EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS THE PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1839. VOL. VI-NO 23.

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Is edited and published every
TUESDAY MORNING,
BY
GEO. W. SHERWOOD
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

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

DR. W. EVANS'S
CELEBRATED
FEVER AND AGUE PILLS.

This widely-extended and most admirable Remedy for Fever and Ague, and other Fevers, which has already rendered such benefit, and proved a sure and speedy cure for the above named disorders, is particularly recommended to public notice.

On first feeling the premonitory symptoms occur, it is advisable at once to clear thoroughly the stomach and bowels. In no way can this be better and less inconveniently effected, than by taking a few doses of

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the value and well authenticated virtues of which medicine have been, and still are, too apparent to call for further comment. They tend to promote a healthy secretion of the Bile, and render the system capable of receiving with benefit The Invigorating and Strengthening Pills.

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Take three of the Invigorating Pills in the morning, three at noon, and three in the evening, on the days when the attacks do not occur.

☞The attacks usually occur every other day.

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Sold at Dr. Evans's Medical Establishment, 100 Chatham Street, N. Y., And by his authorized Agents.

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Denton—Jas. Sangston & Son,
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Feb. 12, 1839.

☞Another recent test of the unrivalled virtue of Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicines.—Dyspepsia, ten years standing—Mr. J. McKenzie 176 Stanton street, was afflicted with the above complaint for 10 years, which incapacitated him at intervals, for the period of six years, in attending to his business, restored to perfect health under the salutary treatment of Dr, W. Evans.

The symptoms were—A sense of distension and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, impaired appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, great debility and emaciation, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, sometimes a bilious vomiting, and pain in the right side, an extreme degree of langour and faintness; any endeavour to pursue his business causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. McKenzie is daily attending his business, and none of the above symptoms have recurred since he used the medicine. He is now a strong and healthy man. He resorted to myriads of remedies, but they were all in effectual. He is willing to give any information to the afflicted respecting the inestimable benefit rendered to him by the use of Dr Wm. Evans' medicine.

☞An Extraordinary and Remarkable Cure—Mrs. Mary Dillon, Williamsburgh, corner of Fourth and North streets, completely restored to health by the treatment of Dr. W. Evans, 100 Chatham st.

The symptoms of this distressing case were as follows: Total loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, twitching of the tendons, with a general spasmodic affection of the muscles, difficulty of breathing, giddiness, langour, lassitude, great depression of spirits, with a fear of some impending evil, a sensation of fluttering at the pit of the stomach, irregular transient pains in different parts, great emaciation, with other symtoms of extreme debility.

The above case was pronounced hopeless by three of the most eminent physicians, and the dissolution of the patient daily awaited by her friends, which may be authenticated by the physicians who were in attendance. She has given her cheerful permission to publish the above facts, and will also gladly give any information respecting the benefit she has received, to any inquiring mind.

MARY DILLON.

☞REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RMEUMATISM, with an affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Dr. Wm. Evans, 100 Chatham street, New York. Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 13, Centre street, Newark, N. J. afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion; the tongue preserved a steady whiteness, loss of appetite, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly very costive, the urine high coloured, and often profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing, with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of due energy in the nervous system,

The above symptoms were entirely removed and a perfect cure effected by Dr. W. Evans,

BENJ. S. JARVIS.

City of New York, ss.

Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, deth depose and say that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true.

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS
Dr. W. Evans' Celebrated Soothing Syrup for Children cutting their Teeth.

This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds of children, when thought past recovery rom convulsions. As soon as the Syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover.—This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant, that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it. When infants are at the age of four months, there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of the Syrup should be used on the gums, to open the pores. Parents should never be without the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children; for if a child wakes in the night with pain in the gums, the Syrup immediately gives ease by opening the pores and healing the gums, thereby preventing Convulsions, Fevers, &c.

