EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1839. VOL. VI-NO. 50.

THE WHIG & PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY

TUESDAY MORNING

BY

GEO. W. SHERWOOD

(FORMERLY OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

TERMS:—Two Dollars and fifty Cents per annum payable half yearly in advance. No Subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in the same proportion.

☞ All Communications to insure attention, should be *post paid*.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK,

EDITION—25,000—MONTHLY.

More than 60 Figures of Fashions each year

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, whose name is so intimately connected with the Literature of our country, and who has justly been termed by the contemporary press, THE HEMANS OF AMERICA, will assist Mrs. HALE in the editorial department It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure that the publisher of the Book makes this announcement. The editorial corps will now consist of Mrs SARAH J. HALE, Mrs LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, and LOUIS A. GODEY Mrs. Sigourney will commence her valuable aid with the January number. The Lady's Book has always been noted for the purity of its contents—that marked distinction which characterizes it shall still be preserved; indeed, with such conductors, it will be impossible to go astray.

GODEY'S BOOK Has been emphatically termed THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, as it is a receptacle for the contributions of the most celebrated FEMALE WRITERS OF AMERICA, most of whom of any eminence contribute to its pages For a list of the names of the Contributors, see October cover of the work.

TWENTY VOLUMES have already been issued. It is usual to announce that a small edition only will do published Contrary to this, the Proprietor of the Lady's Book announces that he will publish AN IMMENSE EDITION, with which he hopes to supply all those who will favor him with orders, commencing with the January number.

It will be seen by this advertisement that every effort has been made by the proprietor of this work to make it superior to any other in America; and as

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

The Lady's Book is probably the most proper that could be desired for Ladies, edited by their own sex, and assisted, as the Editorial Department is, by the Pictorial Embellishments, it is positively the BOUDOIR COMPANION.

There are other publications that advertise FASHION PLATES. The publisher of the Lady's Book wishes it to be distinctly understood that the principal Fashions in his work ARE COLORED, AND IN EVERY NUMBER, which is not the case with any other published in this country.

UNCOLORED PLATES OF FASHIONS, also, monthly. This is a novel feature in the work, and as it is no great expense to give plates of Fashions, without Coloring, the Publisher will give from THREE to SIX FIGURES each month, in addition to the THREE COLORED—this will make in all generally about NINE FIGURES OF FASHIONS MONTHLY.

Lace Patterns and Patterns of Embroidery Will be published at regular intervals These beautiful ornaments—particularly the former—have given great satisfaction

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT is under the superintendence of J. G. OSBORNE, than whom no person is more capable of doing it justice.

The Literary Department is placed under the superintendence of Mrs. SARAH J. HALE and Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY; two ladies so well known to the world that to mention their names in connection with any publication is at once a guarantee of its morality, virtue, and utility Of their capability to conduct the Lady's Book, it is presumed no person will doubt, and the proprietor mentions with pleasure that no English or American Magazine can publish in connection with its Literary Department two names so celebrated in the world of letters.

FACSIMILIES.—A great deal of curiosity is often expressed to see the Chirography of celebrated persons. We shall endeavor as far as lies in our power to gratify this feeling, by giving from time to time correct imitations of the most celebrated Female writers of the day.

GENERAL FEATURES—Literature, Tales, Essays, Legends, Romantic Incidents in History, Extracts from the Old Poets Reviews, Poetry, Female Education, Embellishments, Fashions, Colored and Uncolored, Lace, Embroidery, Fac Similies, Music, &c. &c.

More than Sixty Figures of Fashions yearly, colored and uncolored, the Proprietor being determined to consult all tastes—Any embellishments to be found in any other Magazine may be looked for in the Lady's Book.

INCREASE OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In 1838 we published 10,500 copies; during the months of January, February, and March, 1839, we increased the list to 18,500, and had then to reprint three numbers and increase to 15,000. With the next volume, we advanced to 17,000, and we now print 25,000 Copies Monthly, Probably the greatest monthly list of subscribers in the world.

