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tion. All communications to insure atten-
tion, should be post paid if sent by mail.
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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."

LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY!
When Love in myrtle shades reposed,
His bow and darts behind him slung,
As dewy twilight round him closed,
LUSTRE these numbers sung:
"Oh, Love! thy sylvan bow
I'll fly while I've the power;
Thy promise way leads maids where they
Love, honor and obey!"

"Ecce, the boy god said, 'tis vain!"
And shook the diamonds from his wings:
"I'll bind thee captive in my train,
Fairest of earthly things!"
"Go, ruthless archer, go!"
I freedom's value know:
Then hence away—to none I'll say
Love, honor and obey!"

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew!
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view!
Joy filled that maiden's eyes—
Twin load-stars from the skies!
And she did say, one bright day,
"Love, honor and obey!"

YIELD NOT TO DARK DESPAIR.
Hast thou one heart that loves thee,
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thee?
Yield not to dark despair!

One rose, whose fragrant blossom
Blooms but for thee alone—
One fond, confiding bosom,
Whose thoughts are all thine own!

One gentle star to guide thee,
And bless thee on thy way,
That e'er when storms befall thee,
Still lends its gentle rays!

One chrysal fountain springing
Within life's dreariest waste,
Whose waters still are bringing
Refreshment to thy taste!

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,
When sorrow has distressed—
One earnest when thou art weary,
Whereon thy head to rest!

Till that sweet rose is faded,
And cold that heart so warm,
Till clouds thy star have shaded,
Heed not the passing storm.

Till the kind voice that blest thee
All mute in death doth lie,
And the fount that oft refreshed thee,
To thee is ever dry.

Thou hast one tie to bind thee
To this dark world of care,
Then let no sorrow bind thee—
Yield not to dark despair!

Miscellaneous.

From the Washington Bee.

HOW HE WON HER.

We hope the moral of the following
sketch will be productive of much good.
Young men who are ambitious of success
in the matrimonial line, should study well
the grand secret. Our friend, who furnish-
ed the sketch says he sees no reason why
it should not be true.
A young lady of eccentric character, but
of rare mental endowments and extraordi-
nary personal attractions, had five suitors
equally assiduous in their attentions. Un-
able to decide upon which she would bestow
her hand, she gave them notice to
call upon her at a certain hour on a stated
day, and each state his claims in the
presence of the others. At the appointed time
the lovers arrived. Four of them were
confident of success, but the fifth had a
downcast look, and sighed when he gazed
upon the object of his devotion.
"Gentlemen," said she, "you have hono-
red me with proposals of marriage. I
have, as yet, neither refused nor accepted
any one of you. I now desire that each of
you will state your claims to my hand, in
order that I may know upon what grounds
I may be justified in bestowing it."
A answered as follows:—"If you marry
me you shall live in a splendid house,
have servants and carriages at your com-
mand, and enjoy all the luxuries of fash-
ionable life. I am rich."
B spoke next—"My rival has said very
truly that he is rich, and he offers you a
strong inducement; but I am noble of des-
cent. My grandfather was a duke, and al-
though not wealthy, I am of a family with
whom an alliance would be considered an
honor by the wealthiest heiress in the
land."
C stated his claims thus—"I am a poli-
tician, and have now a reputation that old-
er persons have envied. Next year I shall
run for Congress, and I have no doubt of
success. By marrying me, your name will
be handed down to posterity."
D twisted his mustache with an air of
an exquisites, and said—"Angelic creature!
'Pon my soul I think you have already
made up your mind in my favor. You know
how demnably I'm admired. Who is the
most fashionable dresser in town?—
Who rides the finest horses? Who fre-
quents the most fashionable places? Who
is a better judge of the opera? Remor says
D, but, 'pon honor, I'm too modest to in-
sist upon it."
When it came to E's time to speak
there was a pause. All eyes were turned
towards him. Poor fellow! he was bread-
fully embarrassed.

Caston Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

Volume 5—No. 23. EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1845. Whole No. 333.

