EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. VII.---No. 11. EASTON, MD.---TUESDAY MORNING, Sept. 16, 1834. WHOLE No. 360.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY & SATURDAY MORNING
(during the Session of Congress,)
and every TUESDAY MORNING, the residue of the year—BY
RICHARD SPENCER,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS

Are THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable half yearly in advance.

No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted *three times for one dollar*, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FOLLY.

There is folly in all the world;
Or go we east or west,
A folly that vexes the old,
And keeps the young from rest.

The miser has folly enough,
For his soul is in sordid bags,
And the spendthrift's folly alas!
Brings him to sin and rags.

There is folly in statesmen's schemes,
For spite of their plotting and wit,
There's a wiser hand above
That leads them with bridle and bit,

There's folly in power and pride,
That makes full many to fall,
There's folly in maiden's love,
But that is the sweetest of all.

But of all the follies, the worst—
For it stings with constant smart,
The scorpion of the mind—
Is that of a thankless heart.

For the thankless heart is cursed,
And with blessings encompass'd grieves—
For it cannot rejoice with the hand
That gives nor yet receives.

To be thankful, makes better the good:
And if Heaven should send us ill,
There is kindness in him that gives—
So let us be thankful still.

O let us be thankful in youth,
And let us be thankful in age—
And let us be thankful through life,
For there's pleasure in every stage.

Youth has its own sweet joys,
And he must be blind as a bat
Who cannot see love's sweet smile,
And will not be thankful for that,

There are friends the dearest to cheer,
Ere half our sand is run—
And affection makes wintry days,
As bright as the summer's sun.

And when from the dearest on earth
We part, let us hope 'tis given—
A boon to be thank'd for still—
To meet them again in heaven.

IRISH MELODIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ
Just Published.

Sing, sweet Harp, O sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds in this sad memory
Long buried dreams shall raise;—
Some lay that tells of vanished fame
Whose light once round us shone,
Of noble pride now turned to shame,
And hopes forever gone,—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me,
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among the chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by:—
Of chieftains now forgot, who beam'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name,
In vain sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks some echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Coulds't thou but call those spirits round
Who once in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all;—
But no, they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!
O hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day,
Or listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

THE GOLD RING.

I have one of the kindest husbands: he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G——T—— made me his wife. I though so myself. Our wedding day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together for the space of six years. And although for the last three years of our lives we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long dark days and sad nights, that came between, for two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirits that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and unluckily the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp frosty morning, he persuaded my good man, to take his money's worth of rum for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have treated the children better dressed, and, as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse & chaise, till we have paid off the squire's mortgage;" he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert who was only five years old crying bitterly, and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled: and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself that he would never do so again. But in a very short time, either the Deacon was short of change as before, or some tempting occassion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance when he came in that night. We had waited supper a full hour for his return: the tea pot was standing at the fire, and the bannocks were untouched upon the heart, and the smaller children were begining to murmur for their supper. There was an indicribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened, and careless of us all.—How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone at my open door, listening for the lifting latch and wishing yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grew worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and, finding him alone, I stated my husband's case and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted whether my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of eveil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself for a few minutes in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field, and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart bust forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember that it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I have often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirit every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after marriage he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that, when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favor of pledges, and had often told him that affliction might weaken his judgement and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner, who is tost upon the waves.

Our good Clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges; the Deacon was of the same opinion: he thought very illy of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram-seller was sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I somtimes thought I had lost all my affection for one, who had proved so entirely regardless of those whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but when I looked in the face of our little children, the, recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds soon taught me the strength of the principle, that had brought us together.

I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt when the constable took him to jail, upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe that my affection could have survived, under the pressure of that misery, which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things, of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot, where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh George;" said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile, in perfect silence. As we were leaving this village, we encountered our Clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected, that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that if he had done so he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotion. "Whither are you all going?" said the holy man. My husband who had always appeared extremely humble, in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries, in a subdued tone of voice, answered, with unusual firmness. "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he, "ah, I see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other."

"Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I followed them both—You, who had no experience of the temptations, to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are addicted to the temperate, and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge. I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirit, and that on such occasions, you might use it yourself. I followed your example; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors without finding that my *occasions* were more *extraordinary* than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of neighbor Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears: and the minister rode slowly away without uttering a word.

I rejoiced even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire than the heart of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on, and weep in silence. Shortly after, the Deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep a good heart, for he thought some one might help us, when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humor would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the Levite had already passed by on the other side. But he little thought—poor man—that even the conclusion of this beautiful parable was likely to be verified. A one horse wagon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusually rapid rate, and the constable advised us as the road was narrow, to stand aside and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and when the dust had cleared away it turned out, as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill to be farmer Johnson's gray mare and yellow wagon. The kind hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word was putting the children into it, one after another.—A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand; and when he began, "Neighbor Johnson, you are the same kind friend"—"Get in" said he; "let us have no words about it. I must be at home in a trice;" for turning to me, "your old school mate, Susan, my wife, will sit a crying at the window, till she sees you safe home again." Saying this, he whipped the gray mare, who regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Farmer Johnson took out the children; and while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a sylable. Robert screamed after him, to tell Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there were bread and meat and milk upon the table, which Susan the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray; let us thank God, for this great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try."

We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up, in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs and tears, and prayers, could wind their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him, of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing, for an hour in the potatoe field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it, with a good appetite, but said little; and, now and then, I saw the tears starting in his eyes.

I had many fears that he would fall back into his former habits whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's; she took it from her finger and gave it to me the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death. It was just a month before we were married, the last sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring." Memory hurried me back in an instant, to the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together and agreed upon a wedding day. I brought down the ring, and he asked me with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his finger, that I did so; not however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And now Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me."

My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill at the back of our cottage, we had a fair view of the Deacon's store.—I went up to the top of it, and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed to God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions, standing in the store door, with glasses in their hands; and, as he came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children! My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates; they appeared to offer him their glasses; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God," said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy.

About 10 o'clock, Richard Lane, the squire's office-boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night, as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degrees of happiness; but take it altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to the common labor, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house.

It was soon understood, that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbor Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other.

One evening farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought that it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge, that he did not advise it when he first began to leave off spirits, for he feared his strength might fail him. But now said he, "you have continued five months, without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause, that you should sign the pledge." "Friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have in every trial and temptation—and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of these words; I have relied on this gold ring, to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society.—Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have looked upon this ring: I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved thus far the life boat of a drowning man."

The year soon passed away; and on the very day twelvemonth, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, once, since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book: my husband signed the pledge of the society, and with tears in his eyes, gave me back—ten thousad times more precious than ever—MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ROASTING MEAT.—Let the young cook never forget that cleanliness is the chief cardinal virtue of the kitchen: the first preparation for roasting is to take care that the spit be properly cleansed with sand and water; nothing else. When it has been well scoured with this, dry it with a clean cloth. If spits are wiped clean, as soon as the meat is drawn from them, and while they are hot, a very little cleaning will be required. The less a spit is pased though the meat the better,* and before you spit, joint it properly—especially necks and lions—that the carver may seperate them easily and neatly, and take especial care it be evenly balanced on the, spit that its motion may be regular, and the fire operate equally on each part of it;—therefore be provided with balancing skewers, and cook-holds, and see that it is properly jointed.

Roasting should be done in the open air, to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat of a clear glowing fire, other wise it is in fact baked; the machines, the economical grate-makers call *roasters*, are in plain English, *ovens*.

Do not put meat too near the fire at first, *the larger the joint the farther it must be kept from the fire:*—If once it gets scorched the outside will become hard, and acquire a disagreeable empyreumatic taste; and the fire being prevented from penetrating into it, the meat will appear done, before it is little more than half done, besides losing the pale brown color which roasted meat should have.

