Mr. Catrup jr.

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

From the Trenton [N. J.] Emporium.

THE TIMES—THE TIMES!

Uncle Toby went down t'other day with intention
To get a grist ground by the old miller Grimes;
But he found that his neighbors had called a convention
At the tavern that day to consider the times.
So he turned honest Dobbin's head round to the wagon,
To eat at his leasure a luncheon of hay;
And determined on foot to the meeting he'd jog on,
And hear what the wise ones assembled would say.

And there were assembled from many miles wide,
The merchants, and lawyers, and doctors and cits,
The bankers and brokers and stock-jobbing tribe
And many good people who lived by their wits.
And in truth it seemed more like a holiday greeting,
To an eye unaccustomed to modern distress
And it was hard to remember the theme of the meeting,
'Mid the splendor of equipage, finery and dress.

Master Dumps, with his span of bay matches that cost
A thousand this spring, was presiding in state
And Lumpkin was proving the country was lost,
While two servants were holding his coach at the gate.
Some said that the cotton trade caused all the ruin,
Some said t'was the Treasury order alone,
And that Jackson, and Benton, and Martin Van Buren
Ought to suffer for mischief so wholly their own.

At last when the big ones had settled affairs,
And rung all the changes of ruin again,
And resolved that t'was time now to lighten their cares,
With a good slice of beef and a glass of champaigne—
Uncle Toby stepped up, wiped his brow with his sleeve,
And said though he came there to say not a word,
Yet if no objection was made, with their leave
For one single moment he would like to be heard.

'Mr. Chairman,' said he, 'the hard times that you speak of,
Tho' they seem to be very mysterious to you,
Will probably last till some habits you break off,
And turn into work as all honest men do:
You have gone very far for the causes of ruin,
But to me it is plain they lie right in your way
You've been living like lords upon other men's money,
Now pay-day has come and you've nothing to pay;
Buying houses and lands on what's called speculation
At no matter how much of paper and pelf,
In the hope that you'd certainly find in the nation
To buy them, some still greater fool than yourself.

Now you, Mr. Farmer, have but to go yonder,
To your harrow, and plough, and your old fashioned ways,
Put more lime on your land, turn a clover crop under,
And the hard times will dissappear one of these days;
And you, Mr. Merchant, just take one short day for
The task of dismissing your trumpery and wines,
Import no more goods than you see how to pay for
And soon you may whistle like me at the times.'

And as for you gentlemen, sharpers and so on,
Who have lost all you had, and had nothing to lose,
Your course, as you please, you in welcome may go on,
To the Bailie or Halifax, just as you choose.'

Uncle Toby here stopped—and some hissed and some claapped him—
But he turned and walked quietly off on his way—
Got his grist, and drove home—and the worst that mishapp'd him,
Was the loss of three hours' labor that day.

A WESTERN STORY.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has *milked* nothing but *ice creams* ever since!

—o—

A Witty Auctioneer.—An auctioneer said of a gentleman who had bought a table, but [illegible] that he was one [illegible] came to take it away, [illegible] of the most *un-come for-table* persons he ever kn[illegible] in the whole course of his life!

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD MARY.

OR, THE PERILS OF WOMAN.

"I saw a stream whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen,
But tempest clouds, ere fall of night
Had darken'd o'er the scene;
'How like that tide,' my spirit sighed
'How life to me hath been.' "

It was a stormy night in December: the wind blew furiously against a little hut, which from its decayed state and its approximation to the sea whose waves almost washed it, appeared unfit for the habitation of any human being.—Yet there one poor melancholy creature lived. The hovel was in two rooms, one of which was quite empty, and the other contained two chairs, a low stool and a table of the very meanest appearance. Although intensely cold, there were but a few dying embers in the grate, opposite to which was seated the living inhabitant—an old woman; very old and poor. Still, bowed down as she was by age, and want and sorrow, there was about her that indication of inward gentility which prosperity cannot give, nor misfortune take away. She was a strange, wayward being and would wander sometimes for days together, without regard to season or weather, upon the rocks, and take no notice of any thing that might be said to her; and at other times, she sit rocking herself on the low wooden seat, gazing upon vacancy, and muttering at intervals a few low, indistinct words. Her appearance heightened her singularity; she had been tall and beautiful, but her features now had a hard, harsh outline, and except, in her eyes, which were large, black, and piercing, there was no trace of beauty left

