EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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BY AUTHORITY.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES PASSED AT THE SECOND SESSION OF THE TWENTY FIFTH CONGRESS.

[PUBLIC—No. 76]

AN ACT to establish a criminal court in the District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this law a court shall be established in the District of Columbia, for the trial of all crimes and offences against the laws now in force in the said district, and such as may be hereafter enacted; to be composed of one judge to be appointed by the President of the United States by and with the consent of the Senate, and to receive as compensation for his services, an annual salary of two thousand dollars, which court shall be styled the criminal court of the District of Columbia.

Sec. 2 And be it further enacted, That the said court shall hold four terms in each year on the first Mondays of December, March, June and September, in the city of Washington, for the county of Washington, and two terms in each year, on the first Mondays of April and November, in the town of Alexandria, for Alexandria county, and that the judge of said court shall have power to hold special terms of said court in each county whenever it shall seem to him necessary to order the same, of which order ten days, previous public notice shall be given.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the district attorney and marshal of the said district, and the clerks of the circuit court in the said district, for the counties of Washington and Alexandria, respectively, shall attend the said criminal court in said counties, and perform all the duties now by law required of them, respectively in relation to the criminal business of the circuit court in the said counties, and shall respectively, receive the same fees and compensation therefore. And the jurors and witnesses attending said court in the said counties shall be entitled to the same compensation they now receive for their attendance in the said circuit court in the said counties respectively.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That all recognizances, presentments, indictments, pleas, and criminal prosecutions, and proceedings whatsoever, and all suits and proceedings for fines and forfeitures and on forfeited recognizances, now pending to the said circuit court for the said counties of Washington and Alexandria, respectively shall be transferred to the said criminal court in the said counties, respectively, and be there proceeded on as they would have been in the said court for said counties, respectively, if this act had not been passed; and all process hereafter issued or now issued from the said circuit court, for the said counties, respectively, shall be returnable and returned to the said criminal court, at the next succeeding term and terms thereof, in the said counties, respectively, and the said criminal court shall have all the jurisdiction in the said counties, respectively now held by the said circuit court in the said counties, respectively, for the trial and punishment of all crimes and offences, and the recovery of all fines, forfeitures and recognizances.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That the circuit court of the District of Columbia, or any judge thereof, during the vacation of the court, shall have power to award a writ of error, in any criminal case whatever, wherein final judgment shall have been pronounced by the criminal court for either county in the said District returnable to the circuit court of that county in which said judgment may be rendered, convicting any person of any crime or misdemeanor, and to reverse said judgment or remand the case, and order a new trial, or such other proceeding therein, as the nature of the case may require.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That to enable the person so convicted by the judgment of the said criminal court to apply for a writ of error, in all cases when the judgment shall be death, or confinement in the penitentiary, the said criminal court shall, on application of the party accused postpone the final execution thereof, to a reasonable time beyond the next term of said circuit court, not exceeding in any case thirty days after the end of such term of the circuit court.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That the said criminal court, in any case, may, with the consent of the person accused; adjourn, any question of law to the circuit court of that county, in the District aforesaid, in which the case is depending, which may be there argued and decided, though such accused person be not present.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That there shall be hereafter paid to the coroners of the counties of Washington and Alexandria in the said District, and to the jurors and witnesses, who may be lawfully summoned by them in any inquest the same fees and compensation as are now paid to the marshal of the said district, and the jurors attending the circuit court in the said county, for similar services.

JAMES K POLK,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
WM. R. KING,
President of the Senate, pro tem.
Approved, July 7th, 1838.
M. VAN BUREN.

[PUBLIC.—No. 77.]

AN ACT to change the holding of the United States Circuit Court in the District of East Tennessee and the District of Maryland.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of East Tennessee, shall be held at Knoxville, on the Third Monday in October, in each and every year, and the Circuit Courts of the United States for the Districts of Maryland shall be held at Baltimore on the first Monday of November annually.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That all recognizances entered into, and all mense and final process which have been issued, or which shall hereafter be issued, returnable to the first term of said Court shall be returnable to the term hereby established, and shall have the same effect as though the said process had originally been made returnable to the term hereby established.

APPROVED, July 7th, 1838.

[PUBLIC.—No. 78.]

