

# Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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## POETRY.

### THE YANKEE GIRL.

J. G. WHITTIER.

She sings by her wheel, at the low cottage door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faintly in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play,  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—  
The haughty and rich to the lowly and poor?  
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools  
Spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves, with a change of their  
skin."

Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bonnet aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
Where the shade of the palm tree is ever thy home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—the pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gaze could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southern! thy treasures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear;

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than  
ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which  
raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes  
over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In fetters with them than in freedom with thee!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### "Let no Man Despise Thee!"

A second hint which I wish to throw  
out, is, that in all the journey of life, it depends  
entirely upon yourself, how much or little you  
are respected.

You will recollect that the great Apostle,  
when writing to a young minister on the  
Island of Crete, charges him, "let no man  
despise thee." Most men would have  
charged the Creteans not to despise him;  
but Paul understood human nature; and he  
well knew that it was not for them to say  
whether they would or would not despise  
the youthful preacher. This question was  
in his hands. There are some ministers  
whom the community must despise.—  
There are others whom they may fear, or  
even hate, but they cannot despise them.—  
You may try to ridicule certain characters,  
you may be afraid of them, may stand in  
fear of them; but they themselves must  
give you the power before you can despise  
them. This great principle is confined  
to no station or rank in life, to no age,  
and to no world; for the law holds good  
through all the universe of God.

We often find men who feel that if they  
can acquire station, or the reputation of tal-  
ents, or of wealth, they can never be despised.  
Let us examine this point a few  
moments. Look at Station. I do not mean  
that station may not be surrounded by  
sycophants who will ever be ready to  
flatter and flatter even tyrants; but in the  
respect and opinion of our race, station  
cannot protect itself from scorn, if it  
deserves it. Go back to the time when  
the emperor of Rome held the highest station  
on earth; he could yield. He has wealth,  
power, armies, station, and almost a world  
bowing at his feet; but instead of using all  
this to bless his mighty empire, and to be  
benefactor to the human race, he is one day  
seen driving a chariot, and running races  
with other characters; the next day on the  
stage with low actors, himself one; then  
murdering his own mother Agrippina, and  
then consulting necromancers how he might  
call back her ghost, in order to ask her pardon;  
and then setting fire to the city; and in  
his palace playing on his fiddle while it  
was burning; and finally charging the  
crime upon Christians, and then giving up  
his gardens, where they might every night  
light their fires and burn the meek sufferers  
at the stake.

Go now to one of Nero's dungeons.—  
There is an old man sitting by the grated  
windows in heavy chains. The jailer has  
just told him that to-morrow he must die.  
He is blind, and the sunshine of the heart  
enlightens the prisoners.—He has only  
a single piece of property.—It is a scroll  
of parchment lying by him. He takes it  
up and calmly reads a single sentence.  
"I am now ready to be offered, and the  
time of my departure is at hand.—I have  
fought a good fight; I have kept the faith;  
I have finished my course.—Remember  
there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."  
And now the morning comes.  
The mighty theatre containing eighty thou-  
sand souls, is already filled.—The emper-  
or is there; the officers of the state; the  
the fashion of Rome are all there.

From his dark dungeon the old man is called  
out. The altar of Jupiter is there, and  
he is commanded to throw a little frankincense  
on that altar, or lose his life. The  
block and the sword are there, and the hungry  
impatient wild beasts are howling in  
their cages and dens beneath. He is called  
to die for his master. Eighty thousand  
pairs of eyes are fixed on that old man.—  
There are no traces of wavering, no color  
coming and going on his countenance, no  
courage fed by pride. He is old, and feeble  
and weary. But his brow remains serene—  
his eye has lost none of its firmness—  
and the parched lips betray no quivering.  
On his brow sits all that is lofty in mind,  
and all that is meek in feeling. Even Nero  
is awed for a moment; but paganism has  
no heart. He has now forgotten all eyes,  
and that old man is lost in meditation and  
prayer. But he sees the dark executioner  
take up the sharp, glittering sword. With-  
out waiting to be dragged, he calmly walks  
to the block—then kneels in prayer. You  
can just hear him say "Lord Jesus." And  
now he stretches out his head over the  
block. It hardly touches ere that noble  
forehead, that beaming eye and those mov-  
ing lips are forgotten. The sword falls,  
the head roll off, and the blood spurts  
from the trunk. He died for Jesus Christ,  
and the spirit went right straight up and  
stood in white before the throne! The  
emperor went to his palace to feast!—  
Which of these men do you despise? Do  
you not see that it depends not on the high-  
est or the lowest station, whether a man  
shall be respected or not—but that it does  
depend upon himself?

