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Dec 12, 1840

Attention.

This is to give notice, that all persons within the limits of the extra Batalion of Caroline county, having arms and accoutrements belonging to the State of Maryland, in their possession are requested to deliver them without delay either to the subscriber at his residence or to Capt. John Willis, at Denton Bridge; A Knotts', Hillsborough; D. R. Stewart, Boonsborough; S. Harper, Greensborough or Richard Coston, Nine Bridges; this notice is given in accordance with instructions received from the Adjutant Generals office by order of the Governor.

JOHN JUMP, (of E.) Major,
Ex. Batalion, C. C., Md.

Sept 26, 1840—

From the American Farmer.

RAPID GROWTH.—We procured some five months since, for Mr. Gorsuch, of Hereford, Baltimore County, a pair of black Berkshires, then about two months old, and we had an opportunity a few days since of seeing the boar, and was astonished to witness his rapid growth—He is now seven months old—his weight on the 3d December was 130 lbs.; on the 25th he was weighed again, when he had gained more than 20 lbs. in 22 days, during which time he was actively employed at service, preparatory to being sent away. Mr. Gorsuch and brother have made a selection of very superior animals, from which they will be able to supply their neighbours and others. We are glad to see so good a spirit being manifested in that section of the county in which they reside, and they will no doubt be amply rewarded for their enterprise and skill.—See advertisement.

Other gentlemen in the vicinity of the city have also made large additions to their stock, which we shall hereafter take occasion to notice more particularly—and as soon as a society shall be formed (which is now in progress,) we shall probably be able to make an Exhibition in the Hogway at least, not to be surpassed by any other section of the Union, for variety of breeds and superior animals.

We witnessed a day or two since, a barrow two years old, of the Bedford and Byfield breed of hogs, which surpassed any thing of the kind which has ever come under our observation. In the heat of the past summer he was taken off of his feed, for fear of suffocation—at that time he weighed about 900 lbs. A gentleman to whom he formerly belonged, accompanied us, and according to his judgment, such has been his increase that he thinks he will now weigh about 1300 pounds! This will seem almost incredible, and we could form no idea of his monstrous dimensions, had we not have had ocular demonstration. There is a gentleman in the vicinity of this city, who has a sister to this animal, and has promised to have a drawing taken of her, from which we shall have a cut p[illegible] for the Farmer. T[illegible] has more than on[illegible] our nose, and [illegible] ed and refused—he cu[illegible] tering him in the [illegible] time, any of our friends visiting the city, curious in such matters, will be gratified as we were at the sight of the monster.

From the Maine Farmer.

CHEAP FOOD FOR HOGS.

Those who keep hogs should make it a study to keep them as cheap and as economical as a just regard to the comfort of the animal and profit to the owner will admit. It is the opinion of Mr. Phinney, of Lexington, Mass., who keeps a large number of hogs, and has paid much attention to the mode of keeping them economically, that a pig made fat when young, and kept fat until it is eighteen months or two years old, will not be so large nor weigh so much as one that is kept in what is called "good growing trim," and then fatted a month or two previous to his being killed. This accords with the experience of many farmers with whom we have conversed.—The hog is almost "*omnivorous*" that is he will eat almost every thing, and he is therefore easily kept in good store order. Mr. Eli C. Frost states in the Albany Cultivator of July last that he kept twenty four shoats last winter at an expense of twenty cents per day, (less than a cent per head) in the following manner. I put them in four pens (too many in a pen will not do well,) and fed them ten pounds of hay, half a bushel of potatoes, and four quarts of corn meal, daily, and never had hogs winter better. I cut my hay fine, boiled it with plenty of water in one kettle; my potatoes I boiled in the other kettle, pounded them fine, mixed them with the hay and meal in a tub which I kept in the vat, and let it stand over night, when it will have fermented." Those who have a convenient piggery might adopt this course and see how it will answer. We doubt not that it will be excellent diet for them. Those who have an abundance of potatoes and other roots, may perhaps keep them still more economically.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