She had unintentionally inspired the cottagers dwelling near her with a degree of awe, which gradually deepened into superstition. It was seldom that any one addressed her.—She shuned them all, and the name of 'Old Mary' was sufficient to terrify the children into good behaviour: there was no cause for this fear, for she was gentle and even kind to those who did speak to her; but she unfortunate, which is a sufficient reason for the want of friends. She has lately, however, been enlivened by the visits of a young girl whom she had known in infancy; she had left her native village while a child, and returned to it a blooming girl. Almost her first inquiry was for 'Old Mary,' who when she came, received her with a welcome such as only those can give who feel that they are deserted and dreaded by all besides.

But to return. The old woman had sat in her desolated home with no companion but her own gloomy thoughts, when she heard a gentle tap at her door; she was unaccustomed to visiters, and her question of 'who is there?' was asked sharply. 'Only me only Rose,' was the answer, and the girl entered. 'It is a dreadful stormy night, and I thought you would feel lonely, so I have come to sit with you,' she continued, as she took her seat by the old woman, who greeted her fondly. They cenversed for a few minutes, when a sudden gust of wind louder than any that had preceeded it, caused Rose to draw nearer to her companion and cling to her as though in fear. Old Mary, put her arms round her and said, 'Do not fear, gentle one, you are quite safe.' A pause ensued.—Mary gazed upon the beautiful face of the maiden, and broke the silence by saying: 'You have often asked me to tell you my tale, Rose, and you shall now be gratified. 'Tis a tale fit to be told only on a night like this.' There was another pause of a moment, and the old woman resumed:

'I was but a child when I was married to—no matter whom; suffice it, we irrevocably offended our friends on both sides. Most severely was I punished for my disobedience. I had been a wife but two years, when the playmate of my infancy, the object of my girlhood's dreams, the husband of my youth, was snatched from me in the flush of youth and health and pride! To be called away so soon! but I must not think of it—he died, and with him all my happiness—even the wish for it. My life was despaired of; I cared not for life, but hoped and prayed for death; but it mocked me—death is only for the happy and the gay; he is not satisfied with those who daily, hourly long for his approach. 'Twas a sinful wish—and great has been my punishment!

'After a time my grief became less violent, but not less sincere. I had now a motive to induce me to be more careful of health—I found that I was to become a mother. Here, then, was something for which to live; my existence would not now be a blank, a monotonous sorrow. The time came at last when I could put my baby to my bosom, and feel that I was NOT ALONE. Oh, the wild ecstacy of that moment! I could have knelt to my unconscious infant and blessed him for the joy I felt. I was then but a mere girl, friends had forsaken me, fortune I had none; I was surrounded by perils and temptations, but my child was the counterspell to all of them, and I loved him dearer and better the more I endured for him.

We must, we are compelled to love those who depend on us for protection, be it ever so trifling; how much then must I have loved my child!

'I left my home and struggled for years with poverty that HE might want for nothing, we were all in all to each other. He grew in beauty as well as in years, it might be that I saw him in too fond a light; but I have sat and gazed upon him while he slept, till I have fancied him an angel. With difficulty have I restrained myself from straining him to my heart, lest the bright spirit should take wing even while I gazed and folded him in my embrace. But in this I sinned, and for this also have I suffered. Even a mother's fondness must have bounds; but mine had none; it was the only feeling my heart, and it grew to idolatry!

'My Henry grew to manhood. At three and twenty he was betrothed to a maiden in our village, three years younger than himself, & it was settled that she was to become his wife in a twelve month. I tried hard to love her for his sake but, God forgive me!—I had much to school my heart to, to prevent its hating her though Henry never guessed it. About this time a stranger came from ———, to reside a short time in the village. My boy soon found or fancied a degree of coolness on the part of his betrothed. I remember well his words one evening on his return home, after fruitlessly watching for her. 'It is the second time she has broken her engagements with me this week and I have reason to believe in favor of this stranger, Mother, if Ellen Thornton play me false, I ———, he stopped, hesitated, turned away. The time of my misery drew near—Ellen was to be seen daily walking with the stranger, who, not contented with his victory, sought every opportunity to quarrel with the man he had so grossly wronged.

