EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.---No. 34.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 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*.

WATCH & CLOCK MAKING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore, with a well selected assortment of

MATERILS

uihis line of business, which added to his former stock, renders his assortment general and complete, all of which will be manufactured at the shortest notice and on the most pleasing terms. The subscriber flatters himself from his experience in his line of business, and his personal attention to the same, that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may see proper to give him a trial. He has also on hand

New Watches, Watch Chains,
Seals and Keys, Watch-Guards,
Silver Thimbles, Silver Ever Pointed cils.
Silver Scissor-hooks, Silver Shields,
Plain Gold Rings, Razors, & Razor Straps,
Shaving and Tooth Brushes, Penknives,
Scissors, Percussion Caps, and a variety of other useful articles, all of which he offers at a small advance for cash. He invites his customers and the public in general, to give him a call, view his assortment, and he thinks there is no doubt but they will be induced to purchase.

The subscriber returns his thanks to his customers and the public generally, for the very liberal encouragement he has received at their hands, and still hopes by strict and personal attention to business to receive a portion of the public patronage.

The public's humble servant,
JAMES BENNY.

Jan. 2 tf

N. B. The subscriber must remind those persons whose accounts have been standing over six months, that they must call and settle them by the end of the year, and all those who do not call, will find their accounts placed in the hands of officers for collection.
J.B.

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

TAKE NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber are hereby requested to come forward and close their accounts without delay: as he intends settling up his business, he hopes no further notice will be required. They can settle by note or otherwise.

ENNALS ROSZELL.

April 9, tf

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned have associated with them in the Wholesale Grocery and Commision Business, Mr. JOSHUA SENEY. The sbusiness will be continued as heretofore, under the firm of Jacob Ayres & Co, at the old stand No. 76, Pratt St., head of Bowley's Wharf.

JACOB. AYRES & Co.
JOSHUA SENEY.

Baltimore, March 26, 1836

WHO OFFER FOR SALE

Gunpowder, Imperial, Y. Hyson, O. Hyson, Hyson Skin, Tonqua, Pochong, Sochong and Bohea Teas, of the latest importations.

Rio, Java, La-Guira, Porto Rico, Mecha, Angostura and St. Domingo Coffee.

West India, N. O., Brazil, Porto Rico and Muscovada Sugar.

N. O., W. India, Cuba, and S. H. Molasses

Bengal Indigo, Sumatra Blk. Pepper, Company Mace, Jamaica ground Ginger, Race Ginger, Jamaica Pimento, Cassia in Mats. Citnamon, Nutmeggs, Copperas, Alum, Salt Pere, Cloves, Pearl and Common Barley.

Ivica Almonds, Bunch Muscatel, Key and Bniloom Raisins, Red Ochre, Madder, Cayenne Pepper, London Mustard in Botties and Kegs.

City Mills, Howard St. and Richmond Flour.

Sperm Oil, Marseilles and Bordeaux Oil in Flasks and Bottles.

St. Ubes, Turk's Island, Curaco, L. G. Alum and Sack Salt.

Brandy of E. Seignette, Otard Dupy, Polrysson and other Brands, Holland Gin, Pine Apple, Black Horse and Hour Glass Brands, Jamaica, N. O. and St. Croix Rum.

L. P. Maderia, Sicily and Celte Maderia, French Madeira, Port, Red, Sherry, Roussillon, San-Lucar, Dry and Sweet Malaga, Lisbon, and Teneriffe Wines,

With a general assortment of other Goods on accommodating terms.

w4t

ALEXANDER'S
MODERN
ACTING DRAMA.
NEW SERIES,
Embelished with Splendid Engravings.

The publisher has been induced, from the extensive patronage bestowed on his work, may terially to change its typographical appearance and to improve and enlarge its pages—it is all ready 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 mouthly 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—o 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 'nterest 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 most interesting writers of the day.

☞A large and beautiful white sheet, imperial size, FILLED 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

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

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

Tan Bark.

THE Subscribers wish to purchase one hundred and fifty cords of TAN BARK, den livered either at their Tan Yard or at Easto-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

MULES and HORSES.

THE Subscriber will offer at public sale on the Court House Green on Tuesday the 19th inst. at 2 o'clock, a pair of fine young Mules, well grown and broke to harness.

Also, several well broke Horses, and two light Horse Carts, and gear.

WM. C. RIDGAWAY.

April 12—3t

PRIMARY SCHOOL No. 2, IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 1.

THE Trustees of the above School have the gratification to announce that the Male and Female department, will both be open for the reception of scholars on Monday next, the 18th inst. of which parents and guardians will be pleased to take notice.