A young sprig of the London press happened some six months ago, to be travelling in a stage coach, in which a raw Vermont youth was also a passenger.—The young boy was not one of your 'rale cute' fellows, but a shy, diffident stripling, travelling from a distant school to spend his vacation at home. To the Londoner he was an object of great curiosity, being the first sample he had seen, and he pestered the boy with questions touching his mode of life, habits, studies, employments, &c., thinking to amuse himself, gather items for his journal, and at the same time, impress the other passengers with a proper idea of his importance.—The boy, although evidently annoyed, answered politely, and displayed some of the characteristics of the Green Mountain youths; so the Englishman could boast as he pleased with impunity. He told the passengers that he had heard much of Yankee tricks, and Yankee shrewdness, but 'for his part, he had never seen any thing in them that he could call clever, and indeed he wished very much to be made the subject of one of their tricks, for if they could fool *him* he could then believe in what he had heard of their character.

This hint was not thrown away upon young Jonathan. He thought he would set his wits to work, for the honor of 'down east,' and soon hit upon a scheme. He had heard the Englishman inquire the direction from the town where the coach was to stop, to a residence some five miles distant. This direction happened to be the very path the boy was to take home, but he said not a word.

The coach stopped. Little Jonathan trotted off towards home, and Johny Bull, after having deposited his luggage in the tavern, soon followed. Now there was a lunatic asylum near the town we have mentioned. Jonathan told every soul he met that one of the madmen had escaped, and was coming along the road, and that they would know him by his perpetually inquiring for the residence of a Mr. Brown. Not content with this, he turned aside, to every farm house, and told the inmates, in great alarm, that a madman had escaped from the asylum, and to be on their guard against a man who would inquire for the residence of Mr. Brown. The thing succeeded to a miracle. Johny Bull had not advanced far on his way, before he perceived a man plant himself on one side the road, brandishing a thick cudgel, and assuming the attitude of one who expects danger, and was resolved to defend himself to the last. Johny thought it was singular, but put the question.

'Sir, can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Brown?'

'Yes, I thought you was the man.—Now look here, stranger, you just conduct yourself respectfully, and keep your own side of the road for if you come near me I swan to man I'll smash you!"

Johny's eyes opened, and, and his mouth too. 'My, my dear friend, I d[illegible] at to approach you. I honly [illegible] Mr. Brown lives.'

[illegible] get on your waistcoat.'

The man, who seemed in a hurry, passed on. Johny gazed on him an instant, quite confounded, and then proceeded on his way, saying to himself, 'Vell, upon my vord, that person's conduct was wery singular!' He turned off to a farm house.—A woman was sitting at the door sewing. As she perceived him she started from her seat and darted in the door, held it for an instant, while she turned to gaze on the stranger.

'Madam, vill you be so kind as to inform me vether I am in the right road to Mr. Brown's?'

'I thought so!' exclaimed the woman, slamming the door fast and bolting it and the next moment she was seen peeping suspiciously from an upper window.

'Vot is the matter, madam? I merely vant to know—

'Oh! go away, you unfortunate wretch! Don't you attempt to cut any of your tantrums here. Go away now do; there's a good fellow!'

The woman disappeared and Johny paused an instant to ascertain if there was any thing frightful about him. He then proceeded, and encountered a good humored countryman, coming whistling along the road.

'Pray, sir,' said Johny, 'can you direct me to Mr. Brown's?'

The thoughtless countryman had forgotten little Jonathan's warning, but the instant he heard the question, it recurred to him, and without saying a word, he took to his heels in such a hurry that he tumbled over a log; but picking himself up again he took into the woods and was out of sight in an instant.

'Vell,' said Johny to himself, 'this is certainly werry hextraordinary. He began to feel strange sensations, and walked on for half a mile, ruminating awfully upon the unaccountable treatment he had received. Here he met another traveller, and with very doubtful feelings about getting an answer, propounded his question.

The stranger paused right before Johny, and his hat seemed to be rising off his head. To judge from his looks, his feelings must have been like those of a bird, when fascinated by a rattle-snake. Johny noticed the frightened appearance of the stranger, and terror now took possession of him.—He imagined something dreadful was going to occur, and forth with took to his heels into the woods.

