EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.---No. 96

EASTON, MARYLAND SEMI-WEEKLY. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 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.*

THE SATURDAY NEWS AND LITERARY GAZETTE

A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Devoted to literature, Criticism, the Fine Arts, General Intelligence, News, &c.

Price Two Dollars per annum—payable in advance.

On Saturday, July 2, 1836, the subscribers will commence, in Philadelphia, the publication of a new weekly newspaper under the above title.

The *News* will embrace every variety of light literature, including, Tales, Poetry, Essays Criticism, Notices of the Fine Arts, the Drama, &c. The original matter will be supplied by writers of the first eminence. A regular correspondence will be maintained with Washington, and the principal Cities of the Union, and arrangements are in progress by which letters from Europe will be constantly furnished.

Attention will be paid to securing at the earliest possible date the choicest productions of the English periodical press. Popular novels will occasionally be given, though they will not be suffered to interfere with a general variety. The latest news, and all items of interesting intelligence will invariably form part of the contents.

The *News* will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest class, and will furnish as large an amount of reading matter as any weekly paper now published in this country. It will be conducted in a spirit of the most fearless independence. All allusion to party politics or sectarian religion will be carefully avoided.

LOUIS A. GODEY,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,
MORTON McMICHAEL.

Agents of this paper will be allowed the usual commission

Six copies furnished for ten dollars.

All payments to be made in advance.

Orders, free of postage, must be addressed to

L. A. GODEY, & Co.
No. 10 Walnut St. Phila'd

NEW FIRM.

BELL & STEWART

Beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the

Coach, Gig & Harness Making

in Easton at the old stand at the North end of Washington Street for many years kept by Joseph Parrott, and recently by John W. Mills, where they intend carrying on the above business in all its various branches. The subscribers having [illegible] carefully brought up to the business, they [illegible] flatter themselves that they will be able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom, as they intend to keep constantly on hand the best materials and employing experienced workmen. They will also pledge themselves to work on the most reasonable terms for cash or country produce.

April 5 3m law.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to the late firm of Wilson & Taylor, are requested to come forward and settle their accounts. The subscriber will be in Easton, at the store of Stevens & Rhodes, every Tuesday from the 23d, until Tuesday, 1st of November, after which date, the accounts will be placed in an officers hands for collection, according to law.

JACOB C. WILSON.

aug 20 tf

Wanted.

TO hire by the year at liberal wages a free or slave negro boy. Enquire at this office.

Oct 15 tf

NEW SADDLERY.

WILLIAM W. HIGGINS

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a handsome assortment of

SADDLERY.

Country Merchants, can be supplied upon as accomodating terms as in either Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Easton Oct. 29 3t

New fall Goods.

W. H. & P. GROOME

HAVE just received from Philadelphia their fall supply of goods, consisting of a general assortment of

Dry Goods, Hardware, Cutlery, Liquors, Groceries, China, Glass, Queens-ware. &c.

Among which are superior Old Hyson and Imperial Teas, family Flour, Cheese Sperm Oil &c.

Oct. 8 6wcow

Denton Hotel

FOR RENT.

TO RENT for one or more years, that well known and commodious Brick Tavern, situate in the town of Denton, at present and for some years past occupied by Mr. Abraham Griffith, and known by the name of the

DENTON HOTEL.

This property is commodious and comfortable and possesses many advantages as a public house. To a man well calculated to conduct it, an opportunity offers for doing a profitable business. Possession will be given on the first day of January next. Those wishing to rent are requested to examine the property For terms apply to James Sangston, Esq Denton, or to

JOHN SNOW, Agent.
near Hillsborough, Caroline county Md.

Sept 10 tf

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intending to decline farming, will sell at private sale and on a liberal credit, his stock of

Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs,

Also, husbanding utensils. This stock consist of 10 head of horses, 16 head of cattle, 42 head sheep, and 24 head of hogs, 2 yoke of oxen.

