

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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DIRGE FOR AN INFANT

BY LEIGH HUNT.

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Cuddly lies the death-frown now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes,
He will never feel again
Tooth of human joy or pain;
Never will his once bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise,
Nor the death-frown leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

• TURKISH JEST.—The Khojah one day stole into a garden, and began to plunder it. He filled a sack with turnips and carrots, and then began to thrust them into his bosom. In the midst of his work he was surprised by the proprietor, who furiously ran up, and scolding him, exclaimed, "what do you want here?" The Khojah, at first quite confounded, at length mustered courage, and said, "A very violent blast of wind caught me up, whirled me through the air, and tumbled me down here." "Very well," said the gardener, "but (pointing to the vegetables) whence came those?" "Why," said the Khojah, "the wind was so exceedingly violent that it tossed me about, and to steady myself I grasped these in my hand." "Good again," said the gardener, "but can you tell me who filled the sack?" "Ah!" replied the Khojah, "I was considering how that question should be answered, when you came."

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

The toughest customer I know, is old Billy R., who lives on the Tennessee River, some thirty miles from the mouth of the river. He is the "hero of a hundred fights," both with "bar" and "other" enemies, and with "nomadic" tribes. Although past fifty, yet he appears as hardy and active as ever. Well, one night at a "Possum Supper," (we don't get oysters there often,) where most of our boys were congregated, the conversation happened to turn upon this old fellow, and one of our party, the "beat" man among us, offered to bet a "ten-spot" he could knock Old Billy over with a blow from his fist. The bet was accepted "in earnest," and he was not long wanting. An itinerant Phrenological lecturer happened along, and everybody, including Old Billy, attended the lecture, which was held in a building, used for a meeting-house, school-house, and town-hall. Our "striker" stationed himself near Billy, who was standing near the door, and put one of his hands near the "chandelier," which consisted of six tallows dips stuck in holes bored in a piece of nail, and was suspended from the rafters. At the given signal down came the chandelier, leaving us all of course in darkness. Now was the long-looked-for chance; our "striker" braced himself—doubled his fist—set his teeth, and hit Billy a "sockdologer" under the ear. This mighty effort was productive of a very small result. It merely drew from Old Billy a "Look out, gentlemen! Be careful when you poke your elbows!"—New York Spirit of the Times.

GOOD NATURE.

Nothing is more valuable, than so easily purchased, than good nature. A man of a pleasant disposition finds friends everywhere, and makes friends where people of a contrary nature see only enemies. Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine, it gladdens, enlivens, cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow and despair, how glorious its effects. You can see its operation on every countenance—hear it in every voice, and feel it in every sense.

Exchange Paper.
Not quite so fast, my good friend. Your good nature will very likely be imposed upon, before you get half way home to-night—and if you do not assume a somewhat different tone, your wife, you may depend, will take the reins out of your hands, and your babies will laugh at you. We know some people whose good nature has been their ruin.

In a "letter from a sick room," alluding to the distinguished persons, who have taken up their abodes on the banks of the Hudson, Mr. N. P. Willis says:
"How the celebrities are set along on that bank of the river only, like the big kickers on the single-breasted coat of an old Beckenbocker! Forrest is building twenty miles from town; Irving lives twenty miles above; Paulding, Verplanck, Morris, and Telegraph Morse, at the proportionate distances further on—Van Buren and Clayworth Davis bedecking, on the same side, the upper regions of the river, but, perhaps I am getting beyond my geography."

MISCELLANY.

From the Model American Courier.

THE CAUCASIAN LOVERS.

TRANSLATED BY CASPAR BRUCHHAUSEN.

Among the inhabited districts of the Caucasus, to the west of Astrachan, the Great and Lesser Cabardas are distinguished by fertility of soil, luxurious growth of wood, and the beautiful forms of their inhabitants. The Great Cabarda is occupied by four tribes, which bear the family name of their Princes;—the Atajuks, Misosts, Beekmirzans, and Kantukins. Their domicils extend down to the Caspian Sea. Nature has done much for these Circassians of the mountains, and not less than their valor and wonderful strength of body, defended them against hostile incursions; but, alas! the rage of internal feuds allows them but little to enjoy the advantages of their situation.