"Well," said the beauty, "what say you
Mr. E?"
"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to these
gentlemen. They have the advantage of
me in every respect." And he took up his
hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your state-
ment, no matter how humble may be your
claims."
"I am poor."
"Go on."
"I am not of noble family."
"Go on, sir."
"I am unknown to the world."
"No matter—proceed."
"I have neither the taste nor the means
to dress fashionably. I work for my liveli-
hood. It is hardly possible that I can
make you happy, for I can offer you none
of the inducements held out by my rivals.
"I am to judge of that sir, what next?"
"Nothing, only I love you and take a
newspaper."

At this Messrs. A B C and D burst out
into a loud laugh, and exclaimed in one
voice—"So do we!—I love you too!—
I take four papers! ha! ha!"
"Silence," said the lady. "In one month
you shall have my answer. You may all
withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors
again appeared. Turning to each in suc-
cession the lady thus answered:
"Riches are not productive of happi-
ness." "Boasted nobility of blood is the
poorest of all recommendations." "Fame
is fleeting," and "the hat that has the out-
ward garb of a gentleman is to be pitied." "I
have taken the trouble to find out the
name of the newspapers to which you all
subscribe, and I have ascertained that none
of you, who have boasted of wealth, no-
bly, fame or fashion, have paid the printer!
Now, gentlemen, this is dishonest.—
I cannot think of marrying a man who
could be guilty of a dishonest act. I have
learned that Mr. E. not only subscribes for
a paper, but pays the printer! Therefore,
I say, he is the man. I give him my hand
with the full conviction that he is one
who is every way calculated to make me
happy."

"Need we extend our narrative? The
disappointed gentlemen disappeared quite
suddenly; and the lucky suitor was toiled
to the object of his devotion; and, in a few
years, by his honesty & industry, became,
not only a distinguished, but a wealthy
man, and was esteemed by all who knew
him. Young men, he paid the printer!—
Is there no moral in this?"

AFRICAN CANDOR.—"Did you attend
church to day, as I charged you?" en-
quired an old planter of one of his slaves, as
he returned to his dwelling.
"Sartin, massa," was Cudjo's reply; "an'
what two mighty big stories dat preacher
did tell!"
"Hush, Cudjo, you musn't talk that way
—what stories are they?"
"Why, he tell de people no man can
save two massas—now dis is de fass story,
'case you see old Cudjo serves you,
my ole massa, and also young mass John.
Den de preacher says the will lub the one
and hate de other—while, de Lord knows,
I hate you boff!"

"I Can't Do It."—Yes, you can. Try
—try hard, try often—and you will ac-
complish it. Yield to every discouraging
circumstances, and you will do nothing
worthy of a great mind. Try, and you
will do wonders. You will be astonished
at yourself—your advancement in what-
ever you undertake. "I can't," has ruined
many a man; has been the tomb of bright
expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will
try" be your motto in whatever you un-
dertake, and if you press onward you will
steadily and surely accomplish your ob-
ject, and come off victorious. Try—keep
trying—and you are made for this world.

It is ridiculous in a doctor of divinity to
play the violin. He becomes a Fiddle-D-
D.
On which side of the jug is the handle,
Tom? On the outside, Joe, if it has any.
Why is a defeated candidate like the
earth? He is flattened at the polls.
"I'll try and make a gentleman of you,"
said a lawyer, knocking another down. "I
defy you to do it," said he, rising, "no sir,
you can't do it."

Errors of the Press.—Every column of
a newspaper contains from ten to twenty
thousand distinct pieces of metal, the mis-
placing of any one of which would cause
a blunder or typographical error. With
this curious fact before the reader he must
wonder at the general accuracy of news-
papers, and be more disposed to excuse
than magnify errors of the press.

"Caleb, spell AARON."
"Great A little A-R-O-N—ton."
"Very well. Iohabed see if you can
spell UNITED STATES."
"Yes sir. Great country, little country,
T-e-x-us." "Go up head."—Pic. School.

A woman having been tried for the
crime of bigamy—she having two husbands
at the same time—the wag of a reporter
remarked that "she loved not two wisely,
but two well."