G. TURBUTT.

N. B. I have about 100 bushels of good white wheat fit for seed.

G. T

Oct 15 tf

To Persons in Want of Money

"Nothing venture, nothing gain!"

$500

Sold and cashed this week.

Persons desirous to obtain chances for splendid prizes in Lotteries drawing every week, have only to call at

NEWNAM'S LUCKY OFFICE,

nearly opposite the Bank, where they can try their luck, and receive thousands of dollars as soon as drawn.

Aug 20

$200 REWARD

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Saturday 15th inst a negro man named Noah Pinder about 21 years of age, 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high and very black. Noah had several kinds of clothing, among them I recollect a steel mixed frock coat, white hat, a palm hat and perhaps a black hat, and a pair tow pantaloons. I will give one hundred dollars if he is taken in the county, one hundred and fifty dollars if out of the county and within the State, and the above Reward of 200 dollars if taken out of the State, if he be delivered to me in either case or secured so that I get him.

WILLIAM ROACH.
East New-Market.

July 30

Latest Fashions.

JOHN SATTERFIELD is happy to announce to his customers and the public generally that he has received the

Fall and Winter Fashions,

and is now prepared to execute all kinds of work in his line with neatness and despatch

Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuation of the same, and invites gentlemen to call and see his map of fashions, consisting of A new style OVERCOAT, with or without cape, &c. which fashion is expected to be the winter *ton* in all the cities

A new style PANTALOONS, varying but a little however from the present fashion.

A new style BUSINESS COAT.—This is a neat and convenient coat—with double breast, &c &c.

DRESS OR PARTY COATS vary from last reports. Gentlemen would do well to call and see the representation of those coats.

Frock Coats, Dress Coats, Vests, Children's and youth's clothes, and every description of Gentlemen's wearing apparel in all their varieties and fashions, will be cut in a handsome style, *warranted to fit*, and made in a durable and neat manner at the shortest notice.

Easton, Nov. 5 1m (G eow3w)

T. H. DAWSON & SON

Are now opening a splendid supply of articles in their line, carefully selected in Philadelphia and Baltimore, by the Junior partner, which added to former purchases, make their stock very complete. Always thankful for the custom of their friends and the public, they hope to merit a continuance thereof, and invite them to call and look at their assortment, consisting as usual of

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES.

PERFUMERY, CONFECTIONARY, BRUSHES of all kinds,

PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, &c. &c.

N. B. T. H. D & Son, received by the Steam Boat last evening, a supply of first quality Malaga Grapes and Raisins, of this year vintage Nov. 1 3w

POETRY.

From the Boston Evening Gazette

THE HONEST CORDWAINER.

BY B. BROWN, ESQ.

In the days of my boyhood, (I recollect well,
And others no doubt the same story can tell,)
Our trade amen were honest;—no one thought of cheating;
And whatas still stranger, they all went to meeting.
There was Shoemaker Lot;—
I remember the spot,
And the bench where he sot,
With his strap on his knee:—
He was upwright and fair;
Ay, exact to a hair;
And a faithful old Cordwainer he.

On a moon shiny night, (Thanksgiving was coming)
I mounted in haste, Uncle Jeremy's mare;
Off, Dobbin,' said I, 'let your trotters be drumming
Toward Uncle Lot's,' and soon had me there.
O, good Uncle Lot,
I remember the spot,
And the bench where he sot.
With his strap on his knee:—
Our shoes were all ready,
For me, and for Neddy,
And Sally and Hetty,
And Dolly and Betty,—
What a faithful old Cordwainer he!

Then there was the stitching, so strong and so nice;—
Why, the threads held the leather as firm as a vice!
There was none of your pegging and none of your nailing;
And there was no fretting, no scolding no railing,
When Shoemaker Lot,
He worked on the spot,
Which I never forgot,
With the strap on his knee.
How strong he would sew them!
O, could he now show them
What a faithful old Cordwainer he.