'It was a night like this—the rain poured in torrents and the thunder reverberated through the cottage; but what are the convulsions of nature in all its terrors compared to the angry passions of men? but as murmurring rills to the stormy ocean. It was his usual hour for returning, and I became uneasy. Fears the most improbable rushed across my mind. The lightning might have struck him; he might have ventured too near the edge of the rocks and fallen into the sea; every thing in short, but the truth, found place in my imagination. Another hour passed away. I could bear it no longer. Regardless of the weather, I rushed out; I wandered in every direction, but met him not. At last it struck me that he might have retured home, and be uneasy at my absence. I almost kept pace with the lightning's swiftness, and was soon within sight as the cottage.

I strained my sight with intensity of feeling, and could perceive that the door was partly open. I had not left it so; and therefore I concluded that he had returned and all was well. My heart felt as though it would burst its cords with joy; and tears of thankfulness and rapture streamed from my eyes. They were the last I ever shed. Since then I have prayed on my bended knees, in the glare of day and in the dead of night, in my own lonely dwelling and amid the desert waste, for the power to weep, but in vain. My eye balls throb with agony, my brain feels scorching, but I cannot weep.'

The old woman passed her hand over her brow, and was silent for a moment. It was a fearful picture! That poor withered being suffering with anguish almost too much for mortals, and that young, gentle girl, her cheek blanched at the tale was she hearing, and her hands clasped unconsciously in her agitation.

'Go on! oh, go on!' she murmured, and started at the strangeness of her own voice. Her companion slowly raised her head and continued, but her breath came fast and thick.

'I will go on,' she said; 'I entered the cottage—but instead of the fond smile, and the kind words of welcome I had expected, I was greeted with a look of sorrow from three or four men who were standing round a bed. I rushed towards it—do I live to tell it to thee, Rose Middleton, or is past life all a dream?—my boy, my Harry, the child of my young heart's passionate love, my noble one, lay there a lifeless and disfigured corpse! They had met! The villian and my Henry had fought with pistols. I knew no more; I remember the chill that ran through my veins and settled in my heart, from whence it has never moved. I caught him in my arms—but I remember nothing more. They said I went mad, and it may be that I did. I sometimes I think I am maddening now; and then I kneel and pray, not with my lips, they will not move, but with my heart, and then I am more tranquil.

'Do not weep, Rose,' she continued in plaintive accents, beholding her young companion in tears, 'in the course of nature my sufferings must soon end; but you have a long life before you. As you would choose between a happy one, or years of misery, set not your heart too fondly on an earthly being, even a mother's pure love for her own child must be controlled Remember this Rose, and you will have learnt one useful lesson from 'Old Mary.'

FLYING ARTILERY—AN EXPERIMENT.

A Frenchman in the Texian army, a scheming inventive half crazy soul, lately made an experiment of what he called *flying artillery*, which in the sequel well nigh cost him his life.

In the first place the Frenchman purchased a mule, on his back he placed a six pound cannon, heavily loaded. The muzzle of the cannon, was pointed in an opposite direction from the head of the mule, whether that the mule would prove mulish, refactory, and unwilling to advance head first towards an enemy, or whether the Gaul thought he could do better by *backing up* towards some "deadly imminent breach" we know not. It might have been intended as kind of *stern chaser* for aught we know.

Having fully equipped himself, our hero started for a place where he understood some hostile Cumanches were lying in ambush. Planting his force, consisting of himself, cannon and mule, on the summit of a hill which commanded a thicket where the Indians were suppose to be lurking, he assumed a hostile position by turning the tail of his mule in that direction from whence he expected and was anxiously waiting an assault.

