EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS SLEEPING BRIDE.

Sleep, loved one sleep—thy tangled hair
Flows loosely o'er thy bosom bare,
Yet sleep in peace—no prying eye,
Save thy lover's own is nigh.
Sleep, dearest, sleep—the lover's breast
Pillows thy rest.

Sleep on, sleep on—nay, do not start,
'Tis but thy lover's beating heart,
Whose pulses throb against thy cheek,
Tokening the love they cannot speak.
Sweet dreamer, sleep— thy lover's eye
Is watching nigh.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet folded flower,
Till rosy morning's dawning hour;
Sleep and dream on—thy lover's arm
Is fondly sheltering thee from harm;
Sleep, and fear not—thy lover's ear
Is listening near.

Omnipotent of Earth and Heaven!
By whom all blissful gifts are given—
To whom this treasured one I owe
That sleeps upon my bosom now—
I give thee thanks for every bliss,
But most for this!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MADMAN'S MANUSCRIPT.

BY BOZ.

"Yes! a madman's? How that word would have struck to my heart many years ago! How it would have roused the terror that used to come upon me sometimes, sending the blood hissing and tingling my skin, and my knees knocking together with fright! I like it now, though. It's a fine name. Show me the monarch whose angry frown was feared like the glare of a madman's eye; whose cord and axe were ever half so sure as a madman's gripe. Ho! ho! It's a grand thing to be mad to be peeped at like a wild lion through the iron bars; to gnash one's teeth and howl, through the long, still night, to the merry ring of a heavy chain; and to roll and twine among the straw transported with such brave music. Hurrah for the mad-house! Oh it's a rare place!

"I remember days when I was *afraid* of being mad; when I used to start from my sleep, and fall upon my knees, and pray to be spared from the curse of my race; when I rushed from the sight of merriment or happiness, to hide myself in some lonely place, and spend the weary hours in watching the progress of the fever that was to consume my brain. I knew that madness was mixed up with my very blood, and the marrow of my bones; that one generation had passed away without the pestilence appearing among them, and that I was the first in whom it would revive. I knew it *must* be so; that so it always had been, and so it ever would be; and when I cowered in some obscure corner of a crowded room, and saw men whisper, and point and turn their eyes toward me, I knew they were telling each other of the doomed madman.

"I did this for years; long, long years they were. The nights here are long sometimes—very long; but they are nothing to the restless nights and dreadful dreams I had at that time. It makes me cold to remember them. Large, dusky forms, with sly and jeering faces, crouched in the corners of the room, and bent over my bed at night, tempting me to madness. They told me in low whispers, that the floor in the old house in which my father died, was stained with his own blood, shed by his own hand in raging madness. I drove my fingers into my head till the room rang with it, that in one generation before him the madness slumbered, but that his grandfather had lived for years with his hands fettered to the ground, to prevent his tearing himself to pieces. I knew they told the truth—I knew it well I had found it out years before, though they had tried to keep it from me. Ha! ha! I was too cunning for them, madman as they thought me.

"At last it came upon me, and I wondered how I could ever have feared it. I could go into the world now, and laugh and shout with the best among them. I knew I was mad, but they did not even suspect it. How I used to hug myself with delight, when I thought of the fine trick I was playing them after their old pointing and leering, when I was not mad, but only dreading that I might one day become so! And how I used to laugh for joy when I was alone, and thought how well I kept my secret, and how quickly my kind friends would have fallen from me, if they had known the truth. I could have screamed with ecstacy when I dined alone with some fine roaring fellow, to think how pale he would have turned, and how fast he would have run, if he had known that the dear friend who sat close to him sharpening a bright, glittering knife, was a madman, with all the power, and half the will, to plunge it in his heart!

"Riches became mine—wealth poured in upon me, and I riioted in pleasures, enhanced a thousand fold to me by the consciousness of my well kept secret. I inherited an estate. The law, the eagle-eyed law itself, had been deceived, and had handed over disputed thousands to a madman's hands. Where was the wit of the sharp sighted men of sound mind? Where the dexterity of the lawyers, eager to discover a flaw? The madman's cunning had overreached them all.