OUR READING MATTER is about the same in quantity as any similar production, probably a little in favor of the Book. It would be foolish and false to say that it contains more, and the proprietor is not willing to condescend to such means for any supposed advancement of his interest.

TRANSMISSION BY MAIL.—One advantage the subscribers of THIS work will have, is its early reception. It will be received at the remotest Cities of the Union by the first day of the month of publication.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.—The January and succeeding numbers will be printed on an entirely NEW TYPE, cast expressly for the work, and will be found on inspection to be a truly beautiful letter, not too small to be read with ease, nor too large to prevent the usual quantity of matter given in each page. The paper is of the finest quality for periodical use. Indeed, the typographical execution has long been a subject of congratulation with those best acquainted with these matters.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—The price of the publication is THREE DOLLARS per annum—TWO COPIES FOR FIVE DOLLARS. The money to be positively received before a number is sent. No letters will be taken from the Post Office unless the postage on them is paid. Unless positive orders are given at the time of subscribing, the work is continued after the first year, and if not paid during the year, the price will be increased to FOUR DOLLARS.

For the convenience of persons wishing to subscribe for any of the following publications—Burton's Magazine—The Saturday Courier—Saturday Chronicle—Alexander's Weekly Messenger—Saturday Evening Post and News—they will be furnished with the Lady's Book, and any one of these publications one year, upon the receipt of Five Dollars, free of postage.

Address

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

Advertisement.

BY a special order of the Orphans' Court of Talbot county will be sold, at the door of the Court House, in Easton, Talbot county on Saturday the 21st day of December, 1839, between 11 o'clock in the forenoon and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a negro man named Pollydore, aged between thirty nine and forty years, belonging to the children or representatives of Mary Hopkins and Sally Hopkins, late of Talbot county, deceased, and not divisable.

Terms of sale:—A credit of six months, on bond being given with security for the purchased money.

JOHN LEEDS KERR, Ex'r of
WILLIAM MURPHY, dec'd.

dec. 2, 1839. (G)

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber on notes and accounts of long standing, are particularly requested to call and settle them, as I am pressed for money of this time.

JOHN SATTERFIELD.

N B. I have received the fall fashions, which my friends and the public would do well to call and examine. J. S.

nov 26 1839. tf

POETRY.

MOORE, THE POET.

Selected by a Lady, from her Scrap Book, for the Pickayune.

Mr Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton, daughter of the table decker to the Princesses. She had a poetical turn, and is said to have assisted her husband in writing his plays. The following specimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage. It is addressed to the daughter of the famous Stephen Duck.

You will wonder, my Duck, at the fault I must own,—
Your Jenny, of late, is quite covetous grown;
Her millions though fortune should lavishly pour,
Yet still I were wretched if I had no MOORE

As gay as I am, could I spend half my days
In dances and op'ras, assemblies and plays?
Her fate your poor Jenny with tears would deplore:
For, alas my dear girl, what are these without MOORE?

'Tis the same thing with matters, with money, with men,
(And I think I shall never be happy again)
I've daughters; I've partlers I've lovers full score,
And yet, like true woman, I sigh for one MOORE.

Mamma she cries, "Jenny, why all this ado?
You may have a husband, you know, child, or two."
But I pouted, I whisper'd, I fretted, I swore,
I would not have one, if I could not have MOORE.

The Baron, (poor devil,) has just now been here,
And has offered to settle eight hundred a year;
But I answered the fellow, as I have answered a score,
You know that won't do, sir, for I must have MOORE.

Yet for all this bravado, I vow and protest,
That av'rice ne'er yet had a seat in my breast;
For I swear I'd not envy the miser his store,
So I had but enough for myself and one MOORE.

Though the fools I despise dare to censure my fame,
Yet I think I'm as wise as some folks I could name;
I but worship that idol which others adore,
For they who have thousands would gladly have MOORE.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merits have made such a conquest of me:—
You may guess at his name, for I told you before,
It begins with an M—but I dare not say MOORE.