In the year 1804, the Atajuks united with their neighbors to carry on war with the Kiski, who live in an easterly direction, higher up in the mountains, along the banks of the Sundja.

Atajuk set out with three thousand horsemen of the clan, which was named after his ancestors. Only women, old men, and children, with a few warriors, remained in the habitations scattered through the valley, among which the residence of the chief was marked by a larger number of out-buildings, and a more numerous herd of young horses in the adjoining meadow.

The chief was a widower; his only offspring was a daughter, Eunizah, of the age of seventeen, the most beautiful of all the fair Circassians. Her dazzling whiteness, her perfect form and gracefulness, relieved the radiant beauty and regularity of her features.

Four days passed before news arrived of the expedition against the Mountaineers. On the fifth day, when Eunizah with the first ray of the morning sun, full of anxiety, had left the house, and in company of her maids, had gone into a piece of woods surrounding it, accidentally looking towards the river, which meandered through the pasture grounds, she espied a warrior carried upon a bier near the bank. Four horsemen accompanied him; silently they proceeded on the path, which leads to the Prince's residence. Uttering a cry of terror, she rushed down the hill; for the wounded man, she surely thought was her father. She arrived at the very moment when the bier was set down near an out-building. Presently she recognized Almir, a young officer of the Prince's train.

"Rejoice, Eunizah," said the wounded warrior, in a feeble voice, "the victory is ours. Atajuk will yet to-day press you to his heart."

"I shall rejoice," replied the Princess, "if Almir's wounds are not alarming. I will send aid."

Soon appeared an old woman, experienced in the use of herbs, dressed his wounds and administered a decoction of simples, which procured him a deep sleep. In the evening before sunset, the sound of arms announced the return of the Prince. Atajuk's first business was to visit the officer. His daughter followed him. The nurse declared the wound not fatal.

"Praised be the Prophet!" exclaimed the Prince. "My child, bless Almir. He received the stroke directed against me. Noble youth! I give to thee three horses and a complete arm, and my heart will be open to thee."

Almir had distinguished himself in several actions; perhaps, however, but for the ardent love which he bore this daughter of the Prince, he would not have shown daring, which thrust him on the enemies who had attacked his chief. This secret passion had never been revealed to the beloved object, he scarcely confessed it to himself. Could the daughter of the Prince give her hand to a common warrior? Habit and custom of the country prohibited such a connection, and habits are more respected with those barbarous nations than laws are obeyed among the civilized. Thus no ray of hope lighted up the gloomy mind of Almir. Although he was one of the handsomest men of the tribe, Eunizah had looked upon him with an indifferent eye; but hence her pure filial love called incessantly before her mind the image of the pale warrior whose breast had served as a shield for her parent, and how stole into her unguarded heart by the way of gratitude. When she became conscious of the sentiment, she sighed, she wept, horror thrilled through her bosom; she could not refrain from saying to herself—"An insurmountable wall separates me from him whom I love; even the consolation of doubt, of uncertainty, is not left to me. Ancient usage rules sovereignly over princes and warriors, rich and poor, old and young. No, no, Eunizah can die, but never be united to the warrior who saved her father."—These and similar thoughts filled her soul, and reason would not admit a single ray of hope.

Atajuk reviewed his warriors in an open plain. Eunizah walked unperceived into a grove of rhododendron intersected by a brook. Also Almir had retreated to its shade, absorbed with thoughts of his love. Discovering Eunizah, he endeavors to flee, and his strength fails him, he wavers and sinks at her feet.

"Why dost thou try to avoid me?" she commenced speaking. "I love thee! Twice the leaves of the trees have dropped since I first saw thee; but I did not love thee. Thou hast saved the life of my

father, and the waves of the great sea are not so moveable as my bosom when thinking of thee. Why wilt thou flee from me?"

"Dare I believe it?" exclaimed the young warrior; "my dream of last night, in which I saw thee addressing to me the same kind words which thou hast now pronounced—my dream is not mere fancy: thou lovest me, thou forgivest me?"

