EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.—No. 29.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1836.

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE,
Printed and published by
GEORGE W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER 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*.

POETRY.

THE LAST MAID OF MANY.

Tune—"The last rose of summer."

From the Aberdeen Herald.

She's the last maid of many left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are married and gone;
Not a maid of her standing—no old one is nigh
To delight her with scandal, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou alone one! to pine at thy side,
Since thy cronies are married, let's marry like them.
Thus fondly I clasp thee, old girl! to my breast,
And vow that no young one could make me so blest'd.

'Tis wisdom to marry, when linen's decay,
And the buttons from shirt-necks and wrists drop away
When old things want mending, and can't be put on,
Oh! who would inhabit a garret alone?

THE POOR LITTLE MAID

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her, do all what she can,
And this form should be that of a handsome young man
Sly neighbours will whisper thee, good lack-a-day!
The poor little maid's in a very sad way!

When of her own friends she begins to grow shy;
sigh;
When, though witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,
And people wonder what's come to the girl all at once,
Sly neighbours will whisper then, good lack-a-day!
The poor little maids in a very bad way!

JACK BROWN.

Jack Brown, who was a sailor once,
And sailed with gallant *Porter*,
Was sitting in a *Porter*-house,
Escaped from storm and slaughter;
On *water* he had lived—but now
He *lived* on *rum* and *water*.

When midnight *struck*, it *struck* the host
That Jack was corn'd—he said,
"'Tis time Jack Brown for honest folks
You know to be abed,
And rogues about their business,
So please to heave ahead;"

Said Jack "Since you are coming to
The *pint* I guess I'll go,
But I must have another *gill*,
My *spirits* are so low;
For every *Jack* must have his *Gill*
The proverb says—you know."

Then said the landlord, "Mr. *Brown*,
"Tis plain you're getting *blue*,
And your account is running large,
Therefore it now I do
Give you the *staff*, next time look sharp
To bring the *blunt* with you."

Then Jack he wore and "tumbled out,"
And down the hill he run.
He never *reeled* so much before
Though yams he oft had *spun*:
The sky "hung out false lights" for he
Saw two for every one.

He came unto a brook o'er which
Was placed a log or rail,
Thought Jack it is a dangerous *feat*,
And if my *feet* should fail,
I'll surely "*kick the bucket*," and
He turned a *little pale*.

He looked into a running stream,
Which set his brains a-gog,
And though a sailor, he alas!
He could not "*keep the log*."
He reeled and *tumbled* in the brook—
A Tumbler *full* of Grog.

Jack *Brown* was done, he quickly took
A *sealing* voyage—where
There was a mighty waterfall,
So high 'twould make you stare.
And Jack went down the *rapids quick*—
Oh! what a *fall* was there.

Next day a crowner's 'quest was held
The evidence to hear,
And on the book in words like these
The verdict doth appear—
That writer with a pack too much
Had brought him to his bier.

MARRIED AND UNMARRIED LADIES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

(From Mrs. Trollope's Paris and the Parisians.)

Last night we were at a ball,—or rather, I should say, a "*soiree dansante*;" for at the season though people may dance from night to morning, there are no balls. But, let it be called by what name it may, it could not have been more gay and agreeable were this the month of January instead of May.

There were several English gentlemen present, who, to the great amusement of some of the company, uniformly selected their partners from among the young ladies. This may appear very natural to you; but here it is thought the most unnatural proceeding possible.

To a novice in French society, there is certainly no circumstance so remarkable as the different positions which the unmarried hold in the drawing-rooms of England and *le salons* of France. With us, the prettiest things to look at, and the partners first sought for the dance, are young girls. Brilliant in the perfection of youthful bloom, graceful and gay as young fawns in every movement of the most essentially juvenile of all exercises, and eclipsing the dight elegance of their own toilet by loveliness that leaves no eyes to study its decoration,—it is they who, in spite of diamonds and of blonde, of wedded beauty or of titled grace, ever appear to be the principal actors in a ball-room. But they manage these matters quite otherwise in France.

