POETRY.

[*From the Knickerbocker.*]

THE STEED OF THE DESERT.

The desert steed—the desert steed—
That never man bestrode;
He matches 'gainst the wind his speed,
He drinks the streams that mountains feed,
He gallops on a fenceless mead,
Where man hath never trod.

Lo! where the reinless chargers stand,
Lords of the boundless plain;
Lo! where the leader of the band,
With hoofs that iron never spanned,
Spurns high in air the glittering sand,
And shakes his glittering mane.

Yon wild colts crop no clover's lawn;
Unpampered, fierce and free,
On human hand they ne'er shall fawn;
No spur, by heel of tyrant worn,
Shall ever lance the desert born,
Or mar their boundless glee.

Hark! a low, wild, and fiend like yell,
Upon the wind sweeps by;
The herd have caught its dismal swell,
The fatal cry they know too well—
The mountain wolves, with hunger fell,
A thousand strong are nigh!

One howling monster, gaunt and grey,
Leads on the phalanx grim;
The desert coursers stand at bay—
Loud rings their shrill and scornful neigh—
A solid circle their array—
An hundred heels its rim!

They come! they come! the famished troop,
Their white fangs gleaming bare;
Their necks the glossy chargers stoop;
Spurned high above each lifted croupe
The foremost of the savage group
Are whirling through the air.

Short space repelled, the daring pack
Again the charge renew:
Again from launching hoofs sent back,
Maimed, crushed, and stunned, from the attack,
They sullenly recourse their track,
And vanish from the view.

Once more in freedom's wild excess
Disperse the shining throng;
The desert plains are verdureless,
And on, in search of pasture, press
The racers of the wilderness—
The beautiful, the strong.

Oh! had I faith in Brahma's creed,
That brutal form may shroud
The soul from human vestments freed;
And if my will my choice might lead,
I'd be the bounding desert steed,
That man had never cowed.

THE WINTER KING.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! what will become of thee, poor little bird!
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black!
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?
"I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree:
The storm doesn't trouble me—Pee, dee, dee."

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare!
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thine evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?
"Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves!—Pee, dee, dee."

But man feels a burden of want and of grief
While plucking the cluster, and binding the sheaf;
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
And all their rich gifts do not silence our care:
In summer we faint; in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
'A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude!—Pee, dee, dee."

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds, while the bird has an eye
To HIM who reigns over them, changeless and high!
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.
"Because in all weather I'm happy and free,
They call me the *Winter King!*—Pee, dee, dee."

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the high bough
Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now!
And though there's a vesture, well-fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet
To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?
"I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
And warm them, and fly away!—Pee, dee, dee."

EXCERPTS.

"*Orient pearls at random strung.*"

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none more useful than discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the test, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in his errors, and active to his own prejudice.—*Addison.*

Woman's confidence.—There is something so beautifully conflicting in a woman's heart, that she will never doubt till she has been taught to do so.

It is so seldom that we win peace! So seldom! Do we ever win it? The statesman, who devotes his youth to the struggles of ambition—the inventor of mechanical improvements, who starves his own generation to bestow invaluable benefits on the next—the fond idealist, who dreams restlessly through his youth, and dies unhappy in his old age—the man of the world, whose narrow heart is full of busy vanities,—all look forward to its enjoyment: but life passes (I speak of *successful* lives); and when the statesman has won power, and place, and patronage—when the utilitarian has realized a shadowy portion of some single plan—when the poet is feted, flattered, and caressed—and the man of the world has become an oracle in his own little circle—peace is still a distant dream! Old age creeps on. Into the narrow bound of a few feeble years they crowd all that youth's fond energies were to have achieved. The arm of destiny urges them forward: they totter to the grave. Alas! Death's curtain falls on hopes half-fulfilled; plans half matured; energies weakened, but still at work—it is over! Life is over; and peace is yet unwon!—*Woman's Reward.*

Hint to the desponding.—Most misfortunes may be turned into blessings by watching the tide of affairs.

