EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
United States' Magazine
AND DEMOCRATIC REVIEW

ON the 1st of July, 1837, will be published at Washington, District of Columbia, and delivered simultaneously in the principal cities of the United States, a new Monthly Magazine, under the above title, devoted to the principles of the Democratic party.

It has long been apparant to many of the reflecting members of the Democratic party of the United States, that a periodical for the advocacy and diffusion of their political principles, similar to these in such active and influential operation in England, is a desideratum, which it was very important to supply—a periodical which should unite with the attractions of sound and vigorous literature, a political character capable of giving efficient support to the doctrines and measures of that party, now maintained by a large majority of the people. Discussing the great questions of polity before the country, expounding and advocating the Democratic doctrine through the most able pens that that party can furnish, in articles of greater length, more condensed force, more elaborate research, and more elevated tone than is possible for the newspaper press, a Magazine of this character becomes an instrument of inappreciable value for the enlightenment and formation of public opinion, and for the support of the principles which it advocates. By these means, by thus explaining and defending the measures of the great Democratic party, and by always furnishing to the public a clear and powerful commentary upon those complex questions of policy and party which so often distract, and upon which, imperfectly understood as they frequently are by friends, and misrepresented and distorted as they never fail to be by politi- opponents, it is of the utmost importance that the public should be fully and rightfully informed, it is hoped that the periodical in question many be made to exert a beneficial, rational, and lasting influence on the public mind.

Other considerations, which cannot be too highly appreciated, will render the establishment and success of the proposed Magazine of very great importance.

In the mighty struggle of antagonist principles which is now going on in society, the Democratic Party of the United States stands committed to the world as the depository and exemplar of those cardinal doctrines of political faith with which the cause of the People in every age and country is identified. Chiefly from the want of a convenient means of concentrating the intellectual energies of its disciples, this party has hitherto been almost wholly unrepresented in the republic of letters, while the views and policy of its opposing creeds are daily advocated by the ablest and most commanding efforts of genius and learning.

In the United States' Magazine the attempt will be made to remove the reproach.

The present is the time peculiarly appropriate for the commencement of such an undertaking—The Democratic body of the Union, after a contest which tested to the utmost its stability and its principles, have succeeded in retaning possession of the executive administration of the country. In the consequent comparative repose from political strife, the period is auspicious for organizing and calling to its aid a new and powerful ally of this character, interferring with none and co-operating with all.

Co-ordinate with this main design of the United States' Magazine, no care or cost will be spared to render it, in a literary point of view, honorable to the country; and fit to cope in vigor of rivalry with its European competitors. Viewing the English language as the noble heritage and common birth-right of all who speak the tongue of Milton and Shakespeare, will be the uniform object of its conductors to present only the finest productions in the various branches of literature, that can be procured; and to diffuse the benefit of correct models of taste and worthy execution.

In this department the exclusiveness of party, which is inseparable from the political department of such a work, will have no place. Here we all stand on a neutral ground of equality and reciprocity, where those universal principles of taste to which we are all alike subject will alone be recognized as the common law. Our political principles cannot be compromised, but our common literature it will be our common pride to cherish and extend, with a liberality of feeling unbiased by partial or minor views.

As the United States' Magazine is founded on the broadest basis which the means and influence of the Democratic party in the United States can present, it is intended to render it in every respect a thoroughly NATIONAL WORK, not merely designed for ephemeral interest and attraction, but to continue of permanent historical value. With this view a considerable portion of each number will be appropriated to the following subjects, in addition to the general features referred to above.

A general summary of political and domestic intelligence, digested in the order of the States, comprising all the authentic important facts of the preceding month.

General literary intelligence; domestic and foreign.

General scientific intelligence, including agricultural improvements, a notice of all new patents, &c.

A condensed account of all new works of Internal Improvements throughout the Union, preceded by a general view of those now in operation or in progress.

Military and naval news, promotions, changes movements, &c.

Foreign intelligence.

Biographical obituary notices of distinguished persons.

After the close of each session of Congress, an extra or an enlarged number will be published, containing a general review and history of its proceedings, a condensed abstract of important official documents, and the Acts of the session.