The Male department will for the present be kept at the Sabbath School room of the Methodist Episcopal Church on West street, near its junction with the Point Road, and the Female department at the room now occupied by Miss Nicols, and Mrs. Scull.

T. R. LOOCKERMAN,
WM. HUSSEY,
SAMUEL ROBERTS.
Trustees.

April 16 4t

POETRY.

From the Saturday Evening Post

HER LAST BLOWS AT PARTING.

A Parody on Moore's Song.—"*Her last words at parting.*"

Her last blows at parting how can I forget?
Deep laid in my head, aye! there will they stay;
She boxed both my ears, they're both ringing yet,
Oh! those sounds to this hour have not melted away,
Let gin shops assail me, they tempt me in vain,
These still breathing words shall my talisman be,
"Remember! you rogue, if in liquor you get,
There's two fists so mellow which beat but for thee."

From the dram shop's sweet well, though the pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of old sherry a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste,
Though far from the tap room I'm doomed to remain,
These words shall my stay in the solitude be—
"Remember! you rogue if in liquor you get,
There's two fists so mellow which beat but for thee."

BROKEN TIES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can severe human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed;
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged.
They meet us in a glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes;
And wondering that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Unclouded, yet remain?—
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies,
That hope unites our souls to heaven
By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang which rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a heavenly rest,
And trust to holier ties.

THINGS IN VENICE.

PADUA, Sept. 28, 1835.

It is time that I was off from Venice, though I was loth to leave so interesting a city,—and yet I should be more loth to have an abiding place upon the waters, where I could never see a horse, a coach, a garden, or seldom feel the high importance of having feet. A gondola, agile and useful as it is, is not a horse, and a canal, even when lined with palaces, is not a road over which you can gallop, or a street upon which you can walk. No wells, no fountains—the rain is collected in reservoirs, and from these reservoirs, the people have their water to drink.—Water, however, is not upon the continent so indispensable an article, where wine is cheap, and within the power of almost every man, though the wine of Venice is acid enough to pass for tolerable vinegar, caused, as it is said, by the proxmimity of the sea. But the old Venetians made up for these wants, by having country houses upon the main land, richly built, and richly ornamented—with gardens adorned with statues of all the Greek and Roman gods, to say nothing of the often strange intermingling of Egyptian idols and Christain saints. Napoleon, however, when he held Venice, gave the Venetians a garden for a promenade, upon their isles—a magnificent work like all of his,—and one of the most beautiful walks in the world is this garden near the Place St. Mark. The despot robbed them of their government, and basely betrayed them to Austria, when he had occasion to make a peace, but nevertheless, his mighty mind was working for Venice wonders of good, and if it had been to this day subject to his most captivating power, it would have rapidly advanced instead of having retrograded. A bridge to connect the city with the main land, was the scheme of Napolon! Though he robbed them of their famous horses, and of some of the superabundance of their arts, to grace his own hall of the Louvre, yet he left behind a substantial good that amply paid them for all their loss of finery.

I did not see "the blood of our Saviour," that the priests treasure up in a vial kept in the church of the Fratri. I did not go to the island of Lido to pick up shells on the beach of the Adriatic. I did not see the Convent of the Armenian monks on the little island of St. Lazzaro, where scholars study the eastern languages, and where they keep a printing press for the publication of works in the Armenian language. I did not see the lady who every day feeds the flocks of pigeons that she has taught to come from all Venice to the Place St. Mark, precisely at 12 o'clock. I did not hear the gondoliers chant the strains of Tasso from bark to bark, or house to house. I did not buy Venetian pearls, the pretty works in glass, the pattern gondolas of gold, or a Venetian golden chain, worked by microscopic glasses—buy them here, if you will,—but I have made a catalogue of them for other travellers if they choose to see and buy. The Veetians to this day, I believe, are the best workers in gold; and though the shops do not sparkle with the wealth of by-gone centuries, still when lighted up at night, the jewellers look like princes in fairy homes. Wo to the man however, who gives them what they ask—Trade and traffic are their rules. One thirl of the price demanded is often too high; more than one half, a prudent man seldom gives—such is the universal mode of trafficking in the shops. There is no knowing the value of any thing by the price demanded for it; and so far is this kind of management carried in Venice, that it is unsafe even to send a coat to a tailor for him to mend, until you know the extent of the price that he expects to demand for his labor.

