

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. IV.—NO. 10.

EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1831.

WHOLE NO. 166

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
EDWARD MULLIKIN,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS
Are Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per
Annum payable half yearly in advance. Ad-
vertisements inserted three times for ONE
DOLLAR; and continued weekly for TWENTY-
FIVE CENTS PER SQUARE.

SECRET'S SALE.
BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued out
of Talbot County court, and to me directed
and delivered, by the clerk thereof, at the
suit of John Valiant, against Henry Delchay,
will be sold at public sale, at the front Door
of the court house, in the town of Easton, on
TUESDAY the 15th of November 1831 be-
tween the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4
P. M. the following property to wit: one house
and lot, where Solomon Mendenhall lives, and
one horse and gig, one horse cart, one Bu-
cher's 3 Deck one Sideboard, 12 Windsor
chairs, 3 Bedsteads, 3 Beds and furniture,
two tables, seated and taken to satisfy the
aforesaid fi. fa. interest and cost due and to
become due thereon.

Attendance given by
J. M. FAULKNER, SdC.

MORNING COURIER & NEW YORK ENQUIRER.

THE Morning Courier and New York En-
quirer, by James Watson Wynn &
Co. in the city of New York daily and semi-
weekly on fine paper of the largest size. In
its Politics it is purely Democratic, adhering
to the principles and usages of the Republican
Party, and advocating the re-election of Gen-
eral Jackson to the Presidency. Its columns
are alike devoted to Foreign and Domestic
Intelligence, Morals, Literature and the Fine
Arts. In morals, however, it does not set up
on the creed of Fanatics or Bigots, but on
the contrary, inculcates those principles of mor-
ality and religion only, which are founded up-
on peace and good will to all mankind—the
fruit of which is tolerance and brotherly affec-
tion instead of "persecution for opinion's sake."
All Bigots, Fanatics, Sunday-Mail Opposers,
and Church- and State-men, are opposed on
principle, and their hypocrisies and machina-
tions fearlessly exposed.

In consequence of the other Daily Papers
in New York, determining not to board res-
sels and receive their news on Sunday, the
Courier & Enquirer have lately invested near-
ly \$4,000 in a separate "News Establishment,"
the support of which will add about \$5,000
to their annual expenses. Vessels from Eu-
rope will be boarded at sea, long before they
reach the harbor, and their news disseminated
through the country with more than ordinary
despatch. In incurring this heavy increase of
expense, the Proprietors look for remunera-
tion to all who feel an interest in the affairs
of the Old World, and if they have properly es-
timated the popular feeling in relation to this
matter, they will be efficiently sustained in it.

It does not become them to speak of the
manner in which their Editorial Department
is conducted—it may be stated, however,
that Assistant Editors and Reporters are em-
ployed at liberal salaries; and if the Commer-
cial, Political, Literary, Foreign and Domest-
ic News, were not at least equal to any other
Journal, it would scarcely have acquired in
the short period of five years, a greater daily
circulation than any other paper in Amer-
ica. Yet such is the fact, that at this moment
the Courier and Enquirer circulates daily
in the city of New York more than one hun-
dred per cent. more papers than any of its
contemporaries.

Daily papers sent out of the city, are not
printed until 3 o'clock, P. M., when all the
news received by the morning mails, or by
Foreign arrivals, are inserted in a Second Ed-
ition—so that the Daily Subscribers in the
country, literally receive a Morning and Evening
Paper combined, and this being the only
paper collecting news on Sunday, it follows of
course that the news by all foreign arrivals on
that day, will be found in the columns of the
Courier and Enquirer only.

A Price-current and Review of the Market
will be published weekly, and the Second Ed-
ition will always notice any change which
may occur in the state of our market. What-
ever appears in the Daily Paper, will of course,
also be published in the Semi-weekly.

TERMS.
Daily Paper \$10 per annum. Payable in
Semi-weekly Paper 4 per annum \$ advance.
N. B. All Post-Masters who have no ob-
jection to act as our Agents, are requested to
receive subscriptions and to remit the money
at the risk of the Publishers, at the time of
ordering the paper.—It is expected that they
will retain in their hands 10 per cent. of the
amount received, as a remuneration for their
trouble.

sept 20

The Steamboat MARYLAND.