There he kept his ground for a long time without any manifestations of an attack. At length his small stock of patience was entirely exhausted, and finding that no attack was to be made upon him by animate, he determined upon giving inanimate creation a small sample of his *flying artillery*, just by way of a *flyer*. He pointed his six pounder in the direction of the thicket, took his bearings, made his calculations, and blazed away. Balls, slugs, &c. went down one side of the hill with the greatest velocity—Frenchman, mule and six pounder just as fast down the other—the recoil of the cannon being so great that it sent the mule down the hill with the swiftness of lighting, whether he would or no.

On finally bringing up, after having ran entirely down the first hill and half way up another, the Frenchman began to collect his scattered senses—Finding himself alive, he broke out with, "Sacre! I vonder how many dam Ingen I kill. By gar, de next time I try my grand experiment, I vill git me one mule vat vont run away as though the diable was after him. Dis artillery he fly took quick.

We have not heard whether he has made any further experiments with his *"flying artillery.*—N. O. Picayune.

Character is like wealth. It takes many years to acquire it, but the actions of an hour may lose it.

INDIAN CORN.

All, or nearly all, the accounts that are published of great products of Indian corn, agree in two particulars, viz: is it not using the plough in the attempt cul ure, and in not earthing, or but very slightly, the hills. These results go to demonstrate, that the entire roots are essential to the vigor of the crop; and that roots, to enable them to perform their functions as nature designed, must be near the surface. If the roots are severed with the plough, in dressing the crop, the plants are deprived of a portion of their nourishment; and if they are buried deep by hilling, the plant is partially exhausted in throwing out a new set near the surface, where they alone can perform all their office. There is another material advantage in this mode of cultivating the corn crop—it saves a vast deal of manual labor.

There is another question of interest to farmers, which relates to the mode of harvesting the crop, that is, whether it is best to top the stocks, or cut the whole at the ground when the grain has fully ripened. According to the experiments of Mr. Clark, of Northampton, one of the practical farmers of our country, and of other gentlemen, grain suffers a diminution of six to eight bushels the acre by topping the stocks; and there seems to be no counterbalancing benefit in the fodder, unless at the expense of carrying the stocks to the borders of the field, that they may be secured before they become blanched and half ruined. And it is no protection against early autumnal frosts, but rather exposes unripened grain to be more injured. Hence, so far as regards these two modes, all who have made a comparison, seem to concur in the opinion, that stripping the corn of its tops and leaves is a bad practice.

William Carmichael, of Virginia, has given us in the Farmer's Register, his experiments in this matter, which go to corroborate the conclusion we have drawn. He took promiscuously, one hundred ears from corn that had been topped and one hundred ears from that which had not been topped, growing side by side. The first, weighed, on the cob, fifty pounds—shelled, forty-one pounds, and measured twenty one quarts one pint. The other, fifty four pounds—shelled, forty six pounds, and measured twenty six quarts—showing a difference of nearly one-fifth, in favor of unstripped or untrodden corn. The fact is, that topping not only prevents the further elaboration of the sap, which can only take place in the leaves, and which is necessary for the growth of the corn, but it deprives the grain of much that is already elaborated, and on its way to the grain. If a fruit tree is deprived of its leaves before the fruit has attained its growth, or mature flavor, the fruit will no longer grow, nor will it attain high flavor, for its supply of elaborate blood, or vegetable food, is cut off by the loss of leavers. We have noticed this particularly in the plum.

Satisfactory experiments have not been made to determine, whether it is most advantageous to cut the crop when the grain is merely glazed, or to wait till it is perfectly ripe. This will depend upon the amount of loss, if any, in the grain, by early harvesting—the relative value of the grain and fodder, and the prospect of both being injured by early frosts, for neither are liable to suffer from frost after the crop has been cut and put into shocks. It is to be noticed, that in early cutting, the stalks are succulent, and abound in elaborated sap, on its descent from the leaves to the grain, and that this supply of food to the grain continues to flow probably for some days after the corn is in the shock, and if so, the grain itself continues to improve, though we think it likely that the corn undergoes some trifling diminution. But if frost is likely to intervene before the complete maturity, there is no doubt but the corn will suffer less in shock than it will standing, while the fodder will be materially injured by frost. Admitting that there is a small loss in grain by early cutting, though it is undoubtedly less than when it is topped, the difference in the value of the fodder, under the two modes of management, is vastly in favor of early harvesting.