AN ACT supplementary to an act entitled "An act to increase the present military establishment of the United States and for other purposes," approved July, 5th, eighteen hundred and thirty eight.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the act to which this is a supplement, shall be and the same hereby is, explained, limited, and modified as follows:

First. Nothing contained in said act shall be so construed as to allow to any officer additional rations for time past, commonly called back rations.

Second. The posts at which chaplains shall be allowed shall be limited to the number of twenty, and shall be first approved by the Secretary at War, and shall be confined to places most destitute of instruction,

Third. That so much of said act as requires assistant quartermasters to be seperated from the line shall be, and the same is hereby repealed.

Fourth. That the number of the lieutenants authorized by said act to be added and transferred to the Ordinance Department, shall be limited to twelve.

Fifth. That the monthly pay of a private soldier, raised by said act to eight dollars, shall be limited and fixed at seven dollars a month; one dollar thereof shall be retained as provided for in said act.

Sixth. That no compensation shall be allowed to officers of the Engineer Department for disbursements of public money, while superintending public works.

Seventh. That the three commissaries of subsistence authorized by said act, shall not be seperated from the line of the army

Eighth. That so much of said act as allows one hundred and sixty acres of land to soldiers who shall have served ten consecutive years be, and the same is hereby repealed.

Ninth. That the said act shall be so construed as to allow the Paymaster General and Surgeon General of the army the additional rations therein granted to officers of the line and staff for every five years service.

APPROVED July 7th. 1838.

[PUBLIC—No. 79.]

AN ACT authorizing the printing of the Madison papers.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Joint Committee on the Library be authorized and cause the Madison papers to be printed and published; and that a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars be appropriated for that purpose out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

APRPOVED, July 9th, 1838.

RESOLUTION.—No. 7.—PUBLIC.

A RESOLUTION for the benefit of the widows of certain revolutionary officers and soldiers.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the benefits of the third section of an act entitled "An act granting half pay to widows and orphans where their husbands and fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States in certain cases, and for other purposes," approved the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, shall not be withheld from any widow whose husband has died since the passage of the said act, or who shall hereafter die, if said widow shall otherwise be entitled to the same.

APPROVED, July 7th, 1838.

POETRY.

Air—"THE MELLOW HORN."

At dawn the ROARERS loudly bark;
They are too proud to tire;
Majestic cats howl in the dark,
And spit out tones of fire.
But nature groans, when midst the din
That bids to sleep farewell,
Another sound one hears begin,
The noisy Milkman's bell!

At eve when one would feel secure,
And seek a tranquil spot,
To find the sleep he lost before,
And DEEM his woes forgot,
'Tis then again the jarring notes
Upon his slumber swell;—
Oh! what a madening cadence floats
Around the Milkman's bell!

From the Bangor Democrat.

THE LOCO FOCOS.

AS SUNG BY A BAND OF PATRIOTIC DEMOCRATS.

Air—*Billy Barlow.*

(ALL SING.)

We have met here together—a brotherly band,
United in heart and united in hand;
And though we're surrounded by foes, there's no fear—
We shall yet win the battle, so be of good cheer.
Up, up with our banner, and let it unfold
To the free winds of heaven its motto—"NOT SOLD!"
We will rally around it, and sing as we go—
Success to the party *called* Loco Foco.

(FARMERS SING.)

We're the rough hardy yeomanry, reared in old Maine;
Our coffers—the soil; our gold is the grain
Which kind Providence sends us; and 'though we've "*huge paws*,"
We are true to our God, to our country, our cause;
And we'll flock round this banner and loudly invoke
All freemen to draw at our end of the yoke—
And blithely we'll sing, as we hoe out our row—
Success to the party called Loco Foco.

(MECHANICS SING.)

We are hardworking men—by our labor we live;
And with prudence and industry ever can thrive;
We have laid up a little—*not* rags—but good gold,
That we may live happy and easy when old;
And we've flocked round this banner, and wish to remain
With our friends of the sledge, brush, awl, and plane;
And we well can afford to push, stitch, punch, and blow,
If paid in the *coin* of a Loco Foco.

(SAILORS SING.)

We have ploughed the rough ocean in many a storm,
But as we neared home our hearts have grown warm,
And thrilled with the ecstacy patriots feel
For the land of their birth. We now look for its weal,
And flock round this banner; and 'though we are few,
CAPTAIN FAIRFIELD can always depend on his crew;
We are all hands on deck, and we'll sing—Yo, heave ho!
Success to the party called Loco Foco.

