EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.---No. 19.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE,
Printed and published by
SPENCER & SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHERS OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION,)
EVERY TUESDAY & SATURDAY MORNING.

TERMS:—Semi-Weekly at FOUR DOLLARS per annum;—if paid in advance, Three Dollars will discharge the debt, and The Weekly, on Tuesday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents;—if paid in advance, two dollars will discharge the debt.

All payments for the half year, made during the first three months, will be deemed payments in advance, and all payments for the year, made during the first six months, will be deemed payments in advance. No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor 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.

☞ All communications to insure attention should be *post paid*.

Blacksmiths Wanted.

THE Subsciber wishes to employ two Blacksmiths, one to work on edged Tools, the other on Country work. None need apply except men of sober habits, to them liberal wages will be given.

JAMES SMITH.

Greensborough, Jan. 19 tf

NEW SADDLERY.

WILLIAM W. HIGGINS

HAS just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, a fresh supply of

SADDLERY,

Consisting in part of the following articles:
Hard Solder Bitts and Stirrups, English Bridle Leathers, Gig, Twig, and Chay Whips, foreign and domestic.

Harness of all descriptions kept on hand or made at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Harness of any kind will be repaired at the shortest notice and upon the most accommodating terms.

Easton, Oct. 3

To the Printers of the U. States.

F. SPITTALL.

WOOD LETTER CUTTER & ENGRAVER

No. 21 Franklin Place, Philadelphia,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the Printers of the United States, that he has commenced the manufacture of

WOOD LETTERS.

Wood Letters of every discription from four to thirty-four lines Pica, or upwards, made to order on the shortest notice.

ORNAMENTAL LETTERS.

Ornamental Letters of entirely new and splendid patterns, for heads of Newspapers, Title Lines, &c. from two lines Great Primer to any size larger.

His type will be made of the best assortment, well seasoned and prepared by machinery, invented for the purpose, which ensures the most exact adjustment.

Specimens will be published as early as possible.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

Executed with neatness and promptitude. Heads for Newspapers, Fac Similes, Ornamental and plain Rules, &c. &c. cut with the greatest accuracy in type metal or wood.

Old cast metal cuts, ornaments &c. engraved over, and made equal to new, for half their original cost.

A liberal discount for cash. Six months credit on the most approved security. Orders from the country promptly attended to.—All letters must be post paid.

☞ Editors of papers in the country who will give the above advertisement a few insertions, and forward a paper containing the same to the advertiser, will be paid therefor in any of the above mentioned materials.

Oct. 6

NEWARK COLLEGE.

THE Trustees of New-ark College are gratified in being able to announce to the public that the duties of the institution were resumed at the collegiate year with the most flattering prospects. The Rev. Dr Richard S. Mason of New York, the President elect, a gentleman of high standing for his intellectual qualifications and literary attainments, has accepted the office, and entered upon its duties The Rev. *T. H. Simpson*, of Marrietta, Pennsylvania, who was elected Professor of Languages and who is an experienced teacher and eminently qualified for the station, has also accepted and entered upon the duties of his office. And Mr. *R. W. Tilson* of New York, who has been highly recommended as a gentleman of eminent standing in his profession, has been lately *unanimously* elected Professo of Mathematics in the collegiate department, and accepted of the office. Mr *N. Z. Graves* who has been adjunct Professer of Mathematics and principal of the Academical department, since the organization of the Institution still continues in that connexion, and is *deservedly* esteemed both as a Professor and as a gentleman.

The requisite number of Tutors have already been appointed—so that there is now an efficient Faculty. And the testimonials in favor of these gentlemen who have accepted and entered upon the duties of their office, are such as entitle them to the entire confidence of the Board. A Steward of high reputation, has also been appointed who has entered upon the duties of his station and gives entire satisfaction. The Trustees are determined to do all in their power to place the college on the most respectable footing.

The vigorous measures, which they have already adopted, the unanimity and harmony, which now prevail in the Board, and the selection of President and Professors as above announced; it is confidently hoped, will soon cause the Institution to attain a high standing as well as merit, and receive a liberal patronage from an enlightened community.

By order of the Board,
THOMAS CLAYTON,
President of the Board of Trustees.
ANDREW C. GRAY, Sec'ry.
Dec. 1, 1835—(2m)

In Press and will soon be Published,

A PRACTICAL TREATISE
ON THE
CULTURE OF SILK,

Adapted to the Soil and Climate of the United States, by F. G. COMSTOCK, Secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, and Editor of the Silk Culturist. Illustrated by Engravings.