Advantage will also be taken of the means concentrated in this establishment from all quarters of the Union, to collect and digest such extensive satistical observations on all the most important interests of the country as cannot fail to prove of very great value.

This portion of the work will be seperately paged so as to admit of binding by itself, and will be furnished with a copious index, so that the United States' Magazine will also constitute a Complete Annual Register, on a scale unattempted before, and of very great importance to all classes, not only as affording a current and combined view, from month to month, of the subjects wicn will embrace, but also for record and referrence through future years; the value of which will increase with the duration of the work.

Although in its political character the United States' Magazine addresses its claims to support particularly to the Democratic party, it is hoped that its other features referred to above—independently of the desirable object of becoming acquainted with the doctrines of an opponent thus advocated—will recommend it to liberal and candid support from all parties, and from the large class of no party.

To promote the popular objects in view, and relying upon the democratic party, as from others, the price of subscription is fixed at the low rate of FIVE DOLLARS per annum; while in mechanical arrangements, and in size, quantity of matter, &c, the United States Magazine will be placed on a par at least with the leading monthlies of England. The whole will form three large octavo volumes each year.

The subscription will be in all cases payable in advance, or (for the first year only) six dollars on the delivery of the third number. The absolute necessity of this rule in such an establishment will be obivious to all.

In return for remittance of $50, eleven copies will be sent; for $100, twenty three copies. The certificate of a Postmaster of the remittance of a sum of money will be sufficient receipt, all dangers of the mail being at the risk of the Publishers.

All communications will be addressed, post paid, to the undersigned, the Publishers.

LANGTREE & O'SULLIVAN.

Washington, D C April, 1837.

POETRY.

From the New York Mirror

THE DESERTED ONE.

He seemed to love her, and her youthful cheek
Wore for awhile the transient bloom of joy:
And her heart throbbed with hopes she could not speak
New to delight, and mute in ecstasy.
He won that heart in its simplicity,
All undisguised in its young tenderness;
And smiling, saw that he, and only he
Had power at once to wound it or to bless.

She gave to him her innocent affection,
And the warm feelings of her guileless heart;
And from the storms of life she sought protection
In this dear love, her home of earthly rest:
In this sweet truth her opening days were blest,
And joyously she hailed her coming years:
For well she knew that even in distress,
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.

He left her—and in trouble she awoke
From her young dream of bliss; but murmered not
Over her silent sufferings, nor spoke
To any one upon her cruel lot.
You would have deemed that he had been forgot,
Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke;
But in her cheek there was one hectic spot,
'Twas little—but it told her heart was broke.

And deeper and more deep the painful flush
Daily become; yet all distress seemed o'er,
Save when the life blood gave a sudden rush,
Then troubled into silence as before.
At once too proud, too humble to deplore,
She bowed her head in quietness:—she knew
Her brighted prospects could receive no more;
Yet was she calm, for she had heaven in view.

She loved, and she forgave him—and in dying
She asked a blessing on his future years;
And so she went to sleep; meekly relying
Upon that power which shall efface all tears.
Her simple turf the young spring flow'ert wears,
And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb;
And when the storm its simple blossom tears.
It bows its head—an emblem of her doom!

Infallible cure for Hard Times.

Take three glasses of bitters to prepare our stomach for breakfast and one after to wash it fairly down. Take from three to five smallers between the hours of eight and ten. Take at least half a pint of the clear cratur at eleven o'clock. Take a smaller to knock off on at noon. Drink two quarts of hard cider or a quart of strong beer with your dinner. Take a settler after dinner, and a small glass of brandy and peppermint every hour through the afternoon. Procure a quart of apple jack and carry home with you at night.—Drink that up, kick your wife and children out of doors, go to bed and snoose until morning, and it will be strange if you do not find times easy and money plenty.

Wholesale Business.—The N. Y. Mercantile of Wednesday has the following under its head of marriages:—MARRIED—In the ship Gladiator, from London—T. Stephenson, L. Rarachone, A. Britton, W. Johnson, and 134 in the steerage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BEAUTIFUL CANDIDATE
FOR A CROWN.