If you wish your jack to go well keep it as clean as possible, oil it and then wipe it; if the oil is not wiped off again it will gather dust;—to prevent this, as soon as you have done roasting cover it up.

Be very careful to place the Dripping-Pan at such a distance from the fire as just to catch the drippings; if it is too near, the ashes will fall into it and spoil the dripping which will occasionally be found an excellent substitute for butter or lard.

The time meat will take for roasting will vary according to the time it has been kept and the temperature of the weather;—the same weight will be twenty minutes or half an hour longer in cold weather, than it will in warm—and if *fresh killed*, than if it has been kept till it is *tender*.—Cooks seldom calculate according to the variation of temperature, &c.

Every one knows the advantage of *slow boiling—slow roasting* is equally important.

It is difficult to give any specific rule for time;—but if your fire be properly made, and your meat skreen sufficiently large to guard what you are dressing from currents of air and the meat is not frozen you cannot do better than to follow the old general rule of allowing rather more than a quarter of an hour to the pound; a little more or less according to the temperature of the weather,—and in proportion as the piece is thick or thin,—the strength of the fire,—the nearness of the meat to it,—and the frequency with which you baste it; the more it is basted the less time it will take, as it keeps the meat soft and mellow on the outside, and the fire acts with more force upon it.

Reckon the time, not the hour when dinner is ordered, but to the moment the roasts will be wanted. When the joint is half done remove the spit and dripping pan back, and stir up your fire thoroughly, that it may burn clear and bright for the browning; when the steam from the meat draws towards the fire, it is a sign of its being done enough; but you will be the best judge of that, from the time it has been down, the strength of the fire you have used, and the distance your spit has been from it.

About half an hour before your meat is done make your gravy. Mix a salts poonful of salt, with a full quarter of a pint of boiling water, and drop this by degrees on the joint; and just before you take it up put it nearer the fire to brown it. If you wish to *froth it*,—bast it, and dredge it with flour carefully; you cannot do this delicately nice without a very good light. The common fault seems to be using too much flour. The meat should have a fine light varnish of froth; not the appearance of being covered with a paste.

Though roasting is one of the most common, and is generally considered one of the most easy and simple processes of cookery, it requires more unremitting attention to perform it perfectly well, than it does most made dishes.

The Cook's Oracle from which most of the foregoing observations are extracted and abridged, says that a sir-loin of about fifteen pounds will require to be before the fire about three and a half or four hours. It should be spitted evenly, so as not to be heavier on one side than on the other,—"put a clean dripping into the dripping-pan, tie a sheet of paper over it to preserve the fat, baste it well as soon as it is put down, and every quarter of an hour all the time it is roasting till the last half hour; then take off the paper, and make some gravy, &c. as before directed. If there is more fat than you think will be eaten with the meat, cut it off and use it for other purposes, such as making pudding, frying, &c. About the same time, and similar management are proper for roasting ribs as for a sir-loin. The inside of a sir-loin should never be cut for the first meal, but be reserved entire for a hash, &c."

Meat should be kept uncooked, till it has lost its organic elasticity, and the flesh may be indented with the finger, but beyond this it is not wholesome to keep it.

Roasting and broiling, however, greatly diminish the weight of meat. By far the most economical mode of cooking is boiling or stewing, and with proper attention to seasoning and giving a flavor to food dressed in that manner, the nicest palates may be gratified. Still as roasting and broiling are not likely soon to be dispensed with, especially at the table of the wealthy, those who roast, had better *roast by rule*, and thus become entitled to *rule the roast* among those who are fond of *exquisite eating*—*N. E. Farmer.*

COFFEE.

There are few more important articles in Commerce than Coffee. The immense quantities which are annually imported into Europe from the East and West Indies and the Brazils, are almost incalculable. The consumption of this berry is also great in this country—but inconsiderable when compared to the quantities used in the south of Europe.