'Glod bless my 'art,' he exclaimed aloud, vot can be the matter with them? Vot kind of a country av I got into? Vy, these inhabitants are vild! They are Walentines and Horsens! Hourang houtangs! Regular vild men of the woods!'

He was now completely lost in a thick wood. When he found the road again, he was afraid to ask any more questions and finally got back to the town, where the next day our young hero visited him, and addressed him with, 'Look here stranger, Mr. Brown's house is just where it was yesterday. When you see him, tell him what you think of Yankee tricks.'

MR. SLICK—AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ENGLISHMAN.

Sam Slick, who wanted to gull an old General in a bargain, contrives to sleep with him, and "soft-sawders" him with stories. Among the rest he relates an adventure of his own with an Englishman. The inn was crowded and Sam could get no rest, unless he shared with John Bull, who was already abed. Sam undressed, 'put out the light;" and in "like a bed bug."

"The critter was a-lying, with his back to me a-snoring like a bull, and more than once had I a mind to wake him, so that we might have a fair start for it; but then I thought it would only end in a fight, so I let him be. But just as I was droopin off to sleep, the critter fell to and kicked like a jackass. Lord, I thought he would have kicked me out of bed, or broke my leg, he kicked so like all possessed. Thinks I to myself, what on airth shall I do? shall I give him a slockdolager under the ear and wake him up, or shall I turn to and kick him in return again? I did'nt actilly know what to do; at last I gets upon my knees gist lays hold of him by the shoulder and turned him over, with his face to me, and his back to the outside of the bed. Now, says I, kick away till you are tired, will you, my hearty, and you won't hurt nothing but the wall. Well, if he didn't snore and kick away in great style, it's a pity, but as he did'nt touch me no more I dropped to sleep, and left him a battering away at the wall with his heels like a paviour's rammer.

"In the mornin he was quiet enough: but oh, such an ugly, ungaining lookin beast I never seed. He had his mouth wide open a showin' of his snags of teeth like a horse when he sneezes, and there was my froth on his nose and lips from snortin so. His eyes were open too, (for some men sleep with their peepers open like the [illegible] gar horse, and they [illegible] of an owl, and had just such a glassy, filmy, out o' nater look. The nostrils were pinched in, and his nose looked pointed, altogether he was a perfect picture of an ugly man. Hullo, shipmate, says I, how's your heels this mornin? I guess you must have hurt 'em again that wall last night, for you kicked like all vengeance; but he was as sound as a top. With that, I throw'd down the clothes on my side, and was a gettin' out of bed, when one leg touched him, and his skin was so cold and so clammy, I turned round and took another survey of him, and put my ear close to his mouth, and I hope I may be shot if he warn't as dead as a herring. He was, I swear. It was an apperplexy fit he had, and that made him kick so like mad.

"We had a crowner's inquest on the body, says I, and the crowner, who was a bit of a wag, returned a verdict, 'died of fright, a sleepin' along with a Yankee."

Two Scenes in Richmond are thus described by a writer in one of the papers of that city. They relate to the night in which *Fanny Elssler*, the German dancing girl, recently appeared in the Theatre of that city, and the first briefly describes the scene;

"She floated about like a fair, but very voluptuous looking spirit and cut her toes hither and thither, and swayed her body to and fro in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen, grey headed or not. The lovely creatures who graced the scene, looked so enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles; the vast crowd of men shouted and applauded with their whole might, and the beautiful dancing women giving them an extra flirt or two, which set them off in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny tapping her Wring your neck-off, upon the shoulders, said 'dere dere is te one thousand dollars almos—now let us go,' but the audience said no, and they shouted and screamed, and clamped for her to come out and ——

"At that moment, in an obscure hovel, open in many parts to the cold biting winds without fire, sat a poor woman, holding to her chill'd bosom her sick and dying babe, while upon a rude pallet of straw lay two shivering little creatures, her children too. Her eye was heavy with watching her cheeks sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life.—Still how truly, oh! how truly, answered that heart to the pang of a mother's love, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe; how fast flowed the tears from eyes which had known little but sorrow and weeping through many weary days—how deep and fervent was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief.—There was no heart near to sympathise, no kind hand to aid, no soft voice to soothe—the physician's healing art—charity's angel arm came not to soften the moments of her dying babe, and as life flickered & waved in its fair urn, and the sobs of the mother sounded in that solitary room, as in the agony of grief she exclaimed, 'a few pence had saved thee to me my sweet babe,' as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumber. Mother, dear mother, give me some bread—as the keen wind came through the crevices and she clasped her dying child to her bosom; at that moment a dancing woman, a stranger, with her wealth of thousands, and her ingots of gold and silver—made her last graceful bow, and took the princely sum which was her's for a few moment's pleasant labor.

