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POETRY.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A SLAVE!

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Hast thou ever asked thyself
WHAT IT IS TO BE A SLAVE?
Bought and sold for sordid pelf,
From the cradle to the grave?

'Tis to know the transient powers
E'en of muscle, flesh and bone,
Cannot in thy happiest hours,
Be considered as thine own!

But THY MASTER'S *goods* and *chattels*,
Lent to thee for little more,
Than to fight his selfish battles
For some bits of shining ore!

'Tis to learn thou hast *a heart*,
Beating in that BARTERED frame,
Of whose ownership, no part
Thou can'st challenge—but *in name*.

For the *curse of Slavery* crushes
Out the life-blood from its core;
And expends its throbbing gushes
But to swell another's store.

God's best gift from heaven above,
Meant to make a heaven on earth,
Hallowing, humanizing LOVE!
With the ties which thence have birth:

These can never be HIS lot,
Who, like brutes, is bought and sold;
Holding such—as having not
On his own the spider's hold!

'Tis to feel, e'n worse than this,
If aught worse than this can be,
Thou hast shrined, for bale or bliss,
An *immortal soul* in thee!

But that this undying guest
Shares thy body's degradation,
Until slavery's bonds, unblest,
Check each kindling aspiration:

And what should have been *thy light*,
Shining e'en beyond the grave,
Turns to darkness worse than night,
Leaving thee a hopeless slave!

SUCH IS SLAVERY! Couldst thou bear
Its vile bondage? Oh! my brother,
How, then, canst thou, wilt thou *dare*
To inflict it on another?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Battle of Wagram.

MACDONALD'S DESPERATE CHARGE.

We copy the following terribly magnificent picture of one of the most bloody, desperate and successful charges of which the annals of war make mention, from a sketch of Marshal Macdonald, in the July Number of the American Review, written by Mr. Headly. The charge decided the fate of Napoleon and of Europe:

It is at Wagram that we are to look for Macdonald's greatest deed. We never think of that terrible battle without feelings of the profoundest wonder at his desperate charge, that then and there saved Napoleon and the empire. The battle of Aspera had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians.—Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon balls overhead, and fought as never even *he* fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column, and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube, in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau.

Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. No where does his exhaustless genius show itself as in this critical period of his life.—He revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers by presents from his own hands—he visited in person the sick in the hospitals, while the most gigantic plans at the same time strung his vast energies to the utmost tension. From the latter part of May to the first of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done every thing that could be done on the *spot*, whilst orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d of July, the reinforcements began to pour in, and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the different armies from all quarters first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First, with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of the drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces of the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Leech, with his strong Bavarians; while the morning sun shone on Macdonald's victorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the Empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing column, he little thought that two days after the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will.—Scarcely were his troops arranged in their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glistening bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream the magnificent columns kept pouring into that little isle, while, to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length.—Congratulations were exchanged by soldiers who last saw each other on some glorious battle field, and universal joy and hope spread through the dense columns that almost touched each other.

Bridges had been constructed to fling across the channel, and during the evening of the 5th, were brought out from their places of concealment, and dragged to the bank. In *ten minutes* one was across and fastened at both ends. In a little longer time two others were thrown over and made firm on the opposite shore. Bonaparte was there, walking backwards and forwards in the mud, cheering on the men, and accelerating the work, which was driven with such wonderful rapidity, that by three o'clock in the morning, six bridges were finished, and filled with the marching columns. Bonaparte had constructed two bridges lower down the river, as if he intended to cross there, in order to distract the enemy from the *real* point of danger. On these the Austrians kept up an incessant fire of artillery, which was answered by the French from the island with a hundred cannon, lighting up the darkness of the night with their incessant blaze. The village of Enzerdorf was set on fire, and burned with terrific fierceness; for a tempest arose as if in harmony with the scene, and blew the flames into fury. Dark clouds swept the midnight heavens, as if gathering for a contest among themselves—the artillery of heaven was heard above the roar of cannon, and the bright lightning that ever and anon rent the gloom blent in with the incessant flashes below, while blazing bombs, traversing the sky in every direction, wove their fiery net work over the heavens, making the night wild and awful as the last day of time. In the midst of this scene of terror Napoleon remained unmoved, heedless alike of the storm of the elements and the storm of the artilery; and though the wind shrieked around him, and the dark Danube rolled its turbulent flood at his feet, his eye watched only the movements of his rapid columns over the bridges, while his sharp quick voice gave redoubled energy to every effort.