For sale at Dr. Evans' Principal Office 100 Chatham street, New York; also by

T. H. DAWSON & SONS,
Easton, Md.

ESTRAYED from the subscriber on the 11th of last month, a white & red colored

COW, without ear mark, and a yearling, of nearly of same color, with a leather muzzle around its nose. Any person giving information will be liebrally rewarded

ANDREW SATTERFIELD.
June 4 3t (G)

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell at private Sale the farm situated near the Three Bridges, in Chappel District, and containing about four hundred acres of land, about 125 of the same is in good timber and now in the occupancy Mr. James Tolson—The terms of sale will require the payment of $900 to the Bank, and the balance to be paid in 9 & 18 months with interest. If it is not sold at private sale before the first Tuesday in September; it will be sold at public Sale on that day, at the hour of 3 o'clock.

CHARLES W. BENNY.
March 5, 1839. tf

CLARK'S
OLD ESTABLISHED LUCKY OFFICE
N. W. corner of Baltimore & Calvert sts.
(UNDER THE MUSEUM.)
WHERE HAVE BEEN SOLD
Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!!
Dollars—Millions of Dollars!

NOTICE.—Any person or persons, throughout the United States, who may desire to try their luck, either in the Maryland State Lotteries, or in authorised Lotteries of other States, some one of which are drawn daily—Tickets from $1 to $10, shares in proportion—are respectfully requested to forward their orders by mail (post paid) or otherwise, enclosing cash or prize tickets which will be thankfully received and executed by return mail, with the same prompt attention as if on personal application, & the result given (will if requested) immediately after the drawing.—Please address

JOHN CLARK.

Old established Prize Vender, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, under the Museum.

Doc. 4, 1838.

THE THOROUGH BRED
HORSE,

"Maryland Eclipse,"

Will stand at Easton from Monday till Thursday morning, of every week.

At St. Michaels and Clover Fields, near Wye Mill, every other week alternately, from Thursday forenoon, until Saturday afternoon.

He will be on his Stand at St. Michaels on Thursday the 21st—at Easton on Monday the 25th,—and at Clover Fields, on Thursday the 28th instant; and will be let to Mares, at the sum of twenty dollars the Season—if paid by 20th day of September next, fifteen dollars, and thirty dollars to insure with foal—if paid by 20th day of January next, twenty-five dollars. Fifty cents in every case to be paid to the Groom. If any Mare be parted with before it is ascertained whether she be in foal, the person so parting with her, will be held liable for the insurance. Mares can be accommodated with pasturage at Clover Fields.

JAMES SEWALL.

N. B. Breders to Maryland Eclipse, will leave their names with Wm. K. Lamdin, Easton Md.

March 19 1839.

READ THIS.
Cabinet Making,

ALL kind of Cabinet work done by the subscriber at the shortest possible notice, and of the most reasonable terms. Also Coffins at all kinds made to order, at the following reduced prices viz:

Mahogany Coffins made for	$10,00
Walnut do. made for	6,00
Ridge top pine made for	3,50
Flat top do. made for	2,50

The subscriber has a first rate HEARSE, which will be furnished on all occasions with Coffins.

The public's ob't. servant,
JAS. S. SHANAHAN.

N. B. The subscriber wishes to take two boys as apprentices to learn the Cabinet business. J. S. S.

Easton Jan. 15, 1839—tf—(G)

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell upon accomodating terms his farm in Chapel district in Talbot county, at present in the tenure of Wm. Gardner. This farm is adjoining Tilghman's mill, formerly Holts mill, and within one and a half miles of the Primary School house, at Pre-emmion bottom, the soil is well adapted to the growth of Wheat, Corn and Rye, an dvery susceptible of improvement.

THOS. C. NICOLS.

Easton Jan. 15, 1839—(G) tf

POETRY.

THE BROKEN HEART.
BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Now lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping,
But never tell my step mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O! let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will.
To close these eyes forever;
For how can maid's affection's dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know the heart forsaken?

O! why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave,
Is all for which I weary!

FARMER SMITH & MA'AM JONES
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and setting double, with his elbow on his knees.—Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning, was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cow's, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you could'nt have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman, like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I *should* be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday—and had "ever so much" to do in the house as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair creature"—but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short horned Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew, before the late Mr. Jones, bought her." Here she sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, he sighed and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better. A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Jones broke out—

"Dear me! Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were "out published" they were married.

