EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK.

EDITION—25,000—MONTHLY.

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Address
L. A. GODEY, 211 Chesnut st. Phila.

POETRY.

From the Democratic Standard.

"UP SALT RIVER."

TUNE—*All on hobbies.*

Come Anties and Feds, Abolitionists too,
And Whiggies likewise, we are waiting for you;
Our vessel is ready, we cannot delay,
Come tumble aboard for we must away,
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

The passage is rough, and the journey is far,
But company's plenty when once we get there;
For many a vessel has gone on before,
With lots of your brethren to land on the shore,
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

The first one that sailed was the ship Tennessee;
Her "*Cannon*" she fired, & away started she;
She took a full cargo, a thousand and more,
Of Whigs and their brethren to "*Polk*" on the shore,
Away up Salt River!
Away up Salt River!
Away up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

The ship Indiana is also ahead,
She has took the same track where the Tennessee led;
She too has her cargo, full many a score
Of the same kind of "critters" to land on the shore,
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

The noble ship Maryland next hoisted sail,
And democracy gave her a glorious gale;
As through the loud surges, so proudly she boomed
With a load of live lumber, "ramsquaddled" and doomed
To live up Salt River!
To live up Salt River!
To live up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

And now Pennsylvania, the pride of the land,
Is ready for sailing, so come bear a hand;
We must make many trips, a full dozen or more
To take all the "critters" that's bound for the shore
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

The noble Ohio is ready likewise,
The pride and the glory of all the Buckeyes;
See, yonder she comes, with Maine just before,
Both loaded with squatters, to land on the shore
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

And as we sail on we'll be still looking back
For the ships we expect on the very same track;
New England, New York, and all the South and Southwest,
Will come booming along to catch up with the rest,
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

Now they're all under-way we will knock off a toast,
Here's to Martin Van Buren, democracy's boast
He is President now, and he'll be it once more,
For we'll tumble his enemies all upon shore,
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River!
Up Salt River, Salt River, hi O!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIFE OF THE HUSBANDMAN.

"I am a true laborer I can earn that I eat, get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my farm, and the greatest of my pride, is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."—*Shakspeare.*

We have come to the conclusion that Nature's truest nobleman is the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face, upon his own bought and paid for plantation. An independent farmer may stand upon his house-top and say to himself, as Selkirk did—

"I am a monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

He is truly a monarch—with a landed title more secure than that of feudal lord or baron, more easily preserved and protected, not by deeds of valor, and through the shedding of blood, but by the labor of the hands. His house is his castle—his acres his dominions. His gardens are his parks, his grass plats his lawns, and his forests his groves. His cattle, sheep, and poultry are his subjects, and he becomes at pleasure, either the executioner or the multiplier of such subjects. Tell us if the king upon his throne has more power worth possessing. His happiness we know is less, as he increases toils, cares, and sorrows in proportion as the cultivator of the soil diminishes his.

In the spring time he sows, in the autumn he reaps Providence has assured him that seed time and harvest shall not fail, and he has the assurance of the Giver of every good and perfect gift that as he sows so shall he reap. His grounds are watered in the season of drought with the rains and dews of heaven, and in the damp season the sun shines to cheer, invigorate and give promise to his labors. The severe tasks of the summer are succeeded by the lighter labors of the winter. As we have said, in the words of Will Shakspeare, "he earns what he eats, and gets what he wears." He may say truly, and with an honest pride—

"I eat my own lamb,
My chickens and ham,
I sheer my own fleece and I wear it."

What could a man want more, and how can a farmer, capable of enjoying life, possessed of his farm-house, his farm, and his necessary implements of husbandry, ever sigh for a residence within the enclosures of a city, choosing bricks and mortar for the elbow-room of a spacious farm-house—the dust of the town for a village—the three-story brick house for the granary or the haycock—for the purest air of heaven, the atmosphere of a thousand unwholesome smoky houses, and ten thousand unwholesome breaths? How could a farmer make such a choice as this? We would pause for a reply, did we not know that the only answer which could be devised, after a long study, would be the unsatisfactory one that something better was anticipated only, for it would be a miracle, almost, for a man to find himself happier or in better circumstances after a change of residence from the country to the city. No, no. The true elysium—the real paradise on earth—is the country—the green, fruitful, beautiful country. The city for the taskmaster and his hard-working servant; but the country for the man who wishes for health and leisure, contentment and a long life.