The following toast was given at a
late dinner of the Hasty Pudding Club in
Boston:
Our corn fed boys and corn-fed girls—
the right material to form a corn fed nation.

Union Perpetuated.—Stephen S. Foster
and Abby Kelly, the disunion anti-slavery
lecturers, were married in Ohio, on the
15th of last month.

The two most precious things on
this side of the grave are reputation and
life. But it is to be lamented that the most
contemptible whisper may deprive us of
the one, and the weakest weapon may de-
prive us of the other.

No man is born nobler than another,
says Seneca, "unless he is born with
better abilities and a more amiable dispo-
sition."

Better aim high and fall below it, than
aim low and never rise above it.

arms, you know, were corded fast to his
body, and gave me a beseeching look, just
as a calf will lick the butcher's hand.
But cattle do not speak; this I dare
muttered, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me."
"My dear," answered I, "you should have
spoken to my master. I'm only the jour-
neyman, and must do as I am bid." This
made him cry, which seemed to relieve
him, and I do think I should have cried
myself if I had not heard shouts from the
crowd—"poor lamb!—shame!—murder!"
"Quick," said the Sheriff. "Ready," said
I. The Rev. gentleman gave me the wink
—the drop fell—one kick—and he swank
to and fro, dead as the feelings of the
Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed, some swearing,
some weeping with passionate exclamation-
s; some cursing if he had broke loose
and some laughing while they cracked jokes
on you and me and the dangling corpse.
They had come for the sight. They
they have come to see an angel mur-
dered. They had come to get drunk with
strong excitement; they went back reeling
and filthy with the hot debauch. They
had come to riot in the passions of fear
and pity; they went back some in a fever
of rage, some burning with hate, some hard-
ened in heart, like me or you; all sunk
down in their own respect, ready to make
light of pain and blood, corrupted by the
indecent show, and more fit than ever to
make work for us—the judge and the hang-
man.

O, wise law-makers! who think to soft-
en the heart of the people—to make them
gentle and good—to give them a feeling
of respect for themselves and others, by show-
ing them a sight like this!

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[From last week's omissions.]
SKETCHES OF MEXICAN GENERALS.
General Paredes was at one near Moun-
terey when last heard from, he is unob-
tainedly commander-in-chief—his rank is gen-
eral of division, and he is considered as
the most distinguished man of his grade.
He commenced his services as lieutenant
under the old priest, General Morelos,
one of the most able generals and purest
patriots that the revolution produced. Pa-
redes commanded for a long time the body
of lancers who formed the personal escort
of that chief, and in the fatal battle of
Quanto Amilpas, lost his right arm and
saved the life of his chief. After the execu-
tion of Morelos, he retired to the moun-
tains, where among incredible dangers and
hardships, he concealed himself until Tur-
pene pronounced in favor of the independ-
ence, when he immediately put himself &
party under the orders of that general and
contributed largely to securing that inde-
pendence which they have shown them-
selves so incapable of appreciating.

He has been several times elected gov-
ernor of the state of Guadalupe, and his
administration has always been character-
ized by great moderation, strict integrity
and unwavering firmness. As a military
man, he is very popular with his soldiers.
About five years since, General Moctezuma
pronounced against the government, and
collected an army of three or four
thousand men in the vicinity of San Luis
Potosi; Paredes, who commanded for the
government, being out reconnoitering with
his staff and escort, encountered his antag-
onist, a short distance from the two ar-
mies, and defeated Moctezuma, killing
him in a personal encounter with his
lance, which is his favorite weapon.

He also put down General Bustamante,
the head of the Centralists in Mexico, and
has more recently triumphed over Santa
Anna, being the first person who pronoun-
ced him in his old city of Guadalupe,
Paredes is now about fifty years of age,
and has always been liberal in his principles.
He resided in Philadelphia something like
two years, having been expelled from his
own country.