From the forthcoming work "Evenings with Cambaceres."

The Emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court yard and a lady alighted from it. Ah misericorde! I exclamed it is her Imperial Highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.) I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who, but the Emperor himself. He rang at the back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a ren contre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might perhaps have feigned not to recognise the Emperor, but, with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him I therefore turned to the right about, and, leaving the Princess to find her way to the drawing room unattended, I hurried to the Emperor.

"Prince," said he, as soon as I was in his presence, "I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can say to appease her, but do no pledge me for any thing, Go to her quickly. She will never forgive you for keeping her waiting."

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality.—The Princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. The first ebullition of ill humour being exhausted, I said:—

'Madam, if your Imperial Highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honour, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But, as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned, from my servants, that the sister of our august monarch was in my house.'

'His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!"

'Is it possible, Madam, that, enjoying as you do, the favour of his Imperial Majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?"

"His favour! What a mockery! Does he show his favor by degrading me"

'No Madam, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an Imperial Princess, by having conferred on you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united you to a Roman Prince!'

'A brillant marriage truly! An illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline, a Queen, my sister in-law a Queen, and then Josephine's daughter a Queen, or on the point of becoming one; and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife! Eliza, too, will be crowned by and bye; whilst I am nothing. Hear me, Prince Cambaceres. Go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him, that if he does not raise me to the dignity of Queen, I have a terrible vengence in reserve for him'

'But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to inflict'

'My affection!—I hate him—he is a monster.'

'Hush, Princess!' I exclaimed, with some alarm. 'Know that in France walls have ears'

'I care not—I defy his police—and I would tell him all I have said to his face—I will seek refuge in England, or he shall by my hand.'

'I became more and more alarmed, and I was about to reply, when the Emperor saved me the trouble. He opened the door and presented himself to the astonished Princess.

'Maniac!' he exclaimed, 'you shall not go to England, but to Clarenton.'

'Ah! so you have followed me,' she said. 'Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine, as I threatened! I have come here to request Prince Cambaceres to intercede for me.—Now, my dear Napoleon. I must have a crown—I don't care where it is. Make me, Queen of Portugal,—or Denmark,—what you will. I would even reign in Switzerland or Cortu—no matter where—but a crown I must have. Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear one? Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me!'

With these words she burst into a flood of tears. The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly a most fascinating woman, but, at that moment, she appeared to be more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendency she gained over the Emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and when Pauline stopped short in her appeal to him and burst into tears, he advanced to her, and said affectionately:

'My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman.'

'Let me have a divorce, then.'

"Heaven forbid!'

'I will be a Queen, or I will go to London.'

'You shall go to Vincennes.'

'I defy you!—I will strangle myself as I enter.'

I know not what circumstance was recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat but his brow lowered, his eyes flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then, in a voice faultering with emotion, he exclamed:

'So much the better Madame! You will rid me of a termagant, whom I find more difficult to govern than all Europe together! I see that you are only to be ruled by a rod of iron I therefore command you to go immediately to Madame Mere, and there await the orders which the Prince Arch-Chancellor shall deliver to you from me.'

'Then will you make me a queen? I must be crowned.'

'Really, Pauline, to hear you, one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late King our father.'

I had never before known the Emperor to have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have first been describing, this good humored touch of satire had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was with the high rank to which her brother had raised her. A sudden change was effected in her feelings, she hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of her ladies, I do not recollect whom, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

'Let her come in,' said the Emperor.

'I rang,—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The Emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then, turning to me, he added.

'Let us retire to your cabinet.'

'I am at your Majesty's disposal,' replied I; 'but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the Princess.'

'Well, well! only be quick!'

'He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the Princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to wait on the Emperor. I found him walking about the room with hurried steps.

'Well, Prince!' said he, as soon as I entered, 'this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which, tyrant, as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to drown herself. Seeing the excited state she was in, and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me, I followed her, and as soon as she stepped into her carrige I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court yard of the Tulleries. She drove across the bridges; I suspected she was coming to you—I entered by your back door, and you know the rest. A crown for a Borghese! Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army! The Borghese are of pure blood royal I know; but kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the baptism of the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made Governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and reset her diamonds. A million francs! What a sum. How much happiness it would diffuse if distributed! Ah Prince! What a cross is a numerous family to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchisedech, who never knew father, mother, and, above all, sisters.'

