresolute, undecided, and frightened, and were thus half conquered. No sooner had the flag of truce got back to the fleet, than a shower of bombs and balls was sent from each vessel. The attack was immediately acknowledged, with great spirit. How? Why a rusty old six pounder had been mounted on a log and secured up for the occasion and as soon it could be charged it was "let off" on the thirteen English vessels.—A few hours were spent in this manner, and Sir James Yoe, assured that he could not be in safety in that vicinity, (and with one of his vessels badly shattered by the afforesaid log-mounted six pounder,) run down to Poyteneyville, about twenty

miles eastward of Genesee river. There they learned how thirty-eight or forty green militia men had beaten off and presented a large British fleet on landing, by a very success "Yankee trick!"

As soon as the keen edge of mortification was worn off, Sir James and all his people laughed heartily at the stratagem and its result. It was a noble Yankee trick, that.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

PETER PLOWDEN, THE ANTI-HUMB-BUG.

About 11 o'clock last night, the watchman stationed in St. Charles street, opposite Lafayette Square, found an individual "sneaking" or "stealing" a look peep into that neighborhood. Having an insurmountable objection to see that he keeps his accounts on a notched stick to avoid using pens and paper—he had him "move on."

This language, which was spoken in the potential rather than in the imperative mood—was more a request than a command—was allowed to pass unnoticed by the recumbent gentleman; on seeing which the watchman applied a persuader, in the shape of his baton, to his side.

"Hallo!" said he whose lodging was on the cold ground, "hallo, there! what's that? If you want to become drum-beater to an auctioneer, you had better find something else than my ribs to practice on."

"Get up," said Charles, "and keep moving," you are already behind the age; if you lie in the public street you will not only be passed by but run over. What's your name?"

"Peter Plowden," said that gentleman rising up, "but I should like to know what business that is of yours?"

"Peter," said the watchman, "I know you—and I know you to be a humbug!"

"Well, sir," said Peter, speaking in a tone as if his character had been introduced and as if his actions were about to be misconstrued, "well, sir," and I am, what of it? Is not humbug the all pervading principle of the times; like the oxygen in the atmosphere, does it not infuse itself into every department of life—every ramification of society? Is not humbug the fulcrum by which your cunning men move the masses—the lever by which the selfish ascend to place and power. The—"

"Oh, that's all very well," retorted the watchman, "but it ain't no defence for laying in the streets?"

"Certainly not," replied Plowden, "because humbug, and not the principles of law and justice, will decide my case. Talk of talent, patriotism and genius start on a race with humbug, and if it would not jostle them altogether off the track it would distance them long before they could get within sight of the winning post—using the refined idiom of the times, they couldn't come it." No, my friend, (here he assumed a patronizing air towards the watchman,) if you have children, and would have them to succeed in the world—teach them—though I doubt if you know how—but at all events have them taught the science—or at least the first principles of humbug; all the rest—including the living and the dead languages—they will learn themselves; besides—"

"Besides," said the watchman, "I reckon you've missed yourself."

"Yes," said Peter Plowden, "and I'm before the humbugged and behind the humbugs." They moved along on the electro-magnetic speed principle. In fact, sir, as I believe I have already remarked, although without principle themselves, theirs is an all-pervading principle. Humbug mixes our physics, makes our laws and administers our justice. It founds new systems of philosophy and enlarges the limits of philanthropy. It forms societies for the preservation of our bodies and justities, associations for the safety of our souls.

In short, Charles," said Mr. Plowden familiarly addressing the functionary who had awoke him, "humbug is the great motive power of mankind, as the world is now constituted; and unless I can contrive to get on a little of its steam than I have heretofore done, my locomotive railroad of prosperity will, I fear, be slow indeed."

The watchman said there was "sum'ut" in what he said, but still he felt bound to take him to the watch-house.

LUDICROUS YANKEE NOTION.

We have often said that a joke is our hobby. We are firm believers in the truth and efficacy of the adage, Laugh and grow fat; and this with no ordinary effort that we constantly strive to profit by the injunction. Almost every Yankee as we do with this exception—he never enjoys a joke by which he cannot make something.

"What is it worth to me," is the question he asks of himself before he ventures to laugh. All are not so, however, and we remember of a case in point.