General Don Mariano Arista, who com-
mands the van of the army, already arrived
seven miles from Matamoros on the 12th,
is about forty years of age. He is a citizen
of Nuevo Leon, of which Monterey is the
capital, one hundred and ninety miles west
of Matamoros. He is a powerful man,
being upwards of six feet, and very muscu-
lar. He is very much devoted to agricul-
tural pursuits having large sugar planta-
tions in the neighborhood, where he has
successfully introduced all the recent im-
provements in sugar-making and refining.

Arista is considered by his countrymen
as the most talented cavalry general that
they have. He was formerly expelled from
Mexico, when Colonel of lancers; and,
finding himself in Cincinnati without re-
sources, he applied himself to the tin and
copper-making business and became (in 5
years that he spent in that city) a first rate
workman. He speaks English very well,
and has always treated the Americans with
great kindness; and whenever prisoners
(Texans) have fallen into his hands with
great humanity. He is readily distinguish-
ed by being remarkably fair with sandy
hair and mustaches.

General Gona, who appears to be be-
hind those two chiefs, is a general of artil-
lery, and commanded at San Juan d'Ulloa
when it was taken by the French. He was
tried by court martial for that affair.

The reason that the army is marching in
three divisions is undoubtedly owing to the
scarcity of water. I cannot understand
why Gen. Arista has gone to Matamoros,
for Comago, on the same river, 60 miles
above is the place where they have gener-
ally cantoned their cavalry—pasture being
very abundant there, and exceedingly
scarce in former place. Probably he may
have gone to Matamoros with the intention
of passing his baggage across at that place,
in the few boats which he may find; there
being none above that point, and the fords
in the river being dangerous at this season
of the year. If we hear that he has gone
to Reynosa or Comago (towns above), we
may calculate upon his not going into can-
tonment until October, or after this rainy
season.

*Father of Col. Almonte, late minister of
Mexico to this country.
San Luis Potosi—where, according to the
last accounts from Aransas (of the 13th),
Gen. Paredes—is about 7 days' march from
Monterey, where his artillery, in consequence
of the facility of procuring water and travel-
ling the wagon-road, would have to march
from Monterey to Matamoros, is about
seven days' more.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The Boston
Daily Advertiser says—
Capt. Flowerly, of the slaving schooner
Spitfire, has been removed to the jail in
Salem, to which he was sentenced for five
years. The Spitfire was sold by consent
of parties, on the libel of the seamen for
their wages. They have been paid off, and
a part of them immediately shipped in the
same vessel. The balance of the proceeds
is held in Court to be paid over to the
successful claimant. A libel has been filed
(returnable at this term) by the District
Attorney in favor of those who seized the
vessel on the Coast of Africa. The testi-
mony of the seamen, which was taken in
writing before a Commissioner of the
Court, to be used in this case, discloses
some curious facts which did not appear

on the trial of Flowerly, not being applica-
ble to that case.
Turner, who was the mate of the Spit-
fire, when (as the Caballero) she ran a
cargo of slaves, from Rio Pongo to Cuba,
testified that on that voyage there were ap-
proximately 350 slaves, and the only white men
on board were the captain, himself and the
owner (Faber). He also testified, that the
Manchester sailed from Baltimore with the
same captain and mate. She went to Port-
land and took off some wood and a few
other articles. He (the mate) then came to
Boston with her, while the capt. (Gordon)
came by land. After the Manchester was
searched here, she sailed for Africa, and
Faber, with two black women, and two
black men, went out in her as passengers.
Turner himself went out in her as mate.—
After arriving at Rio Pongo, the capt. died
and the Manchester was subsequently
wrecked. Turner demanded his wages of
Faber, who refused to pay them, and the
former then laid a complaint against the
Spitfire before the United States Comman-
der, upon which she was seized. Turner
was in miserable health, when released
from jail here, and it is not probable that
he will live long.

Antonio del Mijo, who was on board
the Spitfire, testified that he had been on
two slave voyages. In the first they had
succeeded in running a cargo. In the oth-
er, they were taken by a British cruiser
and were carried to Sierra Leone. The
crew were subsequently released, and he
found his way back to Cuba.