AN ECCENTRIC

Among natures' caricatures (and many lament this harmless work of the goddess is no longer extant,) was Mr. Cuzzans, a gentleman well known in London, of small but independent fortune. He volunteered sundry ludicrious hardships; he encountered many farcical pains to gratify his dry humor with an eternal smile; for, while his own muscles were immoveable, he extorted bursts of laughter by his eccentricity.—Among the absolute facts recorded of him, it is notorious that he slept every night throughout a whole week, in the month of May, on Primrose hill, to enjoy the open air, and was afterwards, from whim without necessity, a most conscientious waterman to the hackney coaches, and then a faithful waiter, to a publican. He was six months in a silent mood, during which time he never was known to change a syllable with his most intimate friends, but carried a slate before him to write answers to any questions that might be put before him. This mode of conversation, if more generally known, might perhaps be adopted by some deep oratorical politicans, who might find it convenient now and then, for the sake of consistency, to rub out one assertion before they broached another. Sometimes he would stalk about with an enormous cocked hat, large paper ruffles, a jack chain round his neck, a sword by his side, and his head shaved; while thus accoutred, he observed a notice over a shopkoeper's window signified that he 'bored ladies' ears,' he stalked into the shop, the man was frightened and jumped over the counter, Mr. Cuzzans jumped after him, the shopkeeper squatted down, trembling on a low stool, and he sat frowning on a high chair beside him.—He took two oyster shells from his pocket, which contained a quantity of salt. 'Friend,' said he, 'take a pinch of snuff directly; let it be a large one!' The terrified shopkeeper obeyed, and crammed his nostrils with a handful of bay salt, instead of powdered tobacco. Says Cuzzans 'if you sneeze, God bless you; but, if I hear of your boring ladies' ears again, blame me if I don't make you take a pound of this every morning.'—He marched majestically out of the shop, and as the man instantly took down his board, he never repeated his visit. 'I want a new dress,' says Cuzzans to a tailor. 'Yes your honor,' says snip, 'measure you directly.' 'Put up your measure,' says Cuzzans, 'and pull out your shears; cut the skirts of my coat into stripes, and sew them on my waistcoat, breeches, and stockings.'—When the tailor had finished his job, and the customer was equipped, he proceeded to Charing-cross, and was there shaved before a crowd of admirers, under King Charles on horseback. During a severe frost he went to a coffee house in Bath dressed in a complete suit of nankeen, ordered a decanter of cold water, which he poured over his head, over his clothes, and into his shoes; he then called for a cup of coffee, eggs and spinnage, the E. S. Whig, two pipes, half a lemon, and a Welsh rabbit. The frequenters of the house, grave and worthy citizens of Bath, were astonished:—'Bring me,' says he to the landlord, for he would suffer no one but the landlord to wait on him, 'bring me the boot jack, for I want to pull off my shoes, and I'll thank you sir, for the Bible, a pint of vinegar, a paper of pins, and some barley-sugar.' The landlord grinned and stood still. Gentlemen, says Cuzzans, addressing the company with great emphasis, 'I ask this man very civilly for the boot-jack, a pint of pins, some barley-sugar, and the booby laughs at me; but I may be hasty; the things I demand, though common in Wilshire, may not have penetrated into this country. Let him bring me, and sat down very coolly, 'let him bring me, after I am in bed, a dish of fried milestones, with a warming pan, cold without sugar, and I shall be satisfied.' He then opened his portmanteau, which he had brought under his arm, put on six shirts over his suit of nankeen, bowed with great dignity to the company, and ordered his bed to be sprinkled with saw-dust, and took his leave for the night.—Angelo's Rem.

POLITICAL INCONSISTENCY.

The Chronicle of Wednesday last concludes an article under the head of "political forecast," thus: "Who was that Senator? No other than JOHN C. CALHOUN."