The future traveller will find these hints useful;—and in order to aid him more, I would advise him as soon as he gets into Italy, to throw off all the false dignity of the over-acting gentleman traveller, and to make travelling as it is, a business, a trade, always demanding "the price" beforehand, for all the lodgings that he enters, all the meals he eats—in short, of every thing that he touches with an intention to take. Thus he will be saved numerous quarrels and impositions every turn he makes, and go along easily, happily, and in a prudent manner. Lodgings for single men in Venice are from 40 to 80 cents a day, depending upon the character of the hotel he visits—breakfast 30 or 40 cents with eggs—dinner 60 or 80 cents in a hotel, with a bottle of wine. But a man who travels in Europe, prudently, seldom or never eats in a hotel, as at the Restaurants and Caffies, the expenses are always less, often less by one half. The English shilling and a half (34 cents) are the ordinary perquisite for domestics in an English hotel, or a franc (19 cents,) in France; but in Venice, a zwanzinger (about 16 cents,) will answer the same purpose, as will a Paul (10 cents,) at Rome, or a curlin (8 cents,) at Naples, such is the difference in the value of money with him to whom the gratuity is given! A young man can live in Venice cheaper than he can live in New York or Boston, with a bottle of wine every day in the bargain.

From the French.

TWO EMOTIONS. It was about sixteen years since that old Gen.—— had withdrawn himself from the world, its pleasures, and the sphere of politics. A soldier from the early days of the empire, his manner of life was changed, and his time given up to the exercise of a double occupation. He consoled himself as well as he could with the gone by dream of glory, and superintended with great diligence the studies of his niece, who with himself, occupied a modest cottage, washed by the pure waters of the Loire, a few miles below Amboise. To his title of preceptor the old general added the still more endearing one of "Comforter." His neice was of that age when the heart vibrates with the softest emotions and the gentlest sympathies—in brief, she loved. A union was about to take place which, for its fulfilment, awaited the return of a young officer of the army, then in Algiers. One evening, "'twas on the edge of summer," a barque driven by the wind and current, laden with young people of both sexes, "gentle dames and gallant squires," was proceeding in the direction of Amboise. The echo of the river repeated the sounds of the light guitar; and the accents of several musical voices were heard from its banks. The young troop were singing the songs of the Loire, compositions so less applicable to the time and place than romantic, and well suiting the occasion

"Let's take this world in some wide scene,
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now rude and now serene,
Together thou and I must float."

The old general saw little save the wreath of blue smoke which was slowly undulating from the bowl of a Turkisk pipe, "the charmer of an idle hour;" but his fair neice was lost in a reverie. The gay party on board had just finished a beatiful canzonette, entitled "Espoir et Letour" and the young maiden, whose thoughts, light as the air which fanned her countenance had flown on wings of love "where Afric's golden rivers flow," leaving behind a sentimental languor not to be controllep, and two big round tears fell almost unconsciously on the hand of the general. "Well, my dear neice," said the veteran, reposing his pipe on the table "are you so weak that a song should affect and distress you?" and the old man laughed loud and long, adding withal some quaint but good humored irony to his remarks. A few moments of silence ensued, and now another boat glides by. It was freighted by the inhabitants and some of the dwellers on the banks of the river. Immediately was heard sounds of rough music, like the clang of arms loud and deafning; while the air gave back the crash of instruments that seemed to rend the firmanent, harsh and discordant "as the din of war." Just then a moonbeam played upon the river boat, and the tri color flag is seen reflected on the blue surface of the water: and now two masculine voices are heard joining the clashing cymbals, and the clarion's trump echoing to the skies the national air,

"Allons, enfanse de la patrie!"

"Uncle, what is the matter? You shed tears—I feel them hot and burning! How is this? Can a song so disturb you, dear uncle?" said the betrothed damsel ironically. "It is not a song," replied the old general; "it is the freeman's cry—the people's voice—the national hymn. Weep, weep tears of joy my child. The romance, 'Du Retour' is worthy of our best sympathies—the women will understand thy appeal, and the old veterans will comprehend mine." In the first boat was the friend and lover returned triumphant from Algiers: in the second the citizens had come to the general, seeking in him a chief pledged to maintain the character and extend far and wide the renown of the old soldiers of La Loire.

LET US HAVE THE BEST.—An eastern farmer went to a clergyman, and inquired of him, "why he did not preach as much Latin and Greek as the minister who preached to them previous to him?"—"Why," said he, "I thought I would make use of such language as I presumed you could understand, and did not suppose that the farmers generally understood Latin and Greek." "O," said the farmer, "I pay for the best, and let us have it; give us as much Latin and Greek as you can spare."

