EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.---No. 33.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 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*.

ALEXANDER'S

MODERN

ACTING DRAMA.

NEW SERIES,

Embelished with Splendid Engravings.

The publisher has been induced, from the extensive patronage bestowed on his work, materially to change its typographical appearance and to improve and enlarge its pages—it is already known to be the most popular edition of Plays which has ever been attempted in this country, and the prospect of its further success is ample and satisfactory. In future the MODERN ACTING DRAMA will be published in monthly numbers of 48 pages each—12 of which will constitute a volume, or one year's subscription—embracing in all FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX PAGES. Every PLAY or FARCE is to be accompanied by a beautiful and appropriate Engraving—making in the course of the year nearly FIFTY-TWO EMBELISHMENTS—to which will be added as a Frontispiece to the work, a full sized STEEL ENGRAVING, containing the likenesses of SIX DISTINGUISHED ACTORS AND ACTRESSES. Every person who desires to preserve an invaluble collection of the best Dramatic Authors should forward his name forthwith, as the edition will be limited to the number which is absolutely subscribed for. ☞ *The publiser pledges himself to make this work equal in interest and superiority of execution to the prospectus, or he will refund the price of subscription, free of all charges.*

The first number of the new series will appear about the first of March—this delay is occasioned by the time necessarily consumed topreparing the Engravings. The terms of nte MODERN ACTING DRAMA is three dollhlars per annum, payable in advance Subscribers to the GENTLEMAN'S VADE MECUM will be furnished with both works for five dollars.

☞ Any Person collecting four subscribers the GENTLEMAN'S VADE MECUM, or the MODERN ACTING DRAMA and remitting the amount of one year's subscription ($3) for each—shall be presented with the NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE, in two volumes, a work of considerable popularity, and which is now selling for $3—it contains the productions of eight different authors, well known to the public as among the most interesting writers of the day.

☞ A large and beautiful white sheet, imperial size, FILEED ON BOTH SIDES WITH HUMOROUS AND COSTLY ENGRAVINGS, will be published every quarter as a supplement to the SALMAGUNDI. It will be furnished gratuitously to all new subscribers to the GENTLEMAN'S VADE MECUM, or the MODERN ACTING DRAMA, and to all the old subscribers of these works who forward their subscriptions, for the present year, in advance, brhout further solicitations.

Feb. 13 tf

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having been re-appointed Standard keeper, will attend at Easton, from the 1st to 22d of September; at Wye Mill on the 23d; at Trapp, the 24th; at St. Michaels, the 25th; and at Loockerman's mill the 28th, to inspect weights and measures.

I have always on hand a complete assortment of Tin Ware, and will execute all orders on reasonable terms for cash or country produce.

Persons indebted are requested to call and pay their old accounts.

ARTHUR J LOVEDAY.

aug 29

Notice.

The annual Meeting of the Female Bible Society of Talbot County, will take place on Monday the 11th inst., in the Church at Easton at 11 o'clock. The members are respectfully invited to attend and the Managers will be gratified by the presence of any who may feel an interest in their object.

April 9

Tan Bark.

THE Subscribers wish to purchase one hundred and fifty cords of TAN BARK, delivered either at their Tan Yard or at Easton Point wharf.

They also have on hand and constantly keep a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES,

and LEATHER, which they will sell on the most favorable terms for cash, or in exchange for Bark, Hides, Sheep Skins, or country produce generally.

H. E. BATEMAN, & Co.

who wish to employ 4 Journeymen Shoe makers, and 2 Apprentices from 12 to 15 years of age, of good moral character.

The Cambridge Aurora will please copy 4 times and charge this office.

March 15 tf (G) 4t

POETRY.

We do our part with promptitude, in giving extended circulation to the following affecting motherly appeal from the Bath Enquirer and Advertiser.—Alexandria Gazette

TO HIM WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND IT.

