Constantine Republican.

VOLUME I. CONSTANTINE, ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, MICHIGAN, DECEMBER 21, 1836. NUMBER 25.

CONSTANTINE REPUBLICAN,
PUBLISHED BY
MUNGER & COWDERY,

Every Wednesday Morning, at the stand formerly occupied by Maj. I. J. Ullman, corner of Canaris and Water streets.

To all subscribers who commenced previous to number 20:—

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance, two dollars and fifty cents within the year, or three dollars at the expiration of the year. But,—

To those commencing with and after No. 20:—

TERMS { $2 50, if paid in advance; 2 00, after the first 3 months; or, 3 50, at the end of the year. } PER ANN.

Advertising at the usual rates.

CABINET WARE HOUSE,—*Ten doors below the Mansion House,* Main street. WM. GALLIGAN respectfully informs the public that he continues his business at the above stand, where he manufactures and keeps constantly on hand every description of CABINET WARE, comprising *Sofas, Couches, Sideboards, Secretaries, Bureaus, Book Cases, Wardrobes, Pier, Centre, Card & Toilet Tables, Scroll bottom Tea do. Ladies' Work do. and Stands, Music Stools, &c.* On hand a full assortment of White and Egyptian Marble Tops, for Centre and Pier Tables, Bureau Tops and Wash Stands. Likewise, every description of BEDSTEADS, and all other articles in the Cabinet line.

He has in his employment first rate workmen, and his materials are as good as can be procured in the country or in New-York, and he flatters himself that no shop in the western part of the state can turn out finer and more substantial work, with greater promptitude.

He also keeps constantly on hand, Mahogany, Curl Maple and Painted Grecian CHAIRS; likewise, Scroll, Crown, and Roll Top Fancy do., together with common Windsor, and most other kinds, all of which will be sold *twenty-five* per cent cheaper than can be purchased in this market.

Cook's Patent Mahogany Knobs, Mahogany boards and veneers, and varnish, for sale at the most reasonable prices. His friends are particularly invited to give him a call, and patronage generally is respectfully solicited.

Buffalo, June 20, 1836. 1y1

MUSIC STORE.—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every kind, and in great variety, kept constantly on hand and for sale at the Detroit Bookstore, (old stand of S. Wells, deceased) where those wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves. The following articles can be found among the stock now on hand:

Two very superior German Violincelles,
Kent Bugles, Post Horns, Hunters' Pocket do.,
Flutes with from one to eight keys,
Pitch pikes, Tuning forks, Violin mutes,
Capo D'Astros, Guitars, with single and double bottoms, small Bugles, Pandean Pipes,
Bugle crooks and shanks, Violin bridges,
Pegs and bows, Piano and Guitar strings,
Fifes, common and extra, Flageolots and Clarionets, Violins, an extensive assortment, among which are to be found one of the celebrated stamp of *Breton!* one of *Claudot's* famed instruments, and one containing the stamp of *Thomson.* Admirers of the Violin are invited to call and examine these celebrated instruments.

Just received as above a large assortment of *PIANO MUSIC,* well assorted;

Piano instructors, Preceptors for the flute, fife, &c., Admired airs for the flute, violin, kent bugle and flageolet,
Also, D'Accordeon, Mouth harmonicons,
Portable music desks, Bass and snare drums, &c. &c.

As soon as navigation opens, every addition which the market requires will be received, and the assortment kept full. Pianofortes will be constantly kept on hand, together with all the *new* music as soon as it is published. *Music Associations* will be furnished with every thing in this line, on the most reasonable terms.

L. L. MORSE.

Detroit, June 20, 1836. 1y1

FINE THINGS IN FINE ORDER. H. A. NAGLER, at No. 69 Jefferson Avenue, having opened a Confectionary establishment, is prepared to furnish all who may favor him with a call, with every article in his line.

Steamboats, Country Merchants, and others, furnished on the most reasonable terms. Call, examine, and inquire prices, and then buy. All orders carefully packed, and punctually attended to. The following articles constitute part of the articles on hand:

Peppermint, Cinnamon, Birch, Rose, Lemon, Horehound, Sassafras and ream *Candys.*
Peppermint and Ginger Lozenges.
Smooth and Burnt Almons.
Large and small plums, Cinnamon buds, Cinnamon and Carraway Comfits.
Assorted colored nonpareils.
Mould and hollow clear candy, and crystalized Toys.
Imitation sugar fruits, rock candy, mottoes, &c.