The time—the scene—the mighty result at stake—all harmonized with his stern and tempestuous nature. His perceptions became quicker—his will firmer, and his confidence of success stronger. By six o'clock in the morning, a hundred and fifty thousand infantry and thirty thousand cavalry stood in battle array on the shore of the Danube, from whence a month before the Austrians had driven the army in affright. The clouds had vanished with the night, and when the glorious sun arose over the hill tops, his beams glanced over a countless array of helmets, and nearly three hundred thousand bayonets glittered in the light. It was a glorious spectacle; those two mighty armies standing in the early sun-light amid the green fields, while the air fairly sparkled with the flashing steel that rose like a forest over their heads. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the Austrians, when they saw the French legions across the river, and ready for battle. That bright scene was to see the fate of Europe settled for the next four years, and that glorious summer's sun, as it rolled over the heavens, was to look down on one of the most terrific battles the world ever saw.

We do not design to describe the movements of the two armies, or the varied success during the day. Bonaparte at the outset had his columns—converged to a point—resting at one end on the Danube, and radiating off into the field, like the spokes of a wheel. The Austrians, on the contrary, stood in a vast semi-circle, as if about to enclose and swallow up their enemy. Macdonald's division was amongst the first brought into the engagement, and bravely held its ground during the day.—When night closed the scene of strife, the Austrians had gained on the French.—They nevertheless sounded a retreat, while the exhausted Army of Napoleon lay down on the field of blood, to sleep. Early in the morning, the Austrians, taking advantage of their success the day before, commenced the attack, and the thunder of their guns at daylight brought Napoleon into his saddle. The field was again alive with charging squadrons, and covered with the smoke of battle. From daylight till nearly noon had the conflict raged without a moment's cessation. Every where, except against the Austrians' left, the French were defeated. From the steeples of Vienna, the multitude gazed on the progress of the doubtful fight, till they heard the cheers of their countrymen above the roar of battle driving the flying enemy before them, when they shouted in joy, and believed the victory gained. But Napoleon galloped up, and restoring order in the disordered lines, ordered Devoust to make a circuit, and ascending the plateau of Wagram, carry Neusiedel. While waiting the result of this movement, on the success of which depended all his future operations, the French lines under Napoleon's immediate charge, were exposed to a most terrific fire from the enemy's artillery, which tore them into fragments. Unable to advance, and too far distant to return the fire they were compelled to stand as idle spectators, and see the cannon shot plough through them. Whole battalions, driven frantic by this inaction in the midst of such a deadly fire, broke and fled. But every thing depended on the infantry holding firmly their position till the effect of Davoust's assault was seen. Yet nothing but Napoleon's heroic bravery kept them steady. Mounted on his milk-white charger, Euphrates, given him by the King of Persia, he slowly rode backward and forward before the lines, while the cannon balls whistled and rattled like hail stones about him—casting ever and anon an anxious look towards the spot where Davoust was expected to appear with his fifty thousand brave followers. For a *whole hour* he thus rode in front of his men, and though they expected every moment to see him shattered by a cannon ball, he moved unscathed amid the storm.

At length Davoust was seen charging like fire over the plateau of Wagram, and finally appear with his cannon on the farther side of Neusiedel. In a moment the plateau was covered with smoke as he opened his cannon on the exposed ranks of the enemy. A smile lighted up Napoleon's countenance, and the brow that had been knit like iron during the terrific strife of the two hours before—as word was constantly brought in of his successive losses, and the steady progress of the Austrians—cleared up, and he ordered Macdonald, with eight battallions, to march straight on the enemy's centre, and pierce it. This formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner did the Archduke see the movement of this terrible column of eight battallions, composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre, than he knew that the hour of Europe's destiny and his own army had come. He immediately doubled his lines, at the threatened point, and brought up the reserve cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheeled around the spot on which such destinies hung, and opened a terrific fire on the approaching column.—Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to precede him, and answer the Austrian batteries, that swept every inch of ground like a storm of sleet. The cannoniers mounted their horses, and started on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, approached to within a half cannon shot, and opened a destructive fire in the enemy's ranks.