MINE HOSTS, OR INNKEEPER'S WAYS

The following colloquy occurred at a hotel on the Dover road, a short time since. Two gentlemen having dined and stayed all night, called for the bill in the morning, and one of them happened to be within ear-shot when the waiter went to the landlord to have it made out, and over heard the following conversation:—Waiter. Please sir, the gemmen in number five, wants their bill. Landlord—Very well; (taking down a printed form;) lets hear what they had. Waiter—Mock turtle. Landlord—Mock turtle, three shillings. Did they make any remark about it? Waiter—no sir; only they said it was werry good. Landlord—Did they eat of it twice.—Waiter—Yes, sir. Landlord—Go then, mock turtle, five shillings; now go on.—Waiter—Fried sole and shrimp sauce. Landlord—Fried sole, two shillings; shrimp sauce, one shilling.—Did they make any remark about that? Waiter—One of them said that the fish was werry fresh. Indeed! then fried sole, three shillings; shrimp sauce, one shilling and six pence. now go on. Waiter, Small leg of Welch mutton, potatoes and French beans. Landlord—Mutton, five shillings; potatoes, one shilling; French beans, five shillings; rather early for French beans, isn't it. Waiter—Yes, sir; both the gemmen remarked that it was werry early. Landlord—Oh, then, French beans, ten shillings.—*English paper.*

A young Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked about him and very soon made such a selection as suited him, and was not long in striking a bargain and settling the preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman to perform the ceremony "But are you *prepared* for such an important change in life?" said the reverend gentleman "I guess I be," says Jonathan, "for I have got my land *just* paid for, and own a good yoke of steers and a cow." "Very well," said the holy man with a long breath and sober face, "all these worldly things may be very proper in their place, to be sure—but have you ever thought of *salvation?*" This was a poser.—*Sall Vation,*" says Jonathan, "who in thunder is *she?*"

MANAGEMENT OF COLTS.—The abusing of colts in the first winter, is why they prove so bad—for farmers seldom allow their weaned colts any food except hay, and that is too often of an inferior quality. Thus are they stinted in their growth the first winter to such a degree, they never get the better of it. Colts should have the best of clover hay, and their rapid growth would amply compensate the owner for a few bushels of oat meal and bran, to be given them through the winter. In some countries they allow a young colt fifteen bushels of oats. After the first winter they will need no extraordinary feeding till they grow up. We believe if this plan were followed we should soon see an improvement in our breed of horses. And it is reasonable to suppose they would be capable of doing much more work, and be likely to hold out to a greater age.

FACETIÆ ANTIQUÆ.—A lawyer had taken away a cow from a poor man, who complained thereof to the King. I will hear what he will say to the matter, quoth the King. "Nay, my Lord," said the poor man, "if you hear him speak, then have I surely lost my cow indeed."

TO PRESERVE GRAIN.—It is said to have been lately ascertained, that Rye, by being packed up after thrashing, with the chaff, is thereby preserved from insects and rats, that in this way it has been kept for three years, and without the necessity of being turned or moved, to prevent humidity. Wheat, and other grams, though the experiment has not yet been tried, may probably be thus safely kept.

A BROTHERLY JOKE.—Sir William, when young, was so accustomed to carry some weapon with him; which habit he continued till the day of his death. One night, on leaving the Court of Examiners at the College, he missed his favored hanger, which had more than once served him as a weapon of defence in early life: His servant was unable to give any account of it; which induced Sir William to exclaim with some energy, "It must be found, for with it I am in fear of no one, not even the devil himself" A member of the court who was by, shrewdly remarked, "if that is the case, he had better have it put into his coffin with him."

A young ensign complaining of the smallness of his apartments at the barracks, after many attempts at a simile, compared them to a *nut shell*, on which a friend congratulated him, as by dwelling in a *nut shell*, he had attained the rank of *Kernel*.

A POINT OF HONOUR.—A debating society in a town "down east," one evening untook to discuss the question, "whether intemperance or office hunting is productive of the most evil in the United States?" A worthy deacon, contending against the former, proposed to show its effects on its victims. "in eternity." "Stop, stop," cried the chairman, "that's out of the United States"

A jolly son of Neptune, who had just arrived in a brig at Salem, Mass., being asked the usual question. "Did *you* bring home any shells, sir?" "*O* yes there are bushels of them down in the forecastle." "What are you going to do with them?"—"The mate is going to throw them overboard." The man went down to look at them. "Where do they lay?" said he. "There they are," said Jack, pointing to a tremondous pile of nut shells.

"Talking of storms," said Paddy, the other day, to a friend of ours, "at Pembroke, my dear sir, we had the heaviest I ever saw, considering the size of the town."

We are informed that the corporate authorities of the City of Washington have recently burned $43,979 of due bills, and passed a law prohibiting a further issue, and to break up the plates for printing them.—*Globe.*

A woman in Ohio recently applied for a divorce, and one of the principal reasons for so doing was, that her husband snored so loud that it was impossible to sleep.