We do not pretend to calculate to a nicety the difference in nutritious properties, of cornstalks cut in a succulent state, early in September, well cured and well housed, and those left standing till October or November in the field, but we should think to fifty per cent. Well cured constalks afford an excellent winter food for neat cattle.

Several of our acquaintances have kept their neat stock almost entirely upon this fodder during the past winter, and we have done the like, having first cut ours in a cutting machine; and so far as we can learn, the cattle kept upon them are in excellent condition.

The preceding considerations justify us in recommending, that in the management of the Indian corn crop, the following rules be observed, at least partially, so far as to test their correctness.

1. That the corn harrow and cultivator be substituted for the plough in the culture of the crop.

2. That the plants be not hilled, or but slightly so—thus not to prevent the soil being often stirred and kept clean. And,

3. That in harvesting, the crop be cut at the ground as soon as the grain is glazed.

[Albany Cultivator.

A FALSEHOOD CORRECTED

The following is from the New York Star of the 6th inst. viz:

"*Shameful Speculation.*—The Post Office receipts are deposited in specie; and drawn in specie. Amos Kendall sends on a friend with drafts—sells the specie for a premium of ten per cent. and buys Western money at a discount of ten per cent. and thus *somebody* coolly pockets *twenty* per cent by the operation.

"These robberies are getting to be open and barefaced. How long will the people countenance this shameful speculation on their pockets?"

The Globe says there is not the *shadow of a shade* to rest such an imputation upon. It is a sheer fabrication.

The Kent Bugle of the 8th says: "We have received an ear of corn, pulled on the 4th of of July, and nearly fit for the table. It is not forward corn, neither was it raised in the garden, but was pulled in the field, from a cut of about 30,000 hills, in a nearly equal state of forwardness on the farm of Mr. J. W. Brice, Queen Anne's County. This shows well for the coming crop, indeed the season has ben highly propitious.

TREMENDOUS "BUSINESS TRANSACTION."

Not long since, a half demented and comical genius, who locates in the town of Patterson, paid a visit to the commercial city PAR EXCELLENCE, and in strolling along the streets, looking at the wonderful sights and curiosities that meet the eye at every turn, promiscuously stepped into an auction store in Pearl street. The man of the hammer, and in fact all hands, from the boss down to the petees, were instantly on the QUEE WEEWY, as Justice Bloodgood hath it, and forthwith commenced operations—"going—going—going—one and a half—one and a half—half—half—half down T. Nugent & Co" Our stranger now began to imbibe the spirit of bidding, representing himself as a country merchant, and wishing to purchase a number of fancy articles, for the purpose of retailing them at one hundred per cent. profit, to the fair prairie daughters of the boundless west. Lot after lot was bid off by our enterprising hero, until finally it was deemed expedient by the auctioneer to advise him of the amount his bill had already reached.

"Very well," said the buyer, "go on"

The hammer was up again, and, as before, each lot was struck off to the former purchaser. The sales soon amounted to about three thousand dollars. A pretty fair two hour's work, thought the auctioneer, and accordingly broke off and adjourned until the next morning—more particularly for the purpose of ascertaining what his customer was made of.

The sale was stopped—the bill footed up, and presented.

"Perfectly right, I expect," said the buyer. "Twenty eight hundred—I havn't got as much as that with me but I see by your notice sticking, that strangers can leave a deposite."

"Certainly," said the clerk," pay a part of it and you can pay the balance when you take the goods."

"Well, then, here's fifty cents, in specie too: it's all I've got, and I want eighteen pence of that to take me back to Patterson. I know the driver, and he'll take me for a shilling, and sixpence will pay ferriage!"

"You infernal scoundrel, you—you impudent confounded rascal," roared out the man who had wielded the hammer, and taxed his lungs on a two hour stretch, all to no purpose, "get out of the store."

"Yes, get out of the store, or we will kick you out," said Peter Fork.

"Will you" said he, "will you? Then I'm going—going—going—gone!"