"I had money. How I was courted! I spent it profusely. How I was praised! How those three proud, overbearing brothers humbled themselves before me. The old white headed father, too—such deference—such respect—such devoted friendship; why, he worshipped me. The old man had a daughter, and the young men a sister, and all the five were poor. I was rich! and when I married the girl, I saw a smile of triumph play upon the faces of her needy relatives, as they thought of their well planned scheme, and their fine prize. It was for me to smile. To smile! To laugh outright, and tear my hair, and roll upon the ground with shrieks of merriment. They little thought they had married her to a madman!

"In one thing I was deceived in all my cunning. If I had not been mad—for though we madmen are sharp witted enough, we get bewildered sometimes—I should have known that the girl would rather have been placed stiff and cold, in a dull, leaden coffin, than borne an envied bride to my rich, glittering house. I should have known that her heart was with the dark eyed boy whose name I once heard her breathe in her troubled sleep; and that she had been sacrificed to me, to relieve the poverty of the old, white-headed man and the haughty brothers.

"I don't remember forms of faces now, but I know the girl was beautiful. I *know* she was; for in the bright moonlight nights, when I start up from my sleep, and all its quiet about me, I see, standing still and motionless, in one corner of this cell, a slight and wasted figure, with long, black hair, which streaming down her back, stirs with no earthly wind and eyes that fix their gaze on me, and never wink or close. Hush! the blood chills at my heart as I write down—that form is *hers*! the face is very pale, and the eyes are glassy bright; but I know them well. That figure never moves; it never frowns and mouths as others do, that fill this place sometimes; but it is much more dreadful to me even than the spirits that tempted me many years ago. It comes fresh from the grave, and is deathlike.

"For nearly a year I saw that face grow paler; for nearly a year I saw the tears steal down the mournful cheeks, and never knew the cause. I found it out at last, though. They could not keep it from me long. She had never liked me; I had never thought she did; she despised my wealth, and hated the splendor in which she lived: I had not expected that. She loved another! This I had never thought of. Strange feelings came over me, and thoughts forced upon me by some secret power, whirled round and round my brain. I did not hate her, though I hated the boy she still wept for. I pitied—yes, I pitied the wretched life to which her cold and selfish relations had doomed her. I knew that she could not live long, but I resolved to kill her.

"For many weeks I thought of poison, and then of drowning, and then of fire. A fine sight, the grand house in flames, and the madman's wife smouldering away to cinders. Think of the jest of a large reward, too, and of some sane man swinging in the wind for a deed he never did, and all through a madman's cunning! I thought of this, but I gave it up at last. Oh, the pleasure of stropping the razor day after day, feeling the sharp edge, and thinking of the gash one stroke of its thin, bright point would make!

"At last, the old spirits who had been with me so often before, whispered in my ear that the time was come, and thrust the open razor into my hand. I grasped it firmly, rose softly from the bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife! Her face was buried in her hands. I withdrew them softly, and they fell listlessly on her bosom. She had been weeping, for the traces of the tears were still wet upon her cheek. Her face was calm and placid; and even as I looked upon it, a tranquil smile lighted up her pale features. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started—it was only a passing dream. I leant forward again. She screamed and woke.

"One motion of my hand, and she would never again have uttered cry or sound. But I was startled, and drew back. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I know not how it was, but they cowed and frightened me, and I quailed beneath them. She rose from the bed, still gazing fixedly and steadily upon me. I trembled; the razor was in my hand, but I could not move. She made towards the door. As she neared it she turned, and withdrew her eyes from my face. The spell was broken. I bounded forward, and clutched her by the arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek, she sunk upon the ground.

"Now I could have killed her without a struggle, but the house was alarmed. I heard the tread of footsteps on the stairs. I replaced the razor in its usual drawer, unfastened the door, and called loudly for assistance.