There are occasions of intense emotion, when we fancy we shall not be able to endure the scene we picture to ourselves; when we imagine we shall betray instantly the grief or anger that is bursting in our hearts, and sink under the bitter trial. The moment comes, and a chilled faintness deadens every faculty; we speak, and move, and smile as we do in our most composed moments,—we gaze without seeing,—we answer without hearing our own voices, and no one guesses the inward struggle.—*The Wife.*

He who makes an idol of his interest, makes a martyr of his integrity.

* * * * * It is a curious fact, that children, gifted in general with the quickest observation, are nevertheless singularly insensible to the personal defects of their familiar companions; beauty, in the abstract, has no power to engage either the attention or affections of a child—the ugliest face is frequently preferred to the most lovely, and that without any apparent cause in the different degree of notice or kindness shown.

The fact is, that the sense of beauty is the growth of later years. A child never admires fine scenery, nor a beautiful face; but all children have favorite nooks, and trees, and play-places; and all children have preferences among the familiar faces which surround them.—*The Wife.*

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor, and by kindness, than by fear and punishment.—*Terrence.*

Oh! there is nothing to equal those moments of desperate awakening when we first become *conscious* that we are corrupted! when some sudden shock arouses us to a knowledge of our true position, and shows us that the ground we have so long been carelessly treading is hollow beneath our feet, the precipice near at hand to which we have been blindly directing our steps! The sick man who is told that mortification alone has stilled the torture of his aching limb, cannot receive such intelligence with more chilled and shrinking horror than is felt by the heart which, pure heretofore, and full of earnest resolutions for the right, has been led away by temptation, and only wakes to feel the bitterness of its moral degradation; to know that the days of its purity and innocence are over; that vice is become a familiar thing; that all is known of which we should have been ignorant; and all forgotten which should have been most carefully treasured in our memories; that in our sorrow we have become "acquainted with sin," and have made it our boon companion and fellow-traveller in the great journey of life.

There are days made so dark by the misery which oppresses us—by the vain desire to undo the irrevocable past, to bathe in the waters of oblivion, and begin our lives anew—that our weak and feverish brains would madden with brooding on our own rashness, did not the mild glory shine from afar of that light which first rose to promise "peace on earth and good will towards men"—that bright star of the Christian's creed, which, let the past be ever so dark, leaves us still repentance and a future to make our peace with God.—*The Wife.*

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who may excel us in many.

Composition.—Buffon says, "Invention depends on patience; contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation, etc. etc. It is certain an author should not be discouraged because the parts of his story do not present themselves to him at once.

How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive and easily wounded as we are, obliged to call up pride to support us, in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference, when the heart inly bleeds, and the decent composure, put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside;—and all the dreariness, the heart consuming cares, that women alone can know, return to make us feel, though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenances with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman can only understand a woman's heart—we cannot, dare not complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it, and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and while we nurse the grief that lies too deep for tears, and consumes alike health and peace, a man may, with impunity, express all, nay, more than he feels—court and meet sympathy—while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures, the latter often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices.—*Countess of Blessington.*

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labor under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

Educate your children well, and you have done enough for them: let them take care of themselves: teach them to depend upon their own strength; and this can only be done by putting them upon their own strength: in no other way can they acquire strength. Setting a young man afloat upon the wealth accumulated by his father is like tying bladders under the arms of a swimmer, or rather, one that cannot swim without them; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and his sole dependence, and then where is he? Teach him, while young, to swim a little with his own strength; and then chuck him into the stream of life to take care of himself without extraneous help. Under such circumstances, he will be likely to buffet the waves with far more success.

He who envies another admits his own inferiority.

The present.—In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of some body else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing; to do nothing well, and, to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons, and inferior things, than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own; the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades more or less, all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

The amity wisdom knits not folly may easily untie.

Solitude.—Men prize it indiscriminately. It is good only in moderation and relatively; as rest or medicine. It may be a burden. It may be a torture, as any unnatural state may be. Some seek it intemperately as they do other blessings, and some know not its uses. It serves to renew the strength dissipated in society, and to digest the observations elicited by collision.