THE interest in all parts of the United States in the Culture and Manufacture of Silk, manifested by the constant calls for information on the subject, has induced the publisher to have prepared a plain *Practical Treatise* on the cultivation of the Mulberry and rearing Silk Worms, adapted to the Soil and Climate of this country and to the wants of plain practical men.

The practical Culturist in this country needs a directory adapted to the Soil on which he plants his trees, and the Climate in which he rears his worms; without reference to Soils and Climates less congenial to their growth. It has been therefore the object of the author to make a treatise strictly practical, omitting nothing of importance to the Culturist, and adding nothing of a useless or extraneous character:

As making the raw materials into *Sewing Silk* and *Twist* is very profitable to the Silk Grower, all necessary information for that purpose will be given:

The work will be published in a duodecimo about 100 pages, in handsome binding—price 50 cts. A part of the edition will be put up in elastic covers to be forwarded by mail.

WM. G. COMSTOCK.

Hartford Dec. 29, 1835. 4t

Valuable Mill seat and Land at PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the MILL PROPERTY where he resides, situated on the navigable waters of Chester River, about three miles from Chester Town. There are one hundred and thirty acres of land—40 acres of prime arable land—40 acres of fine meadow and marsh, and the balance in wood. The improvements are a two story BRICK MILL, large frame FULLING MILL HOUSE, Fulling Mill and Carding Machine, a two story frame Dwelling—2 rooms on the lower floor and 4 above, Carriage House, Corn House and stable. This property is now being repaired, but will be ready to be put in operation in a few days. The terms will be accommodating and possession given immediately if desired. Apply to the subscriber on the premises.

SAMUEL RINGGOLD, jr.

june 9

GROCERY, CONFECTIONARY
AND
VARIETY STORE.

THE subscriber has just returned from Baltimore with a general assortment of goods consisting in part as follows:

Candy, Nuts, Raisins, Almonds, Filberts, Palm-nuts, English Walnuts, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, &c.

Together with a variety of,

Toys, and Fancy Articles,

Also a good assortment of
School Books, Histories, Bibles, Testaments, Ledgers and Day-Books, Toy-books, Writing Paper, Slates, Slate Pencils, Ink-Stands, Steel pens &c.

GROCERIES,

Brown & loaf Sugar, Coffee, Chocolate, Cheese, Best Firkin Butter, Crackers, Sugar-Cakes, Jumbles, Ginger-Cakes, Segars, Tobacco & Snuff, Powder & Shot together with a variety of other articles too tedious to mention.

Those wanting articles in the above line can get them on very accommodating terms at the old stand formerly kept by Mr. Ninde, and lastly by Mr. J. H. McNeal. All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to.

The Public's ob't serv't,
CHARLES ROBINSON.

N. B. Feathers, Rags, Wool, Fur, &c. taken in exchange for goods, or the highest cash price paid for them

C. R.

Jan. 5 3teow (G)

HATS.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the public generally, for the liberal support and encouragement which they have extended to him in the way of his business.

He offers at his hat store, lately occupied by Mr. Wm. L. Jones, as a Clock and Watch-maker's shop, and next to the Bank

A LARGE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

HATS,

WHICH he thinks he can safely warrant to be equal, in faithfulness of workmanship and quality generally, to any manufactured in the State, and will sell on the most accommodating terms.

He has just returned from Baltimore with a supply of Gentlemen's SILK HATS—a remarkably neat and superior article. Also, FURS of the best quality.

To country merchants or others, buying to sell again, he will sell, by the dozen, as low as the same quality of hats can be had in a city market.

Furs of all kinds, purchased or taken in exchange, at the HIGHEST CASH *prices*.

ENNALS ROSZELL.

Easton, Jan. 2 tf

A CARD.

A WOOLFOLK wishes to inform the owners of negroes, in Maryland, Virginia, and N. 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, and where immediate attention will be paid to their wishes.

N. B. All papers that have copied my former Advertisement, will copy the above, and discontinue the others. oct 9.

POETRY.

(Form the London Court Journal.)

CHRISTMAS CALAMITIES.

The bellman, Sir, is at the door:
He's come to taste your Christmas cheer:
And hopes, Sir, you'll remember him;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The postman, too, is down below,
A tasting, Sir, the beef and beer,
He says you used to give a crown;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The singers from St. Chad's, St. Paul's,
St. John's, St. Jude's, St. Giles', are here:
They're singing in the kitchen now
That "Christmas comes but once a year."