And alas, now a-days, lo, how changed is the matter,
Old honest seems to go begging about,
For one scarce has a coat, or a shoe, or a garter,
That lasts more than three weeks before its worn out,
O that some Uncle Lot
Would again take the spot,
And the bench where he sot,
With the strap o'er his knee,
Who would work at the trade,
And have shoes duly made,
No cheat and no cozen,
No rips by the dozen,—
How useful a Cordwainer he?

Our good Uncle Lot lately took his departure,
And went to inhabit the 'land of the Leal?'
No doubt but his soul there will find better quarter;
But then he has left us all 'down at the heel!'
O, blest Uncle Lot,
I do verrily wot
You will ne'er be forgot,
Nor the strap on your knee,
Your making your mending
Not all your waxt-ending.—
Adieu, Uncle Lot now to thee?

NAMING THE CHILD.

'I have been thinking, my dear Mrs. Easy about the name, I shall give this child'

'Name, Mr Easy! why, what name should you give it but your own?'

'Not so, my dear,' replied Mr Easy; they call all names proper names, but I think that mine is not. It is the very worst name in the calender.'

'Why, what's the matter with it, Mr. Easy?'

'The matter affects me as well as the boy. Nicodemus is a long name to write at full length, and Nick is vulgar. Besides as there will be two Nicks, they will naturally call my boy young Nick, and of course I shall be styled old Nick, which will be diabolical'

'Well Mr Easy, at all events then let me choose the name.'

'That you shall, my dear, and it was with this view that I have mentioned the subject so early'

'Think, Mr Easy, I will call the boy after my poor father—his name shall be Robert.'

'Very well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be Robert. You shall have your own way. But I think, my dear, upon a little consideration, you will acknowledge that there is a decided objection.'

'An objection, Mr Easy?'

'Yes, my dear, Robert may be very well, but you must reflect upon the consequences; he is certain to be called Bob.'

'Well my dear, and suppose they do call him Bob?'

'I cannot bear even the supposition, my dear.—You forget the country in which we are residing, the downs covered with sheep.'

'Why, Mr Easy, what can sheep have to do with a christian name?'

'There it is; women never look to consequences. My dear, they have a great deal to do with the name of Bob. Now observe, your child is out of doors somewhere in the fields or plantations; you want and you call him Instead of your child, what do you find? Why, a dozen curs at least who come running up to you, all answering to the name of Bob and wagging their stumps of tails. You see, Mrs Easy, it is a dilemma not to be got over. You level your only son to the brute creation, by giving him a christain name which, from its peculiar brevity, has been monopolized by all the dogs in the country. Any other name you please, my dear, but in this one instance you must allow me to lay my positive veto.'

'Well then let me see—but I'll think of it, Mr Easy; my head aches very much just now.'

'I will think for you, my dear. What do you say to John?'

'O no! Mr Easy, such a common name.'

'A proof of its popularity, my dear. It is scriptural—we have the apostle and the baptist—we have a dozen popes who were all Johns. It is a royal—we have plenty of kings who were Johns—and moreover, it is short and sounds honest and manly.'

'Very true, my dear, but they will call him Jack.'

'We have had several celebrated characters who were Jacks. There was—let me see—the Giant Killer, and Jack of the Beanstalk—and Jack—Jack—'

'Jack Spratt,' replied Mrs Easy.

'And Jack Cade, Mrs Easy, the great rebel—and Three-fingered Jack, Mrs Easy, the celebrated negro—and, above all, Jack Falstaff, ma'am, Jack Falstaff—honest Jack Falstaff,—witty Jack Falstaff—'

'I thought, Mr Easy, that I was to be permitted to choose the name.'

'Well, so you shall, my dear; I give it up to you. Do just as you please; but depend upon it John is the right name. Is it not now, my dear?'

'It's the way you always treat me, Mr. Easy; you say that you give it up, and that I shall have my own way, but I never do have it. I am sure that the child will be christened John'

'Nay my dear, it shall be just what you please.—Now I recollect it, there were several Greek emperors who were Johns; but decide for yourself, my dear.'