He who has left his youthful bride,
And children young and fair,
To float on Fortune's doubtful tide,
Borne on, he knows not where,
The lines perchance may coldly spurn
That ask the wanderer's return.

Yet oh! the unwilling heart forgive
That dares to trouble thine,
I would not seek to make thee grieve,
But for these babes of mine,
Those treasures sent us from above,
The pledges of our mutual love.

For *them* I plead—I speak not now
Of what my lot hath been,
Nor how for thee I left my home
And each familiar scene,
And sought the hills of A——,
For sweet with thee were even they.

I hailed the mountain's proudest swell,
The forest's darkest pride,
The beaten rock, the rugged dell,
For thou wert by my side,
And earth's worst wilderness is dear,
Is fair, when those we love are near.

But thou has left thy dark-eyed boys,
In distant paths to roam;
A gambler's life for thee has joys,
But not, alas! thy home;
Thy children weep amid their play,
And I am far more lone than they.

Our babes for very want of bread
Have been compelled to roam,
And now, on public bounty fed,
Find a precarious home,
While he who should their guardain be
Has left them to their misery.

My boy, the eldest and the first,
The image of his sire,
Will into tears of sorrow burst
And thus of me inquire—
"Mother! dear mother! tell me when
My Father will come back again."

Yet go, thou false deserter, go!
And if some happier dame,
Has kindled in thy breast the glow
Of love's deceitful flame,
Oh hear me! fairer she may be,
But she will never love like me.

And oh! vouchsafe one little line,
If to confirm my woe,
That I may to my fate resign
When all its ills without a word
To fade and die with hope deferred.

Then leave to Penury's bitter crust
Thy lone deserted spouse,
To mourn o'er woman's broken trust
And man's deceitful vows.—
May'st thou ne'er know the smallest part
Of that which wrings a breaking heart!

ALMIRA PORTER H******

The "Rose" is the name of an unassuming little paper published at Charleston, S. C., by Mrs. Gilman, a native of Boston. One of the recent numbers contains the following contribution, from one of the Orphan sons of the admired Mrs. Hemans;

STANZAS.

When twilight spreads her starry veil
O'er darksome grove and dewy lawn,
Ere the last beams of splendor fall
From the sun's car of radiance drawn;
And ere the parting God of Day,
On ocean's farthest waves reclined,
In tranquil glory fades away,
While hushed each sound and stilled each wind.

Say, in that holiest, calmest hour
Of peace divine, o'er land and sea,
While gleams each cloud and breathes each flower
With incense to the Deity;
What spirit haunts you lonely wood,
Or sails along the glowing air;
What genius glides o'er yonder flood,
And fills our thoughts with silent prayer?

Oh! not of earth those gentle powers,
Revealed before our mental sight,
Whose breathing presence nature dowers
With holier beauty, fairer light;
Sent down to mortals from yon skies,
And for no transient raptures given,
Around Devotion's course they rise,
And aid her in her flight to Heaven."

CHARLES LLOYD HEMANS.

Dilltown, Ireland.

Written for the Whig.

THE MANIAC;

OR, REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

ALBERTI was a rich and opulent banker in a populous town of Prussia. During a certain season of the year he used to retire to a small and pleasant village in a remote part of the country by way of respite from the cares and fatigues incident to his profession He had an only daughter, and she was as beautiful as the "Medician Venus." On this daughter he doated with a father's fondness, and watched her with a twofold care, because of her orphan state; her mother having died when she was but a child. He enjoyed the pleasures of life to their fullest extent, and found great happiness in doing good deeds. His heart was free and open his manners mild and bland. It was not difficult to win the favor of Alberti, and all alike found an easy access to his generosity, which he extended with a bounteous hand. Age was creeping upon him as his already sprinkled locks of grey venerably indicated. If he had a fault, it was in being over zealous. His friendship when obtained was demonstrated with all the noble qualities that so eminently distinguish the pure and unsophisticated soul, and no common event could cause him to relax. This, as the sequel will prove, tended to his ruin.