The waits are waiting in the hall,
With horns, and drums, and fifes so clear:
They're coming up to play a tune;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The morris-men are at their heels,
Decked out in all their funny gear:
They hope you'll have 'em in to dance;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The scavengers have called again:
They grumble, Sir, and call you "near;"
And hope you'll give another crown:
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The butcher's, baker's, blacksmith's boys
Declare the lads that late were here
Are cheats, and hope you'll think of them;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The lamp-lighter has called, and says
No lamp in all the town's more clear
Than ours; and hopes you'll not forget
That Christmas comes but once a year.

The clerk and sexton are arrived,
That buried my late mistress dear
Last Cristmas twelve months; but, you know,
Sir, Christmas comes but once a year.

They say they dug your grandsire's grave,
And hope to lay you on your bier;
And beg you'll not forget old friends;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The watchman's come: his hourly calls
Each night he hopes you plainly hear;
The Smiths, he says, have given a crown;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The sweep, with white, unnatural face,
Declares that times are very queer;
And in a whisper begs to hint
That Christmas comes but once a year.

The firemen, sir, assert their claim:
Their engine-unity is clear.
Their pipes, they say, are very dry,
And Christmas comes but once a year.

The pretty milk-maid, sir's below,
And says, with her most winning leer,
She's sure your honor will see HER;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The butter-woman's lost a cow;
And t' other won't get well they fear;
She hopes you'll give a pound or so,
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The miller, too, is boxing come;
Old Ben the dustman's in his rear;
The coalman hopes you'll "post the coal?"
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The ferryman (who swears you are,
"The nicest gemman in the shire,")
Hopes no offence, sit, to remind
That Christmas come but once a year.

The shoemaker's and tailor's boys,
Ringers and beadles next appear;
Sorry to be so troublesome—
But Christmas comes but once a year.

And then you know, sir, there's ourselves,
All for our little gifts draw near—
Cook, valet, footman, butler, groom—
But Christmas comes but once a year.

Tom, Jack, Will, Dick, Joe, Peter, Sam,
Ralph, Andrew, Phelim, Pat and Larry;
And little Hugh expects a box,
And then, dear sir, you must box Harry.

And hark! I hear the hall-door bell,
And by its sound so high and clear
I know it is a BOXING BINE;
But Christmas comes but once a year.

Hold, hold! no more! or in some pond
Felo-de-se I must commit,
I can't afford the BOXES, so,
By Jove, I'll go into the PIT.

And this shall be my epitaph:
"Stranger, bestow a passing tear
On an unfortunate who died
Of 'Christmas comes but once a year.'"

For the Whig.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Disappointment affects the mind, as the clouds of evening do the day flower, closing its petals as the former does the recesses of the heart. How many brilliant eyes have become lustreless by the tear it has sprung up, and rosy cheeks turned pale by its withering influence. The joyous heart—the laughing looks of youth, and the charms of happiness and tranquility have all quickly disappeared before the leaden rays of this power. It is more potent than man, more powerful than woman. It has a commanding influence over the pleasures of the bowl and quenches the very life blood of existence. What maniac laugh is that! it is the laugh of one who has just drank deep of disappointment! See! his eye glares with madness as vacantly he stares around; his sage is wand, and a low muttering curse escapes his feverish lips—this day he would have heired an immense estate—but! ah! that little but—death conquered cupidity, and prevented the necessary arrangements to effect the object—he had lived on hope and now was dying with despair!

Disappointment is verily the vampyre of pleasure, and haunts all the passions of the human mind. At times it gathers its strength like the approaching storm—lowering, and awful—and in fearful suspense we recoil from its approach. Then it comes too frequently and most commonly like the thunder bolt in the midst of a summer day, turning its brightness into night and sorrow! Who is that pale emaciated figure yonder, with hair dishevelled, and with looks as sorrowful as hareless! 'Tis Alice Young; and beside her sits her aged mother moistening her parching lips. There is disappointment doubly pourtrayed. It was a picture crowned with myrtle and roses, but the leaves have fallen, and a sprig of ivy placed there by the hand of Alice, alone remains a melancholy emblem of its former freshness! It is a picture of faded beauty! wealth and inconstancy have triumphed over virtue and innocence.