Will continue the same routes as last year,
until further notice, viz: leaving Baltimore on
Tuesday and Friday mornings at 7 o'clock
for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton; leave
Easton on Wednesday and Saturday morn-
ings at 7 o'clock; for Cambridge, Annapolis
and Baltimore; leave Baltimore on Monday
mornings at 6 o'clock for Chestertown, by
Cascia landing, and return the same day.—
Passage and fare the same as last year.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR, Captain.

march 22

JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION NEATLY AND EXPEDI-
TIOUSLY EXECUTED AT THE
WHIG OFFICE:
SUCH AS
HAND BILLS,
POSTING BILLS,
CIRCULAR LETTERS,
PAMPHLETS,
VISITING AND OTHER CARDS,
MAGNETS, and all other BLANKS,
ELECTION TICKETS, &c. &c.

FOR THE WHIG LINES

On the death of Miss Margaret Baynard.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death
of his Saints."

Awake my muse, and hail th' auspicious day,
When pious Margaret left this house of clay,
From earth's dark scenes, to heaven's unmeasured
height,
She soars and sings in her triumphant flight.
And has she fled beyond the stormy blast?
Is life's dull cares with her so quickly past?
She's gone! she's gone! her weeping sisters cry,
She's gone! she's gone! the church in tears reply!
Hail, happy saint! escaped the ills of life,
The toilsome conflict, and the mortal strife;
Thou'st gained at last, the high and holy shore,
Where storms shall blow, and pains afflict no more.
Short was thy race, but swiftly thou didst run,
To grasp the prize, and wear the starry crown;
No earthly motive could detain thy flight,
When thrones and crowns were dazzling in thy sight.
We mourn thy loss, but not like him* of old,
Whose anguished heart, no rising hope consoled:
No, we shall see thee in that glorious morn,
When all the ransomed, homeward shall return;
When parents, brothers, sisters, all shall swell,
Their shouts of triumph, over death and hell.
Long as our memory holds its rightful seat,
Her heavenly virtues, we'll in songs repeat;
And from the graces of her deathless mind,
A lasting solace in our grief we'll find.
In early life, obedient to a wise Lord;
With anxious care she sought the ransomed word;
When in a sea of penitential woes,
Her faith still cried, "I will not let thee go."
Down from the skies, Jehovah looked well-pleas'd,
And as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,
His voice was heard, "Thy sins are all forgiven."
She wept, and loved, and felt the joys of heaven.
Best was the day, supremely blest on high,
The gladdening news ran swiftly through the sky,
A thousand angels sung the triumph loud,
Another soul's redeemed and brought to God!
Faithful she stood amidst the evil day,
And like her Lord, ceased not to watch and pray;
She scorned earth's gilded pomp, nor feared its frown,
Ambitions vain to secure a crown;
A crown! not such as decks the monarch's brow,
For this alike to her was every show;
A crown of glory, whose excessive bright,
Outshines the star that drives the gloom of night.
And has victorious faith obtained the prize?
Tell me ye angels of the upper skies.
Yes, they reply, your Margaret reigns above,
High on the throne of everlasting love.
Hail, happy saint! thy heart shall ache no more,
If fall disease, upon this mortal shore,
Thy throbbing breast, shall feel no more the pain,
Of wearied life with all its sickly train;
Then farewell Margaret, 'till the trump of doom,
Shall roll its thunders through the noiseless tomb,
Rest, rest in peace, beneath the earth's green verge,
And when the archangel's eloquence on high,
Shall shake the globe, and rock the solid sky,
Then thy blest frame, shall leave the mould'ring dust,
And sweetly join the millions of the just. H.

*Reference is here had, to the accomplished Quinc-
tillian, who in pathetically lamenting the death of
his wife and sons, tells us, that he had lost all taste
for study, and that every good parent would con-
demn him if he employed his tongue for any other
purpose than to accuse the Gods, and testify against
a Providence. How striking the contrast, between
the darkness of Heathenism, and the refulgent blaze
of the Christian gospel, by which, "life and immor-
tality are brought to light."

From the Daily Albany Argus.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And soon—to garner up its bitter fruits.—
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him
out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends
And, on this wise, bestowed his last request.

Mother—'I'm dying now!

There's a deep suffocation in my breast;

As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed:

And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;

My lips grow dry, and tremulous, and my
breath

Comes feebly up. Oh, tell me is this death?

Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,

And place the other thus beneath my head;

And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee,

Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;

Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

Oh! at the time of prayer?

When you look round; and see a vacant seat?

You will not wait for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

Father—I'm going home!

To the good home you speak of; that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always; and
Storms do not come—

I must be happy then;

From pain and death you say I shall be free?

That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!

Brother—the little spot

I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and

Rowers

Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

Sister my young rose-tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done,
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

Now, mother, sing the tune
Youngest last night, I am weary, and must sleep.
Who was it called my name? Nay do not
weep.

You'll all come soon!