"They came, and raised her, and placed her on the bed. She lay bereft of animation for hours; and when life, look and speech returned, her senses had deserted her, and she raved wildly and furiously. Doctors were called in—great men, who rolled up to my door in easy carriages, with fine horses and gaudy servants. They were at her bed-side for weeks. They had a great meeting and consulted together in low and solemn voices in another room. One, the cleverest and most celebrated among them, took me aside, and bidding me prepare for the worst, told me—, the madman! that my wife was mad. He stood close beside me at an open window, his eyes looking in my face, and his hand upon my arm. With one effort I could have hurled him into the street beneath. It would have been rare sport to have done it; but my secret was at stake, and I let him go. A few days after, they told me I must place her under some restraint; I must provide a keeper for her—*I*. I went into the open fields, where none could hear me, and laughed till the air resounded with my shouts.

"She died next day. The white-headed old man followed her to the grave, and the proud brothers dropped a tear over the insensible corpse of her whose sufferings they had regarded in her lifetime with muscles of iron. All this was food for secret mirth, and I laughed behind the white handkerchief which I held up to my face, as we rode home, till the tears came into my eyes.

"But though I had carried my object and killed her, I was restless and disturbed, and I felt that before long my secret must be known. I could not hide the wild mirth and joy which boiled within me, and made me when I was alone, at home, jump and beat my hands together, and dance round and round, and roar aloud. When I went out, and saw the busy crowds hurrying about the streets, or to the theatre, and heard the sound of music, and beheld the people dancing, I felt such glee, that I could have rushed among them, and torn them to pieces, limb from limb, and howled in transport. But I ground my teeth, and struck my feet upon the floor, and drove my sharp nails into my hands. I kept it down; and no one knew I was a madman yet.

"I remember—though it's one of the last things I can remember: for now I mix realities with my dreams, and having so much to do, and being always hurried here, have no time to separate the two, from some strange confusion in which they get involved—I remember how I let it out at last. Ha! ha! I think I see the frightened looks now, and feel the ease with which I flung them from me, and I dashed my clenched fist into their white faces, and then flew like the wind and left them screaming and shouting far behind. The strength of a giant comes upon me when I think of it. There—see how this iron bar bends beneath my furious wrench. I could snap it like a twig: only there are long galleries here with many doors—I don't think I could find my way along them; and even if I could, I knew there are iron gates below, which they keep locked and barred. They know what a clever madman I have been, and they are proud to have me here to show.

"Let me see; yes. I have been out. It was late last night when I reached home, and found the proudest of the three proud brothers, waiting to see me—urgent business, he said: I recollect it well. I hated that man with all a madman's hate. Many and many a time had my fingers longed to tear him. They told me he was there, I ran swiftly up stairs. He had a word to say to me. I dismissed the servants. It was late, and we were alone together—for the first time.

"I kept my eyes carefully from him at first, for I knew what he little thought—and I gloried in the knowledge—that the light of madness gleamed from them like fire. We sat in silence for a few minutes. He spoke at last. My recent dissipation, and strange remarks, made so soon after his sister's death, were an insult to her memory. Coupling together many circumstances which had at first escaped his observation, he thought I had not treated her well. He wished to know whether he was right in inferring that I meant to cast a reproach upon her memory, and a disrespect upon her family. It was due to the uniform he wore, to demand this explanation.

"This man had a commission in the army—a commission, purchased with my money, and his sister's misery. This was the man who had been foremost in the plot to ensnare me, and grasp my wealth. This was the man who had been the main instrument in forcing his sister to wed me, well knowing that her heart was given to that puling boy. Due! due to his uniform! The livery of his degradation! I turned my eyes upon him—I could not help it—but I spoke not a word.

"I saw the sudden change that came upon him, beneath my gaze. He was a bold man, but the color faded from his face, and he drew back his chair. I dragged mine nearer to him; and as I laughed—I was very merry then—I saw him shudder. I felt the madness rising within me. He was afraid of me.

"You were very fond of your sister when she was alive'—I said.

"He looked uneasily round him, and I saw his hand grasp the back of his chair: but he said nothing.

"'You villain,' said I, 'I found you out; I discovered your hellish plots against me; I know her heart was fixed on some one else before you compelled her to marry me. I know it—I know it.'

"He jumped suddenly from his chair, brandishing it aloft, and bid me stand back—but I took care to be getting closer to him, all the time I spoke.

"I screamed rather than talked, for I felt tumultuous passions eddying through my veins, and the old spirits whispering and taunting me to tear his heart out.