PASTRY.—Orders filled on short notice for Parties, Weddings, &c. with Maccaronies, Jumbles, Fruits, Pound Sponge, and Almond Cakes, Cocoa and Maccaronie, Pyramids, Jellies, Cocoa nut cake,, Ice cream, Blanc Mange, Mottoes, &c. &c. ornamented in the most fashionable style, and warranted inferior to those of no country.

Detroit, June 30, 1836. 1y1

SCHOOL BOOKS, *a New Supply*.... among which are....

Leather and cloth bound, cheap Testaments;
Definition and common English Readers;
Blake's Historical Reader;
Webster's and Walker's Dictionaries;
Woodbridge's and Olney's Geographies & Atl.;
Parley's Geography and Tale;
Kirkham's, Murray's and Greenleaf's Grammars;
Daboll's, Ostrander's and Colburn's Arithmetic;
Blake's Natural Philosophy;
Introductory Reader, Juvenile Instructor.

For sale by MUNGER & COWDERY.

Constantine, July 27, 1836. 4

JUSTICE'S BLANKS.—MUNGER & COWDERY have just printed an assortment of BLANKS, for Michigan and Indiana.

BLANK WARRANTS,
" SUMMONS',
" CAPIAS',
" VENIRES,
" SUBPŒNAS,
" EXECUTIONS, &c. &c.

and a new and splendid form of BLANK DEEDS, printed on script type, for Indiana and Michigan. Call and examine.

NEW FIRM.—A. E. MASSEY would give notice that he has formed a co-partnership with Thos. Moseley, and will continue the mercantile business at the old stand, under the firm of MOSELEY & MASSEY.

He therefore solicits an early settlement of his accounts, particulary as the new firm contemplate selling exclusively for *ready pay.*

Moseley & Massey would also inform the citizens of this vicinity, that they are daily expecting an extensive assortment of goods which they will sell at wholesale or retail at such reduced prices as will induce purchasers to pay cash.

Constantine, Nov. 15. 20t26

BOOTS AND SHOES. A lot of calf and thick Brogans. ALSO Thick Boots, for sale by

C. L. MILLER.

Constantine, Aug. 10. y6

JUST RECEIVED in fine order, 150 bbls. lake superior white fish and sweet inspected. White fish $15 per bbl., Sweet $14.—Also, ROTARY COOKING STOVES, *Stanley's patent.* JOHN F. PORTER.

St. Joseph, Nov. 3, 1836. 19

DETROIT BOOKSTORE.—L. L. MORSE has associated with him his brother CHAUNCEY MORSE, under the firm of MORSE & BROTHER, in the Book publishing, Bookselling, Bookbinding and Stationery business; and they are now opening, at 81 Jefferson Avenue, directly opposite the Michigan Exchange, a *Wholesale and Retail* BOOK & STATIONERY Establishment. Merchants, Teachers and Library companies will do well to call at the Detroit Bookstore before purchasing elsewhere.

C. MORSE,
L. L. MORSE.

Detroit, October 1, 1836. y17

CARDS.—Red, Blue, Green, Yellow and white cards of the finest quality, also enameled cards of all sizes, for sale by

MUNGER & COWDERY.

August 10, 1836.

BOOK STORE.—GEO. GOODMAN respectfully informs the pubic, that he has opened a Store, on Main Street, in th village of NILES, where he intends to keep a general and complete assortment of

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

He has now on hand a variety of standard and popular works, school books, Bibles in various forms—some very elegant, blank books, writing paper, &c. &c.

He expects to receive in a few days a further supply of BOOKS, including the latest publications, together with some elegant ANNUALS for 1837.

Merchants supplied with Books and Stationery at liberal rates.

Niles, Oct. 12, 1836. y16

JUST RECEIVED, 14 DOZEN WEBSTER'S Elementary, and Cobb's Spelling Books, and 18 vols. Leather bound LAWS OF MICHIGAN, condensed, arranged, &c., containing the Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, Ordinance of 1787, &c. 624 pages octavo.

MUNGER & COWDERY.

Constantine, July 18, 1836.

HAIR BRUSHES, of a variety of qualities and patterns, and of different prices; and TOOTH BRUSHES, of good quality; also...