"I forgive thee, I love thee! But never will our hands be entwined in each other in the holy grove. Thou knowest not to whom I am affianced."

"Oh, do not call the hateful name! All my blood revolts against it."

"Yes, rather death than such a marriage. I will speak to my father; he shall know for whom my heart beats. Atajuk! I shall say to him, either my wind must open for your deliverer, or the grave will receive your only daughter."

Her lips touched the breast of Almir, and she disappeared in the thicket, fleetly than gazelle, speedier than the hind before the arrow of the hunter.

Day passes after day, but Eunizah ventures not to speak of her love. Atajuk observes his daughter withering away like the flowers of the field.

"My child, says he, 'has Allah touched thee in his wrath? Why do thy tears flow? I will give up my flocks, my most splendid arms, to recall a smile to thy lips, color to thy cheeks, to hear again thy merry ditty ring in the mountains and valleys.'"

"O, father," answered Eunizah, "what is the use of riches? Poverty is what I covet; for poor is thy deliverer."

"How, Almir?"

"He is the beloved one of my soul; for him I will die."

Struck with this avowal, the prince covered his face with his hands. His daughter thinks him angry; he is only affected. He loves Almir like a son since the day he saved his life; whence shall he take courage to reproach his daughter for her feelings? He becomes sad and pensive like her; like her he seeks solitude. When he meets Almir, he accosts him:

"Youth, why didst thou not let me be pierced by the iron of the enemy? Thou hast saved my life, and precipitated my daughter into the grave."

"My prince," responded Almir, seized with alarm, "I will mount my charger and hurry into the large forest, and thou shalt never see me again."

"My daughter would follow thee."

"Command, and I will plunge into the torrent of the stream, even blessing the parent of Eunizah."

"My daughter would rush after thee. Eunizah is gentle as a dove; but her heart is fiercer and prouder than the glance of the eagle. No more of despair! Never will the nuptial hymns be sung for my child."

"Command, Atajuk, and I will obey thee faster than the thunder does the lightning."

"What can I want thee to do? No human arm draws the arrow which penetrates Eunizah's bosom, her hand is promised to the son of our ally, the chief of the Beekmirzans, who is more powerful than our clan and boasts of a number of horsemen as superior to ours as the large river is to the little stream. Soon the day will come when I must fulfil my promise, or I will see a forest of lances raised on yonder hill. Almir, thy prince is very unhappy. Why didst thou save him from death?"

"O, that my death—"

"No, the life of my daughter art thou, whom I dare not call my son." No ray of hope appeared to cheer them. Atajuk, perhaps, by his influence, by the veneration paid to his authority, might have appeased the prejudice of his nation, and could have given his daughter to the warrior who saved his life—the old man recollected a precedent—but how escape the wrath of the allied prince; who was capable of the most terrible vengeance? How sacrifice the interest of the country to the interest of his family?

When the Circassians are not at war either among themselves or with the Russians, they combat the animals of the forest—excitement seems a natural want to this people. Atajuk started on a hunt of the boar, accompanied by thirty men.—Almir was of the party. Unfortunately, eagerness in chasing the game led them beyond the limits of their usual excursions. They met a corps of Cossacks, by far superior in number. The nature of the ground rendered fight difficult. An action commenced. Atajuk fell pierced by the first bullets of the enemy. A terrible conflict followed the first firing. Almir performs wonders of bravery to save the corpse of the prince; for, like the horse of the lilies, the Circassians never permit their dead companions arms to become a prey to the foe. He succeeds, after having killed three Cossacks. Profiting by the disorder, in which his courage had thrown the enemies, he charges his steed with a double burden, and leaves with his small retinue. The Cossacks soon gave up pursuing the warriors of Caucasus on their dangerous roads unknown to them; nor would the attempt have availed, on account of the swiftness of the Circassian horses.

Almir sends a messenger in advance to announce the calamity to the princess. He stops at a spring to cleanse the dead body of the chief from blood and dust. Every body the cry of lament is heard. Every body hastens to the path which leads to the spring. Women, children, old men, warriors, break out in wailing.

