

The year 1831 seems to be as distinguished
regtable as for political wonders. Big cab-
es and big conventions—great rallies and
at revolutions, alternately astonish the world.
s, a correspondence, as long as a pumpkin
—and now, a squash, as corpulent as an al-
ma, afford food for the marvellous. One
ch, a turnip, big enough to feast a regiment—
next, a caucus, hungry enough to devour a
which fills the admiring newspapers. Then
comes a potato, swelling like a demagogue; and
upper pod, as long and hot as the dianer speech
which accompanies it.

But here follows a sauce, fit to accompany the
essay of Atticus: viz. a Pumpkin, raised by
R. B. Washington of this town, which meas-
4 feet 3 inches in circumference one way—
6 feet 2 the other; and weighing 75 pounds.
Others grew on the same vine, nearly as
e. A nest of such eggs, is better than a gold