With this battery at its head, belching forth fire like some huge monster, the mighty column steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back and closed in on each other, knowing the final struggle had come. At this crisis of the battle nothing could exceed the terror and sublimity of the scene. The whole interests of the armies was concentrated here, while the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at its head was gradually becoming silent. Envoloped in the awful fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his cannon and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field, and into the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he began to advance. The destruction then became awful. At every discharge the head of the column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth, while the outer ranks on either side, melted away like snow wreaths on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress. On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused, and he had fully resolved to execute the awful task given him or fall on the field. Still he towered amid his falling guard, and with his eye fixed steadily on the enemy's centre, continued to advance. At the close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled column must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every charge and still press on.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or die to his devoted followers. There is no excitement—no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse among his men when making one of his desperate charges of cavalry. No cries of "*Vive l' Empereur*," are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unalterable resolution which nothing but annihilation could shake. The eyes of the army and the world are on them, and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits and human effort the spot where it ceases forever.—No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted hero at its head. But now he halts and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stands alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his column by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the *sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen.* And here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and envious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Bonaparte stops beating at the sight, and, well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the empire on his sing[illegible]—*he is the* EMPIRE! Sha[illegible]st and sound the retrea[illegible]re totters on the ensanguined [illegible]e a speck in the distance Ma[illegible] still to pause, while the can[illegible]he dead in heaps around him[illegible]urn at last?" is the secre[illegible] question Napoleon puts to l[illegible] my throne go down?" No[illegible] of the mighty trust committ[illegible]'he empire stands or falls with him, [illegible]ll stand while HE stands. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees a movement as if aid were at hand. "Onward," breaks from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites that exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won—the Empire saved—and the whole Austrian Army is in full retreat!

Such was the awful battle of Wagram, and such the charge of Macdonald. We know of nothing equal to it except Ney's charge at Waterloo, and that was not equal, because it failed.

THE FROZEN FAIRY.

A band of fairies, making a large tour by moonlight, came suddenly upon the borders of a northern forest. Alternate storms of snow and rain had fallen, and left the trees robed in garments of virgin whiteness.—The full moon, shining brilliantly upon the thick branches, and casting slanting shadows through the dim aisles of the wood, festooned with icicles and paved with gems of frosts, made the scene one of dazzling splendor. The fairies folded their rainbow colored wings, and gazed in mute [illegible] they beheld aught [illegible]en the night blast [illegible] shuddered, and be[illegible]arm light of their [illegible]ing one of the fairies of the band came and bowed low before the queen, murmuring—

"A boon!"

"What wilt thou!" said the fairy sovereign, touching the suppliant with her tiny sceptre.

"Oh, let me dwell in this beautiful place, gracious queen!" was the request.

"Foolish one! wouldst thou forsake thy sisters for this cold, glittering land? Then be it so. Farewell!" and they sped lightly down the valley.

The fairy, rejoicing in her new and splendid lot, danced gaily under the gleaming forest roof, and sang many a rich and sweet carol among the bows which arched over her like a jeweled canopy.

The spirit listened with admiration to her song, as it rang clear and sweet through the wood.

But long ere the moon waned, her voice faltered, and her step became languid.—She had forgotten that her fragile form was made for a summer clime, and might not bear the chill air which pervaded about her. Slowly she yielded to the piercing cold.—Oh! how she longed to nestle in the arms of one of her sisters, amid the silvery fountains and perennial flowers of her own loved and lovely fairy land. The snow spirits, in their spangled robes, gathered about her; but their voices were strange, and their breath fell like ice upon her cheek. The stars looked down upon her with a cold, distant glance. Flashes of radiance shot ever and anon athwart the sky above her, seeming to mock her agony. All about her was glorious as the land of dreams; but what was its brightness to her!

Faintly arose the last cry of the fairy:—"Sisters! oh, sisters! take me home!—I am freezing!"

Humble yet gifted one, sigh not to leave the fond hearts which encircle thee in thy lowly home! Pine not for a dwelling in that "land of mysterious gleams," the wide and shining land of fame. Many are the souls whose warm affections have been congealed by its frigid air. Its splendor is wondrous, but delusive as the glittering ice frost; for all above, around and beneath, is cold—freezing cold.

THE BEAUTY OF REPUBLICANISM.—Ex-Governor Morehead has been qualified as a Magistrate in North Carolina. James Monroe, on leaving the Presidential chair, resumed his duty as Justice of the Peace in Virginia.

Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great *bustle* about a little waist (waste.)

