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THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. | *CAMBRIDGE, Md.—Saturday Morning, April 27, 1839.* | NUMBER 29.

THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, AND FARMER'S REGISTER,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
E. RICHARDSON HOOPER.

TERMS:—The Cambridge Weekly Chronicle and Farmer's Register is published every *Saturday Morning*, at Two Dollars & Fifty Cents per annum payable half yearly, *in advance*. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

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In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

☞-*All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

Stanzas:

Suggested by a recent instance of suicide, resulting from the despair of disappointed affection.

No tears regret may shed for thee
Can now avail to save;
No smiles, that love may now decree,
Can light thy lowly grave;
All dark the deed that drained the bowl,
And freed from earthly ill the soul—
Uncalled by him who gave!
Yet blighted hopes and passions plead;
And erring pity veils the deed!

What now to thee the envied hearth,
That sweet surviving thrall!
Alike the voice of wail or mirth,
Where death's dim shadow's fall;
The all, which love could once repay,
With thy own heart hath passed away;
Nor may it now recall
More than a faint and fitful beam
To light thee back in mem'ry's dream.

But they, who never loved as thou,
May doubt, in their dismay,
If reason on thy burning vow,
Poured its diviner ray:
They only know that feebler flame,
Which most may quench and all may tame,
In their less senate clay;
And deem the heart may calmly bear
The frenzied grief of love's despair.

There is in ruined hopes a leaf,
By others all unread,
Portrayed in characters of grief,
That paint the early dead
Dim words, that with a prophet's tone,
O'er all, where light and love have shone,
Their sable shadows spread;
And such to thee the future rose
When crime escaped its omen'd woes.

What passed with thy departing breath,
In shape of hurried prayer,
Unknown to those, who watched till death
Had left its stillness there;
It may have been a pleading tone,
That winged its way to Morey's throne—
Unquenched by guilt's despair—
And won, with its availing tears,
The meed of long repentant years.

W. C. U. S. NAVY.

ORIGINAL.

For the Chronicle.

Sketches of Reality.

Upon the diversified stage of existence, scenes are acted, which no pen can adequately pourtray. The writer of romance need not allow his imagination to wander through the fields of fiction for scenes which harrow up the soul, and thrill and electrify his readers. In the annals of reality, are to be found incidents sufficiently thrilling and appalling in themselves, without the additional colouring of a practised pen. Thousands of our fellow creatures pass off the weird stage of life, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung," whose fate would form fine subjects for the exercise of the tragic muse, or impart interest to the pages of a stirring and high-wrought romance. Two instances have passed under my observation, which, with the permission of my readers, I will faithfully relate.

I once visited the cell of a notorious pirate. He was of a colossa size. An expression of fixed and stern despair was visible in his rough and savage face; and seated on the pavement, his cheek and temple rested on the outspread palm of his brawny hand. There was a dead silence for a minute, during which he sat gazing steadily at the narrow piece of sky visible through the small barred window. There was something in his attitude and aspect that made my blood run cold, and sent it back from the swollen veins of my forehead. I soon began to distinguish his features more accurately as my eye graduated itself to the dim light, and I perceived a smile slowly break out upon the shadows of his face, betraying a line of white teeth, contrasting finely with the sable curl on his lip, and his deeply expressive eyes light up for a moment. He really looked beautiful! A picture of him, with that proud deliberate smile, the soft black hair curling closely upon his broad clear forehead, & the collar falling gracefully back from his athletic throat and chest, might have passed for the hero of many a romance, which steals the sweet eyes of the enamoured girl from her midnight slumber. Many have a false idea that a murderer or professed pirate is an intrinsinc monster, but I found this unfortunate being only a man—gifted with many of man's noblest attributes, compassion, courage, perseverence, generosity, and even delicacy of sentiment. He was only a man, who had committed monstrous deeds, with the same qualities as ourselves, but led away into dark places by sophistry and passion. I name this distinction that the innocent and high minded, in perusing the history of such a creature, may not look upon it as something with which they themselves can have no relation, but rather as a career into which they may be plunged unless ever watchful to shun the most trifling deviations from principle, and avoid cruelty or impetuosity in ordinary affairs. The ill-fated subject of this sketch pined away in wretchedness and misery, and all his enormities were the fatal consequence of a single fault. No sweet face bent over his dying couch, and spoke words of tenderness to his desolate and perturbed bosom,—no soft kind hand smoothed the lowly pillow for his head, nor wiped away the damps of death as they gathered about his brow. All was dark and gloomy—and naught but the hoarse clank of chains saluted his dying ear.