"'Curse you,' said I, starting up and rushing upon him; 'I killed her. I am a madman. Down with you. Blood, blood I will have it.'

"I turned aside with one blow the chair he hurled at me in his terror, and closed with him; and with a heavy crash we rolled upon the floor together.

"It was a fine struggle that, for he was a tall, strong man, fighting for his life; and I, a powerful madman, thirsting to destroy him. I knew no strength could equal mine, and I was right. Right, again, though a madman! His struggles grew fainter. I knelt upon his chest, and clasped his brawny throat firmly with both hands. His face grew purple; his eyes were starting from his head, and, with protruded tongue, he seemed to mock me. I squeezed the tighter.

"The door was suddenly burst open with a loud noise, and a crowd of people rushed forward, crying aloud to secure the madman

"My secret was out; and my only struggle now was for liberty and freedom. I gained my feet before a hand was on me, threw myself among my assailants, and cleared my way with my strong arm as if I bore a hatchet in my hand, and hewed them down before me. I gained the door, dropped over the banisters, and in an instant was in the street.

"Straight and swift I ran, and no one dared to stop me. I heard the noise of feet behind, and redoubled my speed. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at length died away altogether; but on I bounded, through marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall, with a wild shout which was taken up by the strange beings that flocked around me on every side, and swelled the sound, till it pierced the air. I was borne upon the arms of demons who swept along upon the wind, and bore down bank and hedge before them, and spun me round and round with a rustle and a speed that made my head swim, until at last they threw me from them with a violent shock, and I fell heavily upon the earth. When I awoke I found myself here—here in this gay cell where the sunlight seldom comes, and the moon stealts in, in rays which only serve to show the dark shadows about me, and that silent figure in its cold corner. When I lie awake, I can sometimes hear strange shrieks and cries from distant parts of this large place. What they are, I know not; but they neither come from that pale form, nor does it regard them. For from the first shades of dusk till the earliest light of morning, it still stands motionless in the same place, listening to the music of my iron chain, and watching my gambols on my straw bed."

At the end of the manuscript was written, in another hand, this note:

The unhappy man whose ravings are recorded above, was a melancholy instance of the baneful results of energies misdirected in early life, and excesses prolonged until their consequences could never be repaired. The thoughtless riot, dissipation and debauchery of his younger days, produced fever and delirium. The first effects of the latter was the strange delusion, founded upon a well known medical theory, strongly contended for by some, and so strongly contested by others, that an heriditary madness existed in his family. This produced a settled gloom, which in time developed a morbid insanity, and finally terminated in raving madness. There is every reason to believe that the events he detailed, though distorted in the description by his diseased imagination, really happened. It is only matter of wonder to those who were acquainted with the vices of his early career, that his passions, when no longer controlled by reason, did not lead him to the commission of still more frightful deeds.]

The rogues who robbed the store of Mr. Aquilla Hughes, No. 63, Baltimore street, in March last, of several thousand dollars worth of watches and jewellery, have at last been discovered in the city of New York. The Journal of Commerce says—

On Tuesday last, officers Homan, Sparks and Merritt, succeeded in arresting two fellows in this city, named James Burroughs and John McDonald, on suspicion of having been concerned in the robbery of Mr. Hughes's store. But McDonald indignantly denied the charge, and to use his own words, said, "I am an innocent man, and most falsely accused, for at the very time that robbery was committed, I was in the state prison. As this ALIBI was fully substantiated, McDonald was discharged. The proof against Burroughs was conclusive. On his person was found a valuable gold watch, being one of those stolen from Mr. Hughes, besides which, another of the watches was found with McDonald, which he said he got from Burroughs, and to crown the whole, Burroughs at last made a full confession of his guilt. He also stated that he had an accomplice in the burglary, named Joseph Miller, alias Le Coste, who is at present undergoing a sentence in the Penitentiary. And to sooth his sufferings there, he has now the pleasant prospective of going to the State Prison when he comes out the Penitentiary. It appears that these rascals were in Baltimore some weeks before they committed the burglary, and put up at Beltzhoover's under the names of James Barnes and James Pierce.

A STRANGE BOOT-JACK MAN.