Coffee is a native of the east—and the first fresh seeds which were brought to Europe were planted by a gentleman of Dijon, in France, in the year 1670. The shrubs bore fruit, but the berry was flat and insipid—and as there appeared no prospect of advantage from its cultivation, it was neglected. Afterwards a burgomaster of Amsterdam sent a flourishing Coffee plant to Louis XIV. in 1714, which was the original stock from whence sprung all the coffee shrubs on the plantations in the West Indies.

In the year 1720, M. de Clieux, an officer in the army, who owned a plantation in Martinico, formed a project of settling in that island, and attempting the cultivation of the Coffee shrub. He happily obtained with some difficulty a young plant from the King's Garden which he regarded as a valuable treasure, and embarked in a ship for Martinico. The vessel had a long passage, and the whole crew were put on a short allowance of water—but M. Clieux was very careful of his little Coffee plant, and divided with it daily, the small quantity of water which came to his share.

When M. Clieux arrived at Martinico, his first care was to plant his Coffee shrub in the most favorable spot in his garden. He watched it carefully—indeed it was the principal source of all his pleasures and hopes. The first crop produced about two pounds of berries, which he divided with those of the neighboring planters, whom he thought would be most likely to attend to the cultivation of the shrub.

After the second picking, they were enabled to extend the cultivation of Coffee to an almost indefinite extent. At this time, a severe hurricane took place, and destroyed all the cocoa trees on many of the plantations. The coffee tree was substituted in their place, and in a few years it became a great source of revenue to France, and of wealth to the planters.

The inhabitants of Martinico evinced their gratitude to M. Clieux for the service he had rendered them by introducing the Coffee tree into the Island, by annually subscribing and raising the sum of 20,000 livers, or $5,000, which they paid him every year till his death, which happened many years afterwards.

Coffee was introduced into Hispaniola in the year 1738. The inhabitants of that Island erected in 1774 a statute to the memory of M Clieux, as being the father of Coffee plantations.

Road across the Isthmus of Panama.—The New York Daily Advertiser of yesterday morning says—"We have had the pleasure of conversing with Senor Paredos, a highly respectable merchant of Panama, who has received from the government of New Granada, the privilege of constructing a carriage road from that city to the Atlantic. He takes the packet this day for Europe on his own private business, and we hope he may meet with as much attention and encouragement there as he has received in this part of the world.

The route proposed is known to present but few obstacles, and of the practicability of the plan there is no doubt. Of the importance of such a route no one can hesitate to be strongly impressed, who considers that it would obviate the necessity of multitudes of ships passing annually round Cape Horn. We understand that it has been proposed to make Panama a free port, which would greatly favor the operations of commerce on that important route.

The activity and exertion of Mr. Perades for the benefit of his country, and particularly for the Isthmus of Panama have been great, and entitle him to the credit of genuine patriotism. He has adopted the best plans for the execution of this undertaking, and we are confident he will succeed. If he does, he will be entitled among his countrymen, to the character of a true lover of his country."

A SCOUNDREL.

The following facts appeared in the New York Gazette of Friday, in the shape of a communication from a highly respectable mechanic, through whose aid the lady was rescued and restored to her parents in Philadelphia:

On the 13th inst. an imposter, calling himself Robert S. Ellison, was married to a very respectable young lady of Philadelphia, with the consent of her parents. Pleading urgent business in New York, he induced her to set out with him immediately; and after travelling all night they arrived in this city, and took lodgings in a respectable boarding house. He then went out, but shortly afterwards returned, and, unknown to any of the family, decamped with his own and his wife's baggage, leaving her among total strangers, without money—that it appears that he had with him between five and six thousand dollars in gold. The writer adds: "The plain unvarnished tale of a virtuous girl soon found her friends, who assisted her in returning home. The rascal, under the assumed name of Robert Morris, is now on his passage to Liverpool, in the packet ship Ajax, in the steerage."—*Md. Rep.*