Unfortunately, it may sometimes happen among us, that a coquettish matron may be seen to lead the giddy waltz with more sprightliness than wisdom; but she always does it at the risk of being *not noticed* in some way or other, more or less gravely, by almost every person present;—nay, I would by no means encourage her to be very certain that her tonish partner himself would not be better pleased to whirl round the mazy circle, with one of the slight, light, sylph-like creatures he sees flying past him, than with the most fashionable married woman in London.

But in Paris all this is totally reversed; and what is strange enough, you will find in both countries that the reason assigned for the difference between them arises from national attention to good morals.

On entering a French Ball-room, instead of seeing the youngest and loveliest part of the company occupying the most conspicuous places, surrounded by the gayest men, and dressed with the most studied and becoming elegance, you must look for the young things quite in the back ground, soberly and quietly attired and almost wholly eclipsed beneath the more full blown beauties of their married friends.

It is really marvellous, considering how very much prettier a girl is at eighteen than she can possibly be some dozen years afterwards, to see how completely fashion will nevertheless have its own way, making the worse positively appear the better beauty.

All that exceeding charm and fascination which is lavished, and always attributed to an unmarried girl, is withdrawn and altogether to her after she becomes a wife. A young French girl, "*parfaitement bien élevée*," *looks*..... *parfaitement bien élevée*, but it must be confessed also, that she looks at the same time as if her governess (and a sharp one) were looking over her shoulder. She will be dressed, of course, with the nicest precision and most exact propriety; her corsets will forbid a wrinkle to appear in her robe, and her *frisseur* dare not permission to any single hair that might wish to deviate from the station appointed for it by his stiff control. But if you would see that graceful perfection of the toilet, that unrivalled *agaceric* of costume which distinguishes a Frenchwoman from all others in the world, you must turn from mademoiselle to madame. The very sound of the voices, too, is different. It should seem as if the heart and soul of a French girl were asleep, or at least dozing, till the ceremony of marriage awakened them. As long as it is mademoiselle who speaks, there is something monotonous, dull, and uninteresting in the tone, or rather in the tune of her voice; but when madame addresses you, all the charms that manner, cadence can bestow is sure to greet you.

In England, on the contrary, of all the charms peculiar to youthful loveliness, I know none so remarkable as the unconstrained, natural, sweet, and joyous sound of a young girl's voice. It is as delicious as the notes of the lark, when rising in the freshness of morning to meet the sun. It is not restrained, held in, and checked into tameness by any fear lest it should too early show its syren power.

Even in the dance itself, the very arena for the display of youthful gracefulness, the young French girl fails, when her well taught steps are compared with the easy, careless, fascinating movements of the married woman.

In the simple kindness of manner too, which, if there were no other attraction, would ever suffice to render an unaffected, good natured young girl charming, there must be here a cautious restraint. A *demoiselle Française* would be prevented by *bienseance* from showing it, were she the gentlest hearted creature breathing.

A young Englishman of my acquaintance, who, though he had been a good deal in French society, was not initiated into the mysteries of female education, recounted to me the other day an adventure of his, which is germain to the matter, though not having much to do with our last night's ball. This young man had for a long time been very kindly received in a French family, had repeatedly dined with them, & in fact, considered himself as admitted to their house on the footing of an intimate friend.

The only child of this family was a daughter rather pretty, but cold, silent, and repulsive in manner, almost awkward, and utterly uninteresting. Every attempt to draw her into conversation had ever proved abortive, and though often in her company the Englishman hardly thought she could consider him as an acquaintance.

The young man returned to England; but after some months again revisited Paris. While standing one day in earnest contemplation of a picture at the Louvre, he was startled at being suddenly addressed by an extremely beautiful woman, who in the kindest and most friendly manner imaginable, asked him a multitude of questions—made a thousand inquiries after his health—invited him earnestly to come and see her, and concluded by exclaiming, "Mais c'est qu siecle depais que je vous ai vu."

My friend stood gazing at her with equal admiration and surprise. He began to remember that he had seen her before, but when or where, he knew not. She saw his embarrassment and smiled. "Vous ma'avez oublie donc" said she: "Je m'appels Egle de P——. Mais je suis maree . . ."

But to return to our bad.