Who was that Senator, who under the *ori flamme* of Nullification, avowed hostile resistance to an oppressive Tariff? No other than JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Who was that Senator who powerfully advocated the doctrine that, the tariff was unconstitutional except for the purposes of revenue, required by the actual wants and exigencies of government? No other than JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Who voted for the Compromise Act? No other than JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Who was that Senator, who, under the ORIFLAMME of embittered opposition to government, opposed the reduction of the tariff to the actual wants of government? No other than JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Who originated the distribution loan which has since been admitted to be impolitic, as a precedent, by Mr. Webster himself; and the known cause of a proportion of our monied embarrassments? No other than JOHN C. CALHOUN.—*Balt Rep.*

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR THE PEOPLE TO ANSWER.

Who was it when the unrestricted charter of the late United States Bank was complained of, and the Bank had grown into disrepute with the advocates of a judicious national bank, and was denounced to the most unmeasured terms by the opponents of a National Bank in any shape; stepped forwad and tendered the olive banch to "the monster," and intimated that if the high-bank men would submit to a modification of the charter, a compromise might be effected between the interests of the Bank of the United States; and of the United States and their confederate government?

Who was it when the Bank showed its cloven foot, and insisted upon a re-charter without modification, put the extinguishing veto upon it?

When the high-bank men thought they had the government in their power, and that a national bank was absolutely essential to the existence of the government? Who made the present deposit banks a better depository for the public treasure?

Who was it that proposed, that notes under $20 be prohibited, to check the excessive issues of the banks throughout the country?

Who was it that recovered the long standing claims of our merchants against foreign nations, and brought gold and silver into the country to give stability to the issues of the banks?

Who issued the Treasury Order to check the extravagant speculations in public lands? *Balt. Rep.*

THERE is one noble trait observable to mankind all over the world. The man who has been unjustly injured excites the sympathy of his fellows, and nothing advances a cause so much as the persecution of its supporters. The world cannot become wholly depraved while such is the disposition of mankind.

A Tunisian.—According to Prince Puckler Muskau, a Tunisian bride appears at her wedding with closed eyes, which she is not allowed to open during the whole day, and her husband is not allowed to see her for the first three days of their marriage.

Trouble gathering in Maine.—In commenting upon the recent Report and Resolutions, adopted by the Legislature of Maine, upon the subject of the North Eastern Boundary, a Halifax paper holds the following language, in relation to the probable effect of an attempt on the part of the United States, to run the line

"We may anticipate a fracas on the border, and some amusement cut out for the 43d Light Infantry, as well as our own Military, who may thus have an apportunity of doing a little service.

A gentleman who had a very dull horse, missed him from his pasture one morning, and advertised under the usual head—Runaway from the subscriber, &c. Then followed a very exact description of him. A poor man found the animal, and retained him in his possession several weeks. The knowledge of this fact induced the owner to call upon him. The finder said that he had read the advertisement, but did not think the horse which he had found was the one there described. At this the gentleman expressed his astonishment as the horse, on being examined, was found to answer the description to a hair.

"You forgot," said the poor man, "that you advertised him as having *run away*. Now I have worn out two whips and one ox goad upon his back, and never could get him to go faster than a walk—therefore I was satisfied that he could not RUN, and therefore was not your horse."

ANAGRAM.—We translate the following anagram of Napolean's name, from one of our exchange French papers—le Journal du Loiret. This name, says the Journal, is composed of two Greek words *Napos* and *Leon*, which signify the *Lion of the Desert*. The letters of the same name, ingeniously combined presents a phrase which offers a singular analogy with the character of that extraordinary man.

1	Napoleon.
6	Apoleon.
7	Poleon
3	Oleon.
4	Leon.
5	Eon.
2	On.

By striking off the first letter of this word and pursuing the same course with each following word, six Greek words are formed, which, litterally translated in the order designated by the fiugures, signify Napoleon being the ton of the people, became a destroyer of cities.

Some years ago a crack-brained man who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady," if she would let him spend the evening with her" "No," she angrily rplied, "that's what I wont." "Why," replied he, "you need'nt be so fussy—I did'nt mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go any where else."

NATCHITOCHES AND THE GAMBLERS.