It was during his residence at the village of——that a portion of the army of Napoleon was encamped hard by. Alberti had imbibed feelings favorable to the First Consul, and exhibited his zeal by his attention to the French officers. A splendid entertainment was given them by Alberti, on which occasion Amelia, his fair daughter, shone with more lustre than is common to the fairest of her sex. It would be rather a difficult task to pourtray correctly the lineaments of the daughter, or to give the feeblest description of the hospitality of the father; the whole affair was one of indescribable beauty and pleasure. It will create no surprise thus abruptly to state that she made captive the heart of a young officer, who was struck with her charms as soon as he beheld her. And by way of coming to the sequel, suffice it to say, he was slow in making his love known to the lady who had made such a deep impression upon his heart. Love reigned a very tyrant in his soul, and at length, through the favorable mediation of the father, was the matter joyfully consummated. Long will the circumstance be remembered by the good people of the village, for such a fete was never known before or after. On the wedding day Alberti gave Leon, his daughter's husband, half his worldly Leon followed the fortunes of Napoleon, and fell when they just were on the wane. He found his grave retreating from Moscow, and his martial cloak became whitened by the snow that turned it into an icy shroud.

The enmity against Napoleon and his adherents was deep and indignant in the hearts of the allied powers; and when the sun of the mighty warrior sank behind the horizon of his fate, and his fortunes becoming obscured by the gloom it had shed upon them, did old Alberti freely give utterance in the dominion of Prussia to sentiments favorable to the Emperor of the French, and the enemy of kingly oppression.

When the clangor of arms ceased upon the field of Waterloo, and the star of Napoleon had gone out, the fortune of Alberti shared a similar fate. Persecution robbed him of his peace and confiscation deprived him of his wealth. His daughter too had not been spared. She sought and found him, and mingled her tears with his over their ill-starred destiny. The poor old man could not withstand the weight of ills that had fallen to his lot to bear, and his reason became disthroned.

Amelia had gained strength from the black fate of her father, and as woman's mind is ever strongest in adversity, she supported herself with the firmness of a heroine, and smiled at her fate for the joy of comforting her parent.

Alberti wandered about the village, a pitiless sight, a poor helpless *maniac*, and eat crumbs from the rudest table of the humblest villager. The father and daughter lived a few years on common charity aided by the small earnings of the latter.

There is a village story told, that Amelia finding her father dying, could no longer sustain herself against such heartrending afflictions, and she too became a confirmed maniac, at times though she was perfectly sane, at others she was distressingly the reverse. Early one morning some of the villagers found her lying upon her father's grave, which she had fantastically decorated with wild-flowers. She was gently slumbering and they feared to wake her. Sleep had been a stranger to her eyes for many hours. While consulting on what best to do, they were startled by a great cry proceeding from the town, and on looking from whence it came beheld many of the villagers running towards the spot where they stood.

A portion of them bore a youth upon their shoulders, whom they appeared to be rejoicing to see. They soon arrived at the spot, where lay the "crazy" Amelia once the village joy, now the village pity. Up instantly came the boy, he looked but for a moment, and with a shriek that seemed to come from the heart itself, he cried aloud, "Is this my mother!" and flinging himself beside her aroused her terrified as though from a dream. Wildly she looked around, then upon the features of the boy who clung to her with an inseperable grasp, and was dumb from the great emotions of his excited feelings. "I've seen this face! surely I'm not mad! that eye too; the face—it is—it is, my son!" exclaimed the mother in a wild and maniac exultation! Mother! mother! exclaimed the boy, why are you here? And are you indeed, indeed *my* mother! Yes it was truly mother and son. Amelia had entrusted him when a child to the care of a relative of her husband of whom she had never heard, yet had never despaired of one day seeing her little Leon. There was a sordid motive for the act in reclusing the child from its mother, but the great pacificator, death, had restored the lost child by working powerfully upon the conscience of the dying man. He revealed the whole history to the child and had it conveyed from whence he had taken it, and soon it found its way to the place described. Amelia was in part comforted by this mysterious turn of Providence, regained her reason, and lived long enough to see her son elevated to an honorable station in the ranks of his country

The vicissitudes of life often visit us, and frequently with an unsparing hand, still we should never despair, but cling to hope even unto death, and trust more implicitly in the goodness of Providence than we too often do.