And I saw the married women taken out to dance one after another; till at last there was not a single man left, I felt myself getting positively angry, for notwithstanding the assurance given by my ignorant, countryman, there were still at least half a dozen French girls unprovided with chevaliers.

They did not, however, look by so many degrees so sadly disappointed as English girls would do did the same misfortune betide them. They, like the poor eels, were used to it; and the gentlemen, too, were cruelly used to the task of tortue—making their pretty little feet beat time upon the whole, while they watched the happy wedded in pairs—swim before their eyes in mazes which they would most gladly have threaded after them.

When at length all the married ladies, young and old, were duly provided for, several stiff and very respectable looking gentlemen emerged from corners and sofas, and presenting themselves to the young expectants, were accepted with quiet, graceful smiles, and permitted to lead them to the dance.

Old ladies like myself, whose fate attaches them to the walls of a ball-room, are accustomed to find their consolation and amusement from various sources.—First, they enjoy such conversation as they can catch, or, if they will sit tolerably silent, they may often hear the prettiest airs of the season exceedingly well played. Then the whole arena of twinkling feet is open to their criticism and admiration. Another consolation, and frequently a very substantial one, is found in the supper,—nay, sometimes a passing ice will be caught to cheer the weary watcher. But there is another species of amusement, the general avowal of which might lead the younger part of the civilized world to wish that old ladies were blind. I allude to the quiet contemplation of half a dozen sly flirtations that may be going on round them,—some so well managed!—some so clumsily.

But upon all these occasions, in England, though well behaved old ladies will always take especial care not to see that their young shall been seen, they still look about them with no feeling of restraint—no consciousness that they would rather be anywhere else than spectators of what is going forward near them. They feel, at least I am sure I do, a very comfortable assurance that the fair one is engaged not in marring, but in making her fortune. Here again I may quote the often-quoted, and say, "They manage all these matters differently at least, if not better in France."

In England, if a woman is seen going through all the manœuvres of the flirting exercise, from the first animating reception of the "How d'ye do" to the last soft consciousness which fixes the eyes immovable on the floor, while the head, inclined seems willing to indulge the happy ear in receiving intoxicating draught of *parfait amour*,—which this is seen in France assured that she is not married, but here, without scandal or the shadow of scandal be it spoken, one feels equally well assured that she is. She may be a widow, or she may flirt in the innocence of her heart, because it is the fashion; but she cannot do it, because she is a young lady intending to be married.

INFLUENCE OF A WIFE.

"Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edwrad F——passionately to his wife. The night had passed, but its cold wind had entered the house, as Mrs. F——with sorrowful heart undid the lock.

"It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself into a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his arm round his fathers neck, whispered, "Papa, what has mama been crying for?" Mr. F——started and shook off his boy; and said with violence, "Get to bed, sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour?"—The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up and when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him—but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him.

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, what you used to be! Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward—for Heaven's sake tell me!—we are ruined, is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well be it so, Edward!—our children may suffer from our fall, but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me, if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband; it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F——went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband.—"Mary is at the door; she says you always kissed her before she went to bed."

"My child, my child," said the father, "God bless you; I am not very well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me to-night. Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again."

Mr. F——was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now the ruin he had brought upon them, was an awakening reality. When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he replied calmly; "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy—he was proud of me. It is true I have acted dishonorably by him, and should, no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife has completely altered me. I will make up for it—I will—indeed I will. Nay don't grieve me in this way—this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast-room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In short time Mr. F——returned.

"We must sink, my love! He will not assist me. He upbraided me,—I did not, I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones, but he cast us off forever!"

The distressed man had scarcely said this, when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F——'s father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mama," whispered Mary, "must my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F——doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried out the little boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind in you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife, my children!—you have no right to harrass them with your presence."

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F——, "think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you from your childhood as he has done, but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days—he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly but nervously answered thus:

"Madam, I have not forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows—but let not the world think him unfeeling, especially as that world taught him to be so. The distress (but I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets a vice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by degrees. I knew Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap was sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the laughing-eyed young pet yet of a—papa!—of a—an old fool!—for why should I not? Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and without uttering a word, pressed his hand and put her handkerchief to her eyes. The boy also now left his parents, and walked up to his grandfather, and leaning his elbows on the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheek, said, "Then you won't take papa away?"