'No, no,' replied Mrs Easy, who was ill, and unable to contend any longer, 'I give it up Mr Easy. I know how it will be, as it always is; you give me my own way as people give pieces of gold to children its their own money, but they must dot spend it. Pray call him John'

'There my dear, did I not tell you, you would be of my opinion upon reflection? I knew you would I have given you your own way and you tell me to call him John; so now we're both of the same mind and that point is settled.'

'I should like to go to sleep, Mr Easy, I feel far from well'

'You shall always do just as you like, my dear' replied the husband,' and have your own way in every thing. It is the greatest pleasure I have when I yield to your wishes. I will walk in the garden.—Good-by my dear'

Mrs Easy made no reply, and the philosopher quitted the room. As may easily be imagined, on the following day the baby was christened John.

A SCENE FOR PARENTS.

'To school, Mr. Easy! send Johnny to school a mere infant to school.'

'Surely my dear, you must be aware that at nine years it is high time that he had learnt to read.

'Why he almost reads already, Mr. Easy sure I can teach him that. Does he not, Sarah?'

'Lord bless him, yes ma'am he was saying his letters yesterday.'

'Oh Mr. Easy, what can have put this in your head? Johnny dear come here—tell me now what's the letter A? You were singing it in the garden this morning.'

'I want some sugar,' replied Johnny, stretching his arm over the table to the sugar-basin, which was out of his reach.

'Well, my love, you shall have a great lump if you will tell me what's the letter A.'

'A was an archer, and shot at a frog,' replied Johnny in a surely tone.

'There now, Mr. Easy; and he can go through the whole alphabet—can't he Sarah?'

'That he can, the dear—can't you, Johnny dear?'

'No,' replied Johnny.

'Yes you can my love, you know what's the letter B. Now don't you?'

'Yes,' replied Johnny.

'There Mr. Easy, you see what the boy knows, and how obedient he is too Come, Johnny dear, tell us what was B?'

'No, I won't, replied Johnny, 'I want some more sugar;' and Johnny who had climbed on a chair, spread himself over the table to reach it

'Mercy! Sarah, pull him off—he'll upset the urn' screamed Mrs Easy. Sarah caught hold of Johnny by the loin to pull him back, but Johnny resisting the interference, turned round on his back as he laid on the table, and kicked Sarah in the face, just as she made another desperate grasp at him. The rebound from the kick given, he laid on the smooth mahogany table, brought Johnny's head in contact with the urn, which was upset in the opposite direction, and, notwithstanding a rapid movement on the part of Mr. Easy, he received a sufficient portion of boiling liquid on his legs to scald him severely, and induce him to stamp and swear in an unphilosophical way. In the mean time Sarah and Mrs Easy had caught up Johnny, and were both holding him at the same time, exclaiming and lamenting. The pain of the scald and the indifference shown towards him were too much for Mr. Easy's temper to put up with. He snatched Johnny out of their arms, and, quite forgetting his equality; and rights of man belabored him without mercy. Sarah flew in to interfere and received a blow on the floor. Mrs Easy went off into hysterics, and Johnny bawled so as to be heard a quarter of a mile.

How long Mr. Easy would have continued it is impossible to say; but the door opened and Mr. Easy looked up while still administering the punishment, and perceived Dr. Middleton in mute astonishment. He had promised to come in to tea, and enforce Mr. Easy's arguments, if it were necessary; but it certainly appeared to him that in the argument which Mr. Easy was then enforcing, he required no assistance. However, at the entrance of Dr. Middleton, Johnny was dropped, and lay roaring on the floor, Sarah, too, remained where she had been floored, Mrs. Easy had rolled on the floor, the urn was also on the floor, and Mr. Easy, although not floored, had not a leg to stand upon.

Never did a medical man look in more opportunely. Mr. Easy at first was not certainly of that opinion but his legs become so painful that he soon became a convert.