The following lines should be committed to memory by *every person who can read*.. It is almost difficult thing for persons who are otherwise quite conversant with English history, to recollect the names of those who figure in it as sovereigns, and the *order* in which they reigned, is *very* hard to be kept in the mind We know not who is the writer, but he has done more good for the "children of his generation" in twelve lines, than half the writers of romance have accomplished in the last ten years. We conjure every mother to cut them out, and teach them to her children—they are indeed a most useful string of pearls,—N. Orleans Times.

ENGLISH SOVERIGNS.

First, William the Norman; then William his son
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John
Next Henry the Third; Edwards one two and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew.
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James the second ascended to the throne;
Then good William and Mary together came on
Till Anne, Georges four and fourth William all past,
God rest us Victoria—may she long be the last.

ASSOCIATIONS.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call it's own.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GREY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE.

The origin of the "old saying," which is applied to the woman who governs her husband and is *master* as well as mistress of her family, is thus related in Addison's Anecdotes, published in 1794.

A gentleman in a certain county in England, having married a young lady of a considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, that was so heartily tired of her, that unless he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him "why she should be more disputed at it than any other men, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently, no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state."

The young gentleman desired to be excused, and he said he was so far from his giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, would call his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method; however to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness them to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and, if, in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of the assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses. I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go to your home, and look upon your wife as no worse than her neighbors If on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call her husband to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the country; he knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by the servant that his master was not stirring but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor. The lady, with great complaisancy, desired him to seat himself, and said if his business was very urgent she would wake her husband and let him know it, but had rather not disturb him, "Why, really, madam," said he, my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules you?"

"Indeed sir," said the lady, "the question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case let him answer me; for here he comes.

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her favor; upon which he was invited to choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them, but the madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare.—"What," said she, "and will you not take her, then. But I say you shall, for I am sure *the gray mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be ——," "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

An Innocent Trick with Delicious Consequences.—The Cincinnati Sun tells a capital story of a young gentleman in that city, who resorted to an innocent trick to get a kiss all round from a couple of young ladies he was waiting upon home from a fashionable party. At Cincinnati as well as here, and elsewhere, the girls have a pretty and innocent custom of kissing each other on bidding good night, and in fact upon many other occasions. The gentleman in question had waited upon the young ladies two of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed among the Buck eyes, to their fathers residence. Knowing the little parting ceremony was to be performed, he watched his opportunity, and just as their pretty lips were on their way to meet each other, he poked his face in between, receiving a delicious kiss on each cheek for audacity, or ingenuity. Only think of it! exclaims the Picayune, a double-barrelled shot from Cupid, and both fired at once. We have a mind to make a regular business of seeing the girls home, two at a time. Wouldn't it be delightful?

RULES OF THE GOSSIPING CLUB.—Any member of the society who shall be convicted of knowing more of his business than another's, shall be expelled from the society without a hearing. No member shall sit down to his table until he has ascertained to a certainty, what his neighbors have to eat, whether they have paid for the same, and if not, if they expect to

Every member who shall see two or three persons engaged in conversation, shall place himself between them until he has heard all they have to say, and report the same accordingly.

Every member who shall see a gentleman visiting a lady more than twice, shall circulate the news that they are going to be married, and said members are forthwith required to report the manner of things about the gentleman to the lady, and little about the lady to the gentleman. This will break up matches, and afford much good gossip.

A Dutchman's defence upon an indictment for larceny, is now growing the round of the papers. We do not know whether it is a new story, but certainly it is a very ingenious defence.

"You say," said the Judge, "that the squire who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen? What do you mean by that?"

"Vell," said Hans, "he did me that I should have four petter, *four* vomen, *four* ticher, *four* children—in my country, *four* times four always make *sixteen*.