"As the spectators gave the last shout, the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to heaven, and the mother gazed in despair upon all that remained to her of the little prattler whom she so dearly loved.

"Such is life."

The following seasonable article is from the New York Journal of Commerce:

"SHUT THE DOOR."—For at least three months every year, fuel is among the articles of heavy expense in families. It is as indispensable for comfort as food is for life, and therefore economy in its use is as profitable as economy in any other necessary in a household. It is well to practice this economy *by shutting the door* and keeping it shut, except when necessarily opened for passing out and in, as in any other way. Some persons are in the habit of stopping in the door some minutes when about to leave a house or an office, to finish what they have to say, much to the discomfort of the inmates and the unnecessary waste of heat. Others scarcely ever shut the door after them when they enter or leave a room. Besides the uncomfortable and unhealthy chill upon those in a warm room, this keeping the door open longer than is necessary, is a positive and unpardonable waste of your neighbor's fuel. Every time an outside door is opened, some fifteen or twenty square feet in the side of a room are thrown open to the weather, and the current of cold air that rushes in, requires some time and considerable expenditure of fuel to restore the temperature to its former condition.

With the poor, in cities especially, fuel is a heavy expense; and probably in such families, owing to their open, rickety dwellings, and miserable tattered clothing, there is more positive suffering from cold than from hunger. This might be greatly alleviated by taking a little pains to close the chinks about the doors and windows, and in this way husbanding to the greatest extent the heat in the room by excluding the cold air. The poor, in large cities purchase their wood or coal in very small quantities, and hence they are obliged to pay for a ton of coal or a cord of wood, obtained a little at a time, a very high price. Economy, therefore, in its use, should be a consideration of the first importance with them, and this may be greatly promoted by shutting the door and closing the air holes. But with those to whom the expense is comparatively of no consequence, the comfort and health of the inmates, who are generally friends or acquaintances demand at least the common courtesy of closing the door when entering and leaving their rooms in the winter season.

EXTREMELY POLITE.

A fellow yesterday, who was evidently under the influence of something stronger than water, lost his equilibrium, and fell on the banket, in Conti street.—"*Mon dieu, mon dieu*" said a Frenchman who was passing on the opposite side running over at the same time, and placing the fallen hero on his legs in a perpendicular position.—The Frenchman who had his market basket on his arm, shrugged his shoulders by way of expressing his abhorrence of the depravity of the age, and was about proceeding on his way, when he, for whom he performed the kind office, made a galvanic grab at him and caught him by the coat. "I—[hic]—I say—say—[hic cup]," said he to the Frenchman—"it—it—[hic-cup]—it's dangerous—devilish dangerous for you to venture home in that condition: you ought to be ashamed—ashamed of yourself. Allow—[hic]—allow me to see you home, will you?' and he endeavored to link his arm through that of the Frenchman. But the Frenchman drew away from him and said "ah! he be one cunning drunken man, that's very polite when he has no walk."—*N. O Picayune.*

THE YEAR 1840.

The records of the year 1840 have been distinguished by more of crime than any which we remember—more certainly of "blood guiltiness" than any that we have seen for a time of peace. When sometimes recurring to the number of murders and suicides which distinguish the chronicles of the year now closed, we have enquired whether the apparent augmentation does not arise from the greatly increased facilities for publication; but we conclude that this is not the case; for to say nothing of the shocking murders that have occurred at some little distance from us, when we would ask, have the records of our criminal courts ever exhibited a list of from thirteen to twenty indictments for murder in a single year? and when, since the establishment of the office, has the coroner been called to hold inquests over so many who anticipated the call of nature, and rushed an unbidden guest to the provision of another world?