"No, you little impudent rascal; but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after."

"Thus came happiness at the heel of ruin. If husbands oftener appreciated the exquisite and heavenlike affection of their wives, many happier firesides would be seen. "One in love and one in mind," ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check improvidence, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

THE WIFE'S WAGER.

A Modern Waimsicality in the History of Wedded Life.

"Done!"—"Done!"

"And have I actually said 'done' What *have* I done? Well, no matter the wager is laid, and now I have nothing to do but to win it. And win it I will; or say there is no wit in a wife, and that a husband is the very wisest of all the beasts of the field."

A lady who thus expressed her confidence in the superior cralticness of wedded woman, did not, it must be owned, hazard a false estimate of her own powers. True, she had ventured upon a daring wager—she had a difficult *path* before her, a cunning species of *prey* to entrap, but, as she said, there is always a turn-snare; but, as she said, there is always a turning in the longest "lane," and the slyest "fox" is sure to be captured at last.

Besides, she had experience in her favor, and the advantage of a perfect knowledge of the habits and dispositions of the prey she had to catch. This sounds oddly too, for the prey happened to be her lawful lord and master; and, as in the case of child and father, it may be truly said it is a wise wife who knows her own husband. But having once been taken in the matrimonial wires, he might be re-captured. "Who listens once will listen twice."

They had been married in the usual form, and separated with the usual ceremony. She was a beauty, he was born with eyes. She was the grace of a gay circle, he was inspired with the ambition of transferring her to a domestic one. She was admired by every body, he was resolved upon possessing what every body admired. They committed matrimony, & found themselves mistaken. The clergyman's duties performed, the attorney's commenced; the bonds of Wedlock were virtually broken by the bonds of common-law; they parted quite as joyfully as they had met, and each entered once again and upon a course of single blessedness.

The separation had been of some continuance; the wife was rather gay, the husband a little graver; her heart was evidently very far from being broken, his mind was not very likely to fall a prey to insanity, sustained as it was by a proper pride and conscientious self-approval. In general, the elegant retirement and delightful composure of his splendid park was enough for him—the irresistible fascinations of the most brilliant circle of London society were always sufficient for her. We—men are always contented, and so are men, when they can gratify their tastes, and obtain what best pleases them. Moderation is the ruling principle in human nature. Nobody desires more than just the accomplishment of his wishes.—Is it not unreasonable to expect him to be satisfied with less?

So they lived "this disunited," but not exactly "scared in heart." Of all things within the limits of wedlock-wonder, it seemed most absurd to suppose that the Two would ever again become One. The mountain was as likely to march towards Mahomet as the Separated to rejoin. The movement never *would* take place on her part, it never *could* on his.

When it is quite impossible for a thing to happen, there is an excellent opportunity of wagering that it will. The wager was laid; the lady engaged to "lure her gentle lassel back again"—to recall her retired partner—to falter the child of freedom once more—to bring her former suitor to her feet as of old—in short, to prevail upon her stern and stubborn knight to re-enter the matrimonial lists, and sue to be allowed to try another passage at arms. The thing seemed impracticable; but to London he must be lured; and an overture he must be prevailed upon to make ere a certain day arrived, or an opportunity gaining immortal glory (besides a considerable sum of money, but then who cares about that?) would be lost for ever.

"Done! done!" And how is the "knowing one" to be done? By what silken thread, or invisible hair, is he to be gently and imperceptibly drawn out of his married bachelorship, and persuaded that there is still a heart, all his own, by the laws of love and of the land, beating for him with unexpressed, because inexpressible affection? By a thousand ways; among others, by letters insinuatingly written and dexterously despatched, by well-timid whispers from disinterested lips, by half suppressed words uttered by mutual friends, and deep-drawn sighs of sincere regret that people formed for each other in every respect should persist in living apart, and embittering the otherwise "nectared sweets" of their existence. These to be craftily followed by a hint that this perseverance is all on one side, on the side of him from whom explanation ought to come; that the fair sufferer is restrained only by the natural delicacy of her sex, and the peculiar sensitiveness of her individual character, from drying close up to his park gates, and praying for admittance, as one whose all of earthly hope and worldly happiness was enclosed within them.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