O! in our sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sins and sorrows, and the toil
Of cares that tear the bosom that they soil;
O! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link that knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet we scarcely dare to muse
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,
Which seems an instant in its backward range
The heart to soften, and its ties to change;
And every spring, untouch'd for years, to move,
It is *the memory of a mother's love.*

E. L. Bulwer.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do every thing; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—*Plutarch.*

Kepler, the astronomer, who was full of ingenious theories, held that space was a fluid, something like a sea; that the planets, stars, and satellites were great animals that swam in it; that the earth was a monstrous beast, the trees, &c. being its hairs and bristles, and men, dogs and other animals occupied it in much the same manner as fleas and vermin occupy them, in turn.

A sincere man is consistent with himself; he is never embarrassed; he has courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid. He is far above the meanness of simulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious cares and discontents, soothes and composes the passions and keeps the soul in perpetual calm.

Dr. Z. H. Rosse,

HAVING taken the office lately occupied by Dr. Handy, in New Market, offers his professional services to the citizens of the place and the adjacent neighborhood. He may be called on at his office, or at his dwelling, formerly the residence of Dr. Waggaman.

Feb. 27 tf

Sheriffalty.

AT the earnest solicitations of my friends, in various parts of the county, I am induced to offer myself as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of Dorchester. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office with such fidelity and faithfulness as will afford satisfaction to my fellow citizens.

HIRAM W. WOOLFORD.

Aug 29

WE are authorised to announce HENRY COOK, Esq., as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of this county

Sept 13

Mr. Callahan: JAMES A. WADDELL, Esq., has consented to become a candidate for the next Sheriffalty, and will be strongly supported by many voters in

DORCHESTER COUNTY.

Oct. 12, 1833

JOB-PRINTING, of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

DR. JAS. A. MUSE

HAS taken an office in East New Market, and respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity.

February 20 A

THE NEW-YORKER.

QUARTO EDITION.

THE publishers of the "New Yorker," encouraged by the generous and steadily increasing patronage which has hitherto rewarded their exertions, propose to issue, from the commencement of their third volume, on the 26th of March ensuing, a new Double Quarto Edition of their journal, not instead of, but in addition to, the one now published. Advertisements, except possibly a few of a strictly literary character, will be entirely excluded; and, in addition to all the matter presented in the folio New-Yorker, the quarto will contain a page of popular music, &c. &c., and be accompanied by a handsome title-page and comprehensive index at the close of the volume.

The general features of the New-Yorker will remain essentially as they have heretofore been. Its columns will contain—

I. *General Literature.* Original Tales, Essays, Reviews, Poems, &c., with corresponding selections from the Quarterlies, Monthlies, and all the best class of periodicals, foreign and American, with choice extracts from new works of substantial excellence. The Editor acknowledges with pride and gratitude his obligation to his regular contributors—and among them are some whose names have shed lustre on the cause of American literature—for the steadfast support hitherto afforded him, and the confidence with which he is now enabled to assure the public that it will not soon be withdrawn. He takes pleasure in recalling the fact, that, since the establishment of the New Yorker, no other journal has afforded an equal extent and variety, of the productions of all eminent American writers of whatever section or class—a characteristic which he hopes it may still preserve; while his selections from the best foreign works have been exceeded—in quantity at least—by those of but three or four among the myriad of the cis Atlantic periodicals.

II. *National Politics.* It has been the aim of the Editor to present a full and fair exhibit of the aspects, movements and struggles of parties in our country, including the meeting of Conventions, nomination of candidates for State and National offices, and all other significant manifestations of political feeling, with the general results of elections, as fast as ascertained, and the official canvass in each instance, as soon as it shall have reached us. This course is believed to be in many respects original with this journal; and it is considered that we have just cause of felicitation in the fact, that, pursued as it has been through two years of unremitted political warfare, the fairness and general accuracy of our statements and returns have very rarely, if ever, been questioned. The Editor reserves to himself the right of remarking, as circumstances may seem to require and justice to dictate, on the less exciting political topics of the day, as on all others, with calmness, deference and moderation; but he will strive—he trusts not less successfully than hitherto—to exclude from the columns of the New-Yorker every observation, reflection, or even argument, which may wantonly do violence to the sincere convictions of any well-informed reader, of whatever principle or party.