The ancient Romans venerated the plough, and at the earliest, purest time of the Republic the greatest praise which could be given to an illustrious character was a judicious and industrious husbandman.—*Portland Adv.*

PARODY.

"She wore a wreath of roses."

He wore a neat silk waistcoat,
The day when first we met;
And "Leary's best" he sported
Upon his curls of jet.
His footsteps had the lightness,
His voice the drawling tone—
The tokens of a lady's man
Whose debts are quite unknown;
I saw him but a moment,
Yet methinks I see him now
With his bright and shining beaver
Placed sideways on his brow.

A hat of white all faded,
When next we met he wore;
The curl of his mustachios,
Was graceful as before;
And dogging in his steps was one,
Who strove, but quite in vain,
To make him pay for all his clothes
He ne'er might see again.
I saw him but a moment,
Yet methinks I see him now,
With a white silk hat all faded,
Pull'd closely o'er his brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No polished beaver's there;
A loater's hat without a brim,
Conceals his tangled hair.
He walks with pockets all "to let,"
And there is no one near,
To ask him to a friendly glass
Of Medart's genial beer.
I see him all forsaken—
Yet methinks I see him now,
In the pride of manly beauty,
With his beaver on his brow.

MARY OF MANTUA.

A TRUE HISTORY.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

The man replied surlily, "because it is the best road!" and he would certainly have driven on had not the old servant who attended upon her interfered to enforce his mistres' command. Even his authority the driver was inclined to resist, but while with true Italian carelessness of time, loud words, and exaggerated gesture, the two were arguing, there came a sound of horses galloping. It was what the driver wished and expected, and looking up the road, he saw a body of some ten or twelve mounted men coming at full speed Mary saw them too, and terror and anguish took possession of her heart. As they came on, however, there suddenly appeared other figures in the road between her and them. From amongst the trees and vineyards poured out a little band on foot and horseback, and at their head, managing his fiery horses with ease and grace, he whom she had seen at the convent not an hour before. Of her he now took no notice; but standing firm in the way, formed with his hand a barrier between her and the coming horsemen. The driver still paused, though she besought him to go on, and she could behold swords crossed and pistols fired, and one or two horsemen fly up the road again. She saw not well which party had the advantage, but the driver jumped more clearly, and smacking his whip, drove down the road he had been ordered to take.

New agitation now fell upon Mary of Mantua as she approached the abode of her uncle; and as drawbridge after drawbridge, gate after gate were passed, she prayed to heaven for strength and prudence to save herself from the dark horror of his love.

She had not seen the Duke Vicenzo for many years, and had long forgotten him, so that imagination drew her own sketch from rumors and stories of the day. It was now twilight, and she was ushered up the long flights of marble, stairs—afterwards destroyed in the cruel sacking of the city—and then into a cabinet, where she remembered having played in the day of her childhood, when her father was living and Duke of Mantua. It now seemed smaller but more gloomy, though it was well lighted, and on the opposite side sat one whose appearance at once marked out the Prince. He rose and advanced towards her as different a thing as it was possible to conceive, from all that she had previously fancied. Tall, graceful, and handsome, though in his decline, and though sickness—perhaps vice—had worn all the rosy lines of youth away, and left nothing but the shadow of beauty behind, his appearance was clearly far more pre-possessing than Mary of Mantua had expected. Nevertheless, there was something in the expression of his countenance—something in the fixed and critical gaze with which he looked upon the lovely creature before him, that made an involuntary shudder pass over her frame; and when he took her by the hand, and, as her uncle, kissed her cheek, the warm blood rose up in it, and she thought of the warning she had received, and of him who dadgiven it.

The Duke was not long ere he spoke upon a theme which she most dreaded to hear; but he spoke not in terms which might have been most painful to her. He traced it but as a matter of court necessity; he talked of his marriage with her as a thing which would benefit the stete Princes he said must be the slaves to their duties, and though he doubted not that one so young and beautiful as herself, must be somewhat painful to unite herself to a man in the decline of life, yet he was sure she would make no opposition to that which would set at rest forever all the contending claims on Mantua and Montferrat.