Such an epidemic of crime will naturally command the attention of the moralist. How he will decide with reference to the cause, or what he will propose as a preventive, we venture not to predict. Beyond the surface of things, however, it is evident that the search must be made for the cause; and the permanent preventive must be applied in the domestic circle, and at its tenderest parts. It is in vain to look for permanent correction of those evils in society that spring from a want of some fixed principles of morality. Chance may preserve, or sudden terror check: but to ensure not only the absence of the evil, but a confidence in public morals, the purification must begin at the fountain head, and the virtuous man, the sound patriot, and the correct citizen, must be moulded at the fireside. Lord Brougham, in remarking upon the effects of early discipline and the force of habit, declares that the man is formed at six years—after that he but perfects the shape which he received, fulfils the destiny prescribed, and exhibits more or less, as circumstances favor, the impress previously given.

Let, then, the various astounding accounts which we from day to day present to our readers, instead of awakening in them a vague astonishment as to the progress of crime, induce in them the fulfilment of often formed resolutions to train the young of their family with such fixed regard to RIGHT that in their after intercourse with the world, they shall not readily yield to the influence of unfavorable circumstances, and become the victim of those passions and appetites, which were in childhood only hidden, not repressed—left for after dominancy, instead of being bent into the service of a well regulated will.

"This is an evil generation," says one, who has been looking into the calendar of crime; and so it is: yet the best that can be said of the past is that it was a careless generation to allow so many to grow up with undisciplined minds and unformed morals. We look not to the accomplishment of the day dreams of the enthusiast, that all are to be virtuous and consequently all happy—too many accidents befal man, to allow of all to keep the path of virtue—but we do expect that the lessons of this year, and perhaps of its predecessor, will send many fathers home to their families full of the enquiry whether the happiness which they have vainly sought abroad, is not to be found there by careful search, and nourished to enlarged influence by that devotion which is itself a great reward. We may say of the present times, that [illegible] large houses, with a greater knowledge of the external than of the internal finish; and have chased the phantom of pleasure abroad, when the soul and body of happiness have escaped their search by retreating to their own firesides. The utter unprofitableness of the wild pursuit its anxious; unrewarded cares, will send the wanderer back, perhaps—happy indeed if he return before his absence allows the growth of untriendly passions, there, or his taste become too much vitiated for the quiet enjoyment of domestic affections.

We grow gloomy and didactic—the consequences, perhaps, of a consciousness that so many years have closed over us that we cannot reasonably hope to commune in this way with our readers many more years. Whether few or many, however, let us strive to be useful.

If we find many things to deplore in the passage of time, besides the passage of time, still also there are many occasions for felicitations, public and private: Health, many comforts, and good will are blessings to be remembered; and our nation, too, has this year exhibited to the world a proof that republics retain in themselves the means of self preservation—we speak without party reference—and besides, to have also shown, by the exhibit of our commercial proceedings, that we can by industry and economy, redeem ourselves, from thraldom of foreign obligations. Years may then pass away, and generations, of men cease or give way to others, but our country and its institutions need only the blessings of Providence, upon the virtuous resolves of her citizens, to be a perpetual as time.

[U. S. Gazette.

The capital invested in printing and binding in Maryland is 147,130 dollars, number of men employed 376. There are 47 printing offices, and 15 binderies. There are 6 daily, 7 semi and tri-weekly, 31 weekly papers, and 7 periodicals, published in the State.

On the homeward passage of the packet ship *Gladiator*, Capt. Britton, Mrs. Pringle, of Albany, gave birth to a fine infant, which was duly christened GLADIATOR PRINGLE. This young *Gladiator* is of the feminine gender.—[N. Y. Cour.

THE PHYSICIAN.—The life of a physician is a life of contradiction. He is slandered, abused and derided: yet he is sought with avidity, and freely received into the bosom of families. His opinion can blanch the cheek, or suffuse the eye with tears of joy; and his lips are as closely watched as if from them proceeded the issues of life and death. He lives by the woes of others; and while he would starve if constant health were the attribute of our race, he is endeavouring to banish sickness from among men, while success in his avocation would ruin him for ever. He is always engaged in a war against his own bread and butter.

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