S.

HISTORICAL ESSAY ON THE CHASE

Xenophon, not less great as a philosopher than as a general, after his justly famous retreat with ten thousand, retired to Sillontum, where he built a chapel to Diana, amusing himself with his sons and his friends in the sports of the chase. It was also there that he composed his works, particularly what he has written on hunting, a diversion of which he was very fond, and which he celebrates with becoming praise. He thought that this exercise formed the best soldiers; that there is neither art nor profession which bears more resemblance and proportion with war, than hunting; that it habituates men to cold, to heat, to fatigues; that it kindles courage, elevates the soul, invigorates the body, makes the limbs more pliant and agile, the senses more acute; that it retards old age; and that the pleasure it produces is a sovereign remedy against uneasiness of mind. "The chase," says a celebrated modern author, "fortifies the heart as well as the body."

The ancients made Diana the foe to love, and the allegory is perfectly just; the langours of love are felt only in indolent repose: violent exercise stifles all soft and tender sensations. In the forest, amid rural scenes, the lover and the hunter are so differently affected, that they form diverse images of the self-same objects. The shady groves, the fragrant bowers, the soft retreats, of the former, are to the other only passages for deer or haunts for game; where nothing is heard by the one but nightingales, linnets, and warbling birds, the other fancies only the sound of the horn, and the yells of the hounds; one imagines only dryads and nymphs, the other only huntsmen, packs, and horses.

Lycurgus and Agesilaus were very solicitous that their huntsmen should be well treated on their return from the chase. The Spartans took delight in hunting-parties, and such as could not attend lent their dogs and their horses to those who had none.—The huntsmen of antiquity were ordinarily very devout; it was a tenet with them, that the gods took pleasure in beholding men attach themselves to so innocent and salutary an exercise, and they consecrated the first fruits of their chase to [illegible] made hunting an important concern. It was the school in which all their great men were formed. Among that people, every person might hunt, whether on his estate, or on the lands of others. L. Æmilius presented the younger Scipio with an hunting equipage equal to those of the the kings of Macedonia; and, after the defeat of Perseus, Scipio spent in hunting all the time that the troops remained in that kingdom "All the amusement of the Roman youth," says Pliny, in his panegyric on Trajan, "and the school in which all their great commanders were formed, was the chase: at least, it may be advanced, that courage made them hunters, and ambition warriors."

The sports of the field were always considered, both by the Greeks and the Romans, as the source of health and glory, the pleasure of the gods, and the proper pastime for heroes and kings. Julius Cæsar, speaking in praise of the people of the north, says, that they are expert and attentive both in hunting and war; and he himself gave an elegant entertainment of hunting at Rome, which continued five days. Pompey, after having subjugated the Africans, introduced and exercised among them the sports of the chase. The Romans made use of a trap of an extraordinary kind: they laid mirrors in the track usually held by the dangerous animals, and while one of them was amusing himself in contemplating his fellow, which he imagined he saw in the mirror, the hunters, who were concealed behind, or upon the neighboring trees, drew upon him at their ease. The sepulchre of the Nasos, discovered near Rome, and which we find represented in the antiquities of Grævius, furnishes us with an example of this stratagem in hunting, and the same is also confirmed by a passage in Claudian.