Disappointment, muffled in its sable attire, quietly beholds the passions it has set in motion. It diffuses its venom serpent-like throughout the family circle, disturbs the quiet of the fireside, and banishes even contentment from its ancient seat. Ah! what shriek is that—the mother's darling, the joy, the hope, the pride of all her friends, is lost to shame and filial care! The letter that was opened by an expectant hand devulged the sequel. Disappointment on the "mother site," and darkens the cheerful scenes in blackest grief! The flower that was nurtured with all the fondness of parental care, and bloomed in the guise of moral excellence, has drooped, withered and fallen to earth!

The passions and feelings that long have harmoniously chimed are sometimes suddenly arrested by disappointment, like the stopping of a clock by checking the pendulum; and the sweet strains which float from the "light guitar" are enveloped in the mantle of grief bedewed with tears from the very eyes that watched the vibrating cords. Youth cannot stand the storm—the cable of life gives way and the bark is shattered and lost on the quicksands of disappointment. The aged parent with venerable looks, and locks made grey by four-score winters, lets loose the reins held tight by hope, when he sees his boy to manhood grown, abandoning all the ennobling principles that dignify and adorn the human soul; the crutch scarce supports him hobbling to the grave, and at last in hopeless sorrow he ends his days. The wayward youth lifts the goblet of pleasure high to his burning lips, but when he'd drink—disappointment dashes it away.

The miser finds disappointment while brooding o'er his gold thinking he must ultimately part with it, or at its slow accumulation: the lover meets it crossing his path at every step, and frequently when he succeeds in gaining his object he incautiously finds disappointment when too late to shun it. But why should we grieve; Napoleon found it at Moscow though not upon the Alps, and with all his achievements—his glory and renown—his cup of life was not exempt from this bitter drug. True an Alexander tasted it before him, and history plainly shews us that the poisoned chalice wet not only the lips of Socrates and his friends, but insiduously found its place at the great banquet of Belchassar, and existed from time immemorial.

The ruined child of fortune seeks happiness in every thing and place that cross his way, still disappointment deprives him of his looked for joy, and with the only true philosophy, he finds at last that it exits every where save in true religion!

S.

PHRENOLOGY.

BY MISS LOUISA H. MEDINA.

Phrenology! awful vision of lumps and bumps! stupendous phantasm of tumified craniums and indented skulls! science of power which can discover the character no longer typified in the actions, but blazoned on the crown! philosophy most mighty, whose wonderous alchymy can convert the blow of a cudgel into a virtue or transfigure an unhappy pimple into a developement of intellect!—Phrenology, all hail! Vastest of human discoveries! what benefit untold dost promise to the human race! How will the infant mind I beg pardon, skull—be modelled into perfection by thy laws—how will nurses supersede teachers, and all the aid of parents be, "to teach the infant cranium how to bump!" But here my shame avowed: I once was a disbeliever and walked in utter ignorance of the glorious scheme of Gall and Spurzheim; but, now, thanks to the erudite and amiable Dr. Caliper, I, too, am an Arcadian! Oh! well do I remember the glorious day of my conversion; even now I see my jolly friend before me, in all the honours of his portly presence and rubicund rotundity of face. I was something of a favorite, "for a piece of womankind," he said, "I actually had some faint glimmerings of sense; and though his Koran was much inclined to deny our poor sex skulls, as Mahomet did souls, he nevertheless condescended to lay his judging hands upon my honoured head.

"You have much *veneration*, my child."

"Ah, dear Doctor! I owe that rise to an early fall from my nurse's arms. The veneration is all due to her carelessness."

"Considerable of *wonder*," continued Socrates.

"I'm sure of that," responded I, innocently; "for it is in full play this moment"

"Not a little *ideality*," said the doctor.

"Ahem!" answered I, glancing at Shelley and Dante, then laying on the table.

"Not deficient in language," ejaculated the oracle, sending a glance askance at a well stuffed writing portfolio—

"Tis pleasant, sir, to see one's name in print." For writing's writing, tho' there's nothing in'i; so I plead guilty to the cacoethes scribendi doctor.

"*Amativeness* a *leetle* developed," said he, consequentially, having painfully ascertained that several coloured engravings were from Rousseau's Eleise.

"Guilty, dear Doctor; mine is the sin of much loving—for I love a joke too devoutly to interrupt you: go on.

"And I must assure you, that, however unwilling to accuse you of being a giggling girl *mirth* or *cheerfulness* is much enlarged."