This was the great philosophical truth which (so he was insensibly won to think) had taken possession of her mind. Flirtations only increased the fervor of this sacred flame—gaiety round of pleasures the year throughout) only added fuel to it—the heat of the Opera made it burn yet brighter, the airs of a race course fanned it into fury. Every thing she did denoted the consuming passion that raged within. She sought gaiety and dissipation as a relief. Her friends thought her happy, to hide her secret sorrow—nothing more; she was the idol of a score of laughing young men, who formed a guard of honor as she moved through the maze of fashion; but she only condescended to gossip and be glad in the presence of a host of worshippers, to conceal her boundless reverence and unfathomable affection for *one*; and then that one was her husband, whose duty it was to guard such an impersonation of grace from peril, and to snatch her from the whirl of folly are yet she was drawn into its innermost depths. When *he* reflected upon this, how injured and how innocent did she appear in his eyes.

Another volley of whispers, a few more hints—a letter or two, with a particularly expressive postcript, setting forth the principle of woman's pride, and the indelicacy attached it her going down into the country to ask her husband to consent to a re-union—had the desired effect, in determining him to drive up to town and propose the identical remedy for all their grievances to his changed and now unchangeable wife.

"Yes," he whispered in his own ear, "she loves me. I can no longer doubt it. Why loiter then in these lonely and desolate shades? The sun shines only in London."

Perhaps the most rapid journey that has been accomplished the day of Turpin's trip to York, was performed by the gentleman, who has just expressed his conviction that Felicity had taken a town residence, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival. Rail-road rapidity fell far behind his rate of progress—in fact he was in town in no time; and among the most musical and heart-stirring sounds he had ever heard, was the loud, long knock which his servant performed at the door of No.— but we need not quote the "Court Guide" on the occasion.

The knock sounded not less harmoniously upon the ears of a lady within—she had anticipated it, she almost heard in its quick eager notes the announcement which immediately succeeded—the arrival of the person she most longed for. The card was given in—the messenger who bore it to his mistress up stairs was more than usually flurried in his looks and hurried in his flight. But we shall not attempt to describe the face with which in a few minutes he made his reappearance, and delivered his mistress's answer to the expectant and anxious visiter.—"Very much obliged—very sorry—very particularly engaged with Mr. Thomas Fanshury—very happy to see him another day." &c.

Rapid as the trip to town had been, it was remarked that the wheels of the carriage rolled still faster on their return to the Park.

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

"You're an infernal scoundrel," said a fierce looking gentleman, the other day, coming up, in great wrath, to a Yankee who was standing quietly on the sidewalk—"you're an infernal scoundrel, sir"

"That's news to me," replied the Yankee, quietly.

"News you scoundrel—do you call in news?"

"Entirely so."

"You need'nt think to carry it off so quietly, I say you're an infernal scoundrel, and I'll prove it."

"I beg you will not—I should'nt like to be proved a scoundrel."

"No, I care say you would'nt. But answer me directly—did you or did you not say, in presence of certain ladies of my acquaintance, that I was a mere—

"Calf! O no, sir, the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"The truth! Do you presume to call me a calf, sir?"

"O no, I call you—nothing."

"It's well you do, for if you had presumed to call me—

"A man, I should have been grossly mistaken."

"Do you mean to say I am not a man, sir?"

"That depends on circumstances."

"What circumstances."

"If I should be called on evidence in a court of justice, I should be bound to speak the truth."

"And you would say I was not a man, hey?" Do you see this cow skin."

"Yes, and I've seen it with surprise, ever since you came up."

"With surprise! Why, did you suppose I was such a coward that I dare not use the article when I thought it was demanded?

"Shall I tell you what I thought?"

"Do—if you dare."

"I thought to myself, what use has a CALF for a cow skin."

"You distinctly call me a calf, then?"

"If you insist upon it you may."

"You hear, gentlemen," said he, speaking to the by standers—"do you hear the insult. What shall I do with the scoundrel?"