Talents are equally impotent to protect  
you, if unaccompanied by moral character.  
Watch that young man who is young with  
you. Born of most respectable parentage,  
his boyhood is spent in unclouded sunshine.  
In the morning of life he shows uncommon  
powers of mind. In his studies, he seems  
naturally to grasp all the elements of learn-  
ing. While others slowly toil up the hill,  
studying day and night, he reaches the top  
at a single leap. He comes out of College  
in advance of all the rest. He acquires his  
profession, and uniting uncommon beauty  
of person with great brilliancy of mind, his  
prospects are fair in proportion. He mar-  
ries one who would have honored a throne.  
He is admired, caressed, promoted and  
placed high in office. His fellows pay a  
willing homage to his talents, and will place  
any trusts in his hands. But now the picture  
begins to darken. The breathings of the  
serpent are on it. He is found destitute  
of all moral principle. He begins to  
drink, deep, deeper and deeper. He has  
no companionship with truth, and will lie,  
when the truth would answer his immediate  
purpose better. He is known to be un-  
principled, resentful, and a drunkard.—  
And yet all acknowledge the great power  
of his mind. But he is doomed, and is ev-  
ery where shunned. When the last shred  
of patience and love is gone, the wife of  
his youth leaves him. His children blush  
at the mention of his name. He is found  
in the gutters of the street—a disgrace to  
his species. Now, why do not his talents  
save him? Because it is impossible for  
mankind not to despise him. The brilliant  
comet has voluntarily broken away from its  
orbit, and is rushing away in its madness,  
and will dash other stars in ruins, unless  
God keeps them out of its way, and you  
feel no compunctions when you say, let it  
go, let it sink down and become a star of  
darkness, and dwell in the blackness of  
darkness forever! Arcturus and his sons,  
Orion and Pleiades, shall be honored so  
long as they walk in the beautiful path-way  
which God hath marked out for them; but  
if of their own accord, they shoot off and  
run a mad career through infinite space,  
we will say let them go, and we will turn  
to the lesser star of the North and honor  
her so long as she holds her place and ful-  
fills her destiny.—Talents perverted, can  
not secure a man from contempt. Nor  
can you despise real worth of character,  
however modest its claims.

It is still more obvious that Wealth can-  
not procure respect, separated from moral  
character. Two conditions are indispen-  
sible if wealth is to command respect. The  
one is that it be honestly and honorably  
obtained; and the other is, that it be used  
for the benefit of others besides the possessor.  
If either of these conditions be wanting,  
the possessor will assuredly be despised.—  
A stream of water that runs under ground  
for miles, as I have seen in some of our gor-  
geous valleys, may be pure and sweet, yet  
you want no such streams. It may mur-  
mur sweetly in its dark recesses, but it  
drains off the showers as fast as the heav-  
ens shed them down, and it leaves all the  
valley which would otherwise be a golden  
valley, dry and without inhabitants. Sycophants  
may flatter wealthy, and want may  
minister to his vanity, but if he lives to him-  
self, to honor himself, to bless himself,  
the curse will inevitably fall. He will be despised.  
It is not a matter of choice with  
men; for, while money will purchase eye-  
service and short-lived attention, it cannot  
purchase respect. Let the man of schlan-  
ness, however wealthy, die, and then see  
how it is! The community will rejoice  
that now this property will be scattered,  
and will benefit more than one man. On  
the contrary, a nation will mourn for such  
a man as Samuel, though he had no prop-  
erty; but he was good. CHARACTERS  
WHICH NO MAN CAN DESPISE. Addressed to  
the *Literary Society of Pennsylvania* by  
College by Rev. John Todd.