Here I interrupted this solemn examination by proving the last charge true, by a laugh so long and loud that it electrified the worthy Galen, who, growling out something that sounded like *varium et mutabile*, retired to his den proper.

But this is a digression revenous a nos moutons. Let me return to the joyful hour which enlightened me as to the infallibility of this glorious science.

A field near Fairmount, Philidelphia, bearing the appellation of Potter's field, had long been destined to receive the mortal remains of the "village poor;" nay, when the yellow fever resigned in its omnipotence, gentle and simple had alike account of some old nurses, many a

"Mute, in glorious Milton there might rest;
or Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Now the owners of the adjoining property had, in defiance of unurned ghosts or sheetless spectres, made this place a perfect Golgotha, and exposed to open view many a whitened relick of frail humanity. Passing it one morning I sighed to behold the fragments of head stone or wood dashed carelessly away, though they had borne the last tribute of affection to the dead, while the mouldering bones were collected with care, as if the remnants of this perishing frame were more valuable than the immortal love which can survive it. On the same day, I received a visit from the worthy professor of bumpology, and in his important swagger, I read that he was big with the fate of science and of skulls.—Having awed me into reverential silence, the preceptor imitated his worthy prototype, the ass of Balaam, and thus spake he:

"I have come to you, young lady, because though of the feminine gender, you are not altogether so senseless as one might expect. You are a disbeliever in the holy mysteries of phrenology, now seeing is believing, and I have at this very time a glorious opportunity of writing 'veni vidi vici' on my banner.—A friend has given to me the sacred skull of one long since buried in Potter's field, whom the inscription still points out to have been John P——, the learned, humane and philanthropick being who lost his life attending the sufferers of the yellow fever."

"Prophecying his character, Doctor, will be on the safe side, observed I.

"Oh! hard of belief!" groaned he, "hear me out. This sacred relick will I deliver into my pupils' hands; and without knowing to whom it appertained, they shall this evening demonstrate his character as clearly as if engraven on brass before them. Come to my domicile, (though a petticoat is rather excathedra there,) and be convinced.

I willingly accepted the invitation, for I well knew that the erudite doctor was too honorable to give any hint to his pupils, and I felt curious to know how nearly they would guess the truth: besides, the doctor had a splendid collection of morbid anatomy and physiological curiosities, that I thirsted to behold.

The important hour arrived. I was there all impatience, the doctor all confidence, the students all terrour. They were bound to the stake, but showed very little desire to fight the course; the uncertainty and uneasiness of their several faces were extremely amusing. Some delay occurred in the absence of the confidential servant to whom the precious relick had been entrusted, but at last a spluttering Sambo produced the ghastly tenant of the grave, and the wry grimaces of the examiners were doubled. It was but a shattered portion of the head, yet it inspired thick coming fancies to my mind. There lay the receptacle of thought, there the seat of God-like wisdom in that little space, now so grim and revolting had crowded bold designs, high imaginings subtle aguments.—Where was now its majesty of purpose—where its lofty fearing—where the stamp of rule, God's seal upon the brow of man? All dwindled into a yellow home!

Short coughs and pity-begging hems now bespoke the distress of the unwilling exhibitors fingers handled the relick—rueful glances were cast upon the door; the gracious doctor's mouth was compressed in honorable matrydom; and so much did the grinning pate remind me of the royal Dane and the king's jester, that I could scarcely avoid exclaiming "Alas! poor Yorick!" though evidently my pity was more needed elsewhere. At last benevolence was timidly declared, and the doctor's face lit up like a sunbeam throughout a storm. This was the cue, and with his triumphant nods and becks and "wreathed smiles" for a compass, they boldly steered into *number, space, casuality, ideality, veneration*, and in short, every noble or intellectual quality.

"Oh Genius!" exclaimed the exalted son of the pestle, "this is thy perfect triumph! Oh, holy wonderful and welcome cranium of John P——!——What the devil to you want here?"

This last anticlimax was addressed to his confidential servant, who now entered, bearing another skull. Two skulls!—Which is the real Simon Pure? Oh! horror of horrors! the one he holds has mould upon it—it is the actual brain pan! What, then, is that yellow skull on which the demonstrators have showed their skill?

"I am very sorrow, sir, but—but Sambo, not being able to find the right one, took out of the case the old *baboon's skull*."

"Death and fury!" roared the doctor.

"Sir, I am very sorry; shall I take away the baboon?" ejaculated the man.