THE JEWELS.
A TRADITION OF THE RABBINS.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked,—"Where are my sons, that they too may drink off the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome & genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:—"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" 'No,' she replied; 'but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith.' She then led him to the chamber; and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies 'Ah my sons!' thus loudly lamented the father; 'my sons, the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law.' The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length, she took her husband by the hand, and said, 'Rabbi, didst thou not teach me, that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and be the name of the Lord!' 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' echoed Rabbi Meir, 'blessed be his name for thy sake too; for it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and her tongue is the law of kindness.'"—Traditions of the Rabbins, translated by Coleridge.

From the Correspondent of the N. York Star.

LIVERPOOL, May 4.

One subject takes the lead, before all others, in the fashionable world at present. Court intrigue, Lord Melbourne's playing [illegible] at the Queen's table, and lover [illegible] table old lady, the Queen's mother—struggles for power between rival factions—the whole events in short, which used to create excitement, are unheeded now. *One* subject has been the Aaron's rod of the hour, and swallowed up all the rest.

One of the daughters of the late *millionnaire*, Rothschild, has not only married a Christian, but has abjured the faith of her fathers! On Monday week, April 29th, Miss Rothschild gave her hand in marriage to the honorable Henry Fitzroy, M. P. for Lewes and brother to Lord Southampton. The bridegroom was 32, two days after his marriage, (having been born May 2, 1807) and he is heir presumptive to the titles and estates of his eldest brother, Lord Southampton, who is travelling with his lady in Egypt, and has no children. He is a man of fashion, was a visiter at Crockford's, but has been a quiet character of late.

The late Baron de Rothschild left two daughters. Each have a fortune of £150,000 dependant on the consent of their brother, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, to their marriage. One of them, I believe, is married to Montflore, late Sheriff of London, a Hebrew gentleman of great wealth and respectability. The Rothschilds move in the very first circles in London, and thus Miss Rothschild became acquainted with young Fitzroy. He was formerly in the army. When her father was alive, a young Austrian nobleman, Private Secretary to Prince Esterhazy, proposed for her; but her father declared she should marry none but one of the Jewish faith.

When Miss Rothschild determined to marry Mr. Fitzroy, she went to see the Archbishop of Canterbury, and told him that she wished to become a christian. His Grace inquired into particulars, and then very properly told her that he did not consider a love affair sufficient reason for her abandoning her religion. She is said to have assured him that it had long been her intention to become a Christian, and that her family were aware of it.

On this, the Archbishop said that, if it appeared her sincere desire to become a Christian from conviction, he had no alternative but to accept and baptize her. He communicated with her family, and it appears that she had informed them of her intention. The marriage was private, and unattended by any of her family. Her brother has the power of withholding the fortune left to her by her father. But it is not expected that he will do more than have it so settled upon herself and her children as to prevent the chance of her husband squandering it. It is expected, also, that her family will shortly receive her. Should she become a British peeress, as is likely in the course of time, she will be the first Jewess who has ever been in a like situation.

THE POOR MAN'S CURSE.

Our intention is to illustrate principle Some few years ago Thomas Honestus, a young man, was in prosperous business. He felt that all promised to be successful in his worldly affairs, and, under the influence of the hope which is strong in many, he availed himself of the credit which his condition and business offered. But he failed. His property was taken to pay a portion of those creditors who were most vigilent, while many others were left unpaid and somewhat angry. Notwithstanding the clear, apparent state of the case, that he had been acting in good faith, and with earnest endeavors to get along in the world—that his property was ample to pay all that he owed, if properly disposed of—that his property had been seized by the Sheriff, sold at Auction and sacrificed, that ruin had come upon his business and disappointment upon his hopes, not by fault but by the ordinary casualties of all sublunary things—notwithstanding all this, those creditors who were loosers, were angry. They had lost money. Honestus might have meant fairly. But they did not know. They did not suppose they should ever get a cent. The demand was good for nothing. But if they could ever catch him, so that they could, they would screw it out somehow or another.

Our hero, Thomas Honestus, was out of business, in consequence of this calamity, some two or three years. He worked along as well as he could, told his family that he was, and they must be economical. He made them turn their old garments, and keep up as decent an appearance as possible.