The chase, according to Pliny, gave rise to monarchical states. In the earliest ages, says that historian, men had no private possessions. They passed their lives devoid of fear and envy, having no other enemies than the beasts of prey; the hunting of these was their sole occupation; so that he who exhibited most dexterity and force, naturally became chief of the hunters of his country, and presided in the assemblies they held for making a great havoc among the ferocious animals; but, in the sequel, these troops of hunters began to contend for the places more abundant in game; they fought, and the vanquished remained in subjection of the victors; thus it was that dominations were formed.—The first kings and the first conquerors were accordingly hunters. The collection of Philippe d'Inville presents us with numberless evidences drawn from antiquity in favour of the chase, and the encomiums that have been bestowed on it by Plato, Xenophen, Polybius, Pollux, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Pliny the Younger, Justin, Symmachus, Vegetius, &c. This unanimous concurrence is a plain demonstration how highly the chase was regarded as useful to the prince, and to the young nobility, designed by their valor to be the support of the state.

The Laplanders neglect the cultivation of their grounds, to live only on game and fish. The Tartars also draw the whole of their subsistence from the chase and their hares: when there is a scarcity of game, they eat their horses and drink the milk of their mares. The curious letters of the missionary jesuits in China, contain relations of hunting parties made by the whole armies, consisting of several thousand men.—They are extremely frequent among the Mongules.

The Indians of America are continually hunting, while their women are employed in domestic concerns. Whenever these savages undertake long journeys, they carry with them no store of provisions, but entirely depend for subsistence on the fruits that nature abundantly offers them on every side, or on the beasts they kill on their way. It may be affirmed, that one half of the inhabitants of the world at present live only on the produce of the chase.

The first kings reserved to themselves the great forests of the kingdom; and in these they passed whole seasons in following the sports of the field. We read in Gregory of Tours, that king Gontran became so jealous of his chase, that it cost three of his courtiers their lives for having killed a buffalo without his leave. He was, at that time, in the mountains de Vauges, where he had made one of these reservations for hunting. Charlemagne and his first successors had no fixed abode, on account of the pleasures of hunting in various places. These monarchs passed the whole of their reign in going successively from Aix-la-Chapelle to Aquitaine, and from the palace of Gasenveil to that of Verbere, in Picardy.

All the general assemblies of the nation, or the great parliaments where the kings presided in person over all that was illustrious among the French, were regularly terminated by a party of hunting. The lovers of that amusement being desirous of choosing a saint, under whose auspices they might celebrate their feast, they claimed, with all France, the patronage of St. Martin; afterwards, that kingdom having changed its protector, the hunters but partially adopted St Dennis, whom all orders of the state had chosen. They would have a patron who had shown the same taste, and had practised their exercise; they therefore had recourse to St. Hubert, whose call from heaven, it is pretended, was announced to him by an apparition he had, while hunting of a stag, that bore a cross between his antlers The festival of this saint, which falls at present on the third of November, has suffered some variations, or rather, the body of the saint having had several translations, each of them has been kept as a festival. Accordingly, there was a feast of St. Hubert in April; one in May, which is the true time of his death; another in November, which is that still retained, and finally one in December.

From the Knickerbocker.

A SCENE AT THE EXCHANGE.

Talking of a man's making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying. Not long ago I met him on Change, at a business hour when all the commercing multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal facination in it—Getting off without recognition, would [illegible] his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your true BORE, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the PARTICULARS. Some words, said he, occurred between him and me. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am—in fact about your age. Well, he made use of an expression which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I, "What do you mean by that?" "Why, says he to me, says he I mean just what I say. Then I began to burn. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandruff, which was unaccountable. I did'nt waste words on him. I just took him in this way—here the old SPOONY suited the action to the word, by seizing the collars of my coat, before the assemblage, and says I to him, says I, "You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot, and the manner in which I shook him, just in this way, was really a warning to a person similarly situated.

I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament, in the midst of a large congregation of business people—an old grey headed man hanging with an indignant look at my coat collar—and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow's face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the DETAIL, while he litened it in the worst places of his colloquy. You infernal scoundrel, and caitiff, and villian; say I, "what do you mean, to insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?" and then, said he, lowering his malapropos voice, then I shook him, so."