The Portland Courier announces the death of Maj. Jack Downing. His funeral was the largest that ever took place in Downingville—all were mourners, but the company dispensed with *weeds*, it being too early in the season for any sort of green vegetables. His funeral service was performed by Elder Pennyroyal of the Mormon connexion, who took for his text that celebrated passage in the Book of Jasher—'he lifted his voice like a loon: he lo! like a loon he lifted it up!'—[Augusta Banner.]

"Is this real hoggany," said a green horn, who was astonished at the lustre of an elegant mahogany table in a gentleman's parlor, at the same time taking out his jack-knife, and shaving off a large slice of the edge—"Wall, I wow, tis, aint it?"

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who in the battle of knives and forks, accidetally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, freind, don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for goodness' sake, or the rest of us will starve to death."

THE GREAT MATCH RACE.—A letter received in this city states that the great match race, four mile heats, between *Argyle* and *John Bascomb*, came off, as advertised, on Tuesday last, over the Augusta course, and was won by John Bascomb the first heat, distancing Argyle. Large bets were pending on the result, which is said to have disappointed the "*knowing ones*" to the tune of thousands.—*Balt. Chron.*

We understand that the famous trotting horse "Top Gallant" died a few days since.

A professional scribe (a Persian) being applied to by some one to write a letter, replied that he had something the matter with his foot. "Of what consequence is that?" said the applicant, "I do not want you to carry the letter." "No returned the other, "but if I write a letter, I am sure to be sent for to read it—for no one else can."

A FORCED MARRIAGE.—Sir William Scott, third laird of Harden, being made prisoner by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, in a bloody border feud, was condemned to loose his head, or to marry Agnes, a daughter of his captor, known by the descriptive appellation of "Muckle mouthed Meg." To the latter alternative he consented, but not before he had ascended the scaffold; he lived with the lady, however, long and happily, and had by her eight children; from the eldest son springs the present laird of Harden, (who is now claiming before the House of Lords the title of Polwaith,) and from the third lineally descended the late Sir Walter Scott.

SNORING.

A writer in the Literary Messenger thus describes a serenade of snores in a crowded steam boat cabin:—Such were the sounds above, which afforded to the hundreds of sleepers in a discordant lullaby, sufficiently hostile to repose, one would think, to drive slumber from the eyes of Somnus himself. But all this mortal pother o'er our heads, was less distracting than the concert of discords which was in a course of performance immediately around, comparatively, it is true, in a MINOR KEY. One hundred and fifty WIND INSTRUMENTS, of various constructions and dimensions, were playing *ad libitum*, in every diversity of tone and time, concertos, tantasias, and airs, which breathed any thing but heaven. Here could be heard the mournful strain of proboscis which seemed attuned to melancholy; there the fierce blast of nostrils which emulated the magic horn of the wild huntsman, while in ludicrous contrast hard by, were heard the stifled eruptions of a snort, which might have been taken for a rehearsal by an experienced porker.

One drew his breath with painful squeal and low whistle, and puffed it forth as he would have done in extinguishing a candle; another began in a gentle strain, "like the sweet south, breathing upon a bed of violets," gradually rising to a full and manly tone, still gaining strength as it advanced, now louder and more rapid, dashing onward with alarming impetuosity, louder, louder still—and now, the very brink of this musical cataract having been reached, a crash ensued, like the termination of that terrific passage in the overture of Der Freyschutz, which almost freezes the blood. The explosion passed, this fantastic nose commenced again its tender strains, and heavy bass, deep, solemn, and monotonous, like the muttering of distant thunder, or the roar of the vexed ocean heaving its waves on the shore after a storm. Another, with teeth compressed, seemed to draw in breath repeatedly; without respiration, and suddenly to disembogue this over supply of air, with a single emphatic snort, which threw his mouth open to its full extent. Some squealed continuously, some groaned, and others whistled through their mouths in drawing in breath, and through their noses in respiring it."

"Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil of Tom Cooke, the musician. "An apothecary's shop," answered the wag; "because, if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *vial-in.*

GOURMANDISM.—A man of property, who had for years been abusing his stomach, at last found his health on a rapid decline. Nature could enduro it no longer.

He went to consult the celebrated Dr. —Spring, of Watertown, Mass. He stated the symptoms of his case so clearly that the learned physician could not mistake the nature of the disease. "I can cure you Sir," said he, "if you follow my advice." The patient promised most implicitly to do so. "Now," says the doctor, "you must steal a horse!" "What! steal a horse" "You will then be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

An old writer says, "the Spaniards are eagles on their horses, lions in their fastnesses, women in the open field."

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