(LABORERS SING.)

We have heard the Whigs call us an *ignorant* class;
But no matter as long as the muster we pass,
We all know *one* thing—'though we wear not fine coats,
They've not money enough left to purchase our votes,
So we'll flock round this banner—the people's own flag—
And as long as winds blow so long may it wag
O'er the LABORERS' heads. We are "ragged," we know,
But belong to the party called Loco Foco.

(ALL SING)

Then huzza for the people! Huzza for old Maine!
She will never be caught in the limboes again;
We've a FAIR-FIELD before us—they'll surely get beat,
'Though they blow their *Kent Bugle* for a second heat;
So we'll flock round this banner prepared for attack:
And although there be some that have wounds in the back,
There's enough left who'll stand by through weal and through wo,
And vote with the party called Loco Foco.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the German of Frederick Baron, de la Motte Fonque.

THE VOW.

A NORTHERN TALE.

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again was the attack renewed but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from this charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him—but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great nobles collected round him and spoke thus,—

"Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war."

Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him, "Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunder-bolt or give the victory to his Army. But there came no bolt from heaven, and the squadron stood timid and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said—"There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou God of armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife,—my only heart-loved child,—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee, but I emplore the give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered round the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted, as with one voice, "The gods are with us! With invincible courage forward rushed the host; the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with a sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and, with outstretched arms greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, pierced as within a poisoned dart, his agonised heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaded and cried, "Father, father! beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with thundering sound, securing them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the gods," replied Adalbero; and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon, to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrafice," said the sweet Similde; and the little one cried out clapping her hands,

"I also will help; I also will be there;" and skipped away with her mother.

These words, "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming-pan and taper used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not be valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband I see no victim!—shall human blood!—"

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, shrunk together.

Similde knew well such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord, and said, "Remove the child."

"Both, both!—I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick, child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes. thy father has brought a present for thee and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see, presently," said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow-white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer, "else will the poor child be so terrified!"

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—Then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head, from which the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me?" The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of heaven.

"The gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and with a gush of unutterable love. the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains, roared the tempest, where many years afterwards St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

A FEMALE DUEL.

An "affair of honor," of a novel character come off yesterday in an open lot near the swamp end of Girod street. The principals were two of the Cyprian Goddesses who hold sway in that quarter, and the seconds (of whom there were two on each side) belonged likewise to the same sisterhood of divinities.

The misunderstanding arose in the morning—all about love—a challenge passed—preliminaries were arranged in short order—and at the appointed hour in the afternoon the parties were on the ground, together with some fifty or a hundred spectators.

The weapon chosen was that which the Roman called *pugillum*; and one of the "fair ones," who was a native of Albion, declared that she only wanted to fight "cordin to science—the real scientific licks—and no gouging—fair fight," said she, "is all this child wants."

The other who was an accommodating yankee sort of a creature, told the foreigner that she might have it science or any way she wished. And I'm wrathy to git at you, said she "for lick you I will—I'm determined on it"

So, a ring was formed at once by the other goddesses in attendance, and at it they went. For a while, the superior "science" of the English girl seemed to promise an easy victory; but the yankee finding this would never do for her, disregarded her pledge about "fighting fair," and seized hold of her antagonist *a la Kentuck*, downed her, rolled her into the gutter and there pummelled her to her heart's content.

We marvel exceedingly that the seconds did not interfere, but they were probably the first seconds that were ever placed exactly in such a predicament. Whether the affair ended in the gutter or not, we have not heard; but we presume that the honor of all concerned was fully satisfied.

—o—

In tropical countries the phenomena of thunder storms are more dreadful and appaling than in our temperate climate. The thunder frequently continues for days and weeks in almost one incessant roar; the rains are poured down in torrents, and the flashes of lightening fol low each other in so rapid a succession, that the whole atmosphere and the surronnding hills seem to be in a blaze. In some instances the most dreadful effects have been produced by the bursting of an electrical cloud. In 1772, a bright cloud was observed at midnight to cover a mountain in the Island of Java: it emitted globes of fire so luminous, that the night became as clear as day. Its effects were astonishing. Every thing was destroyed for seven leagues round. Houses were demolished; plantations were buried in the earth; and two thousand one hundred and forty people lost their lives, besides one thousand five hundred head of cattle, and a vast number of horses and other animals.