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And the meek sufferer, cold, and ivory-pale,
Lay on his couch afebrile. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not, the laugh of passers by,
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.

VIATOR.

THE MAINTRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

By WILLIAM LEGGETT.

"Stand still! How fearful
And dizzy, 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!"
"The marring surge,

That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."—Shakespeare.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of still-
ness, unusual for a man of war, prevailed a-
mong the crew. It was the hour of their even-
ing meal; and the low hum, that came from
the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing
sound, which, like the tny song of bees of a
warm summer noon, rather heightened than
diminished the charm of the surrounded quiet.
The spar-deck was almost deserted. The
quartermaster of the watch, with his spy-glas-
s in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trow-
sers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the
deck, erect and motionless as a statue. Keep-
ing the usual look-out. A group of some half
dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'-
castle, where they were sponging lying under
the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there,
upon the gun-deck along the gangway, sat
three or four others—one, with his clothes bag
beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe;
another working a set of ball-bearings;

perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters
upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knock-
ing a lanard with which to suspend it round
his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the
fall glare of the lurid sun, lay black Jake,
the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking speci-
men of African peculiarities, in whose single
person they were strongly developed. His
flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his
chubby cheeks fairly glistened with delight,
as he looked up the gambol of a large
monkey, which, clinging to the mainmast, sat
above Jake's head, was chattering and grin-
ning back at the negro, as if there existed
some means of mutual intelligence between
them. It was my watch on deck, and I had
been standing several minutes leaning on the
main-mast, amusing myself by observing
the antics of the black and his congenial play-
mate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth,
had turned towards the taffrail, to gaze on
the more agreeable features of that scene which I
have feebly attempted to describe. Just at
that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst
upon my ear, and looking quickly round, I
ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a
frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we call
our commodore's son), standing half way
up the main hatch ladder, clapping his hands,
and looking aloft at some object, that seemed
to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single
glance to the main yard explained the occasion
of his merriment. He had been coming up
from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving
him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down
from the main-stay, and running along the
boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized
his cap from his head, and immediately
dressed up the main-topsail-sheet, and thence
to the hump of the main-yard, where he now
sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize,
and occasionally scratching his side, and chat-
tering, as if with exultation for the success of
his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, ac-
tive little fellow; and though he could not
climb quite so nimbly as a monkey, yet he had
no mind to lose his cap without an effort to
regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly
incited to make chase after Jacko, from no-
ticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud
laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly de-
lighted at the occurrence, and endeavored to
evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth,
shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry
other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which
he had no words.

"Ha, but Massa Stay, had you no
more respect for de rascal officer's den to steal
his cab! We bring you to de gangway, you
black nigger, and gib you a dozen an de bare
back for a tie!"

The monkey looked down from his perch as
if he understood the threat of the negro, and
chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, but Massa Stay, he say you must ketch
him, for you flog him; and it's no so easy for
a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey
barefoot!"

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little
Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride
at Jake; and then sprang across the deck to
the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half
way up the rigging, running over the ratlines
as lightly as if they were an easy flight of
stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered be-
neath his elastic motion. In a second more
his hand was on the futtock.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes
from being a favorite ventured to take lib-
erties with the young officers.—"Massa Stay you
best crawl through de lubber's hold—it take

a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pro-
tended caution, before Bob was in the top.
The monkey in the meanwhile had availed
himself of the opportunity, and was now
rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its
own head, and running along the yard to the
opposite side of the royal-mast-head, when
thence to the topmast buckstays, up which it
ran to the tompst across trees, where it again
quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of
picking the tassels to pieces. For several
minutes I stood watching my little messmate
follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to
another, the monkey, all the while seeming to
exert only so much agility as was necessary
to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever
the latter appeared to be growing weary of
the chase. At last, by this kind of manœu-
ring, the mischievous animal succeeded in en-
tering Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when
springing suddenly on the royal stay, it ran
nimbly down to the fore'top gallant-mast head
thence down the rigging to the fore-top, when
leaping on the fore'yard, it ran out to the yard-
arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studd-
ing sail boom; where, taking its seat, it raised
a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this
time was completely tried out, and, perhaps,
unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed
at further, he sat down in the royal
cross-trees; while those who had been attract-
ed by the sport, returned to their usual avoca-
tions or amusements. The monkey, no longer
the object of pursuit or attention, remain-
ed on the yard arm; but soon taking up the
cap, returned in towards the slings, and drop-
ped it down upon deck.

Some little occurred at this moment to en-
gage me, as when I was performed I walked
aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrail, was
quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very
different from the small pantomime I had just
been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of
the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every
thing around, my thoughts had travelled far
away from the realities of my situation, when
I was suddenly startled by a cry from black
Jake, which brought me on the instant back
to consciousness.