III. *General Intelligence.* In this department we can only promise the most unwearied industry and patience in the collection, condensation, and arrangement of the news, foreign and domestic, which may be gathered from the weekly reception of four hundred journals, including some choice European periodicals, and which may be afforded us by by the attention of our friends abroad.

Literary Notices, Statistics, brief notices of works of Art, Amusements, the Drama, &c. &c., will from time to time be given. As a general rule, however, it will be the aim of the Editor to embody such articles, whether original or selected, as shall at least combine instruction with amusement.

CONDITIONS.

The Quarto "NEW YORKER" will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra imperial sheet of the finest quality, comprising sixteen pages of three columns each, and afforded to its patrons in the city and country, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, ☞ *payable inflexibly in advance.* ☜ Orders from a distance, accompanied by a remittance, will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending us $5, positively free of postage or other charges, will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in the same proportion for a larger sum. The few who may take the folio edition for immediate perusal and the quarto for binding, will be entitled to receive both for $4 50, in advance. We will cheerfully preserve their files of the quarto for any such who may desire it.

The subscribers are extremely solicitous that there be no misconception on the part of their patrons in regard to the editions of their paper. The quarto is commenced in deference to the solicitations of a great number of their friends, who have expressed a strong desire that the New-Yorker should appear in a form more susceptible of preservation than the present. It is neither anticipated nor hoped that it will receive a patronage at all commensurate with that of the folio edition. They would frankly express their conviction, that, for those whose interest in a journal expires with the week in which it reaches them, the latter will be decidedly preferable, aside from the difference in price. Accordingly, when an order for 'The New-Yorker' simply, without specification, is sent them, the folio will invariably be sent.

Address H. GREELEY & CO.,
18, Nassau-st., N. York.

It is our earnest desire that all those who may incline to patronize the Quarto New-Yorker will apprise us of the fact before the regular commencement of the volume (March 20th). The Specimen Number will be forwarded to all indiscriminately who may signify a desire to examine it (without subjecting us to the postage); and, as an additional inducement to an early subscription, we hereby offer to send the intervening numbers of the folio New-Yorker *gratis* to each subscriber for the Quarto, from the receipt of advance payment up to that time.

☞ THE NEW-YORKER (folio) will continue to be published at Two DOLLARS per annum, in advance, to which *fifty cents* will be added if not paid within six months. It will not, however, be forwarded on credi to new subscribers of whose solvency w have no assurance.

Feb. 20

250 Dollars Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, living in Dorchester county, Maryland, on Saturday night last, the 26th ultimo, negro men

Jacob and Kit.

JACOB, who calls himself Jacob Ennalls, is about thirty or forty years old, five feet six or eight inches high, and spare made, with a thin visage and a chesnut colour. He wears whiskers, and has a scar on his upper lip, from a bite in fighting—one of his great toes is also disfigured, in consequence of having been mashed when he was a boy, by the fore part of an ox cart against the tongue. He has good use of carpenter's tools—wore away blue kersey pantaloons and roundabout, old drab great coat and fur hat—and has twenty five or thirty dollars in his possession.

KIT, or Christopher Macer, as he styles himself, is about thirty years old, five feet six or seven inches high, well made, and has rather a high forehead, with a light chesnut color, and a considerable impediment in his speech. He took with him a light drab colored box coat, and several suits of clothing which are not particularly recollected.

For the apprehension of either of these negroes, thirty dollars will be given if taken in the county, or fifty dollars if taken out of the county and in the state, or one hundred and twenty five dollars if taken out of the state, provided he be delivered to the subscriber, or secured so that he gets him again. Or, for that of both of them, twice the sum will of course be paid.

SAMUEL KEENE, of E.

Oct 3, 1835

The Journal, Wilmington, and U. S. Gazette, Philadelphia, are requested to publish this advertisement to the amount of two dollars, each, and charge the Cambridge Chronicle.

A CARD.

A. WOOLFOLK wishes to inform the owners of Negroes in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, that he *is not dead*, as has been artfully represented by his opponents, but that he still lives, to give them CASH and the HIGHEST PRICES for their

NEGROES.