He well and wisely had her unknown counselor hitherto advised her, that Mary followed directions in this also to the letter. She showed no repugnance, but bending down her head with ingenious blush of modesty upon her cheeks, she replied as dictated. The Duke seemed pleased, perhaps it was more than he expected, and he replied with sanguine expectation that his divorce would not now be long delayed, after which a dispensation would be easily obtained. There was but one thing which Mary besought him earnestly to grant, which was, that she might return on the morrow to the convent where she passed her early days.

The Duke consented; but while he spoke, the old attendant, who had ever remained attached to her, was admitted by a page and bending low, he related to the Duke the adventure which had befallen them on the way, and commented bitterly on the treachery of their driver. The Duke sent for the secretary and whispered a word in his ear; and as he was leading Mary to the hall where supper waited them, there came thro' the windows the sound of a loud volley and one shrill piercing cry. The Duke moved gracefully on by her side without a change of countenance, but Mary turned deadly pale, and on the following morning another servant drove the vehicle that contained her, back to the covent.

It was about noon, when she arived, and the busy nuns surrounded her like a swarm of bees. They were all eager to hear tidings from without that they were soon satisfied; and at the same evening hour at which on the day before she had watched the fair prospect of the Mantua plains, she again stood by the table of stone in the covenent garden, and the stranger was by her side. She thanked him eagerly and often, gazed upon the bright and glowing countenance that gazed with tender admiration upon her again.

"Have I not won my reward?" he said.

Mary replied not, but cast down her eyes with a blush. The stranger bent over her, and with the tenderness of love, chastened by respect, he pressed his lips to hers.

"Mary," he said, "Mary, I will win thee or die. Three more evenings will I stand by yon old shrine in the dear hope of seeing you again, and then my tootsteps must wander from thee far. But I leave thee not unwatched, unguarded. My spirit shall hover round thee though my body be absent; and I promise, I swear, in three months more, even to day, to stand again in your presence and with you for my bride or die."

There might have been many in Mary's state and station who would have thought the stranger bold to believe she might be so won by an unknown and interior person, and to talk as if he were born to contend for her hand with princes. But Mary thought not so, feelings that she had never known before were busily possessing themselves of her heart, and though to feel them there made her thrill with something like apprehension, yet they were so sweet she would do nothing to banish them. She lingered with him long, and he with her and for three nights more they met, and passed a happy hour, gilded with the dawning brightness of young love.

He left her on the third with a painful and anxious farewell; and Mary now felt how lonely was her state of being.

The hours flew heavily, the days rolled on in care and anxiety; but she forgot not the absent; and every rumor that she heard of movements at the court of Rome regarded her uncle's divorce, made her heart sick. But Vincenzo himself seemed to press matters but feebly, and when at length the appalling news reached her that he was free, he showed no inclination to profit by that freedom. She then heard that he was sick; sick even to the gates of death; and there were rumors of arming in Guastalla, and of Austrian forces moving to take possession of Mantua on the Duke's decease, or of France sending armies to secure it for the house of Nevers. Then came tidings of messengers hurrying to and fro between Paris, Mantua and Rome, and so went by the time till the three months had passed over, and then, though the air was wintry, Mary eagerly hurried forth and stood by the table of stone as the sun was sinking to repose. She gazed over the Mantua plain, but no one was seen—she listened, but heard not the voice whose memory had cheered her solitude. The sun sank and all was darkness.

With a heart sad and depressed she was making her way back to the convent when the bell at the gate rung, and an immediate summon was given her to proceed to Mantua in one of the Duke's carriages with all speed, to hear the last injunctions of her dying uncle.—State now surrounded her, guards were on each side of the vehicle, and in her convent parlor waited a high dame of the court to accompany her on the way.

The scene she had to go through Mary felt would be painful; but there was a greater degree of depression at her heart than even the anticipation of standing by the death bed of her uncle could account for. Gloomy then and desponding, disappointed and anxious, Mary entered the carriage, asking herself what was to be her fate when her uncle should be no more. The night was dark and stormy; the dull wind blew and whistled along the road, and for about a mile not a word was spoken by either Mary or her companion.