"My God! Massa Supper," cried he, "Mas-
sa Stay is on the main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as
the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up-
—it was too true! The adventurous boy, af-
ter resting on the royal cross-trees, had been
seized with a wish to go still higher, and im-
pelled by one of those impulses by which men
are sometimes instigated to place themselves
in situations of imminent peril, without a pos-
sibility of good resulting from the exposure,
he had climbed the skysail-pole, and, at the
moment of my looking up, was actually stand-
ing on the main-truck! A small circular piece
of wood on the very summit of the loftiest
mast, and at a height so great from the deck
that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at
him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in
this instance. It was comparatively easy to
ascend—but to descend—my head swam round,
and my stomach felt sick at thought of the
perils comprised in that one word. There was
nothing about him or around him but the empty
air, and beneath him, nothing but a point.

Upon the top of the boom cover, and in the
fall glare of the lurid sun, lay black Jake,
the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking speci-
men of African peculiarities, in whose single
person they were strongly developed. His
flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his
chubby cheeks fairly glistened with delight,
as he looked up the gambol of a large
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to the hump of the main-yard, where he now
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laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly de-
lighted at the occurrence, and endeavored to
evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth,
shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry
other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which
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"Ha, but Massa Stay, had you no
more respect for de rascal officer's den to steal
his cab! We bring you to de gangway, you
black nigger, and gib you a dozen an de bare
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The monkey looked down from his perch as
if he understood the threat of the negro, and
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"Ha, but Massa Stay, he say you must ketch
him, for you flog him; and it's no so easy for
a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey
barefoot!"

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little
Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride
at Jake; and then sprang across the deck to
the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half
way up the rigging, running over the ratlines
as lightly as if they were an easy flight of
stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered be-
neath his elastic motion. In a second more
his hand was on the futtock.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes
from being a favorite ventured to take lib-
erties with the young officers.—"Massa Stay you
best crawl through de lubber's hold—it take

officers, or if there was any difference at all,
it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pro-
tended to have studied his character closely,
affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil
him, and that, intending him for the arduous
profession in which he had himself risen to
fame and eminence, he thought it would be of
service to him to experience some of its priva-
tions and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the
direction of several eyes, which now turned
his way to trace what emotions the danger of
his son would occasion. But their scrutiny
was foiled. No outward sign did he show
that he was nervous within. His eye still re-
tained its serene expression, his brow the slight
frown which it usually wore, and his lip its
haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the
deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a
tusk, and with this stepping aff, and get-
ting on the look-out block, he raised it to his
shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son,
at the same time hailing him, without a tramp-
et, in his voice of thunder.

"Robert!" cried he, "jump overboard! o'r
I'll fire at you."

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was
plain that he was tottering, for his arms were
thrown out like those of one scarcely able to
retain his balance. The Commodore raised his
voice again, and in a quicker and more
energetic tone, cried

"Jump! 'tis your only chance for life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth,
before the boy was seen to leave the truck
and spring out into the air. A sound, between
a shriek and groan, burst from many lips—
The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he
did not seem to breathe. For a moment of
intense agony a pin might have been heard to
drop on deck. With a rush like that of a
cannon ball, the waves descended to the water,
and before the waves cleared over it, twenty
sold fellows, among them several officers, had
dived from the bulwarks. Another short
period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he
was alive! his arms were seen to move! he
struck out towards the ship! and despite the
discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas,
an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrained
joy from the hearts of our crew of five hun-
dred men, pealed through the air, and made
the welkin ring. 'Till this moment the old
commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes,
that glistening with pleasure, now sought his
face, and that it was ashy pale. He attempt-
ed to descend the horse block, but his knees
bent under him; he seemed to gasp for
breath, and put up his hand as if to tear open
his vest, but before he accomplished his object,
he staggered forward, and would have fallen
on deck, had he not been caught by old black
Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where
the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill
was required to restore his mind to its usual
equilibrium, and self-command in which he at
last happily succeeded. As soon as he recov-
ered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob,
and had a long confidential conference with
him; and it was noticed when the little fellow
left the cabin that he was in tears. The next
day we sent down our taut and dasy pipes,
and replaced them with the stamp of gallant
masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor.

From the Boston Courier.

COMFORT.