At Jamaica upwards of eighty, lives a man of a strange and original character. He is wealthy and childless; his wife and six attached negro followers not slaves, sit with him at the same table. He is shrewd in his dealings and prospers; he recognises no "currency," but coin—will receive, and pay nothing else. The last land sale at Jamaica, was made by him—nine acres, at $1000 the acre, one half down on delivering the deed. He required this to be paid in specie—which as he had always done, he lent on mortgage at *five* per cent. He never takes more, declaring that to be all that the use of the money is worth. He refuses more. He has now $50,000 or $60,000 lent on mortgage at that rate. A few months ago he bought a cow of a neighbor, for $27,50. A week or two afterwards, he came to the seller and said the animal was better than she had been represented to be; that it was in his way to do, as to require justice in all his dealing, and he tendered the seller $2,50 more. It was refused of course, but the old man left the money among the children These are but specimens of countless similar tales related of him. His frame bends under the weight of 84 years but his health is unbroken, and his spirits are good; he totters under a green old age, down the hill of life; and if conscientious observance of his rules of right, can soften the pillow or ensure calm slumbers, that old man must have serene nights. What will our money lenders think of a man who *refuses* more than five per cent!—*N. Y. Times.*

The following which we translate from a late French paper contains curious and interesting information.

At this time when the important subject of sugars occupies public attention, we believe that our readers will be glad to receive some satistical information relative to the consumption of the article. The following scale of consumption is from a table published in the Edinburgh Review.

Ireland, with 8,000,000 inhabitants, consumes 18,000,000 kilogrammes* of sugar.

Spain, with 12,000,000 inhabitants, consumes 40,000,000 kil.

The United States, whith 12,000,000 inhabitants, 100,000,000 kil.

Great Britania, with 16,000,000 nhabitants, 180,000,000 kil,

France, with 32,000,000 inhabitants, 100,000,000 kil.

Which is an allowance for Ireland of 2 1-4 kilogrammes per head; for Spain 3 1-3 kil.; for the United States 8 1-2 kil.; for great Britain 11 1-4 kil.; for France 3 1-8 kil.

So it seems that our consumption is less than that of either England, the United States, or even Spain 'Tis only in Ireland, that miserable country, that they consume a little less sugar than in France.

* A kilogramme is nearly 2 lbs.

From the New York Times.

Has the "United States Government deposited any part of the French indemnity in any pet bank since the suspension of specie payments, and then turned round to the owers and told them they must take bills or nothing?"

If the "indemnity," or any part of it, has been deposited in a city bank since the suspension of specie payments, cannot the depositors draw it out again at pleasure in the same coin deposited.

Have not the banks, since the suspension act, given public notice, that depositors of specie may draw for it when and how they please?

The first question is verbatim an assertion (of a whig high in office in the 17th ward) made publicly in a bar room last evening, in presence of some dozen or more individuals. Please give answers to the above questions, and oblige many of your friends and

SUBSCRIBERS.

In respect to the French indemnity it was paid out to the holders by the agent, and in specie when asked, before any part of it was paid into the Treasury; and it has never been deposited in any bank by the Treasury.

Any holder of a certificate unpaid, can now get gold on it by calling on the agent, which is the Bank of America in New York.

The above article appeared in the N. Y. Times of Friday. It was repeated on Saturday, and answers to the several questions which were given by that paper. They are in substance the same as those we have given, with the additional one to the last query, that depositors of specie have been, and will continue to be, paid in specie whenever and however called for.—Globe.

KISSING CUSTOMS.

The writers of the following, have done no little service to the community—especially the young and bashful, the raw and inexperienced—by recording in what manner and on what terms kissing is received by the fair ones in different parts of the Union. As this:

DOWN EAST GIRLS.—When the down east girls wish to threaten each other with a flogging, they say, "I will be into you like a thousand of bricks." When a wild ark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says "Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up at once, and say, "I should think you ought to be ashamed."—*Boston Trans.*

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon its my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week.—*Irwinton Herald.*

When a clever chap steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of down east and Alabama. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied.—*Picayune.*

When a female is here saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl and answereth: "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jereddiah; for this indignity I will sew thee up."—*Lynn Record.*