Clergyman and Baker.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said the thing that was not true, they ought to *whistle*. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days they were as big as some of the hills in Scotland! He had scarce pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle. "Who is that (says he) calls me a liar?" "It is I, Willy McDonald, the baker." "Well, Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha told you?" "None, Mass John, only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake these loaves in."

A Good Reason.—A Methodist minister in Vermont forbids any one to play a bass violin in his church. He says, however serious his thoughts may be, the moment he hears a fiddle he goes to thinking how he used to dance.

Sitting up and Down.—In a recent conversation between two gentlemen, on the subject of sitting up at night, with the sick, one of them remarked that he could not "*stand sitting up*," to which the other very gravely replied that he did not mind "*sitting up*, if he could "*lie down*."

A celebrated vocalist, it is said, sometimes sings so high in his embellishments, that it is necessary to let go his suspenders before he can get down again.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—A recent traveller in the United States gives a curious account of a matrimonial lottery which was formed there with beneficial effects, however singular it may seem.

'On the 21st day of December last,' says he, 'I was passing through the State of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of ——, where I had an acquaintance on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding in a neighbouring house, and on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued. A young lawyer then arose and addressed the company very eloquently; and in finishing his discourse begged leave to offer a new scheme of Matrimony, which he believed would be beneficial, and on obtaining leave he proposed—"That one man in the company should be selected as president, should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night, and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman & lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, kept entirely secret.

"After the appointment of the president those communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices; but whom they had chosen, remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed and the company respectively retired.

"Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had solemnized; & the young gentlemen of eight couple of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives if the above scheme had not been introduced."

THE MORMONS are holding a protracted meeting in Westchester, Pa, and have baptised about forty converts.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD—THE POMATUM OF LIFE.

Dr. Colossus takes transcendant delight in being able at this important juncture in the history of medicine, at a crisis when quacks are prowling and preying over the country, administering their deleterious nostrums to the credulous, robbing the ignorant and humbugible of their receipts, and killing off poor humanity more rapidly than sword, pestilence, famine, or intemperance, he is most transcendantly happy at such a crisis to announce to the afflicted, the wonderful virtues of his all-powerful compound, the POMATUM OF LIFE

ITS COMPOSITION.—The Pomatum of Life, or Resurrection Grease, is a compound of equal parts of the double concentrated extract of buzzard fat, and the rectified quintessence of skunk oil, intermingled with highly precipitated decoction of bed-bugs lard, to give it an agreeable perfume of purely vegetable lustre.

ITS VIRTUES.—It is an unfailing remedy for every disease under the sun or moon, and for 15,347 diseases that do not exist, so that allowing one new disease to appear annually, it will meet all contingencies for 15,347 years.

Certificate—To Dr. Colossus:—Your Resurrection Grease, or Life Pomatum, I tried this morning on a skeleton in my office. I gave the frame a thorough saturation of pomatum, wrapped it up in warm blankets, and laid it out in the moonshine—and I was waked up early in the morning by the fellow bawling out for soap and water to wash the grease off his hands, face and body, and for a clean shirt.

Respectfully, THOMAS BROADLIE.

SQUIRE BLUMPY OF RACKENSACK

The way they ladle out Law in the New Countries.

A particular friend of ours at Batesville, has furnished us with the ground-work of the following account, showing up the manner in which they do things in the back part of the "Rickensack" country.

In one of the back counties lives a 'big man' named Vowels, and not overburthened with honesty Rich in lands and tenements, meaner than "gar broth," and regardless of what means he uses to attain his ends. Vowels has always a gang of *shinkers* or *strikers* about him—men who will do any thing and swear to any thing he bids them. A short time since he obtained a commission for one of those tools as "*Jassack*" of the Peace, or rather Justice of the Peace. The fellow's name was Blumpy, an ignorant dolt, as destitute of conscience as a crying hyena after a seven days' fast. On receiving his appointment, with the Governor's name and seal to it. Blumpy swelled up with pride at once, felt himself wonderfully elated, and started on his way home rejoicing.