Dr. Middleton as in duty bound first picked up Mrs. Easy and laid her on the sofa. Sarah rose, picked up Johnny, and carried him kicking and roaring out of the room, in return for which attention she received sundry bites. The footman, who had announced the doctor, picked up the urn, that being all that was in his department. Mr. Easy threw himself panting and in agony on the other sofa, and Dr. Middleton was excessively embarrassed how to act: he perceived that Mr Easy required his assistance, and that Mrs. Easy could do without it; but how leave a lady who was half really and half pretendedly in hysterics, was difficult; for he attempted to leave her, she kicked and flounced, and burst out the more. At last Dr. Middleton rang the bell for the maids who carried Mrs. Easy up stairs, and then the doctor was able to attend to the injury patient who really required his assistance.—*From Mr. Midshipman Easy*

FOR LADIES ONLY.—Some ladies possess most inflammable hearts; it is dangerous for a gentleman to look at them. Common civility they misinterpret into particular attention—designedly. A smile is an offer, a fugitive glance, evidence of deep interest; an invitation to a ride or walk, an engagement, and all of these—a smile, glance and invitation, proofs of a broken heart and thumping claim for heavy damages therefor. With such persons, the situation of a young gentleman is highly dangerous. A look will cost him dollars, a bow hundreds, and a smile thousands Poor soul he has no idea of his case. With the most innocent and lukewarm feeling possible, and without ever having thought of Cupid or his paraphernalia, he suddenly fines himself seized by John Doe and Richard Roe, and trotted into court to answer unto his honor for having beaten, bruised, and otherwise injured the heart of some fair spinster with whom he felt hardly acquainted. Some uncle or aunt testifies to a smile, a laugh, a ride, a note; rhetorical flourish is made about broken hearts, injured feelings, and lost expectations, and then the jury kindly heal the aforesaid broken heart with a huge quantity of shiners — *Yeo. Gaz.*

Ladies, don't be angry, this don't mean you, of course, some one else is meant, the present company, you know, are always excepted. But then, you understand, that there are some girls that don't know any better than to think that every gentleman that looks at them means something particular. You are not of that number no, do not interpret the common civilities and polite attentions which a gentleman is expected to pay a lady in every civilized community, into marks of attachment. You, doubtless follow the rule laid down by Miss Edgeworth the elegant writer, the accomplished lady, and one who is an honor to your sex, which is, never to take any thing for granted, on this subject; love, I mean; nor for a moment lay the least stress on any thing, but the gentleman's positive declaration —*Hart. Times*

THE WHITTAKERS.

The Felicana Republican, published in Jackson, contains a reply from Major Warren Whittaker, the brother of the unfortunate young man who killed Mr. Murphy some time since, to an article in a New York paper, in which the whole Whittaker family were made to appear as bandits and murderers The article published in said paper is to our personal knowledge destitute of truth—the family of the Whittakers are known to be one of the oldest and most respectable in the state—and the only crime which we ever heard alleged against any of its members was the one for which Washington Whittaker forfeited his life

Major Whittaker appears to labor under very lacerated feelings, noubtless produced by the death of his youngest sister, who, it is said, fell a victim to melancholy and despair, in consequence of the death of her brother.

We make a few extracts from the article, as it will doubtless be gratifying to our readers. The interview between the two brothers when the one hands the other the fatal instrument of self destruction is truly heart rending

Phil. Inq.

A young and lovely sister, the fair flower that had grown up in innocence and beauty by her fond brothers side, could not survive the utter desolation which prejudice and perverted laws had brought upon our household. While he lived and for his sake she courageously bore up against imposition, insult and indignity, and supported her sorrow stricken mother in her dire affliction. The gloom of her brother's prison hours was dispelled by her presence, and in the chamber of her disconsolate parents she whispered hope. The morning of every day saw her standing at a dungeon's gate, awaiting a surly turnkey's pleasure for admittance; and every night beheld her on her knees in prayer to God for a brother's safety —She, too was sacrificed; and still revenge is not yet satiated!—My God, what materials must those men be composed, who can now take pleasure in hurrying the tottering steps of old heartbroken mother to the grave—who from a distant land, can sully the fair fame of two widowed and inoffensive females, and continue to goad their only protector on to desperation; who shielded by the protecting palladium of the Press, can still scatter their Upas poisons over a whole country, and clothe with infamy the last sad remnant of an innocent and once happy family.