Dress him! Dress him, exclaimed twenty voices, with shouts and laughter.

"That I'll do at once." Then turning again to the Yankee, he cried out fiercely, "come one step this way, you rascal, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life."

"I've no occasion."

"You're a coward."

"Not on your word."

"I'll prove it by flogging you out of your skin."

"I doubt it."

"I am a liar then, am I?"

"Just as you please."

"Do you hear that gentlemen?

"Ay!" was the unanimous response.

"You can't avoid dressing him now."

"O heavens grant me patience! I shall fly out of my skin."

"It will be so much the better for your pocket. Calf skins are in good demand."

"I shall burst."

"Not here in the street, I beg of you. It would be disgusting."

"Gentlemen, can I any longer avoid flogging him?"

"Not if you are able," was the reply.

"At him!"

Thus provoked, thus stirred up and enraged, the fierce gentleman went like lightning at the Yankee. But before he could strike a blow, he found himself disarmed of his cow skin and lying on his back under the spout of a neighbouring pump, where the Yankee had carried him to cool his rage—and before he could recover from his astonishment, at such unexpected handling, he was as wet as a lbrice drowned rat, from the cataracts of water which his grave antagonist had liberally pumped upon him. His courage by this time, had, like that of valiant Bob Acres, "oozed out at the palms of his hands;" and he declared, as he arose and went dripping away from the pump, that he never would trust to quiet appearances again and the devil might undertake to cow skin a cool Yankee, for him.

SCENES IN THE THEATRE AT RIO.—In addition to the bad pieces, one's life is not always safe in the theatre, now that it has assumed a patriotic character. A new national melodrama had been announced. The fandango was over, and I would fain have sought the open air to cool my boiling blood; but I could not make my way through the joyous expecting throng, and was compelled to see the wretched local drama.—Truth to tell, I had fallen asleep, and my fancy was dancing the fandango, when I was suddenly awakened by the cry of the Republic! for ever! A hundred voices replied, The Republic! The Republic! a significant echo afterwards put to shame. (This was after the fall of Pedro I.) "*Viva Don Pedro segundo*. Anglice Don Pedro II. forever, now rang from the dandies and fine ladies; whilst Viva Don Pedro Premiero! the first resound from the pit and same of the boxes. The curtain fell, the gas-lights gradually went out, poniard flashed, the riot had begun. A *Juiz de paz* Justice of the peace now presented his awful corpulence above the satin cush on of his box, and yawning, enjoined tranquility, with the usual Portoguese accompaniment of execrations. The youth who had at first shouted for the Republic answered by a gesture to course for description, and a few analogous words.—The magistrate accepted the challenge, and command the officer on duty to load, guard the doors, and suffer none of the criminals including the whole audience to escape. The moment that the soldiers showed themselves with bayonets fixed at the open doors, several pistol shots were fired at them from the pit and boxes, and the infuriated multitude rushed upon them like a storm-driven torrent. The *Juiz de paz* now lost patience and collectedness; trembling he leaned against the pillars of his box, and gave the command to fire. Fogo, fire thundered the officer to his men. The balls rattled amongst the thickest of the crowd, and upwards of thirty lay dead or wounded upon the ground. The intoxication of zeal was gone the enfrenzied people had been let blood; all now broke through the guards, and every one betook himself quietly to his home. * * The immoderate valour of the *paiz de paz* was rewarded by a few months imprisonment.—*Sadler's Residence in Brazil.*

A Dutchman was indicted for bigamy. He confessed the charge, but plead in extenuation that the squire who married him authorized him to take sixteen wives.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the judge.

"Well," said Hans, "he told me dat I schuld hab *four* better, *four* worse, *four* richer, *four* poorer—and in my country, *four* times *four* always make sixteen."

A clergymen asked a lad whom he found reading the bible, who was the wickedest man? "Moses to be sure, sir" said the boy. "Moses!" exclaimed the parson, "how could that be?" "Why," said the lad, he broke all the commandments at once.

An Elephant being advertised as newly arrived in a town, it was asked if he was to remain any time. I suppose so gravely answered the gentleman, for I observe he brought a very large trunk with him.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4925_scm13074-0501