Arrived there, he commenced strutting and cutting a dignified swell about and across his cabin.

"What has got into you, Blumpy?" asked his wife.

"Don't bother me," said Blumpy.

"What are you galvinating about in that high-faluin style for?" continued his wife,"

"I'm a mad-man," was the mysterious answer.

"Something has made you crazy, Blumpy."

"Crazy! Look here," said the husband, showing the commission—"look here, Mrs. Blumpy—see this—I knew that keeping that horse Champion would bring me out. I am now Justice of the Peace, and will be in the Legislature next year sure. Hand'nt we better put another story on the house, Sally?" continued the fellow, swelling like a frog & blowing like a porpoise.

"In course we had. Main't I strut too, Blumpy?"

"Certainly—catch hold here," said her husband, offering his arm. They were now hard at it strutting and "amplifying" about the room. The children were astonished at the mad pranks of their parents, and thought they had found a gold mine.

"Mammy," said one of them, "main't I strut too with you and dad?"

"Set down, you rascal, you," said Mrs. Blumpy; "Nobody is in office here but your dad and me," at the same time knocking the little Blumpy over with a chunk.

Some days after this, when Blumpy had cooled off a little, the "old man" was called upon to make his first appearance as a justice, and to try a case. Rigging himself out in his Sunday-go-to-the-tavern suit, he was upon the spot in season. The case was one in which his friend and patron was engaged—Vowels vs. Datem. It was an open account his master had made out against Datem for sundry goods, wares and merchandise, to which the latter demurred.

Vowels opened the argument on his own account in a violent strain. Turning to Datem, he continued with—

"D—n you, do you dispute my account?—You wont pay my bill, eh? Mr. Blumpy, your honour, that rascal came to my house, and made just as free as though it was his'n; d—n him. He found my crib open, and he *marbelled* into the corn. He eat my *red tongue* (bacon.) His wife *flaunts* in my calico; his *pullets* (daughters) dance in my prunells; he drinks my *ball face* (whiskey) like a horse, and now he disputes the bill, the rascal.—"Squire Blumpy, take your seat on that horse block, try him and give him goss?"

Blumpy took his seat with all the mock dignity of the sham duke in the Honey Moon. Not a particle of proof had been adduced in favour of his patron's claim, but that did not in least alter the decision, which was as follows:

"Seeing as how my friend Vowel's crib has been open to Datem, the defendant, that the plaintiff's calicoes has been worn by Datem's wife, his prunells danced all to smash by Datem's daughters, and his ball face swilled down by the defendant himself, in course he has got to pay for them, and fork over my fee into the bargain. Them's the court's sentiments."

Judgment was accordingly rendered against Datem, and he was obliged to foot the whole bill.

'Hallo, Snooks, what's the matter with you to-day?'

'I've got the bank fever.'

'What's that?'

'Why, one empty pocket and another without nothing in it!'

At a wedding up town, a few evenings since after the clergyman had united the happy pair, an awful silence ensued, becoming rather irksome to a young man, he exclaimed, "you need not be so *unspeakably happy*.

SCENERY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

There is grandeur, beauty and wildness scarcely conceived of, in the region where the Father of Rivers takes its rise. A correspondent of the Statesman, writing from Prairie du Chien, gives some fair views of scenery observed in a tour to the Falls of Saint Anthony and Lake St. Croix. The writer, doubtless Maj. Ingersoll of Ravenna, says:

Landing from Lake Pepin and clambering up the rocky and thick tangled sides of the mountain I was finally seated upon the brow of the precipice. The scene there presenting itself was grand and comprehensive—huge prairies in the distance, waving with tall grass as immense island seas, rolled up till dimly blended with the western horizon, they vanished in the dimness of a distance. The Lake far down below was as a chrystal basin, sparkling with silvery ripples; huge masses of golden clouds, burnished with gorgeous tints, and rich as the Golcian fleece, hung lazily in the west; and the bright pathway of the setting sun was streaked with fiery tracks, till slow descending the declining orb sunk calmly down, leaving the wilderness a wilderness indeed! Still and deathlike! no sound echoed through the forest—vainly would one listen for some noise or sign betokening the approach of civilized man—but the axe of the pioneer was here unknown; "as the tree fell so it lay."—The hammer of the artizan was a stranger to this solitude—the bird had sought his nest; all was repose but the gaunt wolf, who now stealthily and silently was watching for his prey. It was night in a western forest!