* * * * * * * * *

'Twas night, and all nature slumbered in silence. The blushing stars, like diamonds dipped in dew, were twinkling in the deep vaulted arch, and through their midst pale Cynthia winged her trackless flight "up the firm base of the eternal triad." The winds were hushed,—the leaflet hung upon its parent bough unlifted by the breeze, and the swelling waters of the bright Choptank, rolled o'er its lordly bed in sullen silence, like the firm tread of some giant host advancing to the strife.

I was slowly pacing to and fro the southern shore of the Choptank, baring my forehead to the midnight air, and wooing the influence of the moon to soothe the anguish of a lacerated and bleeding heart, and calm the frettings of a dejected and desolate spirit. The "pangs of despised love" agitated my bosom, and threatened the destruction of my terrestrial happiness. One bright lovely star, only, seemed to impart consolation to my soul, and gazing upon that, and endeavouring to drink its quiet in, I could but exclaim, mentally,

Sole watcher of the heavens,
I have not learned Chaldea's mystic faith,
Yet thou dost seem the emblem of a solitary heart,
Companionless like mine. No kindred star,
Hath gladness in thy presence, and thy light
Falleth upon the waters, like the love,
Of a young heart, upon the hollow world,
Unanswered, unregarded.

Whilst engaged in these meditations, a light canoe shot out from one of the numerous coves, which line the rock ribbed shores of the majestic Choptank, bearing a female. When she had attained the distance of an hundred yards from the shore, she raised herself to her full heigth, looked wildly and searchingly around, and uttering a scream which startled me, and whose echo still rings in my ears, she plunged into the clear smooth water. Her lovely head, with its beauteous tresses, lingered for a moment on the surface—then the ripples died away quietly in extending circles. I started up convulsively. The stars were paling their beams, and a faint light beamed from the horizon, growing every instant broader and clearer: Then the fiery streaks shot up, and glanced far along the reddening arch. Chained by some irresistible spell, I stood watching the fantastic clouds burning in the east, till the dazzling rim of the sun peered above the line, as it slowly lifted its vast circumference into full view. Who the unfortunate suicide was I never learned, but as I write by the midnight lamp, the echo of that scream seems to break upon my ear, a strange delirium seizes me, and I seem to feel the walls of my chamber melting away from around me as the fumes of slumber pass off.

* * *

Cambridge, Md.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

It was a dark, dreary morning in the December of 178—. The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet, despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons, of all classes, and among them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying to-wards the Place de Greve. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstances which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justicc, are briefly as follows—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal among the French, accounts, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow creature in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer forgery. Remonstrance, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a human life. Fortunately, in our days, the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim.—In every country apologists are to be found in guilt, and sympathy is more readily excited when the perpertrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, or fills a position above the ordinary level in society. All these Victor d'Aubigny possessed, he had also the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit, both being intended for the army, united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblence to the clod, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosection of this the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gambling-table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He, who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste, on the other hand, scouting the dazzling salons of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Moliere, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurate* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of D'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the cause, a mad, though unreturned passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor at this period was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a loser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the *House* in a state of phrensy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *danseuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful, in the desperation of the moment, of everything but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a check for the sum required.—It was duly honored—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one—with Isabelle D'Aubigney, the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sigh, nor word had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choaking sob which burst from him; as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last!—When the guilotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her, sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eye balls, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of her heart with agony, till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness, when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us for ever and ever.

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corse before her—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstances to change; with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon, and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle—the weak, and gentle, the timid, returned to her hearth, a calm, stern, determined woman.

From the Boston Courier.

CHILDHOOD.

He must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kisses; who have principle enough properly to feed and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their sweets. How different is the effect of true paternal love where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection, the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable!

The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and cares, from which he is luckily free; hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbour who has half a dozen squalling children to tease and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshhold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darling's feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and headache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have indeed heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child; and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton, who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads—But these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth.

Even men may condecend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy in their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle and joined their sports.

Notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's loveliest works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight and smooth & divert us when we are weary or fretted by grown up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women,—their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attraction of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent, position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal: and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

THE AGRICULTURALIST.

"Venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread its richest treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded."