There was a clock pedlar who made a heap of shiners, by vending wooden clocks (perchance nutmegs and hams) in the slave states, and who, in the course of his peregrinations reached a town in Arkansas. The day before his arrival, a slave stealer, who has sentenced to receive one hundred lashes at the whipping post, had escaped from jail, and it so happened that our Yan-

kee clock merchant bore a striking resemblance to the escaped culprit.—The poor pedlar had scarcely completed his task of shutting up his wagon, and seeing his animal, well bestowed before the manner ere he was seized by the town constables and carried to jail, in spite of his protestations that he never stole a black snipout of a nigger in all his life. The constables knew, they said that he was the man, and in two hours the sentence regarding the whipping should be carried into effect.

Side enough the time came. Our Yankee was led to the post, and—

"The first lash fell.—seized up!"

Our Yankee laughed and continued to enjoy the flogging with—

"The whipper" paused in the exercise of his vocation—looking at the culprit with amazement, and then resumed his task, muttering that the man was certainly dejected. To make a long story short—the sentence was entirely carried out effect—still our Yankee kept up his mirthful cackling.

The Sheriff standing near, said to him, why this seems to be a serious—a very serious—matter rather than a laughing one.—"Well, I know," continued the Yankee, indulging in the broadest of a guffaw, "but it tickles me like thunder to see how damned ugly you're all suited in. Why, I ain't the man!" And still chuckling over the wench in his floggers had experienced, he went his way.—Noah's Messenger.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.

An old lawyer of the city of N. York, tells a good joke about one of his clients:—

"A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The stolen articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer—was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and, seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity or idiocy, he instructed the prisoner to put on as silly a look as possible, and, when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawing manner, with idiot expression, the word 'spoons.'"

The court proceeded to business; the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner: "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Spoons!" ejaculated the culprit.

"The court put several questions to him, but 'spoons,' 'spoons' was all the answer he could elicit.

"The fellow is a fool," said the judge; "let him go about his business."

"The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall the counsellor tapped his client on the shoulder saying:—

"Now, my good fellow, that twenty dollars in the face, and putting on a grotesque and silly expression, and, winking with one eye, exclaimed:—

"Spoons!" and then made tracks."

The following were in old times considered directions for buying a horse:—

If one white foot, buy him, If two white feet, try him, If three white feet, deny him, If four white feet, and a white nose, Take off his hide and give him to the crows.

A writer in the Utica Gazette thinks the following variation of these directions applicable to shopping ladies:—

If one comes, she'll buy, If two comes, they'll try, If three come, they'll deny, If four come, you may suppose They'll only look at goods, and off they go.

"When taken, to be well shaken."—A capital story is told of a constable who, in attempting to serve a legal precept, got pretty well shaken. The parties meeting a few days after, the offender was profuse in his apologies. "You know, Jake," says he, "I would not have served you so if I had been duly sober." "As to the shaking," said Jake, "I don't bear any malice; I don't value a cent or my own account, but as an officer, recollect next time, Jim, whoever shakes me, shakes the commonwealth!"

A FELLOW FEELING.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind!"—Thus says somebody, but I can't tell you; Yet most of us can call some scene to mind, That proves the phrase more beautiful than true; I've known myself some cases—but few;— I saw a fellow once—a fellow feeling.— His hand was in another's pocket, stealing!

EPICRAM.

Women were born, so late declares, To smooth our linen and our cares; And 'tis but just, for by my troth, They're very apt to ruffle both.

In the spring time of life the young heart leaps with ecstasy. Its dreams still unsatisfied by the dark clouds of adversity, are bliss indeed. Yet while sporting unconsciously amid the pristine flowers which its own fervor causes to spring and thrive, manhood comes on apace, and—

"A change comes o'er the spirit of its dream." The flower fades, and every leaf has its time to fall. Each in his turn shall live his destined day; Then pass to mingle with his native clay.

In the thickest of the fight, at Waterloo, a Highland regiment raised the shout of "Scotland for ever!" "And old Ireland for longer!" exclaimed an Irish dragoon.

SPEECH OF LOT DOOLITTLE, Esq.

Member of the Legislature from New Jerusalem, the Liberty County, Vermont, on the Bill for the Protection of Hen-roosts.