The auctioneer stormed a little at first, but, like a true philosopher, laughed it off as a good joke, and all hands turned to and put things in order for the next days sales, determining that if ever such another customer presented himself at that counter, a select committee should be appointed for the purpose of investigating his "financial department," and also with power, if necessary, to send for persons and papers."—N. Y. Sun.

A TALE THAT IS TRUE.

A short time since I was invited by a friend to accompany him to———Hospital, to witness the operation that was to be performed that day. I consented, since that I wished to look upon the suffering man, but rather that I might have an opportunity of seeing how operations were conducted in these dwellings of the afflicted. I seated myself by the side of my friend, while my eye wandered about the room, resting on knives, saws, and other instruments which lay on the table before me, painting to my imagination the scenes of anguish which those walls had witnessed, and exciting in my heart pity for those poor sufferers who were from day to day extended on that sheeted table. As I was meditating on the "many ills which flesh is heir to," the door opened, and upon a board was brought in a man exhausted with disease and worn out with pain. He was laid upon the table, and the instruments of amputation readily prepared. The bloodless face and the trembling form told us that the sufferer was conscious of his situation, and dreaded the pain he was about to endure. Perhaps, thought I, as I looked upon the mortified and deadened limb, perhaps that man is a father, who has a wife and children to mourn over his misfortunes, and friends to minister to his wants—but none are here—he is to bear his pains alone. The saw soon followed his knife, and soon the limb was taken off. As the surgeon was taking up the arteries, curiosity led me to inquire the cause of the disease, and my feelings were indescribable when I was told—"whilst in a state of intoxication, for want of a better shelter, he slept in a barn and froze his feet!" I was faint and sick with the sight, and rose to leave the room. The hand of my friend held me by the shoulder, while he asked if I did not intend to see the whole operation? "Is it not already done?" I inquired. "No, the other is to be taken off." I hastened from the spot, again to be in the open air, and relieve my ear and heart from the cries of the unfortunate man.

If I have listened unmoved to temperance lectures and temperance addresses, the eloquence of that place converted me.

But the man who provided him with rum!—I would that he were there—and if the groans of that suffering man could not reform him, "neither would he be persuaded though one rose from the dead."—*Olive Branch.*

'Stop my paper, if you please.'

'We will sir, but what is the matter with it?'

Nothing, except that when I go home in the evening, instead of finding supper ready, my wife is reading your paper; and chilly mornings she is up before daylight, strikes a light and sits down to finish it. I can't stand it—nor won't.

—o—

We copy the following from a Cincinati paper, and recommend the answer of the man with the butter to general introduction.

The following laconic dialogue ensued between a citizen and an honest countryman who was attending in the market:

"Well, neighbor, how do you sell butter?"

"Eighteen and three fourth cents,"

"Give me a pound."

Individual ticket being handed out, the countryman looked shy and refused it. The holder insisted that it was good.

"Well, if it is good you may keep it, but if you offer it to me aguin, I'll slap your chops."

"My dear," said a lady to a little girl, "what is the matter with your mother?" "She's got the *rebellious* fever, ma'am" A somewhat common disorder among the *shin plaster gentry.*

A TRUE STORY.

The following story of 'Love and Prudence,' first appeared in the New York (Pa.) Recorder, and the fact which it records, occurred in a neighboring county, beyond the Susquehanna. The way this beautiful and sprightly heiress treated her fortune hunting lover should be a 'caution' to the whole order:—

Love and Prudence.—A young gentleman was desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony, and had turned his attention to the 'gilded' beauties of the day—selected, at length, for particular addresses, a young lady who was reported rich, as well in the matter of 'lucre' as in mental and personal accomplishments. He felt the charm of his fair one stealing over his senses a 'witching spell' upon his faculties. But he wanted to make assurance doubly sure, and to leave no 'loop whereon to hang a doubt' touching the *worldly possessions* of his beloved. Fame, it is true, had spoken her wealthy—but Fame has a cruel fashion of exaggeration in these matters. In a word, if the truth must be told, our lover was not so madly in love, but he was able to preserve some 'method' in it. And before the glorious passion had reached its crisis, he had the singular prudence to examine records—and to obtain an exact knowledge of the wealth of his charmer! How happy was he to find that her estate was clear; and for one even more valuable than rumor had proclaimed it.

