

Poetry.

MARRIAGE ON SMALL MEANS.

The London Times and other British journals have for some time been much engaged in discussing the question—"Can a Man Marry a Three Hundred Pounds a Year?"—which takes up the subject as follows:

To marry a girl on Three Hundred a year, would involve a self-sacrifice extremely severe, which ten times that income a fellow could afford.

On his pleasure and wants it might all be employed.

I must put down my brougham if I am to wed.

And I must give up a club, or else, let's instead I must give up my club and my sporting pursuits,

And resort to cheap tailors and wear never-tails.

A wife, whom a fellow has got to support, To the dearest of things a fellow can sport; And still dearer a child—let's speak in the same.

On Cross Hill, April 12, 1858.

come east, fermentation is likely to intervene. It may then, however, be converted into sorghum wine or cider. Two to one produces the former; three to two the latter.

12. To make sorghum apple butter, reduce the juices two pints to one; clarify carefully; put in the fruit; add a gallon or two of good vinegar and reduce by boiling, as in the usual process.

13. To make vinegar. Saturate with water the crushed stems, and pass them again through the mill; the juice thus expressed and reduced, three pints to two may be set aside for fermentation, when vinegar will be formed as is usual from it.

14. A very good cure for domestic purposes, may be formed in the same way, only by reducing the expressed juice two pints to one, or the natural juice two to one, and closing the cask after fermentation.

15. Further experiments and observations will undoubtedly add many useful, curious and important items to our knowledge of this interesting Chinese immigrant to our hillsides, fields and valleys.

N. D. CROUCH, PEALE & CO.

Cross Hill, April 12, 1858.

Bumfors.

A Negro's Ingenuity.

A incident occurred at an auction sale the other day, which was so naturally provoking that it is difficult being recalled. A fine robust negro, of those first-class darkies who enjoy alike physicians as well as intellectual superiority over the race of common negroes, was offered for sale.

Knowing that it was a real good qualities were known, he would be the subject of some competition which would perhaps terminate in his consignment to a cotton field, he determined to look cheap, and gain a chance of being released by the bidder out for profitable bargain. He was put upon the block, the most complete metamorphosis in appearance, as a good for nothing negro, of course.

"We are here," said a keen-eyed individual with a smile that immediately put color on his cheek.

"Good for a cent good for nulla, Is today weak and feeble, don't reckon I'm gonna live much longer, broadside goodness."

"Anything the master with you?" asked another.

"Xarn, sir—knocked de knee pan off my leg one day, don't none within but creep about ever since."

"Do you drink?"

"Kazhion, yars, sir; doesn't know what I do, doesn't spen' fee to feebly—yars, massa, I doens't drink—I have to do it."

"I wouldn't give three cents for him," said somebody.

The auctioneer cried out for a bid.

"Sambo gave an awful groan, lengthened his face a few inches and rubbed his lame leg.

Somebody bid one hundred, which was slowly followed up by two hundred, three hundred, four, five, five hundred—gone!

He was knocked down to the owner of his wife. His exaltation may be imagined. He was a boy of athletic, with a most provoking gift—best appreciated by the state speculators—most—burst forth with a resonant, Yahl! yahl!—cheapest negro in the world—

Sound of a dollar and had a thousand! Somebody's sole 'suh—me-yah, yah, yah! as he moved off.

Sambo had the benefit of being enveloped in the detectable arms of adorers—Dah—Petersburg Express.

This Being a Democrat.—One of the most uncompromising Democrats in town furnished us the following information, and says it is true:

A son of the Emerald Isle, with a black carpet bag in his hand stepped into a store last Saturday while the election was going on and the proprietor to write him a ticket—“Very well,” said the merchant.

“Good W. Hunt for President.”

“Is he a Democrat?”

“The Devil for Register.”

“A friend, how to be a Democrat?”

“Oh, yes, of course.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having where to obtain the hospitality of this gentleman, by his exertions, they made him a present of an act of justice to bring him in.

A card was given to the place of the citizen to whom he was indebted, and the following conversation took place:

“What have you there?”

“Pence, and a cent.”

“Then, so dad, that's the ticket—I'll vote for him.”

And when the votes for Register were counted, they stood for Hendon, 340; for Johnson, 10; for Butler, 61; and for the Devil—Columbus Mirror.

This Being a Democrat.—During the summer of '58, Kingborough, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one