Amidst the disconsolate crowd stands Eunizah in her grief, like a young oak struck by lightning. The women surrounding her can hardly restrain the outbursts of her grief. Sobbing, she throws herself on the corpse of her father, and in a tone of reproach she exclaims—

"Almir! Almir! why has thy courage not saved a second time the life of thy prince?"

"Eunizah," replied the young hero, "the discharge of the gun is quicker than steel. Why did the bullet, which killed thy father, not hit me?—But I have avenged my prince, and thou canst wet with tears his grave."

Slowly they proceed to the house. Every one contests the honor to carry the mortal remains of Atajuk.

The day after the funeral an assembly of the people is called to decide the fate of the lovers.—The old men decree, that Eunizah, agreeably to the former contract, be married to the son of Beekmirzans, and the young chief be declared prince and successor of Atajuk. In vain Eunizah protests that it is impossible for her, to have the nuptial songs so soon succeeding to the dirge. In objection to her refusal, the Council represents to her the necessity of electing a new chief, and the fear of a war with the Russians or Mountaineers.

Eunizah yields apparently, and the ferocious Ormissian exults in joy; he believes himself already in the possession of the most beautiful maiden of the valley, the rich domain and power of Atajuk.

The day is appointed, to-morrow the ancient league of both tribes is to be confirmed by a new alliance satisfactory to all desires and interests. The young girls are busy to ornament the dwelling of Eunizah with garlands of flowers. The young warriors run from place to place, mingling amorous ditties with the sounds of the musical band at their head. Almir is their leader, and his gaiety surpasses the joyousness of all.

The shadows of night interrupt the noisy preparations of a ceremony which is to commence with the first rays of a new sun that is to greet both tribes united through the youthful couple in the holy grove.

According to the ancient custom of this people, the night preceding the marriage is to be spent in devotion and prayer; to indulge in sleep would be deemed impious. Eunizah dresses in the virginial robe, and winds a wreath of innocence in her hair. Next to the apartment in which she keeps lonely vigils, are her playmates in the finest attire. Every hour Eunizah makes her voice heard, and recites some verses of the hymeneal song, which are responded to by her companions. Then all becomes again silent until the next hour.

While the choir answers the second time, Eunizah opens the door and calls in a child that is affectionately attached to her. She says:

"My head burns, I must take the air. Remain here. I cannot go to the holy grove to-morrow. Come, my darling! take my place, and when my playmates sing the third verse, answer, imitating my voice. Pay attention to the hour glass. Before the first dawn of morn I shall be back again."

The child, proud of the confidence of her mistress, takes her place. Eunizah wraps herself up in her veil, conceals a dagger in the folds of her garment, escapes through the window, and proceeds towards the holy grove.

Dark is the night—its silence is interrupted by the nuptial song dying away in the distance. She has passed most of the woods—the dwellings are out of sight—the forest receives her. A wide path brings her to the hursd dedicated to the sacred celebration. Nobody is allowed, under penalty of death, to enter it except on festival days.

It is there that she is to be united to the detected Prince. She enters the sublime temple, whose ceiling is formed by oak branches entwined together for centuries, impenetrable to the beams of the sun. Darkness surrounds her—she gropes her way. Presently a hand seizes her—it is Almir's hand.

"Eunizah, my spouse, my love, let us haste to flee!"

He lifts her upon his steed, who trembles for impatience, mounts himself, and soon reaches the mountains which command the dwellings. The spirited horse seems to have a presentiment of the danger which threatens his master; though carrying a double load, he speeds, as never before, in his course. Eunizah twines her arms around her lover, whose heart palpitates twice as violently under the darling hand.

Since the lovers had determined upon flight, Almir, under the pretext of hunting, had explored the road which leads to the first Russian station. He feels no anxiety—love seems to clear his path.