"Neither wealth, nor birth, but mind only,  
should be the aristocracy of a free people."

### THE MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most  
perfect sample I ever met, was an old wo-  
man who was apparently the poorest and  
most forlorn of the human species—so true  
is the maxim which all profess to believe,  
and none act upon invariably, viz: that  
happiness does not depend on outward cir-  
cumstances. The wise woman to whom I  
have alluded walks to Boston, a distance  
of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown  
thread and stockings, and then patiently  
walks back with her little gains. Her dress,  
though tidy, is a grotesque collection of  
"shreds and patches"—course in the exte-  
reme.

"Why don't you come down in a wag-  
gon?" said I when I observed she was wear-  
ing with a long journey.  
"We haven't got any horse," she replied;  
"the neighbors are very kind to me, but  
they can't spare their'n and it would cost  
as much as my thread would come to."  
"You have a husband—don't he do any  
thing for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can  
put he's a cripple, and an invalid. He  
reels my yarn and mends the children's  
shoes. He's as kind a husband as a wo-  
man need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy mis-  
fortune to you," said I.  
"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in  
that light," replied the thread woman; "I  
consider that I've a great reason to be  
thankful that he never took any bad hab-  
its."

"How many children have you?"  
"Six sons and five daughters ma'am."  
"Six sons and five daughters? What a  
family for a poor woman to support?"

"It's a family ma'am; but there aint one  
of 'em I'd be willing to lose! They are  
all healthy children as need be, all willing  
to work and all clever to me. Even the  
littest boy, when he gets a cent now and  
then for an errand, will be sure and bring  
it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"  
"No, ma'am, as soon as they are big  
enough, they go out to service, as I don't  
want to keep them always delying for me;  
they are always willing to give me what  
they can; but it's fair that they should do  
a little for themselves. I do all my spin-  
ning after the folks are abed."

"Don't you think you would be better  
off if you had no one but yourself to pro-  
vide for?"  
"Why, no ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't  
been married, I should have had to work  
as hard as I could, and now I can't do more  
than that. My children are a great comfort  
to me, and I look forward to the time when  
they'll do as much for me as I've done for  
them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned  
a lesson from that poor woman which I  
shall not soon forget.—Miss Sedgwick.

A KIND ACT.—How sweet is the re-  
membrance of a kind act! As we rest on  
our pillows or rise in the morning, it gives  
us delight. We have performed a kind and  
good act to a poor man—we have made the  
widow's heart to rejoice—we have dried  
the orphan's tears. Sweet, oh! how sweet  
the thought! There is a luxury in remem-  
bering the kind act. A storm careers above  
our heads, all is black as midnight—but  
the sunshine is in our own bosom—the  
warmth is felt there. The kind act re-  
joiceth the heart, and giveth delight inexpress-  
ible. Who will not do good? Who will  
not be kind? Who will not visit those  
who are afflicted in mind or body? To  
spend an hour among the poor and de-  
pressed,

"Is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—'tis present to the last."

Love.—Tupper, in his new work just  
re-published in this country, furnishes the  
following, among other very beautiful pas-  
sages:

"Love is the weapon which omnipotence  
reserved to conquer rebel man when all the  
rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear  
he answers blow to blow; future inter-  
est he meets with present pleasure; but  
love, that sun against whose melting beams  
winter cannot stand—that soft-subduing  
slumber which wrestles down the giant,  
there is not one human creature in a mil-  
lion, not a thousand men in all earth's huge  
quintillion, whose clay-heart is hardened a-  
gainst love."