"Come, Bob, tell us how much you have cleared by your speculation?" said Bob's quizzical friend to him the other day. "Cleared!" replied Bob, with a frown, "why, I have cleared my pockets!"

"Genius will always work its way through," as the poet said, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

"This fire is amazing cold," said an old toper, who was trying to warm his toes in the moon-light on a snow bank.

ANECDOTE OF FATHER MATTHEW.—This celebrated temperance advocate was met by a very rich distiller, who asked him imploringly, how he could so deliberately plot the ruin of so many good and unoffending people, who had their all invested in distilleries?

To which he replied by relating the following anecdote:—A very fat old duck went out early one morning, in pursuit of worms, and after having been out all day, she succeeded in filling her crop, and on her return home at night, with her crop full of worms, she had the misfortune to meet a fox, who at once proposed to take her life to satisfy his hunger. The old duck appealed, implored, argued, and remonstrated. She said to the fox—you cannot be so wicked and hard-hearted as to take the life of a poor harmless duck, merely to satisfy your hunger! She exhorted him against the commission of so great a crime, and begged him not to stain his soul with innocent blood. When the fox could stand her cant no longer, he said: "Out upon you, madam, with all your fine feathers! You are a pretty thing, indeed, to lecture me about taking life to satisfy hunger! Is not your own crop at this instant full of worms? You destroy more lives in one day to satisfy your hunger, than I do in a whole month!

ALTERATION OF THE JEWISH SABBATH.—A German paper states that the Jewish Reform Committee sitting at Frankfort, at the head of which are Messrs. Goldschmidt advocate; Creusenach, professor; and Schwartzchild, physician; and to which all the most eminent Jews of Germany have adhered—has just taken an important resolution. It has decided that the Jewish Sabbath shall be kept on Sunday. The committee has appointed divine service to be performed on Sunday, in the new Jewish temple in that city. The names of several Jewish preachers are mentioned as destined to take part in it.

THE TARIFF.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American writes as follows:

"Mr. Hudson, of Massachusetts, who stands deservedly prominent in regard to the Tariff, and the protective policy, and whose experience in the House entitles his opinions and statements to more than ordinary weight, has taken pains to inform himself of the actual condition of sentiment in that body, in regard to the existing system. After making all reasonable allowances, canvassing the doubtful, and ascertaining the certain, he represents that the Tariff of 1842 will not receive more than 18 votes from the Democratic party. The other support will be derived from scattering sources.

REPUDIATION IN MARYLAND.—In Carroll county, Maryland, last week, the State tax collector was burnt in effigy. The following resolution was passed at the meeting:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting that any man who would undertake to collect the State tax for the benefit of European or American stock gamblers, brokers, and speculators, would *bottle the sunshine and huckster out the dews of Heaven.*

MR. CLAY AND THE PHILADELPHIA CLAY CLUB.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, now on his way South in company with Mr. Clay, gives some interesting incidents of a visit to Ashland, and among other things a brief account of the presentation of presents from the Philadelphia Clay Club, by Mr. White, a member of the Club. Mr. W. after formally announcing his mission, handed to Mr. C. in a becoming manner a book in which was recorded the names of 5000 persons who had joined in giving their unanimous assent to the series of resolutions (included) expressing their sentiments and feelings towards him personally, and their approbation of the acts of his resplendent life. He then presented to Mrs. C. the casket of jewels, consisting of a bracelet, breastpin, and ring of the purest gold, ornamented with a constellation of diamonds enclosed in a case of mother of pearl—itself a bijou. These all being opened and examined, Mr. Clay responded to Mr. White in a most feeling manner.

AFFLICTING.—On Friday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, of Italy Hill, left home with an infant about two months old to visit some relatives in Jerusalem, Pa. It being a very cold day they bundled up very warm. On arriving at their friends, the young mother commenced telling how "very quiet the baby was during the whole ride;" but her feelings can be imagined, when she learned the cause of its quietness. On uncovering it she beheld her infant a corpse, having been undoubtedly smothered.

UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.—The Tennessee Democrat says that on the evening of the 10th instant, the house of Wm. Mangrum, in Maury county, was consumed by fire, and that two of his children persihed in the flames.

HANDSOMELY DONE.—We learn that John Hunter, an extensive landowner in Delaware county, N. Y. has presented a farm of 100 acres to a son of the late Sheriff Steele, borne since the death of his father. He had previously made a similar present to the Widow.