The white stripe on the sky announces the approaching dawn. Almir slackens the pace of his steed, he wants to favor him, and he band the strength of his delicate companion. He stops, saying:

"We are safe, Eunizah! Take a short rest. Speak, love! Thou knowest the young girls enter the room of the bride only when the rosy air indicates the morn. We have made a goodly distance—we have gained two hours over those who perchance might pursue us—Press me closer to thy bosom! From the top of these mountains I have seen the floods of the Cuban. My faithful Zenir, after this pause will carry us flying to the Russian shore!"

Eunizah smiles—she grasps firmer the hand of Almir, when he suddenly alights, casts with his head bent forwards, a retrospect glance to the way already made, and his ear discovers a distant noise.

"Almir! it is the murmuring of the water fall, which is heard afar in the stillness of the night."

"That I hear too, but other sounds mingle with it."

He lies down on the ground, and seized by panic, he rises after a minute.

"I am not deceived, the ground resounds with the tread of horses. We are pursued! Thy slave has betrayed thee."

"No, no. The poor child has been overcome by sleep. Let us flee!"

"On Zenir!" cried Almir, "and if it must be, die, after having rescued Eunizah."

The charger rushes along the path—but gradually yields to light, and Eunizah describes the warriors pursuing her.

"Almir," she says "there they are!—we are lost!"

He measures by one glance the urgency of the danger. However much he may spur his steed, he will be overtaken. Only a few minutes, and both will fall into the hands of their bitter enemies. At a depth of 80 feet below him the river rolls its waves. Almir looks at the precipice with a painful shudder—then suddenly seized with a thought worthy of his courage and his love, he turns to his beloved one:

"Eunizah! thou seest those rocks—thou seest the river—yonder shore is our only hope! Hast thou sufficient courage to plunge with thy lover into the abyss? Look! Ormissian approaches!"

"Rather death than that ferocious warrior! Tarry not. Even if a stream of flame were to roll beneath, I would rush down with thee!"

Almir hesitates no longer—he covers the eyes of his trusty steed.

"Close tighter to me, that our bodies be only one body, and our minds only one mind!"

Then he winds his long girdle around her waist, turns his horse, and rides towards his pursuers. They see it with astonishment, when climbing the mountain, and imagine Almir would deliver himself up to them. It was done only to gain a better onset. Suddenly throwing his steed around, exclaiming: "Eunizah! close thine eyes!" he rushes down into the river! Horse and riders disappear under the water!

Who would have believed it! The Circassian steed, as if animated by a miraculous power, emerges from the deep, and struggles with the stream! And the leap has not separated the lovers!

The pursuers, at first stunned at such temerity, rain bullets at the fugitives. In vain—a god seems to protect the lovers and the faithful horse against fatality. Zenir by his last effort gains the opposite shore. Almir and Eunizah fall prostrate to their knees, full of gratitude towards the Almighty.

But alas! a new danger awaits them. The Cossacks heard the firing of the Circassians. The whole line is alarmed, and a troop gallops towards the place of the report. At a distance they perceive a horseman on the left bank of the river. The cry is heard: "Here they are! they cross the river!"

Eunizah loosens her veil, ties it to a branch, and lets it float in the wind as a sign of peace. The head man approaches, and observing the splendid beauty who implores him, he commands to stop, alights and steps near the fugitives, who appeal to his generosity by gestures. An interpreter is called, who learns and repeats the flight of the lovers, and their desperate leap.

Struck with astonishment, the eyes of the Russians turn towards the precipitous rock—then the Cossacks surround the faithful horse—caress him, praise his strength and courage, and speak to him as a companion in arms.—The noble animal looks at his master, and seems to be proud of his resigned faithfulness.

After Almir and the Princess had had a rest of twenty-four hours with the officer who met them first, they were led to the Commander of the Division. The General reported immediately the miracle-like arrival of the strangers to the Emperor Alexander.

Almir petitioned for an engagement in the Russian cavalry. The Emperor complied with his wish, and appointed him Lieutenant in the Dragoon. He ordered the fugitives to be treated with the utmost esteem, to respect their habits and customs, and forbade, under severe penalties, to disturb the solitude of Eunizah, into which she retired, according to Oriental fashion.