A PASTOR AND HIS PEOPLE.—The Rev.  
Mr. W., of Bristol county, Massachusetts,  
wished to address every portion of his flock  
in a manner to impress them the most deep-  
ly, and accordingly gave notice that he  
would preach sermons to the old, to young  
men, to young women, and to sinners.  
At his first sermon the house was full,  
but not one aged person was there. At  
the second (to young men,) every lady in  
the parish was present, but few for whom  
it was intended. At the third, a few young  
ladies attended, but the aisles were crowd-  
ed with young men. At the fourth, ad-  
dressed to sinners, not a solitary individ-  
ual was there, except the sexton and the or-  
ganist. "So," said the good parson, "ev-  
ery body came to church to hear his neigh-  
bor scolded; but no one cared to be spoken  
of himself."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

A YANKEE NOTION.—A Boston paper  
says that a shoe peg mill makes forty  
pencils of shoe pegs in a day. They are  
nicely packed in bushel bags, and are ex-  
ported in considerable quantities from that  
port for the London market.—*a Yankee  
notion.*

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The eccentric, but brilliant, John Ran-  
dolph, once rose suddenly up in his seat in  
the House of Representatives, and scream-  
ed out at the top of his shrill voice—  
"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have  
discovered the Philosopher's stone! It is  
—Pay as you go!"

John Randolph dropped many rich gems  
from his mouth, but never a richer one  
than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not  
dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the  
streets with an erect back and a manly  
front, and you have no fear of those you  
meet. You can look at any man in the  
eye without flinching. You want have to  
cross a highway to avoid a dun, or look in-  
tently into the shop windows to avoid see-  
ing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your  
finger at the world, and when you laugh it  
will be a hearty, honest, one. It seems to  
us sometimes, that we can almost tell the  
laugh of a poor debtor. He looks around  
as though he was in doubt whether the laugh  
was not the property of his creditors, and  
not included in articles "exempted from at-  
tachment." When he does succeed in get-  
ting out an abortion of a laugh—for it is no-  
thing but an abortion—he appears frighten-  
ed, and looks as though he expected it would  
be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet  
smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-  
checked, smiling children—a contented  
wife—a cheerful hearth-stone.

John Randolph was right. It is the phil-  
osopher's stone.

POVERTY.—Start not at the labor doom  
of honest poverty; it is to poverty that we  
are indebted for the discovery of a new  
world; it made Franklin a philosopher,  
Hogarth a painter, and Napoleon the con-  
queror of Europe. The mightiest minds  
that ever astonished the civilized world,  
were nursed in the vale of poverty; that  
was their incentive to action, their stimu-  
lus to glory and immortality. Pine not,  
then, at your lot, if you be poor and virtu-  
ous; a large fortune to a giddy youth, is the  
most painful judgment an indulgent heav-  
en can inflict upon man. The inordinate  
love of wealth, so fatally prevalent in mod-  
ern times, when, with a great majority,  
riches are a test of respectability, and cash  
a token of worth and virtue, a cloak to screen  
from crime—is worse than bear-eyed fam-  
ine, more fatal than the festering folds of  
the purple pestilence. Mourn not, then,  
that you are poor—push your faculties in-  
to a holier sphere, and reap abundant stores  
of mental gain in the extended field of an  
enlightened mind.—[Fisk.]

WOMAN.—The sympathy of woman is  
one of the crowning excellencies of her na-  
ture. This is the golden chain that unites  
her with loftier intelligence and with the  
Deity himself. How brilliantly does this  
amiable quality shine in the hour of sick-  
ness and anguish—by the pillow of sick-  
ness and death! Then, indeed, does a  
woman seem like a guardian angel sent  
from a higher and loftier sphere, to cheer  
our moments of despondence and distress,  
to smooth our otherwise rugged passage  
to the tomb, and to prepare the departing  
spirit for a happy exit from this world  
of wo. Who, then, will endeavor with im-  
pious hands to withdraw her from the po-  
sition she was destined to occupy, mar the  
symmetry of her character, and to plunge  
her into the turbid waters of defamatory  
scandal!"