The English Church.—In 1829 the total of all benefices held in England and Wales, amounted to the enormous number of 12,200. These benefices were enjoyed by 7,569 persons: 1853 holding one preferment; 3304 two; 370, three; 73, four; 38, five; 13, six; 42, seven; 1, eight; 2, nine; and one person having under his own charge and enjoying the profits of fifteen parishes. These livings are disposable as follows:

By the King and Government,	1,014
Lay Nobility,	5,030
Bishops,	1,304
Deans and Chapters,	1,042
Private Ecclesiastics,	1,423
Oxford and Cambridge,	794
By different Corporations, &c.,	265

Some of the incomes are: That of the Bishop of Durham, £24,000
Archbishop of Canterbury, 20,000
Bishop of Winchester, 18,000
Archbishop of York, 15,000
While the average income of the inferior clergy is, 100

Mechanics.—There is a strange dislike to the name mechanic in this country, as well as elsewhere. It would almost seem a disgrace to be an industrious or careful man. Each parent thinks his child superior in intellectual capacity, and capable of filling any station, whatever his ability to qualify him therefor. Hence we every where meet with professional men, who would, doubtless, make most excellent mechanics, but, unfit for a profession, they remain all their lives in obscurity and poverty. Why is this—have not the world yet learned to judge of men by their actions, and not by the business they pursue? Look through the pages of history; whose names are brightest—who have been the benefactors of mankind? Why do we so often find men of sound judgment in all things else, yielding to the dictates of pride and prejudice, and preferring that their children should grow up in idleness, rather than give them such an occupation as would enable them to become useful to themselves and others.

Weekly Visitor.

HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.

Mr. NORTON, known in Philadelphia for his great skill on the trumpet, and a Signor GAMBATI, a professor of the same instrument, have had a "blow up" in New York for mastership. It seems that Norton is likely to be allowed precedence; but both have made the most of their *breath*, for while they took two nights to decide the question, immense crowds, anxious to listen to such a display, crowded the place of exhibition, and thus filled the pockets of the rival *blowers*, while the New York press, as if to add fuel to the flame, was all the time *puffing* the professors. The fame which Norton will acquire from the victory, will give him sufficient *eclat* to ensure a full concert room in almost every city in the Union, so that he will enjoy indeed "the spoils of victory."—*U. S. Gaz.*

Among the barefaced pretensions of the U. S. Bank, none stand forth bolder than the recent determination to extened its loans for the purpose of "*relieving* the distresses of the country!" The truth is, the country has nearly recovered from the "distress" which the Bank and its hirelings had produced, and now when they perceive that the prosperity of the country can at most only receive a temporary interruption from the utmost stretch of their vengeance, and that the late pressure has almost subsided, they come forward with the most hypocritical and barefaced effrontery and pretend to be anxious to minister to wounds which they had themselves inflicted, and which they could no longer prevent from healing.—What a villainous piece of insolence is here exhibited to the American people! And yet this very Bank—this Dictator—this maker and unmaker of Presidents—this corrupter of the Senate and manufactuer of Panics—passes with some people as a harmless and indispensable institution, and Andrew Jackson a tyrant and usurper. Well, let the Bank be rechartered, and between that and Nullification, we shall be able to set an example to all future ages, of the impossibility of maintaining a republican form of government, when to the recklessness of disappointed ambition shall be added the irresistible power and influence of gold. If we are to live under the dominion of a great moneyed institution, no matter how or through whom exercised, our constitutional form of government becomes a shadow and a mockery, and the sooner we return to our original individual insignificance as States, the better.—*New Orleans Courier.*

*Small families have not always the convenience of roasting with a spit—a remark on roasting by a string is necessary. Let the cook, before she puts her meat down to the fire, pass a strong skewer through each end of the joint; by this means when it is about half done, she can with ease turn the bottom upwards, the gravy will then flow to the part which has been uppermost, and the whole joint be deliciously gravy-full.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4925_scm13073-1009.jpg