Memorial of Charles L. Fleischmann, in Relation to the Manufacture of Beet Sugar.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

The memorial of Charles Lewis Fleischmann, a naturalized citizen of the United States.

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTS:

The existence of crystallizable sugar in the beet-root was discovered by the German chemist Markgraf, in the year 1747. He communicated the results of his experiments to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin; pointed out the importance which his discovery would have on agriculture and industry, and endeavored to bring it into practice; but at that time, the price of sugar being moderate, chemistry not enough advanced to modify the complicated operations, and the spirit of enterprise not sufficiently awakened to make it an object of speculation, the discovery remained without being put into practical use until the year 1796, (forty-nine years afterwards,) when Achard, another Prussian chemist, repeated the experiments of Markgraf, modified them, and erected the first manufactory at Kunnern, in Germany.

The results of Achard's manipulation created great sensation all over Europe, particularly in France, where the chemists re-examined the process of Achard, simplified it, and made it more practicable and profitable in its results.

These simplified manipulations were adopted by enthusiastic speculators, full of sanguine expectations, peculiar to the French character; but the results were not satisfactory, as the immensely large and costly manufactories were partly established in places where the soil was not sufficiently productive, where fuel was scarce and high, the market distant, and the operatious directed by men who had not the least idea of agriculture—a science necessarily connected with the manufacture of the beet-sugar—no practical knowledge of an entirely new process, and a most imperfect apparatus. The consequence of these obstacles was a complete failure, which induced the opinion over the whole world, that the extraction of sugar from the beet, though correct in theory, was impracticable on a large scale.

This, however, was not the opinion of enlightened men; they saw the causes of failure in their true light, and endeavored to overcome and to correct them. The political events of 1812 accelerated the development of this new branch of industry; the French Government, in want of a substitute for the colonial sugar, encouraged the manufactories and five chemical schools, entirely for the purpose of experiments, and teaching the best method of extraction.

In 1814, these manufactories were in full operation and flourishing, when the peace of Europe allowed the importation of the colonial sugar into France, causing a destructive shock to the manufacturers of indigenous sugar, which none but immense fortunes could endure, and erected, again, the belief that the manufacture of the beet-sugar could never come in competition with the colonial.

This might have been the final catastrophe of the manufacture of the beet-sugar, had it not been for the efforts made to revive it again by some wealthy and enlightened manufacturers.

These efforts, however, did not arise entirely from the patriotic desire to promote the welfare of France, (as now pretended,) but partly to prevent the loss of immense capitals invested in buildings, apparatus, farms, &c. Moreover, the manufacturers knew there was yet five or six per cent. more to gain by an improved operation.

This it was that gave a new start to this favorite branch of industry; assisted in simplifying the process, and discovered the mode of *reviving* animal charcoal so as to admit of its being repeatedly used, while the improved apparates helped to economize labor and fuel; and all this, combined with a wonderful perseverance, reduced the expenses of the fabrication, and enabled the old establishments to continue in operation, even when the price of colonial sugar was very low. This created confidence and a rapid increase of establishments.

The cultivation of the beet has had the most beneficial influence on agriculture; as, in the last year, more than eighty thousand acres of land were planted in beet, producing about one million of tons of this root; and, as generally rotations of four crops are adopted, it brought at least three million two hundred thousand acres of land under the highest cultivation.

The following table shows the rapid increase of the manufactories, and the quantity produced, in France.

		Beet-sugar.
In 1828 there were 103 manufactories, which produced 1000,00 cwt;		
1831	200	220,000
1837	543	959,000
1837	600	1,000,000

Or 50,000 tons of beet-sugar.

The manufacture of indigenous sugar did not affect the demand for calonial sugar, as the consumption continually increased until the year 1835, as appears by a table from the Journal of Commerce of 1836, viz:

Consumption of colonial sugar.

		Cons'tion of beet-sugar.
In 1825,	61,255,232 francs.	4,000,000 francs.
1831,	67,542,792	10,000,000
1732,	62,669,638	15,000,000
1835,	69,000,000	30,000,009

(To be continued.)

Code of Politeness.

In addition to those we have cited, a number of the maxims of Madame Celnart are so just that we must take leave to adduce more, in order to refresh the memory or confirm the practice of all actual or would be members of "good society." And by *good society* we do not mean any particular coterie, or exclusives of fashion; but every circle wherein claim is preferred to moral worth, intellectual culture and refined manners. Sound constitutional rules of demeanour being rendered common to all respectable circles, there will be less pretensions or right to superiority to any;—all will compose the *haut ton*, that distinction which is so often thought equivalent to any advantage of mere opulence and worthy of the most persevering pursuit.