I can dwell on this no longer. I quit the prison, and for the last time. I could not go home. I could not hear announced to those there, the event which I knew must soon transpire I wandered about the streets with feelings tortured almost to madness. At length I met a messenger with the expected intelligence; my brother had put an end to his existence and then lay in his prison weltering in gore. My mother and sisters had already been apprised of this overwhelming event, and had sent for me. I hastened to them, and found them on their knees, not invoking God that their relation might not die a coward, but thanking Him that he had escaped the cruel designs of his enemies, and was out of their reach.

Major Whittaker here alludes to the interment of his brother at Feliciana, and the subsequent death of his sister.

There is something so mean and contemptible, in the insinuation about my brother's courage, that I shall not notice it, but proceed with my sad narration. As soon as I was alone with Washington, I communicated to him the news I had received, and the result of my interview with the Governor. He saw at once there was an end of hope, and received the intelligence with composure. Rising from his bed, as far as his irons would permit him, he demanded of me the fulfilment of the promise I had made him, in case it should come to this. I drew forth the knife, and placing it in his hands, turned aside to conceal my emotion. Show yourself a man, cried he, perceiving my tears, and bear with firmness the loss of a brother who has always been devoted to you. Comfort our dear mother, and protect our sisters. My death, though it will grieve, shall never disgrace them! Tell my friends that I die innocent of murder.—I had no malice against the man whom I killed fighting in self defence. Farewell, my dear Warren! That moment which sees you quit this loathsome prison, I die—and thus end all my sorrows.

The day of my brother's funeral was to the members of his family one of mingled emotion. They had drank deep of the cup of affliction, but the good will and friendship which was shown them on that day, somewhat alleviated its bitterness.

We thought the worst had happened, and looked forward to happier days. Alas, how transient was our respite! In a few weeks my young and beloved sister was laid in the ground by the side of her incessantly mourned brother; and hardly were her ashes cold, before that system of atrocious calumny was commenced, which is now branding us as the greatest monsters of the human race. Three respectable FEMALES and myself are exhibited upon the shambles of a licentious press, loaded with the epithets "fiends," desperadoes and assassins, and accused of crimes disgraceful to humanity Robbery, murder and every species of crueltly, are made to appear so familiar to this horrible crew, that the wayfaring man and the stranger within our gates are coolly massacred in the mere wantonness of innate wickedness!!

MEN OF GENIUS.

BY D. ISRAELI

The student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacy of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquility his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labour of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare, & who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius, on the contrary his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors he would smile, and say—'I am not the less Peter Corneill!'

Descartes, when a boy, was found in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature, solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker, who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket, or as that judicious moralist Nicole, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit—'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the stair case.' Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute,—'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.'

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well know. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he laboured at some future Spectator!

Mediocrity can talk; but it is for genius to observe.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to 'a silent parson in a tie wig.' It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen: but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to reply him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition; that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vancanson was said to be as much a machine, as any he had made.

Dryden says of himself—'My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees.'

A large shoal of mackerel (welcome visiters,) made their appearance lately at Willoughly's Point, (Va.) and so near the shore as to be identified by some gentlemen who were on the beach at the time, and who informed the proprietor of the place, of the circumstance He immediately summoned his fishermen with their seine, to the spot, who captured, in "less than no time," one hundred of them. The next morning by times he had them in market, but they were only a few minutes before they were all snapped up.

We learn from the Vermont Argus that Mr Prentis was re-elected to the Senate of the United States by a majority of but *eight votes!* Political antimasonry is evidently going down, even in Vermont.

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