The Power of Christianity.—A mechan-  
ic in London, who rented a room very  
near the orphan working school, was un-  
happily a determined infidel—a disciple of  
the notorious Carlisle, and one who could  
confound many a thoughtful Christian  
with his sophistries on religion. This man  
said to an individual one day, "I did this  
morning what I have not done for a long  
time before—I wept." Said his friend,  
"What occasioned you to weep?" "Why,"  
replied the infidel mechanic, "I wept on  
seeing the children of the orphan working  
school pass; and it occurred to me, that  
if religion had done nothing more for man-  
kind it had at least provided for the in-  
troduction of these 04 orphans into respect-  
able situations in life."

A young clergyman once visited old Dr.  
Bellaamy with the inquiry, "What shall I  
do to supply myself with matter for my  
sermons?" The Doctor quaintly replied,  
"Fill up the cask, fill up the cask, fill up  
the cask, and then, if you tap it any where,  
you will get a good stream. But if you  
put in but little, it will dribble, dribble,  
dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then  
you get but a small stream after all."

"SAY—QUIT—THAT."—When you see  
your son making a bad trade, say—quit  
that.  
When you see your daughter shyly glanc-  
ing at a top or a loafer, say—quit that.  
When you see little children make so  
much noise that you can't understand what  
you are reading, say—quit that.  
When you see your wife buying lacing  
strings, say—quit that.

A COMPLIMENT.—A young man, wish-  
ing to compliment his lady-love on the pe-  
culiar brilliancy of her eyes, exclaimed—  
"La! Sukey, your eyes look for all the  
world like two huckleberries in a flour  
dumpling."

### POPULATION OF CHINA.—The Newburyport

Herald not long since contained a report of a lec-  
ture on China, delivered in that town by Caleb  
Cushing. The following is an extract relating to  
the immense population of that wonderful empire:  
"In regard to the population of China,  
Mr. Cushing seems to be of the opinion  
that the Chinese census does not overrate  
the number, and that the three hundred and  
fifty millions which they claim, is not far  
from the true number. The land and the  
water of a country as large as Europe,  
teems with swarming masses, living alike  
in boats on the rivers and in houses. In  
the southern part of the country two crops  
a year are produced, and the poorer classes  
subsist on a little rice, and the flesh of dogs,  
cats, rats, &c. To the cities and towns  
there are no carriage ways, the streets are  
only narrow foot-paths, and no horses or  
other beasts of burthen are kept to require  
large ranges of pasturage. The popula-  
tion is crowded into the narrow limits;  
by a long succession of ages of peace and  
industry."

A LARGE APPLE TREE.—Our friend, H.  
O'Hall, Esq., of Carroll Township, has  
furnished us with the following dimensions  
of an Apple Tree which stands on his land,  
and which has been much admired for its  
extraordinary size and fine bearing. A  
crotch eight inches from the ground, it  
measures twelve feet six inches in circum-  
ference—about five feet above the surface,  
seven feet eight inches. At the height of  
seven or eight feet it divides or separates  
into six branches, one of which extends  
from the central trunk 35 feet—two 33 feet  
and the others nearly as far. Its greatest  
height is about 57½ feet, and it has frequ-  
ly borne from sixty to eighty bushels of  
Apples a season by computation.

CONVENTION OF AMERICAN INVENTORS.—  
Dr. Nott, Professor Renwick, and other  
citizens of New York, have issued a cir-  
cular, calling a convention of American in-  
ventors in that city on the 22d instant, with  
a view of urging upon Congress such  
modifications of the patent laws as will  
give real security to patent property; to  
form an association of authors of useful  
discoveries and improvements, and to  
adopt such measures as may be deemed ex-  
pedient to secure their just rights.

COLORED STUDENTS.—The faculty of  
Dartmouth College have consented to re-  
ceive colored students. In their reply they  
say: "Our usages, in respect to the ad-  
mission of students are entirely impartial.  
We make no distinction in regard to nation  
or color. The African or Indian are as  
freely received as the Saxon, if possessed  
of the requisite literary and moral qualifi-  
cations."