They lived almost down to an allowance of bread and water, and poor Thomas had no sustaining power left to encourage his heart, but a determination, that as long as life was left he would combat with misfortune, defy all adverse destinies, and with the blessing of Providence, triumph over calamity. Such a disposition will succeed at last. Honestus found friends. He was placed in business. He was fairly on the way to prosperity. But he had scarcely started on that way, before his angry, eagle-eyed old creditors found it out. They saw the dawning of a new hope, and arose with its earliest light, to seize their prey.—The hounds were on the scent. The chase of dunning commenced, and Honestus was smelt out and harrassed in all his walks, and his place of business, like the den of the wild beast, was thronged with a crowd ready to make him a victim, a second time. They would destroy his substance, and if the law would allow it, they would destroy or incarcerate him.

Mr. Benevolent met Honestus, one morning, with a smiling face, and accosted him cheerfully.

'Well, Thomas, I see you have got started again, and seem doing well, I am glad of it.'

'Yes, sir, I thank you, my prospects are again good, and I hope I shall prosper.'

'That's right,' said Benevolent, 'go ahead and don't be discouraged. But you know that little debt of mine. Can you settle that now?'

'I cannot now. I have just begun with my new business, and as soon as I can, if I have luck, I will pay you.'

'That's right my boy. I won't trouble you, I believe you would pay if you could, I like the money, to be sure; but do you push on, do the right thing as soon as you can.'

[illegible] the kindest and most pleasant dun, [illegible] poor Honestus received. He went [illegible] Mr. Benevolent with a heart full [illegible] gratitude, and eyes full of tears. But his [illegible] were far from agreeable. His pride [illegible] wounded, that he was, as it were, an object of charity. His soul yearned to pay the [illegible] that Mr. Benevolent, for he was a poor [illegible] needed. He could not do that act [illegible] and was tortured by the thought of [illegible].

Honestus went along the street with his head down, calculating the chances of business, and estimating how soon he could be free from the degradation of debt, if he met with no misfortunes, when Mr. Grabtight, another old creditor, called out to him.

'Good morning, Mr. Honestus, you are in fine business, I am told, and I want you to pay this little bill.'

'I am sorry I cannot pay it to-day—really, I am not able—I have just got agoing and I cannot take the money of my friends to pay old debts, till I have made something.'

'I have let this bill stand long enough,' says Mr. Grabtight.

'I know it has stood much too long, but it has been out of my power to pay it.

'Well, you can pay it now Haven't you got any money? Pay a part.'

"I have no means to pay it, at the present time, without ruinous embarrassment to my present business, which I feel ought not to be compelled to undergo. I am doing well, and if you will have patience a little longer, I will pay promptly."

"Very well, I'l wait till Saturday—it must be paid between now and then, or I shall give it to a lawyer"

Poor Thomas Honestus crawls towards home with a sneaking sensation, wishing almost that he was again out of business. When all the world knew that he was doing nothing, even the duns ceased to molest him; but now that he was transacting business, the whole pack were at his heels with a hue and cry that would drive a wild beast mad. Honestus arrived at his place of business, after about fifty encounters, such as we have last described, and found a sheriff in possession of his stock for an old debt. That was soon settled. The property soon belonged to his new friends. He gave it up to them, packed his trunk, and departed, with the first malediction he had ever uttered through a world of trouble. He said to the old creditors:—"If you had let me alone I could have paid you. Now you must look out for your money in another world, for, as there is truth in heaven, or honesty in man, you shall never receive a cent from me on earth."

Moral. Creditors, do not drive an honest poor debtor to desperation. Consult your own interest, and instead of adding double ruin to his misfortunes, help and encourage him to ultimate success.

From the Bay State Democrat.

THE DEMOCRATIC CLOCK.
"HERE SHE GOES—THERE SHE GOES."