Only a short time elapsed before the lovers were converted to Christianity. Zeal made the neophytes conquer readily all the difficulties which the want of knowledge of the Russian language could offer. Nothing was more affecting than their reception into the Greek Church.

They received on one and the same day, baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, and the matrimonial benediction.

THE SIAMSE TWINS.—The Siamese twins are living in North Carolina, as farmers, and both are married. A correspondent of the Richmond papers, who has recently visited their home, writes some interesting details in relation to their domestic life.

The twins can chop wood remarkably fast, four hands being on the ax at the same time. They also shoot at a mark or game with their four hands resting on the gun. They drive their horses 40 miles to Wilkes, themselves; and do any kind of work about the farm. Mrs. Eng says her husband is very kind to the negroes, and that Chang is very severe with them. Mrs. Eng is also better disposed than Mrs. Chang, although Mrs. Chang is the prettier. Mrs. Eng is very close and saving; and Mrs. Chang is disposed to be liberal with money and various other expenses. The twins rarely differ about dress; but often differ in their ideas of purchasing negroes or land. The opinion of Eng is always the law, and Chang rarely acquiesces.—Eng does all the writing, including the signing of notes and other important papers. Eng is one inch taller than Chang, and Chang's wife is taller than Eng's.

Some old lady in the neighborhood a few days ago, asked Eng which was the oldest; and he replied that he was just six months older than his brother. Well, says the old lady, I thought there was as much difference, for you are partly considerable bigger than your brother. They are both good on a joke, and the old lady was in earnest. They have a blacksmith shop on their farm and a shoemaker's shop also. They save a good share of money, that they made, without any assistance, from foundation to roof. At the end of the year, each has his own knife and fork.

I asked them if they both expected to die at the same time; and they replied that it could not be otherwise; for if the same disease did not take them off at one time, the living one would have to be separated from the dead body, and the act of separation would be his death; but their general impression is that they will both die of the same disease, and at the same time. Any of the neighbors offering an insult to the one, the other immediately resents it; and it would take a champion to cope with them in a rough and tumble fight. To use an expression of their neighbors, "they fight like cats."

A fastidious young lady vowed she would never have an Irishman, a Presbyterian, an A. P. person, and ended by marrying an Irish Presbyterian Parson.

AGRICULTURAL.

EARLY RADISHES.

MR. EDITOR:—As the season for commencing horticultural operations is near at hand, and people generally are so anxious to procure early vegetables, I would mention a very simple method for raising radishes, which I adopted two or three years since, viz: Take the sand which you find along the border of lakes or rivers, called lake sand, and make a bed of it from ten to twelve inches in depth; sow the seed in the same manner that you would turnips, etc., then cover the seed with about four inches. When the radishes have made their appearance, thin them out properly, and water them frequently in dry weather, say once a day. On account of the sand becoming so loose, and the great heat which it attracts, (which is so requisite,) the radish grows very rapidly.

Some persons have an idea that there is no nourishment in this sand, but I know there is for radishes, if for nothing else, having tried the experiment myself. A piece, or bed six feet square will produce enough for a good sized family. I should think they might be raised in a box by putting in sufficient sand, and boring holes in the bottom, to let the water pass off.—When there was a prospect of a frost, the box could be covered with something. The great heat keeps off all the bugs &c., so that the radish is perfectly sound and clear.

The method of raising radishes, recommended above as the result of experiment, is certainly as interesting as it is novel. It in fact, furnishes an illustration in favor of one of the most important positions of Liebig, in his agricultural chemistry, which has been thought by some untenable, at least partially so. The radish formed from a solution of pure silica and water? By no means. Enough of carbonic acid, nitrogen, &c., may be furnished to the root through the water, to aid in the development of the first leaf, but who believes that anything approaching the quantity of carbon requisite to so rapid and perfect a growth, can thus be introduced? How then can we escape the conclusion, that it is the gaseous substance, the carbonic acid absorbed by the leaves, which contributes mainly to the growth and perfection of this excellent, under such circumstances?—Maine Farmer.

PLANT FOR THE BEST.