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From the Maumee City Express.

A loafer whose unspeakables exhibited undeniable marks of the encroachments of time and the want of good house-wifery, lately called in at our office and inquired:

How much do you charge to put an advertisement in your paper?

One dollar sir, was the answer.

I want to advertise my wife, and I thought as I should have considerable of that business to do, I would call and see if I could get it done cheaper?

Ah! you have several woman to advertise?

No but I'm goin to apply for a divorce, and that will have to be advertised, you know.

Yes, but how long has your wife been gone?

Ever since last May.

But it requires wilful absence for three years to sustain a petition for a divorce,

Does it? said the fellow, and his lips drooped he crammed his hands into his trowsers, shook his head and muttered—

How's that mister? said he; did you say total abstinence for three years?

Exactly.

Well then I guess I'll wait a spell.

And he mizzled,

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INTOLERANCE.—Dr. Franklin being in company where intolerance was the subject discussed, the Dr. to illustrate some remarks which he had made in favour of toleration, took up a Bible, and opening at Genesis, read the following parable to the surprise of his hearers, who wondered that such a passage had escaped their notice: "And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun. And behold a man bent down with age was coming down from the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him. 'Come in, I pray the, and wash thy feet, and tarry the night.' And the old man said, 'Nay, for I will not abide under this tree.' But Abraham pressed him greatly, so he turned and went into the tent. And when Abraham saw that he blessed not God, he said unto him, 'Wherefore dost thou not worship the most High God, Creator of heaven and earth?' And the man answered and said, 'I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name, for I have made a god unto myself, that dwelleth in my house and provideth me with all things.' And Abraham's wrath was kindled against the man, and he arose and drove him fourth into the wilderness with blows. And God said, 'Have I not borne with him these three hundred and eighteen years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding he rebelled against me, and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

A RICH BEGGAR.—A female mendicant was brought not long ago before the magistrate of Amboise. On investigation it was discovered that she was owner of a small cottage, for which she had paid 50 frances a sum of 2,600 francs in silver money in one bag, and an unaccountable number of two sou pieces, of mixed metal, distributed in closets, chests, baskets, and other places of concealment, which were put by the magistrates into two casks, and estimated by measure and weight at not less than 8,000 francs. The rich beggar woman had besides ninety knives of all sizes and shapes, a gold pin, a silver pencil case, and a large store of plate, linen, and household gear. On being questioned how she came by all this wealth, she affirmed that she had acquired it by gathering herbs, and selling them, and by collecting manure on the roads.

French Paper.

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The Farmer and the Beggar.—A strong, hearty lazy fellow who prefered begging for a precarious subsistance, to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and in the usual language of his race, asked for 'cold victuals and old clothes.' 'You appear to be a stout, hearty looking man,' said the farmer, 'what do you do for a living?' 'Why, not much,' replied the fellow, 'except travelling about from one place to another.'—'Travelling about ha?' replied the farmer, 'can you travel pretty well?'—'O yes,' returned the sturdy beggar, 'I'm pretty good at that.' 'Well then, replied the farmer cooly opening the door let's see you travel.'

AN AMERICAN JUDGE.—There he sot, with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail looking as sour as an unripe lemon. "Bring up them culprits;" said he, and when they were brought up, he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners, that sit in the outer porch of darkness, and not high minded, intelligent Americans. "You are a disgrace," said he, "to our great nation, and I hope I shall not hear the like of it again. If I do, I'll put your trial as sure as you are born. I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if I dont."—Sam Slick.

A GOOD SHOT.—The Germantown Telegraph says: "We are informed that on Friday last, Mr. Charles Rittenhouse shot a grey eagle, on the bank of the Wissahickon, at Rittenhouse town, which measured five feet and ten inches from one extremity of the wing to the other. He was brought down from the top of a tree, at a distance of eighty yards, with ordinary shot. This is the first of the species seen in this neighborhood for many years."

VIRGINIA JUSTICE.—A fellow in Virginia, who was ducked by a parcel of boys for whipping his wife, sued them for damages. The boys were very properly sentenced to duck him again.