The good old fashioned family clock, like radical democracy, pursues her steady onward course. The old federal aristocracy gaze upon her with glazed eyes, and in the bitterness of their souls, pointing to the bright pendulum as it vibrates, cry out—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now you see the whole federal clan busily engaged, calling in the aid of foreign influence to stop the democratic clock. The monied monster, mounted by "Old Nick," bribery, corruption, art and deception all are resorted to, to turn the democratic clock from her perennial course; but she stems the power and influence of their *black art*, and moves steadily and handsomely on, spreading happiness all around, and warning all of the rocks and shoals of federal whiggery, while the poor souls, looking at the pendulum, in despair exclaim—'*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

When the British committed depredations on our commerce—impressed and brutally treated our seamen, and threatened us on all sides with destruction, when our country bled at every pore; it was then the federalists made another bold rush at the old democratic family clock. They poured in red hot, round, chain, grape canister, and stand shot into her works She bore the siege, as she ever will, and pursued her independent course triumphantly, and the traitors gave up in despair, crying—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

The next attack made on the democratic clock, was by the federalists' spiritual guard. O" said they, she is the poorest, weakest, and most wretched piece of furniture in all creation We can soon put her down and stop her *eternal* clacking. At it they went, with their spiritual weapons.—Mighty indeed was the onset. Heaven and earth were almost rent asunder in the conflict. But they soon found the machinery of the democratic timekeeper as tough as *Old Hickory*; and exhausted in unchristian warfare, they retreated to the tune of—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now we hear the squeaking voice of that tall man, with dark complexion, sunken eye, and fierce look. He has got the *Quincy*. Hear him blustering, and threatening to stop the pendulum of all who presumed to rejoice at the glorious movement of the old American democratic clock, over John Bull's *inferior time pieces.* He too was compelled to join in the song of triumph—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now the federalists desecrated the cradle of liberty by their ten cent rebellious act. This was another of their contrivances to stop the old clock: but the workmen were there, and the rebels backed out, weeping and crying,—*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now they gather troops in the Key Stone State, to demolish the democratic family clock. But they find her works impregnable, and the rebel Ritnerites walk off the course with the "rogues' march," pointing to the shining pendulum of the democratic clock, *mournfully* singing—"*Here she goes—there she goes; here she goes—there she goes.*"

In Virginia, too; "Aye," said the federalists, chuckling, "Now we'll clap a stopper on that old wagging democratic machine. The *Enquirer* after *truth* is with us. Now we are a host. A *pin*, too, has slipped out of the old clock,—Rives has deserted her. Let us throw the old clicker into Davy Jones' locker," "Hold—hold there, ye fell destroyers," cries the Independent *Enquirer*; "hands off. I am set for the defence, not the destruction of the democratic clock." And the federalists and conservatives of the Old Dominion, in despair, looked on the steady movements of the pendulum, and cried,—"*here she goes—there she goes.*"

Now there's a tremendous breeze raised in the Granite State. Wilson and the whole federal tribe attack the old democratic clock in the rear. O what rejoicing! How sanguine of success!!

"Now," said they, "we'll shiver the old timepiece to atoms. Let us send messengers to the fountain of purity—the Boston Atlas, for *tools—tools*, necessary to accomplish so desirable an object." Now all is ready—the war commences—the battle rages. The democrats mount their fiery coursers, apply "whip and spur," and drive the whole federal army up *Salt river*, where they are doomed to remain forever, singing.—"*Here she goes—there she goes.*"

Ah poor federalists,—there is no reprieve. You have wasted your strength in folly. You may continue to war as long as you will; but you cannot harm the old democratic clock. She speaks truth, and the lovers of truth will defend her.—She is the personification of democracy, which is truth; and truth will prevail against the assaults of the combined forces of traitors, mobites and deceivers. Look—"*Here she goes—there she goes,*' and will keep going, till every vestage of federal whigism is driven from this land of freedom.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A FARMER.