The ladies in this village receive a salute with Christian meekness. They follow the scripture rule—when smitten on the *one cheek* they turn the *other also*.—*Bangtown Chronicle.*

As for the New York girls, they go on the regular *spoils of victory* principle. A man must fight for a kiss as it for dear life—head dress, sleeves, &c. not taekn into account. But if he takes the citidel, he can then enjoy the spoils to his heart's content—because the girls never give up until all their strength is gone.—*N. Y. Com.*

We know not what custom prevails amongst us of the interior, but we should think that before a man is so fortunate as to obtain a kiss from any of our girls, he must stand up before a pastor and say, "I, M, take thee N." &c. &c.—*Albany Adv.*

The girls in our town are amazingly squeamish about being kissed; and no sooner does one of them receive a buss, than she exclaims, "Done lettin me alone! can't ye?"—*Lippentown Gaz.*

We feel it our bounden duty to add our mite to the above; for, among all the various modes of receiving a salute, the young ladies of this section, we do believe, have the strangest. They actually shut their eyes when they see a gentleman about to present lips; after he has given them two or three smart smacks, they unclose their pretty orbs, and say, "How dare you kiss a body, when a body's fast asleep?"—*Maidstown Observer.*

Attempted Suicide for Love.—As Mr. Hosea Sargent was preparing for bed, on Sunday night, he heard that there was a sailor on May's wharf acting as if he intended to make away with himself, and he instanly proceeded thither, where, after some search, he found a young man, named George Newcomb, hanging down by the wharf, to a chain cable. He was insensible, and Mr. Sargent had him conveyed to the north watch-house, where, after some exertions, he was brought to; but he afterwards made several attempts to strangle himself. All the watch could get out of him was, "I love her—I love her—I'll die for her." There was a lock of his girl's hair in one corner of the handkerchief with which he had tied himself to the chain. One of the officers of the watch went over to Charlestown to see Newcomb's mother, who expressed the most lively gratitude for the care which the watch had taken of her son.—*Boston Post.*

Peculiarities of marriage ceremony in different countries. A Roman could not marry any woman who was not a Roman—Among the Romans, the kalends, nones and ides of every month were deemed unlucky for the celebration of marriage, and so was the whole month of May. The last and most propitious season was that which followed the ides of June.

The Roman laws speak of second marriages in very odious terms

In the primitive church a second marriage was considered no other than a lawful concubinage, or a species of bigamy.

The Turks have three kinds of marriages, and three sorts of wives; *legitimate, wives in kebin, and slaves* They marry the first, hier the second, and buy the third.

The people in Java marry and have children when they are only ten years old.

Among the Hindoos polygamy is practiced, but one wife is acknowledged as supreme.

In Russia, when a marriage is proposed, the lover, accompained by a friend, goes to the house of the bride, and says to her mother, "Show us your merchandise, we have got money," referring to the ancient custom of buying a wife.

Among the Persians, marriages are conducted by female mediation. Polygamy is allowed, but the first married is the principle wife.

Among all savage nations, the wife is commonly bought by the husband from her father, or guardian, and the conclusion of the bargain constitutes the marriage. Among the Abissynians, the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy. Among the Chinese, the bride is purchased by a present to her parents, and is never seen by her husband till after the ceremony

The Hebrews purchased their wives, by paying down a competent dowry for them, which proves that they were an uncivilized people.

The ancient Assyrians sold their beauties by an annual auction.

St. Augustine approved marriages of the orthodox with heretics, for he hoped that the faithful spouse would convert the other; but Louis XVI condemned them, fearing that the unbeliever would pervert the believer.

In the United States marriages are forbidden by law between whites and negroes; but we believe no objections have been raised against marrying believers with unbelievers, except by the rev. Mr. Malcolm, of Boston. [Boston Post.

There have been several sketches of the American House of Representatives, but none more truly graphic than the following from the New York *Knickerbocker Magazine.* The reflections to which it gives rise, are enough to make an American prouder of his glorious country!