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.—We regret to  
learn that Mr. Alexander Somerville, of  
Calvert county, Md., was shot on Thurs-  
day night last, and very dangerously if not  
fatally wounded. Mr. S. was sitting in  
his own room, at the time, reading a news-  
paper. The gun was fired through the  
window, and a large number of shot lodg-  
ed in his face, neck and shoulder.  
Physicians were immediately called, in  
and the wounds dressed; but very slight  
hopes were entertained of his recovery on  
the following day. One of Mr. Somerville's  
servants has been arrested on sus-  
picion of having perpetrated the bloody  
act.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—At Springfield  
Mass., Mr. Wm. McCune has had to  
pay \$800 for changing his mind suddenly.  
He was a widower in Ohio, went to Mas-  
sachusetts to himself a wife, saw the  
plaintiff, Miss Lydia Smith, was smitten  
and proposed—all in the course of ten days.  
His proposal was received favorably, but  
his purpose changed, and he went back to  
Ohio, vouchsafing no explanation of his  
conduct. For this he has to pay \$800.

A GOOD ONE.—Soon after the close of  
the war of 1812, an American vessel with  
a crew of green Yankees, moored at St. Car-  
tharine's dock in London. One of the  
Yankees pitched into a large warehouse,  
and the proprietor presuming from his ap-  
pearance; that he was a green one, accus-  
tomed him to—

"Pr-r-r-ried, ca-can you t-t-tell m-m-m."  
Here his stammering stopped his speech,  
and his book-keeper advanced to his assistance,  
saying—  
"He was going to ask you if you know  
why Balaam's ass spoke."  
"Wall, I guess I do," replied Jonathan;  
"I guess Balaam was a stuttering man and  
couldn't speak, and so his ass spoke for  
him!"

"A splendid triumph of science," said  
Mr. Muggins to his wife; "a Mr. Hartford  
has given a boy a new lip, which he took  
from his cheek."  
"That's nothing, Pa, I saw the new  
doctor take two from our Patty's cheek the  
other day, and the operation did not seem  
to be painful either."  
"Mrs. Muggins, put that boy to bed as  
soon as possible."

A western editor begs his patrons to pay  
up their dues, and says, he is "too weary  
and miserably clad to be seen, out of his  
own village. If there is a bar, would rail,  
and see them."

If you have contracted an acquaintance  
friendship left sink gently and gradually.

### THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

Oh! sweet the blushing flower,  
That blooms in the vale,  
And sweet the lily of the vale,  
That blooms in the vale,  
And sweet the wild wood rose,  
That blooms in the vale,  
But sweeter far than all combined,  
Is my own mountain flower,  
That blooms in the vale,  
Though beaten down by the wind,  
Where fashion reigns supreme,  
Where dainties move in gaudy train,  
And costly jewels gleam,  
Yet none of fashion's glided dainties  
O'er me have half the power  
As she—all innocence and grace,  
My own dear mountain flower!

### AGRICULTURAL.

FARMERS' CLUBS.—The farmers of every  
neighborhood should form themselves into a club,  
and meet once a week during the winter for the  
purpose of discussing such things as relate  
to their mutual improvement. It is not  
satisfying what an amount of knowledge they  
may thus obtain, and how greatly their in-  
terest will be forwarded. These meetings  
may be held at some central building in  
the neighborhood, such as the school-house,  
court-house, or a respectable tavern. The  
best place, in our opinion, for a club  
meeting, is at the farmer's own home, where  
they should be held alternately fill  
the whole neighborhood is gone, over and  
then commence anew; and do not keep on in  
regular routine. It would be well to have  
these meetings once a week in the winter,  
and once a month in the more temperate  
months of the year. Clergymen, Physicians,  
Lawyers, Merchants, Mechanics, and  
deed nearly every other profession, should  
be held for mutual improvement, and the  
benefit of their own interests, and their  
should not the farmers.—The same thing  
may be held for a respectable tavern. The  
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