In this glad season, when the earth is all around bursting into life and beauty, and nature is keeping holiday—when winter is over, and vegetation is waking again from its death-like sleep—when the birds sing their matin song from every bush, and man himself wakes to new life amid the activity around him, *who would not be a Farmer?* For him, and almost for him alone bloom the fair flower in nature's field—him the feathered songster pours her sweetest note, and for him the face of creation wears a constant smile. Not so with the inhabitant of cities, or with the professional man or the man of business, any where. These are shut out from the blessed influence of nature Their business is with man—restless, ambitous, oftentimes dishonest men—they themselves are all engaged in the eager scramble for wealth and distinction, sometimes caring little whom they thrust down with their unhallowed tread, so they mount upon the wreck, and they lose the salutary lesson of benevolence which may be learned from the ways of Providence in the outward world. They must maintain a constant struggle with temptation, or yield to its power. Accustomed to such of *evil*, they are sometimes almost tempted to deny the existence of *good*. But the farmer pursues "the even tenor of his way," undisturbed by the passions of men. His dealings are with nature, and he may, if he will not shut his heart against it, learn true wisdom from its teachings. In the springing grass, the opening flowers, and the ripening harvest—in sunshine and shower, he may see a token of God's love and goodness, and in the quiet of his own home he may almost forget the existence of *evil*. Thus widely different are the conditions of the two classes spoken of. Yet we sometimes find farmers discontented with their lot, and eager to join with their fellows in feverish excitement of trade and speculation. And very often we see young men, impatient to leave their paternal acres, and so seek, as they vainly think, some more honorable or genteel mode of earning a living. They had rather show a lily-white hand to a lady, as they measure off a yard of tape, than exhibit a manly, muscular frame, with a hand which does not shrink from contact with the implements of husbandry. It has, indeed, become one of the great errors of our time, that young men are deserting the true nobility of the country, for the sake of wearing a more delicate complexion, or living, as they vainly hope, more at their ease. Hence it is that all trades and professions are overstocked; that we have more lawyers than clients, more doctors than patients, and more parsons than parishes.

We hear men complain of hard times, mechanics cannot find situations, yet the country is actually suffering, and very severely too for a want of proper attention to farming, and why is it? Because many a man who should have followed the plough, has become, too proud for that, and in his aspirations to be a gentleman has undertaken to wield a pen or administer cataplasms and boluses. To this state of things, too, is to be attributed to some extent, the present scarcity and high prices of provisions.—The production has been allowed to fall below the consumption, and this great producing country, with its sparse population, has presented the strange anomaly of importing breed stuffs from the thick settled countries of Europe. It is all wrong. Young men should be taught to regard the employment of their fathers as one of the most honorable in the world.

Your farmer is the independent man. What cares he for hard times, or high prices? Banks may fail—merchants' notes may be protested, and their drafts dishonored, but "Seedtime and Harvest," that old and stable firm, shall never "fail"—drafts upon them are answered at sight; and the bank of nature, were the farmer makes his deposites, is "good as gold," and always discounts liberally. He laughs at, or more likely pities, those who are left at the mercy of the times, and compelled to eat the bread of carefulness Beef at twenty five cents a pound, and other edibels in proportion, does not worry him. He takes the favors Providence so bountifully bestows upon him, and asks few, of his fellows. While want afflicts the rest of the world, he may snap his fingers in his face, as much as to say, "Who cares for you?"—Nashua Telegraph.

THE CONVERSION OF PARSONS, from playing to preaching, has heretofore been mentioned in our columns, but unaccompanied by the interesting particulars, which are given as follows in the Chicago Democrat:

'The Louisville Theatre was lately crowded to excess to witness Charles B. Parsons's celebrated performance of Othello, when the manager came forward and announced that there could be no performance that evening, in consequence of the surprising conversion of Mr Parsons under Mr. Maffit's preaching. The audience was very indignant and quite a number of young people ran into Mr. Maffit's meeting house & commenced crying 'Othello!' 'Othello!' so loud that Mr. Maffit stopped his sermon. Immediately, Mr. Parsons walked into the broad aisle and pronounced in the emphatic manner 'Othello's occupation's gone!' and then proceeded to say that, 'A change came over the spirit of his dream;' he had 'fretted his brief hour upon the stage' of Thespis and henceforth should 'perform' in the House of Prayer and Temple of Zion; he had left the 'sock and buskin' for the sword and helmet of righteousness, and that, instead of fighting Shakespeare's mimic battles, he should hereafter fight under the Cross of Jesus Christ; and finally, he exhorted his old comrades to remain with him and leave the theatre to become the abode of bats. The papers say it was Charley's best performance, and that his thrilling eloquence will win him twenty fold laurels in holy orders when compared with the stage.'