"Out of darkness cometh forth light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink-keg.

THE COLDEST YET.—The Albany Argus says the thermometer at Brownville, Jefferson county, on the 11th inst., at 7, A. M., touched 18 degrees below zero! On the 12th, same time, 31 below! Brownville is somewhat famous in this way. On the 5th of February, 1836, the mercury there fell to 37 degrees below zero.

GOOD SPORT—The Winston (Miss.) Banner says, "A few days ago a party of citizens went out on a camp hunt and killed forty one deer and five turkeys, and a few weeks previous another party on a similar excursion killed forty deer in two days.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

ROBERT BRYSON'S MODEL FARM.

Within a year or two an Agricultural Society has been formed in Cumberland County, with its central point at Carlisle. We insert the following from the Report of the Committee on Farms, acknowledging that we have read it with much interest:

It is with feelings of great pleasure that we cordially unite in the expression of the opinion that the farm of Mr. Robert Bryson, and the condition of it—its cultivation, and the principles of it—afford a most gratifying example of the rich product which is made by energy, industry and skill. The farm consists of two hundred and fifty-seven acres of land, most of which is cleared, leaving only trees enough for shade. As you approach the farm you are at once struck with the cleanliness of field and fence row, which indicates that nothing grows there but what is planted. A large stone mansion exhibits the comforts of a profitable farm, and a no less capacious barn shows that there must be a place for grain, for there is much here to be stored away. A particular description of this barn may be useful to the Society. It is in size ninety-eight feet six inches, by fifty-four feet, which includes a seven feet overshot, and thirty-four feet high to the square. It is built in the side of a bank, and has two sets of barn floors, one above the other—the first having an elevation of about eight feet, and the second is used as a threshing floor from which the grain as it is threshed passes down into the first floor, where it is cleansed; the stables are below the whole.

There is an advantage gained by this arrangement, in this, that you can get out any quantity of grain without being hindered by the accumulation of it upon the floor; and there can be no better illustration of this advantage than the fact, that Mr. Bryson's whole crop was threshed, cleaned, and ready for market, on the 25th of July of this year. With the peculiar capacity and arrangement of his barn, this was effected without any waste of straw, or throwing more into the barn yard than would be readily converted into manure; it was all stowed away in his capacious barn, ready to be used during the succeeding winter, as occasion will require;—the quantity of wheat was nineteen hundred and ninety five bushels, which grew upon eighty acres of land—equal to twenty-five bushels to the acre; five acres of barley were also threshed, and produced two hundred and fifty bushels; forty tons of hay were made well cured and stored away; the produce of ten acres of oats, which your committee supposed would yield 270 bushels, were also here; the corn was yet upon the ground, and it was the subject of particular examination, and the conclusion to which we came with regard to it was, that it would yield about 55 bushels to the acre; notwithstanding this season has not been as favorable as usual, we have not seen in any years so large a crop of corn which was as good as this; 30 bushels of clover seed were also made. This is a limestone farm, and the manure used upon it is principally *lime*. The stock which we found here, were eighty head of steers, 20 milch cows and young cattle, 100 hogs, 15 sheep, 6 horses, and 3 yoke of oxen. The eighty head of steers were in a course of preparation for the market, and had been fed since the corn had passed the wasting ear state, by cutting it off and feeding it to them in bulk—the cattle and hogs thus fed together, exhibited this system as a profitable one; scarcely two acres had yet been consumed, and the cattle were almost ready for market. One would suppose that a farm like this would occupy all the attention of its owner, but not so with Mr. Bryson—on his farm three kilns were constantly employed burning lime, producing about 2000 bushels a week, hauled from the kiln as fast as it was burned to enrich the lands of the surrounding country. Mr. Bryson employs upon his farm about 30 hands, who are engaged in the tilling of the farm, and burning and hauling of lime; the labor of these men is directed by Mr. Bryson in person, and with a system and economy of time which seem to be peculiar. At sunrise every man knows from the mouth of his employer what is his business for the day.

MAMMOTH CALF.—A short time since, Mr. John Dinmore, of Mountpleasant township, Washington county, Pa., slaughtered a calf aged just seven months, which weighed, clean meat, 405 pounds! Every thing considered, this was a very remarkable calf. The hide weighed 77 pounds, and on foot the weight could not have been short of 700. It had not been stall-fed—but had been running on indifferent pasture a considerable part of the time—having no extra attention whatever.