It is said that no other language furnishes a
word capable of expressing what an English-
man means by "comfort." Peculiar bless-
ings are coupled with equally singular disad-
vantages, and it may be doubted, as a coun-
terpoise, whether any other country is so well
provided with the means of becoming uncomfort-
able. We shall not undertake to decide whether
we should be most thankful for the opulence of
our language or that of our climate; or to
weigh the barometrical table against Dr. Web-
ster's quarto dictionary, for it might lead to
discussion, which would evaporate in words,
and words are wind—of which commodity we
may be thankful that we have enough, and also
that we have no more, unless Eolus will
send another pipe in his bag. It more besems
wise men to look after the best manner of
"becoming what is in that word comfort," as
Falstaff would say. These are various. It is
comfortable to sit all day by a Lehigh grate,
but then the gas is thought deleterious, and a
question arises whether it is judicious to foat
the heels at the sacrifice of more delicate or-
gans. It is comfortable to lounge all the evening
before a Franklin stove, or a fire place of
ancient dimensions, but then wood (would it
were not) is eight dollars per cord, an uncom-
fortable price, to say nothing of the dealer's
commission of two feet. It is comfortable to
have a furnace in your cellar, and every room
and passage filled with hot air; but then one
is obliged to learn the stops and pipes with as
much care as he does those of an organ, and
if he is on the house-top he must go down to
keep the steam up; besides these intense heats
"down below," sometimes excite unpleasant
associations, and it is far more comfortable to
kick off pettishness, or poke away laziness,
without travelling out of the room. It is com-
fortable to exercise in the morning or eve-
ning; but then, while the body only "gangs
the gear" of a walker, the nose is apt to run,
and thus even the harmony of the republican
party is rivaled by the uncomfortable differ-
ences between these extremes. It would also
be comfortable to walk on horseback as the po-
lite Gauls say, were it not that the power is
applied directly to the body, and the body
derives the benefit, which leaves room for
considerable coolness between "the belly and
the members." In short, there are innumera-
ble methods of being comfortable, but, to the
uninitiated, they are so bound up in disadvan-
tages that few know what it is, or whether
they have obtained the desideratum; and many
have actually gone out of this breathing
world under the mistaken supposition that
they had enjoyed it all their lives, when, in
reality, they have expired through ignorance,
actually died by mistake, and before their
time, for want of a little comfort. Now, com-
fort does not consist in walking, or riding, or
running, sitting, standing, or lying, in eating
or drinking; nor in any exercise, mental or
manual; nor in heat, external, or internal; nor
in fire, bituminous, or anthracite or liquid. All
these are nothing, when taken by themselves;
a man may have each of these, and all of them,
and yet be as uncomfortable as virginity of
fifty winters' growth. They cannot make
men comfortable, for they, alone, are not the
trueelixir; 'tis not of ourselves that we are
thus or thus, or any other way; there is still
something wanting; "there's a divinity that
shapes our ends," with which we are noth-
ing and nobody, and with which we are every
thing, for we are—comfortable. Enriched
by his sheering influences, Alexander the Great

would never have died a drunkard, the heart
of Brutus would have relented, the face of
Cassius shortened, and perhaps even the body
of Caesar made." He possessed this simple re-
medy, Timon, although deserted by all his
friends, would not have departed from Athens
in nakedness; Falstaff would not have been
so gross, nor Hamlet so crazy, nor Othello so
jealous. To descend to later times, where this
blessing is now bestowed—and all may have
it—men defy cramps and agues, and all the
ills denounced by Caliban.

"All the infectious that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats,"

and even a gust fresh from the banks of New-
foundland. Supported by this, although with-
out a sixpence in his pocket, a man can never
want a garment for his back; nay, men can
smile though banks never discuss a proper al-
dermanic size; health abides with all, even in
their own despoite; men devout, and fear no
dyspepsia; dilute, and fear no drops; live to
laugh at the doctor, and finally go off, like the
gust of Hastings Quickly, playing with flow-
ers, smiling upon their fingers' ends, and bab-
bling of green fields. Is not this the "friend
in need?" Pythias was not such to Damon.—
And when, to this catalogue of virtues, we
add that it is as smooth as the tongues of flat-
terers, as soft as lavers' whippers, as tender
as the palm of beauty, can say "man or wo-
man born" deny his obligations to, if he has
it, or resist the desire to obtain, if he has it not.

—A FEARNEL SHIRT?

This is the true secret; this is what all men
hunt after; this is the only lawful, legitimate,
true synonyme for comfort. Men may exist
without it for a time, but like cowards, they
die many times; they never live to the end of
their days; but with it they live while they
live, and last as long as a tanner afterwards.
Enjoyed in its perfection, the

—soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Had Shakespeare lived to our day, in our lat-
tude, and to take part in this discussion, he
would have said—