Flying then, on the wings of love, to the dwelling of his fair one—in good set phrase he declared his affection for her—made a tender of his heart and hand—and besought her to smile upon his passion, and make him happy. But the "flattering tale" of hope was not to be realized. The star of our lover's happy fortune had, alas! not yet cast its silver above the horizon! By some means, it happened the young lady had been apprised of the extent of her lover's curiosity—and in the midst of his descent upon flames, and darts, and Cupid—she very composedly drew from her reticule a small piece of money, and approaching him, made this reply—"Although I may profit by your very favorable sentiments towards me, still I cannot think of your being a loser on my account. As you have been at the expense of a 'search, I must insist on being allowed to replace the amount so expended." So saying, she put an eight penny piece in her lover's hand, and he went his way.

—o—

AN ARISTOCRATIC RASCAL.

A waggish rogue who has been confined in jail at Natchitoches on a charge of passing counterfeit money, on having three or four persons put in the same room with himself, convicted of stealing, sent a note to the jailor stating that he had some notion of *leaving*, as the company was too low for him to associate with. The fellow acknowledged that he had made and issued paper money in violation of the law, but that *stealing* was an occupation he dispised. According to the New Orleans Picayune the petition was granted and the fellow is now in Baton Rouge.

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THE NORWEGIAN FARMERS.

If there be a happy class of people in Europe, it is the Norwegian bonder. He is the owner of his little estate; he has no feudal duty or feudal service to pay to any superior. He is the king of his own land, and landlord as well as king. His poor-rate and tithes are too inconsiderable to be mentioned. His seat or land tax is heavy; but every thing he uses is in consequence so much cheaper; and he has that which renders the heaviest tax light—the management of it by his own representatives, and the satisfaction of publicity and enconomy in its application. He has the satisfaction of seeing, from Storthing to Storthing, that the taxes are diminishing, and the public debt paying off. He is well lodged, has abundance of fuel, and that quantity of land, in general, which does not place him above the necessity of personal labor, but far above privation, if sickness or age should prevent him from working. He has also no class above him; nobody who can look down upon him, or whom he or his family look up to, either to obtain objects of a false ambition, or to imitate out of a spirit of vanity. He has a greater variety of food than the same class in other countries, for besides what his farm produces, which is mostly consumed in his house-keeping, the fields, the lakes, and rivers, and the fiords, afford game, fish, and other articles He has also variety of labor, which is, perhaps, among the greatest enjoyments in the life of a laboring man; for there is recreation in change. He has no cares for his family, because he knows what their condition will be after his death. He knows that his wife succeeds to him, and as long as she remains unmarried, the only difference made by his death is, that there is one less in the family. On her death, or second marriage, he knows that each of his children has a right to a share of his property; and, according to their number, he makes his arrangement for their either living on the land as before, or dividing it, or for being settled in other occupations, and taking a share of the value when it comes to be divided.

[*Laing's Norway.*

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A TOUGH HEN.

A friend from the country, says the Portland Argus, upon whose veracity unlimited reliance may be placed, has furnished us with the following facts. "A neighbor of his, in pitching out his hay last month, found the body of a hen, very much compressed, which must have been under the hay since July, 1836, when it was stowed away in the barn. The body was thrown upon the barn floor, where it attracted the attention of several children, one of whom discovered signs of life *about the eyes!* Means were immediately used for resuscitating the hen, and they were completely successful, she having completely recovered from the effect of ten months confinement, and commenced discounting eggs for the benefit of her owner." Query. Which is the *toughest* the *hen* or the *story?*

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CLAIMANT TO THE BRITISH THRONE.—Captain John Wood, a paymaster in the Eenglish service, has publicly announced himself a natural son of George IV. and Queen Caroline. He says his name is John Guelph, and no mistake. He has been stationed at the Ionian Isles until quite recently. What is very singular, the Captain is thought to be perfectly sane in his assertions. He speaks with the utmost confidence of his ability to prove his royal birth, when it shall become necessary. He is about 40 years of age.

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