"What a mass of representatives there are here! What singular samples of our vast country! Here sits a Tennesseean, and there a Missourian, educated among buffaloes, and nurtured in the forest—as intimate with the passes of the Rocky Mountains, as the cit with Broadway—who lives where hunters and trappers have vexed every hill, and who cares no more for a Pawnee than a professed beau for a bright-plumed belle. Here is a man from the prairies—and there another from the swamps and morasses, whose blood the musketoes have utterly stolen away. There is a sallow face from the rice-gounds, and here the flushed cheek from the mountains—and by his side a man from the pinegrounds—land of tar and turpentine. What a people we are! What a country is this of ours! How wide in extent—how rich in production—how various in beauty! I have asked in my travels, for the West, in the streets of the Queen of the West—a fairy city, which but as yesterday was a wilderness. They smiled at my inquiry, and said it was among the 'boosiers' of Indiana or the 'suckers' of Illinois. Then I journeyed along. I crossed great rivers and broad prairies, and again I asked for the West. They said it was in Missouri. I arrived at the capital. They complained that they were "too far down east." "But go," they said, "if you wish to see the West, days and days, and hundreds and hundreds of miles up the Missouri—farther than from us to New England, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, and among the Snake Indians of the Oregon, and you may find it." It was the work of a dozen years to find the West, and I turned about, in despair. Indeed, I have found no bounds to my country. I have searched for them for months in almost every conceivable direction, from the frozen lake of Louisiana, the land of the orange and the olive, and beneath the cold sky of Maine. I have seen the rice-planter gathering rich treasures from a bountiful soil, and the fisherman anchoring his little barque on the rocky island, dropping his hook as carefully as if the ocean were full of pearls, and not of——mackerel. I have seen the mill-man, sawing wood in all variety of forms, on the farthest soil of New England; and I have beheld the same wood floating down the Savannah, or the beautiful Alabama, in the strangest metamorphoses: it may be, in a clock, regularly ticking off the time, or in a pail; perchance, in a button; and for aught I know, in a tasteless ham, or an unfragrant nutmeg! I have never been off the soil of my own country; and yet I have seen the sun go down, a ball of fire, without a moment's notice of twilight, flinging over rich, alluvial lands—blooming with magnolias and arange trees—a robe of gold; and again I have stood upon the bare rocks of colder climes, and when the trees were pinched by the early frost, I have marked the same vanishing rays reflected from the leaves, as if a thousand birds of paradise were resting in the branches; and when the clouds, streaming with red, and purple, and blue,—tinged and tipped by the pencil of Beauty—were floating afar, like rainbows in motion, as if broken from their confinement—now mingling and and interlacing their dyes, and glittering arches, and anon sprinkled over, and mellowing the whole heaven—then I have fancied that I was indeed in a fairy land, where the very forest danced in golden robes,—responding to the setting sun, as the statue of fabled Memon gave forth its welcoming notes as the rays of the morning played upon its summit. I have been where the dog star rages, scattering pestilence in its train, where the long moss hangs from the trees; where the pale faces and sad countenances give admonition, that this is a region of death. I have stood by the wide prairie, and beheld the green billows rise and fall, and the undulations, chequered with sun-light and shadow, chasing one after the other, afar over the wide expanse. And I have gone amid the storms of winter, over the high hill, upon the loud-cracking crust, amid the music of the merry sleigh-bells. And here are the grand council—all speaking one language—all impelled by one law! Oh, my Country, my Country! If our destiny be always linked as one—if the same flag, with its glorious stars and stripes, is always the flag of our UNION—never unfurled or defended but by FREEMEN—then Poetry and Prophecy, stretching to their utmost, cannot pre-announce that destiny!

CONSCIENCE.—Judas droops though his purse is full of money; and Cain, though he is master of a spacious territory, is almost driven to despair.

BALTIMORE ELECTION. The Baltimore Gazette, a neutral paper, rather inclining to the whig party, thus speaks of the late election in Maryland:—

"In stating the result of the recent election of representatives in this state, the friends of the administration insist, that the whigs have been defeated in all their candidates but two, those two are Mr. Jenifer of the Western Shore and Mr. Pearce of the Eastern Shore.

In the lower district on the Eastern Shore, the whig candidate, Mr. Handy, regularly nominated, was opposed by Mr. Dennis, who received the support of the Van Buren votes and was elected—In like manner Mr. Wm. Cost Johnson was elected instead of Mr. A. Kimmel."

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