We learn from a late Natchitoches paper, that a curious table was lately sent to a shop in that town to be painted. Its formation attracted attention, and led to the discovery of its use. It was contrived for cheating at cards. The owner was arraigned before Judge Lynch and banished, under the penalty of suffering severe punishment if discovered in the town after four days. The offender decamped, and on the following Sunday the machine was taken to the market place and burnt in the persence of two hundred persons.

Texas, France, England, and the United States are all out open mouthed upon Mexico. Her days are numbered.

A woman was recently arrested in New York, who made it a business to obtain shirts to make, and pawn them. It was found that she had nearly three hundred shirts in her possession, or "spouted" on her account.

The debt of the city of Boston amounts to two millions of dollars.

Augusta, capital of Maine contains 5377 inhabitants, and 300 foreigners.

The Portlander, in accounting for the height of the New Hampshire boys, says it is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. We should opine that the editor of the Portlander is a genuine giant, for he is a real stretcher.

The Mormons have erected a church in the town of Kirthland, Ohio, at the expense of forty thousand dollars.

M. Gonon, the inventor of the telegraph system, is now in Washington, and has exhibited his models to the President and Heads of Departments, by whom he was most favorably received.

"*Turn out*, turn out, or by golly I'll serve you as I did a man t'other day," hollowed a Jonathan, who with his gal in a lumber box, was about coming in contact with a dandy in his fine gig. The affrighted beau turned out, for he was sadly terrified at the mysterious threat, and as brother Jonathan was passing, asked how he served the other man? "Why, I turned out myself,"

A *Pleasant Sally.*—A little girl observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, why, ma, there is a goose got corsets on. It walks like sister Sally."

A cruel and infamous deception is said to have recently been practised upon a waiting girl in a respectable family in France. The party getting excited by drink, imagined the practical joke of persuading the girl that one of the guests came to marry her, which ceremony was performed by the major, who was one of the company. The young girl, after the disclosure of the trick, was so overwhelmed with shame, that she drowned herself.

The first client whom Sir Walter Scott had at the bar was a veteran poacher and sheep-stealer, whom by the exercise of much ingenuity, he contrived to get off. "You are a lucky scoundrel," whispered Scott to his client when the verdict was pronounced. "I'm just o' your mind," quoth the latter, "and I'll send you a maukin the morn, man."

A Mis-Deal.—The Rev. Mr Thom of Covan had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it; the whole pack were scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh man, man, surely your psalm book has been ill bun (bound)!" *Laird of Logan.*

Satisfaction.—A Paris paper says that a duel was lately fought between a barrister and a merchant.—The rain fell in torrents, but being men of spirit, the two combatants took off their coats and fired twice at each other without hitting, when the matter was settled. In a fortnight afterwards both died of inflammation of the chest!

Double Entendre—A new-married lady whom was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend—'What do you think? My husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!'

'The dear little man!' cried the other. Well it is just like him.'

Two to Two.—Mr. Wilkie, a gentleman of sporting propensities, met a friend of his—Ah Richards, how are ye, my boy? You are just the fellow I wanted. You must be umpire between me and Hickley. We are going to have a trotting match; my greys against some of his cattle." Richards.—"Ah indeed? that is a curious coincidence—Hickley and I are after the very same thing. How are you going?" Wilkie.—"In our phætons, two horses to two." Richards.—"Extraordinary! We are *two to two* too? And where you to run to?" (With a prophetic grin.) Wilkie.—to "Too Tooting."—Richards.—"Well this is surprising! We are *two to two too to Tooting too.*"

WAKE SNAKES.—A Miss Jane H. Beckwith, advertises in the Salt River Journal that she is ready to receive proposals for matrimony. For Bachelors whose heads are beginning to "blossom like the almond tree,' a rare chance is offerred. She is just eighteen—of comely countenance—is sufficiently wealthy to maintain herself, and wants a husband. The most liberal proposer takes the prize.

We learn (says a new York paper) that arrangements have been made by the proper officers, and that ample funds are provided for the redemption of country bank bills, at least all Safety Fund Notes.

The New York, Albany and Troy steamboat company have fixed the rate of fare to two dollars.

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