Lake Pepin is but an expansion of the Mississippi, such as the Tappan Sea on the Hudson.

Leaving the Lake, there is not much to attract attention, other than a few Indian villages and the same succession of lofty bluffs and extensive prairies until you reach the mouth of the St. Peter's.

About nine miles above Fort Snelling are the Falls of St. Anthony. It was a most dismal day when I first took a view of the Falls of St. Anthony. But perhaps the stormy darkness of the time rather added to the interest of the scene. The Falls of St. Anthony are not, strictly speaking "Falls." They are successions of boisterous rapids—there is no *cataract*; the Mississippi is here forced through a narrow steep and descending channel, blocked up with huge rocks piled sometimes the one upon another to an enormous height, and assuming many and singularly unnatural appearances; and it is through and around these jagged rocks that the river urges its fretted course, tumbling—roaring—deafening! On the rocks here and there huge billows break and scatter off in whiteness. The river stops for a moment ere it meets the Falls—then breaking through every obstacle, plunges on, and throwing a shower of spray over each little rocky island in the channel, boisterously rolls away, white as

"The pale courser's trail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

RURAL CHARMS.

Many a farm house and farmer's family might be made happy at small expense. A few days' work would put the door yard fence kept in good repair a number of beautiful trees set around it, briers, stones, and very slovenly appearance banished from it, a few pleasant walks laid around his dwelling, the lanes leading from his house to the distant fields shaded with ornamental and useful trees, and the general air of neatness and comfort universally preserved. However small his farm, he can have all these. However poor, he may have something like this. A little diligent contrivance and improvement of leisure hours will give him all these.

The moral effects of these things on his wife and children will be delightful; They will contribute to make a contented and happy home. The child may be taught to love the young tree whose roots he has watered, and which is growing up by his side. The family will be pleased with their home: and the love of home, and its pleasant localities, will have a healing influence the soul.

The library within, and the neatness and taste which surrounds, will be successful rivals to the tavern, and to wild and rumous companionships. Who knows but that these few suggestions may make some farm houses which we have seen look a little more comfortable and attractive.

THE PHILOSOPHER OUTDONE.—A learned philosopher being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask for some fire. 'But,' says the doctor, 'you have nothing to take it in;' and as he was going to fetch something for the purpose, the little girl stooped down to the fire-place, and taking some cold ashes in one hand she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying 'with my learning, I should never have found out that expedient.'

Singular.—A pine tree, about forty feet in length, and covered with branch-bills and branches, a few weeks since drifted into dover harbor, in the English channel, and was towed into that port.—It is supposed to have been parted from the American shore by a hurricane and borne on its long voyage across the Atlantic by the tidal action of the waves.

Lightning—It is said that during a thunder storm at Marseilles, in France, a short time since, the lightning entered a house of publick entertainment, where the landlord was bottling off some wine. It passed between his legs, and carried away the bottle in his hand, which was half full, and it was afterwards found among the empty bottles, at some distance unbroken.

We have somewhere seen the sensible remark that enterprising merchants, mechanics, and those who are disposed to do business and sell cheap, are careful to often advertise in the newspapers—but those who are content to do but little, and demand from thirty to fifty per cent profit, scarcely advertise. The people observe this, and those who advertise receive their custom.—*Dover Gazette.*

An Impression—A Western preacher commenced a funeral sermon as follows: "My impression is, my hearers, that we must all die, sooner or later!"

A lady in New Orleans who drinks tea made of Morus Multicaulis leaves, uses her hair daily for sewing silk.