One of the most intelligent men on
board the Spitfire was Elnezer Jackson, a
colored man, who stated that he was born
in Connecticut. He had been twice on the
Coast of Africa before, and was the cook
of the Spitfire. The other men were Ger-
mans, and appeared to be intelligent and
respectable mariners. They could all
speak English with one exception. The
District Attorney did not consider them
as having knowledge of the nature of the
voyage when they shipped. With regard
to Antonio and Jackson, who were ship-
ped in Cuba, he entertained much doubt,
but did not think the evidence sufficiently
strong to detain them, or contest their
claim for wages.

TO FARMERS.
Considering your calling the most elev-
ated and important; never be ashamed,
nor afraid of the old hat, or the working
class apron. Put off no business for to-
morrow that can be done to day.

As soon as the spring opens and the
frost is out of the ground, put your fences
in order.
Plant no more ground than you can well
manure and cultivate to advantage.
Never hire a man to do a piece of work
which you can do yourself.
Every day has its appropriate duties, at-
tend to them in succession.
Keep no more stock than you can keep
in good order, and that of the best kind.
Never trim in debt! without a reason-
able probability of paying at the time agreed.
Remember that economy and industry
are the two great pillars of the farmers
prosperity.

Take some good family newspaper, and
pay for it in advance;—(say the Olive
Branch—at least so thinks the compositor).
Also take an agricultural paper.
Never carry your notes in your pocket-
book, for the desk or trunk is a more ap-
propriate place.
Keep then on file and in order to be
found when wanted.
Never buy any thing at auction because
the article is going cheap, unless you have
use for it. Keep a place for your tools,
and your tools in their places.
Instead of spending a rainy day idle, re-
pair whatever wants mending, or post your
accounts.

By driving your business before, and
not permitting your business to drive you,
you will have opportunities to indulge in
the luxury of well applied leisure.
Never trust your money in the hands of
that man who will put his own at hazard.
When interest or a debt becomes due,
pay it at the time, whether your creditor
wants it or not.
Never ask him to 'wait till next week,'
but pay it. Never insult him by saying,
'you do not want it.' Punctuality is a key
to every man's chest.

By constant temperance, habitual mod-
erate exercise, and strict honesty, you will
avoid the fees of the lawyer and the Sheriff,
you will gain a good report, and probably add
to your present existence, years of active life.
When a friend calls to see you, treat him
with the utmost complaisance, but if im-
portant business calls your attention po-
sitively excuse yourself.

Should you think of building a house,
be not in a hurry, but first have every ma-
terial on the spot, and have your cellar as
large as the frame.
Keep a memorandum book—enter all
notes, whether received or given—all mone-
y received or paid out—all expenses—and
all circumstances of importance.
In December reckon and settle with all
those with whom you have accounts—pay
your shop bills and your mechanics, if not
promptly done at the time.

On the first of January, reckon with
yourself, and reckon honestly—bring into
view all debts and credits—notes and ac-
counts. Ascertain to what amount your
expenses were the last year, and the loss
and gain—make out a fair statement and
enter the whole in a book for the purpose.
Having arrived at this important knowl-

edge, you will imitate the prudent travel-
er who always keeps in view where he is
next to move. You will now look for-
ward and calculate in what way you shall
best meet and prosecute the business of the
ensuing season.

And lastly, when the frosts of winter
shall arrest your out-door labors, and the
chilling blast shall storm your dwelling, let
your fireside be for yourself and your wife
and your children, the happiest spot on
earth; and let the long evenings, as well as
the short days, be appropriated to the mu-
tual preparations for that 'eternal spring,'
which sooner or later shall open in all its
freshness to those who have 'done justly,
loved mercy, and walked humbly with their
God.'

"A word to Farmers" is spoken in the
New York Tribune. In relation to deep
ploughing, that journal says—
As to deep ploughing, all sciences, all prac-
tice, all authority recommend it, and yet
three-fourths of our farmers persist in
skinning their land over from 5 to 8 inches
deep, or not half what is required. We
saw field after field of corn which will not
yield ten bushels to the acre, (and poor
stuff at that) which might have been put
up to 20 by Deep Ploughing alone. Of
course, one year would not exhibit all the
benefit of this culture; though even the
first year, if a dry one, would show its
decided advantage; but let land have time
to get used to Deep Ploughing, and it will
tell you plainly how it relishes that treat-
ment. And the man who plows deep is
pretty apt to put something else into the
soil as well as iron. He will have muck
and peat from his swamp holes and a no-
ble compost heap near his barn.