"Mister Speaker, I've sat here in my seat, and heered the opponents of this great measure argue and expatiate as usual, till I'm nearly bustled with the individual economic of a facerated sensibilities.—Mr. Speaker, it is possible that men can be so influenced as to vote against this bill.—Mr. Speaker, I wish to say that it is—"

Mr. Speaker, allow me to interpose to you excited and demoralized imagination, some of the hearse-rendering evils which (due from the want of purification to hen-roosts in my vicinity, among my constituents, Mr. Speaker, we will suppose it to be the awful and melancholy hour of midnight—all nature and husband in repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branching of the trees, and nought is heard to break the solemnity stillness, save an occasional grunt in the hen-pen! I will now carry you in imagination, to that devoted hen house. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates, gently declining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and majestic roosts! Look at that aged and venerable, and highly respected rooster, as he keeps his silent vigils, with parental and unmitigated watchfulness, over those innocent, helpless, and virtuous hens and pullets! Just let your eye glance around, and behold that dignified and matronly hen, who watches with tender solicitude and parental congratulation, over those little juvenile chickens, that nestle under her circumambient wings.

Now I ask, Mr. Speaker, am there to be found a rooster, so lost and so abandoned, as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear these interesting and innocent little biddies from their agonized and heart-broken parents? Mr. Speaker, I answer in thunder tones that there are! Are there any thing so mean and sneaking as such a rooster? No, there are not. You may search the wide universe, from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars which grow upon the tops of the Himala mountains in the valley of Jehosaphat, down to the degraded and barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wigwags on the Rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be as much puzzled to find anything so mean, as you would be to see the arch revolve around the sun twice in twenty-four hours, without the aid of a telescope.

Mr. Speaker, I feel that I have said enough on this subject to convince the most obtuse member of the unapproachable necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to these foul proceedings. All I want is for every member to act on this subject according to his conscience. No man here is to be afraid, and he'll be remembered for everlastingly by a grateful posterity. Mr. Speaker, I've done. Where's my hat.

The eloquent gentleman here donned his seal-skin cap and sat down, apparently much exhausted.—Boston Post.

A BEAUTIFUL LESSON, BEAUTIFULLY INOCULATED.

The Boston Olive Branch relates the following simple story, which is worthy of preservation. It teaches a moral and truthful lesson that all may learn, and learning profit by. It may remind you, reader, of the condemnation pronounced against the "barren fig tree." If so, 'twere well—reflect upon it:—

A pious man employed a gardener, a short time since, to do some grafting at which he was very skillful. Having completed his task, the gardener wished for another job, and pointing to a large apple tree near by, he asked his employer "if that tree had ever been grafted?"

"No," answered the employer, "it is a natural tree."

"And bears poor fruit?"

"Yes, the fruit is not good."

"Well," said the gardener, "now that tree takes up just as much room as if it bore a beautiful crop, and that of the best kind of fruit; why don't you have it grafted or cut it down and put a good tree in its place?"

"That is reasonable, certainly," said the pious man, but as he noticed the bloated face of the gardener and certain vulgar and profane words which he uttered, he turned on him a look of pity and thus addressed him:—

"Sir, I perceive that the tree to which you have pointed is an apt emblem of your spiritual condition. You are bringing forth the profane and poisonous fruits of an ungrafted heart, and perhaps the dresser of the great moral garden of the world is reasoning with the proprietor on your case, as you have done in respect to yonder tree. Now I will have that tree grafted, and I will bestow great care upon it, and see if it will not repay the expense, and at the same time, I hope you will have your heart engrained with the true science, that it may bring forth instead of natural fruit, the peaceable fruit of righteousness to the glory of God, and the everlasting good of your own soul."

THE HUNTING SHIRT.

The Hunting Shirt is banished from the national military, but still lingers among the hunters and pioneers of the far West. The national costume, properly so called, was adopted in the onset of the Revolution, and was recommended by Washington to his army, in the most eventful period of the war of Independence.

When Morgan's Riflemen, who were made prisoners at the assault on Quebec, in 1775, were returning to the South to be exchanged, the British garrison beheld with wonder these sons of the mountain and the forest. Their hardy looks, their tall, athletic forms, their marching always in Indian file, with the light and noiseless step peculiar to their pursuit of woodland game; but above all, to European eyes, their singular, picturesque costume, the hunting shirt, with its fringes, the wampum belts, leggings and moccasins, richly worked with Indian ornaments, and beads and porcupine quills of knif; these, with the well known death-dealing of these matchless marksmen, created in the European military a degree of awe and respect for the hunting shirt which lasted with the war of the Revolution.