Here he pushed me to and fro, with his septuagenarain gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient muchbored friend, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a RING of spectators. Shame—shame! to insult an old man like him, was the general cry.—"Young puppy!" said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart's desire, what excuse have you for your conduct?

Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings. I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them,—That's the young chap that insulted old General——, at the Exchange?

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

I have heard a story somewhere of a merchant who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark trace of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gamboling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow-candle in her hand without a candle-stick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper table: the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. "Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost agitation. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl.—"Where did you leave it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, *so I stuck it in to some black sand that's there in one of the tubs.*" The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar under the very room where his children and their friends were reveling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long and red snuff of burnt out wick lepping the small and gloomy flame.—The sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with increased vivacity; the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling!—with desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand each side of the candle, with the open palms upwards and the distended fingers pointed towards the object of his care, which as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered: but the reaction was too powerful and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every day life.—*Knickerbocker.*

WHO WANTS A WIFE?—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes thus from Cabotville, Massachusetts:

There are factory girls enough here to spin the button-maker esses out of countenance, in a trice! say 420, at the least calculation. A happier looking population, certainly will not be found any where. Few of them to be sure, stay many years, they do not come hither with the intention of remaining or under the necessity of doing so. They are mostly farmer's daughters—say from the hills of New Hampshire, and still more from Vermont—and their object is to get a snug little capital to start upon into a more quiet life at home. This they can easily do, with tolerable economy in a year or two. A great many substantial wives are graduated here. Their charms and virtues, if unknown before, soon become so. [illegible] were the British officers by our sharp-shooters at Bunker Hill.

Cobblers have been, time out of mind, almost invariably known as followers of the muses. Whether there is any thing in their profession which tends to arouse the mind and call forth the higher powers of song and poesy, I know not, but should think otherwise, as their productions have generally been either of the amorous, the pathetic, the comic, or the pastoral kind.

Byron alludes to their poetical propensities, and Scott tells us a story of a cobbler, who, while mending his own shoes, used to sing him the offspring of his own muse, and who first awakened in his infantile mind the love of song and poesy.

The following is a verbatim copy of a sign that a cobbler reared over the entrance of his workshop, in one of his moments of inspiration:

"here pize and cake and beer i sel
good oysters stude and in the shel
and fried uns to for them that chuse
and with dispatch black butes and shuse."

The following is a similar burst of poetical enthsiasm:

"Blow o blow ye gentle breezes
All among the leaves and treezes
Sing o sing ye heavenly muses
And i will mend your boots and shuzes."

A GOOD SPECK.—A young lady in London who was handsome and had a fortune of twelve thousand pounds, while she was buying some other small things from a young shopkeeper, with whom she had some trifling acquaintance, took a piece of Flander's lace, and out of mere gaiety and frolic, went hastily out without paying him for it. The shopkeeper, who had a good head for speculation, followed and seized her, and charged her with the theft; and in a serious and peremptory manner, said to her, "Miss, you may take your choice, either to go with me before a magistrate and suffer the penalty of the law for stealing my lace, or go before a clergyman and marry me." After a short pause, and who could blame her? She chose the latter.

A person enquired of Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, why he had, by law, forbidden women on their marriage, to have any dowry; that said he, none on account of poverty may be left unmarried, nor any sought on account of wealth, but that every man regarding the good accomplishments of a lady, may make his selection only from virtue.

Household Service of a Dog.—"I say stranger," said a cottage urchin to a Yankee Pedlar, "don't you whistle that ere dog away."

"Why he aint no use now; he's so ugly."

"O, but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"Why he always licks the plates and dishes so clean, that they never want washing; and mammy says she would'nt part with him no how, for our new dog aint gut used to mustard yet."

"Grandmam," said an urchin to his father's mother, the other day, "the rail-road is coming through our town." "Is it Sish?" said the venerable dame—"well I hope it will come through by daylight, for I long to see one terribly."

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