Persons having negroes to dispose of, will please give him a chance, by addressing him at Baltimore, where immediate attention will be paid to their wishes.

Oct. 6, 1832.

Cash for Negroes,

INCLUDING both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of, will find it to their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash, than any other purchaser who is now in this market or may come in.

OVERLEY & SANDERS.

Princess Anne, June 20 tf

☞ All communications addressed to us, at Princess-Anne, or Mr. Alex. S. Jones, Easton, our agent, will be punctually attended to

American Magazine

OF

Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

VOLUME II

Published by the Boston Bewick Company, No. 47, Court street, Boston.

THE Publishers are encouraged by the flattering reception and extensive circulation of the Magazine for the year past, to prosecute the work with renewed assiduity; and with a constant desire to fulfil the promises made in the outset of the work. We intend to 'stick to our text;' and to serve those who have so liberally cheered us with their kind patronage, with what is useful and pleasant. The *utile et dulce* shall still be our object and aim. We do not presume to instruct the veteran and erudite scholar, who has spent thirty or forty years in his study,—nor to lay open those hidden mysteries of nature which have escaped the ken of the most inquisitive. Nor do we expect to approach so near to the moon or other planets, as to tell what are the trees, the birds, and animals which may there grow, or live and move. We leave such extraordinary feats to those who are more visionary, or more daring than we are. But we hope and intend to keep up the character and spirit of the Magazine, in presenting solid and useful articles, which may be instructive to a portion of our readers, and not considered wholly unimportant to literary men. We consider the whole United States as our field, though not our's exclusively; and we ask the favour of persons of taste and science, to communicate important facts, and natural scenes, and works of art, for the benefit of all our friends. As republicans, we feel that we are in the same family as those in the south and in the west—as friends of improvement, of good morals and good learning, we wish also to be considered of the same family. If we can do any thing by our labours to increase and strengthen this sentiment and feeling, "we shall be ready to the good work."

We would call the attention of our present subscribers to the terms of the Magazine, and to the notice in the last number relating to the subject. It is very important to us to know who propose to continue taking the Magazine, and to receive the very small sum, charged for it in advance.

GEORGE G. SMITH, Agent.

Boston, September, 1835. [oc 17]

The Cultivator

IS a monthly publication, of sixteen quarto pages, and comprises about two hundred pages in a volume, published at Albany, by the New York State Agricultural Society. It is exclusively devoted to Agriculture and the Improvement of Youth. The publishing committee are J. Buel, J. P. Beekman and J. D. Wasson. The object of the publication is to disseminate useful information among the agricultural community in the cheapest practicable form; and the success of the undertaking, and the character of the paper, are indicated by the fact, that although it has been published but ten months, its subscribers exceed eleven thousand, and comprise residents of twenty-one of the United States.

The second volume was commenced in March. The pages are so enlarged, that each number contains as much matter as eighteen pages of the first volume. It contains many engravings and cuts, executed by good artists, illustrative of implements, animals and operations of husbandry. Price FIFTY CENTS per annum. The postage will not exceed 18¾ cents the year to any part of the Union.

The first volume will continue to be furnished at 50 cents a single copy.

Communications to be addressed to J. Buel, at Albany, N. Y.

Subscriptions received by A. Cowan.

THE

Gentleman's Vade Mecum,

or the

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC COMPANION:

Interspersed with a multitude of Engravings, including portraits of celebrated winning Horses, Philosophical and Natural Phenomena, Legerdemain, &c.

IT is now six months since this publication was commenced in Philadelphia—and although the publishers have used no extraneous means to circulate a knowledge of its merits, yet such is the satisfaction manifested by that portion of the public who have been made acquainted with its character and contents, that its list of patrons continues constantly and rapidly to increase. This paper is now regularly distributed every week over a wide portion of the Union, and the most satisfactory assurances are received that it will eventually become one of the most popular among the numerous excellent periodicals which issue from the American press. No exertions will be spared to establish its permanent reputation more extensively; and if the liberal sanction of those for whom it is especially designed shall warrant, its future improvement, both as regards typographical neatness and embellishment, will be materially advanced.