A NOVELTY.—A game of billiards has been played at Paris, for a wager, on horseback. What next?

—o—

A WOMAN BURIED ALIVE.

The particulars of an occurrence were related to us which we have every reason to believe is an instance of the horrible effects resulting from hasty burial. An aged mulatto woman, named Woods, who resided in Barclay street, and was apparently in good health, complained on Sunday evening of a pain in her head, and almost instantly fell lifeless. She was supposed to be dead, and preparations were immediately made for her burial. On Monday afternoon about four o'clock, not more than twenty hours after her supposed death, the body was conveyed to the burying ground in St. Mary's st. between Sixth and Seventh streets and consigned to the tomb.

The mourners departed, and the grave digger, a white man, proceeded to his task of filling up the grave. He had thrown a few shovels full of clay upon the coffin, when he thought he heard a noise within the grave; he listened awhile, then threw in a few more shovels full—but now he distinctly heard a groan proceeding from the corpse. Seized with a panic, he dropped his shovel and fled for assistance. The coffin was after some time disinterred, and the lid was found to be partly forced off. It was immediately unscrewed, and the corpse discovered not in the position in which it had been placed, but turned round upon the side, and showing other evidence of having been alive while in the grave. It was taken into the church and kept there until yesterday morning, when no signs of life appearing, it was again interred.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

PRESERVATION OF APPLES.

The following practical observations, contained in a letter from Noah Webster, Esq. have been published in the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository.

It is the practice with some persons to pick apples in October, and first spread them on the floor of an upper room. This practice is said to render apples more durable, by drying them. But I can affirm this to be a mistake. Apples, after remaining on the trees as long as safety from the frost will admit, should be taken directly from trees to close casks, and kept dry and cool as possible. If suffered to lie on the floor for weeks, they wither and lose their flavor, without acquiring an additional durability. The best mode of preserving apples for spring use, I have found to be, the putting of them in dry sand as soon as picked.—For this purpose, dry sand in the heat of summer, and late in October put down the apples in layers, with a covering of sand upon each layer. The singular advantages of this mode of treatment are these: 1st, The sand keeps the apples from the air, which is essential to thier preservation. 2d, The sand checks the evaporation of the apples, thus preserving in them their full flavor—at the same time any moisture yielded by the apples, (and some there will be,) is absorbed by the sand; so that the apples are kept dry, and all mustiness is prevented. My pippins in May and June, are as fresh as when first picked; even the ends of the stem looks as if just separated from the twig.

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Whig Patriotism.—A party that thrives most when the country is distressed, and is distressed most when the country thrives.

(Bost. Post.

—o—

Federal Economy.—Since 1832, the federal phalanx in congress have voted to expend one hundred and fourteen millions of dollars more than the amount of actual expenditures of the government.—Bost. Post.

☞*A Valorous Candidate.*—A candidate for public favor in the West threatens to lick every man that wont vote for him.

☞A little sweet oil, with nutmeg greated over it, given twice a day to children with the whooping cough, is said to be a sovereign remedy, if administered in the first stage of the complaint. It can do no harm and possibly good.

Tooth Ache.—'An ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure. Many years ago, a dentist's lady recommended us to wash behind the ears frequently, with cold water, as a sure preventation aginst tooth ache, which we have practised with perfect success and recommend to others to persevere in the same remedy.

The election returns, so far as we have learned, indicate a wholesome political change in our state. Democracy is on the gaining hand very considerably. Our friends may rely upon a triumphant majority in 1840.

[*New Albany (Ia.) Argus*

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Corn.—Mr. *E. J. Pierce* has shown us samples of his Bangor corn; raised this season on his plantation at Mount Airy. He has a field of 15 acres, which he commenced planting in the middle of May, and finished on the 1st of June. The corn is now all ripe, and fit to take in, while the corn in the neighboring fields surrounding his lot has been perishing with drought;—this Bangor corn has flourished and ripened perhaps sooner than it would have done in a more regular season.

We have also a specimen ear of the Dutton Corn grown on the farm of Mr. Thomas Walmsley' near Frankford. The ear is of good size, well filled and apparently full ripe. The seed from which it grew was put in the ground on the 18th day of May last, and the husks stripped and the corn taken from the stalk on the 15th of August inst.—*U. S. Gazette.*

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