"D—n the baboon!" bellowed the infuriated professor, as he hurled the offending piece of mortality at the servant's head; who, concluding the honest Galen to be more mad than usual made a rapid exit.

An awful pause ensued; the students played with their watch chains, the doctor twiddled his thumbs, they fidgeted—he wriggled.

"It is a great discovery in natural history," observed I, "that the ourang outang has the organ of *veneration* as well as *imitation*. I wonder whether it was for apples or nuts?"

Deeply conscious was the glance that one great lecturer stole at my face. Whether he espied a lurking devil in my eye, I know not; but involuntarily did his lungs give up a slight cachination; it was echoed all around and long and loud were the bursts of laughter which relieved the risible nerves of the party.

"Come gentlemen, come this is all very well for a joke; but of course we all know that the peculiarity of idiosyncrasy of the formation of the cranium"

"Whose?" queried I, "the baboon or John P——?"

"The devil take them both!" piously wished my worthy friend. "Come, let's all into supper; and you, Miss Pert shall give us a song."

"And the theme shall be, the baboon skull! lie?"

"No more of that, Hal, an' thou loyest me.

* * * * * * *

Gentle reader, the particulars of my conversion lie before you, and verily I think it would adorn the pages of a missionary magazine. Should, however, they strike you as defective in sound logic, you must take my zeal—like other furious neophytes—instead of my learning; and if a doubt remain pray call on Dr. Calliper, president of the Cranium Society, and professor in Crackskull College, for a final satisfaction.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Suppose a man have a wolf, a goat and a basket of cabbages, on the bank of a river, that he wishes to cross with them; and that his boat is only big enough to carry one besides himself. He must, therefore, take them over one by one, in such a manner, that the wolf shall have no opportunity of devouring the goat, or the goat of devouring the cabbages.—How is he to do this.

A Puritan preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, and a member of his class, whose hair had been usually very plain. "Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you." "Indeed," said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant, he curled it for me, but now that I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do so myself."

PEACE.—"Peace be with thee!" said Olinthus, saluting Apœcides.

"Peace!" echoed the priests, in so hollow a tone that it went at once to the heart of the Nazareno.

"In that wish," continued Olinthus, "all things are combined—without virtue thou canst not have peace. Like the rainbow, Peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven! Heaven bathes it in bues of light; it springs up amid tears and clouds,—it is a reflection of the eternal Sun—it is an assurance of calm—it is the sign of a covenant between man and God.—Such peace, O young man! is the smile of the soul; it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light. Peace be with you!"—*E. L. Bulwer.*

It was not a bad reply of a young lady, who, was asked, why she did not marry: that she did not know which to choose, when there were only two orders of men, each of whom might pass under the denomination of *Sir Harry Harmless* or *Sir John Brute.*

Character of a benevolent Man.—By a Boy.—Just such a man as looks as if he would'nt give a fellow a clip with his whip, if he saw him on a sled hanging to his sleigh.

A man bought ninety-six apples at three a penny, and the same number at two a penny; he sold them again at the rate of five for two pence.—Query—Did he gain or lose!

Two men eat oysters, together for a wager, who should eat most. One eat ninety-nine only, and the other eat a hundred and *won*. How many did the winner eat?

POLITICAL.

[Concluded from our last.]

WASHINGTON, February 15, 1836.

The undersigned, his Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, with reference to his note of the 27th of last month, has the honor to inform Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State of the United States, that he has been instructed by his Government to state, that the British Government has received a communication from that of France, which fulfils the wishes that impelled his Britannic Majesty to offer his mediation for the purpose of effecting an amicable adjustment of the difference between France and the United States.

The French Government has stated to the of his Majesty, that the frank and honorable manner in which the President has, in his recent Message, expressed himself with regard to the points of difference between the Government of France and of the United States, has moved those difficulties upon the score of national honor, which have hitherto stood in the way of the prompt execution by France of the treaty of the 4th July, 1831, and that consequently, the French Government is now ready to pay the instalment which is due on account of the American indemnity, whenever the payment of that instalment shall be claimed by the Government of the United States.

The French Government has also stated, that it made this communication to that of Great Britain, not regarding the British Government as a formal mediator, since its offer of mediation had then reached only the Government of France, by which it had been accepted; but looking upon the British Government as a common friend of the two parties, and, therefore, as a natural channel of communication between them.

The undersigned is further instructed to express the sincere pleasure which is felt by

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