We hear Farmers complain, and most
truly, that they can make nothing by their
business—and this while they are paying
taxes, keeping up fences, and perhaps pay-
ing mortgage interest, on twice as much
land as they can cultivate well, and letting
half of it go from year to year without til-
lage, without fertilizing, and often growing
up to bushes and all manner of mischief.
Now the wonder is not that such farmers
do not thrive—the marvel is that they
manage to exist.—Let any manufacturer,
mechanic or merchant do his business af-
ter this pattern, and he must fail—there is
no help for it.

But must we conclude that bad farming
has become inveterate among our people?
—that our Farmers have resolved, though
they know better, to hold twice as much
land as they can till thoroughly, and tor-
ment it till it ruins them. We will not
give it up. Every farmer we see admits
the evil—says he and his neighbors run
over too much land, cultivate slovenly,
are not sufficiently wide awake to the
margin of improvement, and lay out too
much main strength on what could be eas-
ier and better done by the aid of skill and
science. All are aware that they must
farm better or break; for the car of improve-
ment moves on, and the only choice is to
ride on or be run over by it.

RAISING PORK.
Every farmer knows full well that if he
has to winter his pigs, even in the most
fertile of corn countries, and cannot get
over three cents per pound for pork, he is
losing money; how important then that he
keep such a breed of swine, and feed them
so well that he can bring the pigs, drop-
ped early in the spring, to weigh from 200
to 300 pounds in December and January.
Let people say what they will about the
necessity of having old hogs to make out
thick cut of clear pork on the ribs for
packing, we know this is all gammon. We
have seen many a pig, well fed from his
birth, that would weigh full 220 lbs., and
cut 4 inches thick of clear pork on his
sides at 9 to 10 months old; and have heard
of others weighing 300 lbs., and cutting 5
inches. Now this is all necessary for the
navy or Boston fishermen, and more than
is desired by consumers in general. Our
best market for pork is England, and the
people there prefer it from hogs weighing
not over 175 to 200 lbs., and like the lean,
well mixed with the fat. We would never
winter anything but breeders of this
swine family, and the moment the pigs
were dropped we would commence show-
ing them with feed till ready for the knife.
The farmer who pursues this course will
make from 32 to 60 per cent. more than
those who winter their spring pigs. As
for autumn pigs, we would not have them.
Let the sows breed but once a year.

Three or four years ago we prophesied
that the low price of pork would soon
make it scarce, and now it is a fact; and by
and by, when choice hogs will be wanted
to improve the breed, they cannot be had,
for our farmers are getting careless again
in their stock, and breeding better skel-
ters in every direction. A pig is getting to be
a pig once more, with long nose or short,
sharp back or round. We advise all those
who have good hogs to keep them so.
Don't sell and fat the best, keep them for
breeders, and fat and sell the poorest. In
this way they will be continually improving
and in any event he will have a good breed
on hand, always ready for his own use and
the benefit of a careless neighbor.—American
Agriculturist.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.
In Davidson county (Tenn.) in which
Nashville is situated, Mr. Polk was beaten
in the gubernatorial election of 1843, 583
votes. In 1844, (the presidential election)
he was again beaten 582. In the late elec-
tion, (1845) Mr. Brown was beaten by
Mr. Foster in this (his own) county 583.
Close running for three years.

"Pomp, why am de sun like a loaf
of bread?" "Cause he am round, eh Coff?"
"No; you gub it up?" "Yes, I aint done
nuffin else." "Well, den, 'case it rises in
de yeast, (east)." "Nigger, you bin sweet-
pin' out a school room, aint you?"

Umbrellas are like the fleeting hours
of youth—when gone they never come
back—like the dew on the mountain—the
summer dried river—the spray of the foun-
tain—they are gone and forever!