At length however the lady said, "I have been commanded to inform your Highness as soon as we were actually on the way, that it will be necessary for you to prepare your mind for a great change of condition. The Duke is, as you know at the point of death. The Duke of Nevers is next heir to coronet of Mantua, and as it is absolutely necessary that all claims to this Duchy and Montferrat should centre in one race, it has been determined that your Highness should give your hand to the young Duke of Rhetel, son of the Duke of Nevers. The Prince destined to be your husband has already arrived in Mantua, and as there is the most urgent necessity that your marriage should take place before the death of Duke Vincenzo, he has generously determined, that even in his mortal illness, he will see the alliance completed this very night, the proper dispensations having already arrived from Rome."

It was with difficulty that Mary of Mantua, prevented herself from sinking off the seat in terror and agony. The horror, the awful horror of being called upon in a moment to wed one whom she had never before beheld, while her heart was but too surely given to another, overpowered her for a few minutes, but then she recollected all the resolution and courage of her race; she protested against the cruelty and injustice of the act which her uncle proposed to commit, and solemnly declared that nothing should induce her to yield her hand in such indecent haste to an utter stranger. The lady who accompanied her, heard all with that chilling coldness which is far more dispiriting than actual opposition, and merely said "that she feared her Highness would find herself forced to obey."

Mary had recourse to silence, and though her heart was sad and heavy, it remained firm, and she said to herself, "They can but kill me—that they will not do—and if they do, better to die."

Once more then she passed the manifold gates and drawbridges, and entered what she felt to be, for her, one vast dark prison—but she thought of him she loved, and though she called him cruel in her own heart for not having come to advise or deliver her—still she felt that she loved, and that she could not, dared not, wed another.

The gates of the palace were at length reached, the courts were filled with soldiers; cannon guarded the entrance; every thing told that vast preparations had been made to secure tranquility among the people on the death of the reigning Duke. She saw lights streaming from the hall above, and, led forward by her companion, she advanced up the wide staircase and into the anti-chamber. There, however, an officer addressed her, saying, "All is ready Madam; the Duke waits your Highness.—There is not a moment to spare!"

"Go forward, Madam!" said Mary to the lady who accompanied her. "Go forward, and tell my uncle my unalterable resolve, as I announced it to you."

The lady paused and looked back, but she saw that Mary could not escape, and advancing she entered the hall beyond, leaving the door ajar behind her. Mary could only see the faded form of her uncle lying on a splendid couch, and looking as if death had already achieved the victory. But she heard first his voice very sharply, "If not by good will, by force!" and then another, but a sweeter voice, and the French tone.—"Let me speak with her for a moment, my gracious Lord."

An instant after the door opened, and clothed in princely apparel, a young man appeared; but Mary's heart beat fast—her knees trembled—the color came and went in her cheek; she stretched forth her arms towards him; she fell almost fainting on his bosom.

"Oh! why came you not? why came you not?" she cried.

"Hark, Mary!" he answered, as the palace clock struck loud and clear, "hark beloved, it is the hour of meeting! and I am here. Thine own, dear cousin, Charles of Gonzaga—will you refuse the Duke of Rhetel still?"

The warm, warm blood was all over that bright face; but the smile—the timid yet confiding smile, spoke more than words could have done, and in a moment more the Duke of Rhetel led to the altar raised in the hall beyond, a trembling, a blushing, but not an unhappy bride.

THE VISIT.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"You are romancing, James; what visit a family without an introduction, or an invitation, or exchanging cards?"

"In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards," said James; "but they will not be less pleased to see you."

"I never used to go out to see people," said Amanda thoughtfully; but, continued she, after a short deliberation, "I'll go with you any where."

They passed the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range they entered the last house; and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A common woman opened it and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken and the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl of about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bed room and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness; her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

On receiving some nourishment from the hands of her companion, she seemed revived.

"I am glad to see you, doctor, I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain; but my bones have started through my skin, and I suffer—she shivered and stopped an instant.

"I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer—but I see it was kind; what would have become of it now? I must leave these, young as they are, to take care of themselves; my husband is none of the *steadiest*."