There is no way in which so great an improvement can be made, and with so little expense, as in cultivating the best kinds of trees and plants, therefore the farmer should aim to get the best of everything—trees, plants and vegetables. Some animals will produce nearly twice as much flesh, or dairy products, on the same food, as others. Some trees yield twice as much fruit as others, and so great is the difference in fruit, that some kinds sell at a dollar or half a dollar a bushel, while other varieties will bring ten dollars a bushel.—Some pears retail at a cent a piece or less, others at 12, 15 or 25 cents each.

Some kinds of corn produce large stalks and cobs, and but little corn. With other varieties the reverse is the case; and with little attention a farmer may, from the vast numbers of varieties in the country and the advantage of producing new varieties, or modifying old ones, get some to suit himself, in the shape and size of the ear, early or late, with quality that suits, as absorbing in oil, starch, &c.—Farmers should be cautious and pursue the most economical modes of improvement, and at harvest select the best, and in spring plant the best.—Boston Cultivator.

EARLY PEAS.—If you desire to obtain a supply of this delicious vegetable for your family, select a dry loamy bed, with a good exposure, manure it moderately, dig and rake it until it is fine tilth, then lay off drills four feet apart, north and south, four inches deep, drill in your peas and cover them, taking care to spread over the drills, after the peas are covered, half an inch in depth, of rich mould, or the same quantity of well rotted manure. To secure a continuous supply, it is well to sow at intervals of two weeks this and the ensuing month—or, you may sow early and late varieties at the same time.—Worcester Transcript.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN BREAD MAKING.—Persons who are so unfortunate as to be poorly provided with these agencies, may be supplied by a method of baking bread which obviates the necessity of a hard crust. The crust commonly attached to the loaf is not only troublesome to such persons, but is often the cause of much waste. The way to be rid of it is as follows: When the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down to rise, take a small quantity of clean lard, warm it, and rub it lightly over the loaves.—The result will be a crust beautifully soft and tender throughout. This is not guess work.—Prairie Farmer.

ENORMOUS PROFITS OF FARMING.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, states the success of a man who left a lucrative business in the city of Philadelphia, for farming, to make a profit. After two years trial, he was asked if he did not find the profits small, compared with those of trade? He answered, "Quite the contrary; I have realized far more than the most I had dared to anticipate, and I am, at the end of two years, richer than I ever could have become by twenty-five years of successful trade. It is true, I made more dollars and cents in trade than I now do, but that is gross compared to the blessing of health of body and peace of mind, which gold and silver could never purchase. I eat, drink and sleep with an appetite; yawn am up before the sun, and yet the day is never too long; and more than all, I have no acceptances to take up. Money! why what use have I for it? I raise my own food in the richest profusion, and my own clothing—my estate is annually increasing in value;—then what is the use of money?—I can't eat or drink it, even if it were cut into mince meat?"

SQUASHES.—Farmers who raise squashes often lose most of their crop from the squash vine borer, a white worm that bores into the leaves just below the surface of the ground. So great have been the ravages of this insect that in some cases acres have been destroyed by it. To guard against its depredations, it is common in new lands; and use fresh horse manure with wood ashes, mixed up a while before used, and mix the manure with the soil in the hill. About 1 part of ashes to

4 or 5 of manure. With this kind of manure we raised some fine crook neck squashes last year, some of which we still have on hand in fine condition. Not one vine was destroyed by the vine borer.—Boston Cultivator.

A BIT OF HONOR about being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the Report of a Committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society "down east," contains some excellent hits:

"Again: Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from china plates, it, it seems to me, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. At any rate pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. And as to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor the females amongst them picking their way up this muddy village, after a rain, in kid slippers.—Notwithstanding their heterodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character.

If one happens to wallow a little deeper in some mire hole than his fellows, and so carries off and comes in possession of more earth than his brethren, he never assumes any extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such.

And when a hog has no merits of his own he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections; and yet some Hogs have descended from very ancient families. They understand, full well, the common sense maxim, "every tub must stand on its own bottom."

GEN. SCOTT ON SLAVERY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 18