The different Plays and Farces that will appear in the course of the year, of themselves, will be worth more than FOUR times the amount of subscription.

The *Sporting Intelligence,* (at home and abroad,) occupies a considerable portion of our columns, and is collected from the most authentic sources. Among the Portraits of celebrated winning Horses which have been given, are—

The American Trotting Horse, Edwin Forrest;
The imported Racing Horse, Messenger;
The favorite Racing Mare, Ariel, and her foal by Eclipse;
Bond's celebrated Trotting Horse, Norfolk Phenomenon;
The well known English Race Horse, Touchstone;
A correct picture of a Race Course, occupying the width of seven columns.

Among a variety of other embellishments of subjects of interest which have been published, are the following:

A complete treatise on Riding, with fourteen illustrations for the improvement of Ladies in that most healthy of all exercises.
Explanation of the Automaton Chess-Player, illustrated by eleven engravings.

The subjects which are particularly embraced in the VADE MECUM, will be more distinctly understood from the following summary of them:

The Turf, and all matters connected therewith.
On the Structure and Character of the Horse.
On the Improvement of Horned Cattle.
Rules for Novices in Shooting.
Methods for feeding and training Dogs.
Biographies of celebrated Horses, with their Portraits.
Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, &c.
Approved games, from Howle and others.
Criticisms on Plays and Actors
The most popular Songs, set to music.
The Art of Legerdemain, illustrated.
A variety of Recipes adapted to domestic economy.
An Epitome of important passing events.
Gentlemen's Quarterly Review of the Fashions.

The VADE MECUM is printed on large imperial paper, of a beautiful white texture; and is published every Saturday, at three dollars per annum, in advance. Orders from abroad, postage paid, will be promptly attended to; and the paper carefully packed, to prevent rubbing by mail.

The Modern Acting Drama,

A volume of about 300 pages—containing the Plays, Farces, &c. which appear in the Vade Mecum, neatly printed, and bound in elastic covers, for transportation—is published every six weeks. Eight volumes constitute a sett, or one year's subscription, the terms for which is three dollars, payable in advance.

***Subscribers to the Vade Mecum are entitled to a deduction of one-third. An order for four setts will be thankfully received, and the work forwarded to any direction, by enclosing a ten dollar note, post paid.

***A premium consisting of two volumes, 500 pages each, of the Novelist's Magazine, containing eight different novels, by the most popular authors, will be presented to the Agent who shall procure four names to the Modern Acting Drama or the Gentleman's Vade Mecum, and remit the amount of one years subscription for each.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above works, will address CHARLES ALEXANDER, No. 3 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

The Silk Culturist.

THE Executive Committee of the Hartford county Silk Society, have commenced a monthly publication, called the Silk Culturist and Farmers' Manual.

The object of the publication is to disseminate a thorough knowledge of the cultivation of the Mulberry Tree, in all its varieties. The rearing of Silk Worms—The production of Cocoons and the Reeling of Silk, in the most approved method. The importance of this knowledge will appear from the fact that the nett profit of land devoted to the culture of Silk, is double, if not triple, to that derived from any other crop which can be put upon it. It is also a fact, that every moderate farmer can raise several hundred dollars worth of Silk, without interfering with his ordinary agricultural operations. But in order to avail himself of this facility to obtain competency and wealth which our soil and climate have given him, he must possess himself of information on the subject—for without it his attempts will be fruitless. It is, therefore, the object of the Committee to diffuse this information as extensively as possible, and at the cheapest rate. The publication will contain a complete manual or directory from sowing the seed to reeling the Silk, together with sucfacts and experiments, as will enable farmers to raise Silk and prepare it for market, without further knowledge or assistance. It will also contain interesting matter on agricultural subjects in general.

TERMS—The Culturist will be published in monthly numbers of Eight Quarto Pages, at FIFTY CENTS a year. No subscription will be received unless paid in *advance,* and for not less than a year.

Subscriptions received by F. G. COMSTOCK, Secretary, Hartford, Conn., to whom also, Communications may be addressed, which, if post paid, will be attended to.

Hartford, April, 1835—May 9.