She did not weep—she was past all human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene than could have been acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

"Is this your sister?" asked the woman.

"No said James," and Amanda smiled as he replied, "she is my wife."

"Is she your wife?" said she, showing some vivacity, "how sweet she looks! Can she sing? Oh, can she sing, "I would not live always?"

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled by every syllable that floated on her soft, rich tones through the confined apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully that she even looked pretty. A light hectic relieved her vivid countenance. She said audibly, "I hear the angels singing now around me," and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly, as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, "we will take care of you."

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, and the delicate come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but it is a dead sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James as he returned home with a feeling of devotion to him which she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow-creature's poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one, who, if he brought to her no addition of earthly wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight.—*Passion Flower.*

FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Republican.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1839.

I believe in the maxim of Shakespeare, or the truism of that great lord, call it what you will, which asserts, that "the stream of true love, never did run smooth," has never been disputed by Philosophers, Poet, or Divine; and if it should ever be written down, that the stream of politics ever runs over beds of flinty rocks, and affords little else than sorrow, blighted ambition, and disappointment, I hope that there is not a man in this world of ours, who will not attempt to gainsay the apothesis.

The political friends of Mr. Clay are in agonies, and well they may be, for what greater insult could their idol & chief have received, than to have been wrapped up in a "buttoned rug" and laid away, in fact, to make way for that indiscribable lump of lead or living mass of ruined matter, the "HERO" of the North Bend!

This morning at an early hour, as I was traversing the Avenue, I met one of the "original" friends of Mr. Clay, a man, who had stood by the "farmer" of Ashland, for upwards of thirty years.

As I approached him, he hastily threw on his specs, and pulling a wet copy of the National Intelligencer from his pocket, he hastily tore it open, and striking his cane across the editorial head of it exclaimed, "see that sir, see that; by St. Paul, is it not too much for flesh and blood to bear?"

I cast my eye over the part of the paper he had designated, and saw, in capitals, William Henry Harrison, announced a candidate for the Presidency.

"For my own part, my friend," I replied "this matter of your Presidential candidate, is one that belongs to your own family exclusively, and I have no disposition to interfere with your domestic griefs. If, however, my opinion should be wanting on the subject, I dont think that I should hesitate to say, that the Convention at Harrisburg, by nominating Mr. Harrison offered a most gross insult to Mr. Clay and Gen. Scott, and beside degrading themselves, absolutely insulted the country. Many a man of intelligence, and worth, and of high and noble principles, might indeed vote for Mr. Clay, or for Gen. Scott, without blushing for the deed, but I am very sure that the salve of the remark, could not be applied to the man who should vote for Mr. Harrison."

"May the old bug-a-boo, be——."

"Tut, Tut," said I, interrupting the anticipated result and profanity of my venerable friend, "do not swear about it. Get rid of the "hero" of North Bend on the best terms you can. Drop him, and take up Clay or Scott, as you will." "Get rid of him," ejaculated the aged friend, "get rid of him! and pray tell me how we are to do it?"

"Give him a barrel of hard cider, and settle a pension of two thousand a year on him," I replied, "and my word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days in his log cabin by the side of a "sea coal" fire, and study moral philosophy."

"Settle a pension on him!" screamed the old gentleman, "cut my nose off if I would not sooner send him to the Alms House!"

The feeling felt, and yet to be expressed by all the friends of Mr. Clay and Gen. Scott, in relation to the nomination, is, I doubt not, precisely of the quality uttered by my venerable friend this morning.

As for Mr. Clay's feeling, this may be guessed, from the contents of a letter, dated Ashland, Nov. 20, 1839, written to Gov. Metcalf, and published in to day's National Intelligencer. The letter, as a literary composition, is very creditable to Mr. Clay. The tone of it is candid, and the spirit it breathes may be deemed magnanimous. But who can read it and not discover in its Swan-like tones, the last expiring lamentations of a prostrate spirit and a broken heart? Does it not forcibly remind one of the last stanza of the lament of Childe Harold?

"My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo—it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,
Would it were worthier—but I am not now,
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint and low."

The Convention was called to order, at the