PLOUGHING IN GREEN CROPS.

The proper season for turning in green crops has afforded ground for much discussion and dissension among practical farmers.—Some prefer to let the grain stand till thoroughly matured, while others turn it in when in bloom. The former practice is perhaps erroneous; the period of inflorescence being the period of the greatest succulence, and consequently that in which the physical substance is most easily decomposed. Sowing lime with green crops is an excellent plan, as it not only tends to ameliorate the constitutional texture of the soil but operates a powerful and immediate effect in hastening the decomposition of the vegetable matter supplied to the soil by the crop turned in. There can be no question but that many of our old farms, the productiveness of which has been greatly reduced by a long series of injudicious cropping might in this way be speedily and effectually renovated.

Verhulst recently informed us that an old field, contiguous to his homestead, and which in consequence of its supposed thorough exhaustion, he had succeeded in purchasing for a mere trifle, had been regenerated and restored to a state of the most surprising productiveness simply by this process. His practice was this:—In the Spring, he ploughed and sowed the whole field in Buckwheat. As soon as plants began to blossom, he rolled it, and sowed two bushels of lime, air-slacked to the acre, and turned it in with a heavy furrow. He next applied the harrow and sowed again. As soon as the plants blossomed the second time, he went through the same process—sowing lime and rolling and turning down with a heavy plough. In this way he ploughed in three crops in one season, and the next year, with the assistance of a little gypsum, he harvested as luxuriant a crop of Indian corn from this exhausted field as any in the town. The expense involved in this practice of renovating exhausted soils, is less than in any other that can be devised. The texture of the soil is also greatly ameliorated by the operation, and the land is cleared of all unprofitable vegetation for a series of many years without any subsequent labor or expense, as the seeds contained in the soil germinate and are thus destroyed as effectually as they could be by the hoe. If our farmers would but attend to this system of fructification, the husbandry of New England would soon experience a new impulse, and we should bear less of migration to the new lands of the West.—Maine Cultivator.

THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

Notwithstanding the degree of public attention which late events have drawn to the condition and affairs of Mexico, there seems to prevail much misconception in regard to the form and nature of its political organization. Thus, in the discussion of the New York Historical Society concerning the proposed change of the designation of the United States, it has been assumed that Mexico also bears the title of "United States;" and that, therefore, our name is an equivocal one. So, also, in the new British order in council for the admission of certain descriptions of sugar from countries with which Great Britain has treaties of reciprocity, the U. States of Mexico are spoken of, together with Venezuela and the United States of America. These expressions are formed upon a very false idea of the Mexican government, which is not a confederation, and does not consist of "United States," or of States of any sense, but is a consolidated central government, and is officially denominated the "Mexican Republic."

According to the subsisting constitution of Mexico, which was adopted and promulgated in June, 1843, and is entitled "Bases of political organization of the Mexican Republic," the territory of the Republic comprehends what was, prior to the revolution of the Spanish American colonies:—

- 1. The vicereignty of New Spain. 2. The Captaincy General of Yucatan. 3. The commandancies of the internal provinces of the east and west. 4. Upper and Lower California. 5. The Chiapas.

This territory—excepting the Californias and Texas—is now divided by law into departments, with an estimated population for each as follows, namely:

Table with 2 columns: State/Province and Population. Includes Aguascalientes (69,693), Chiapas (141,206), Chihuahua (147,600), Coahuila (75,340), Guanajuato (162,618), Jalisco (619,311), Mexico (1,389,520), Michoacan (497,906), Nuevo-Leon (1,057,072), Nuevo-Mexico (61,105), Oajaca (500,278), Puebla (661,902), Queretaro (120,550), San Luis Potosi (321,840), Sinaloa (147,000), Sonora (124,000), Tabasco (62,580), Tamaulipas (100,088), Vera Cruz (254,350), Yucatan (550,948), Zacatecas (273,375).

To which add the Californias, with a population estimated three years since at only 33,439, but somewhat greater at the present time.

Of the whole population of (say) 7,000,000 souls, it is estimated that more than one seventh are whites; the remaining six-sevenths consisting of Indians and half-breeds, and some few negroes.

There is a nigger down south according to the N. O. Picayune, who is black that no one has ever seen any thing of him except his teeth and the white of his eyes. When he passes along the road, it becomes so dark that the birds all go to roost.

In struggling with misfortune lies the proof of virtue.

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