In Paris, according to Madame, a lady does not say *my husband*, except among very intimate acquaintances. She speaks of him and addresses him by his proper name, *Mr.* &c. It is an "axiom." that, in conversation, we speak as little as pssible of ourselves, and as much of the other party and all that interests that party directly. Whatever you relate, you must never use phrases which imply that you suppose your veracity may be doubtful. Dispute rarely or never,—yield, with a good grace, when you find yourself wrong:—yield also though you be right, when the point is of no great moment, and, always, when your antagonist is a lady. Abstain from all discussion with people possessed by the spirit of contradiction. Beware of indulging keen sarcasm or severe raillery; malevolence is the opposite of politeness;—*stinging* pleasantry or pungent wit prevents social intercourse and makes enemies. Sportive humor, that is kind and occasional, may be indulged.—*Hoaxing* is vulgar and foolish; *persiffiage* is a bad habit, but sometimes serves as a salutary corrective of the impertinence of coxcombs, and the presumption of dunces. As for indecent witticisms, no true gentleman or lady will hazard them any where. There are delicate shades of character which distinguish both, and to which attention is due in every situation, lest they should imperceptibly be lost. To shine by eloquence, or repartee, or smart talk, in society, is of less consequence, than to maintain an invariably refined and amiable tone. Diversify your topics with ladies; they have too active an imagination and too versatile a spirit to support conversation for a long time on the same subject.

It is sometimes an incivility, a want of delicacy, to pay postage when we write to a friend, an acquaintance, or to persons of small fortune whose feelings may be wounded. We should pay when we write to strangers upon our own business, or to ask a favor.—In Europe, an envelope and sealing wax are deemed indispensable for letters of form or addressed to persons to whom we would show particular respect. "If a person brings you a letter, you should not be in a hurry to open it, but see whether it concerns the bearer at all, or only yourself. In the first case, you should open and read it while he is present; in the other case, you should lay it aside."

Presents should be made with a little mystery, so as to excite pleasure and surprise. When made, nothing should be said by the giver to draw attention to them, or to render them of any consequence. The satisfaction or complacency with which they may have been received, is full requital We should not refuse arbitrarily or prudishly what is offered from good will and without ostentation. Simple and gracious acknowledgement is enough. To ladies, the most suitable presents are entertaining volumes, bouquets or plants, music, engravings, fancy articles for the toilet, and so forth. Address objects, as much as you can, like your discourse, to their understanding and taste. Make what you offer or you say, as frequently as you can, a means of their improvement, without seeming to have that aim directly. Conversation occupies a large share of the time of the fashionable world in particular; those are not faithful to their own interests and duty, who do not endeavor to convert it into a beneficial exercise for their minds and hearts. Perpetual light gossip fritters away the intellect and dissipates sensibility. Excite others from time to time to serious and instructive remarks; by degrees, you will come to relish them; they will fructify in your thoughts when you retire.

Do not obtrude advice; when it is *asked*, give it frankly; be candid, let the consequences be what they may. Zeal in the cause of a friend when counsel or aid is solicited, has a lasting effect upon his gratitude. Indifference on the other hand, or timidity, disgusts and estranges.—Moral courage is a trait of which respect and regard are the certain rewards. Secrets are not to be explored; but when discovered or divulged into professed confidence, they must be religiously kept. It is incredible how much mischief and injustice is done by disclosing to *one* acquaintance, or in the family circle what has been thus learnt. When we do not, ourselves, practice perfect discretion, how can we expect it in others; and when we once set the secret of our friend afloat, how do we know where it will stop, or what shape may not be given to it? Polite fellow-travellers give as little trouble and as much assistance to their companions as they can. Ladies are to have every advantage and accommodation; but on their part, "they ought not to require too much, nor put the complaisance of gentlemen to a severe test." The *Escorted Lady* of Miss Leslie is an admonitory and amusing, though exaggerated picture. In general, the female character, in our country, is not at all prone to the exertion of civility, or inordinate demands; but rather to make sacrifices or show passiveness. The sense of gallantry, that is, polite devotion to the sex, is common and greater security in all public conveyances and promiscuous assemblages, in these United States, than active with all classes of Americans. Females have

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