TOOTH POWDERS, Hayes' SPONACEOUS CHLORINE DENTIFRICE;
Hayes & Bristol's Chlorine TOOTH WASH;
Smith's New-York Purified BEARS' OIL;
Bailey's Chemical fluid Extract SARSAPARILLA;
Prentice's Brown Windsor SOAP;
PEN KNIVES; Pocket COMBS, &c. &c. for sale by MUNGER & COWDERY.

Constantine, July 27, 1836. 4

DRAWING PAPER for PLATS of the largest size, and a superior article, for sale by MUNGER & COWDERY.

NEW BOOKS.—Law, Medical, Miscellaneous, Religious and School Books; together with a very extensive and superior lot of English and American Stationery, now receiving at the Detroit Bookstore, old stand, by

MORSE & BROTHER.

Detroit, Oct. 15. y17

THE AMERICAN ANNUALS for 1837, this day received, at the Detroit Bookstore, old stand, and directly opposite the Mich. Exchange. MORSE & BROTHER.

Detroit, October 15. y17

300 SPIRITUAL SONGS, for Social Worship, by Thos. Hastings and Lowell Mason, just received by

MORSE & BROTHER.

Detroit, Oct. 18. y

25 REAMS superior Bank Envelope PAPER: Also, 50 reams superior Post. office Paper: just received at the Detroit Bookstore, *old stand,* and directly opposite the Michigan Exchange, by MORSE & BROTHER.

Detroit, Oct. 12. y17

FOUR CRATES Maynard & Noyes' superior BLACK INK; also, RED INK, just received by MORSE & BROTHER.

Detroit, Oct. 18. y17

JUST RECEIVED, at the Detroit Bookstore, the following works: Allen Prescott, Wintern in the West, Outre-Mer, Bashful Irishman, the Yemassics, the Cavaliers of Virginia, Coleridge's Table Talk, Life of Samuel Drerr, Mothers' Hints, &c. &c. June, 1836.

RELIGIOUS WORKS.—Constantly receiving at the Michigan bookstore and stationer's hall, the new religious publications of the day as they appear east. Our present stock of valuable religious works, is not equalled by any bookstore west of New York.

Aug. 1.] SNOW & FISK.

NEW RELIGIOUS WORKS.—Received this week at the Michigan Bookstore, and Stationers' Hall,

Gathered Fragments, by Rev. John Clark, author of Walk about Zion. Pastor's Testimony, &c. The Mourner's Book.

SNOW & FISK.

Detroit, August 31, 1836.

TO TRAVELERS & OTHERS. For sale at the Michigan bookstore and stationer's hall: Farmer's map of Michigan; do do of Wisconsin; Also, every state in the Union; Hoffman's winter in the west; Notes on the Wisconsin Territory; Hall's sketches of the west; Historical sketches of Michigan; Legends of a log cabin; Life on the lakes.

SNOW & FISK.

Detroit, August 1, 1836. 1y7

BLANK-BOOKS of medium, Demy and cap sizes, of superior paper and excellent binding, just received at the Michigan bookstore and stationer's hall.

Aug. 4.] SNOW & FISK.

BUFFALO BOOKSTORE, No. 230 Main street.—Subscriptions received for the following periodicals:

The American Journal of Medical Science; the republications of the London, Edinburgh, Foreign and Westminister Quarterly Reviews.

Just received an Introduction to the Science of Government, by A. W. Young. Also, Huntington's System of modern Geography, with Atlas, for the use of Schools. A. W. WILGUS.

Buffalo, June 14, 1836. 1y1

NEW BOOKS BY CANAL, at STEELE'S Bookstore:

Holland's life of Van Buren, Maltebrun's Geography, Parley's do, Church Psalmody, Batterman's Greek Grammar, Watts and select Hymns, Porter's Analysis, Donnegan's Lexington, 2d book of History, Testaments, Greek Testaments, Playfair's Euclid, Adams' Arithmetic, Quarto Bibles, Comic Sketch Book, Allan's life of Scott, Potts Arithmetic. Together with a large lot of Miscellaneous Books, for sale wholesale and retail, at New-York prices.

O. G. STEELE, 214 Main st.

Buffalo, June 20, 1836. 1y1

LAW AND MEDICAL BOOKS.—This day received at STEELE'S Bookstore,

Peters Condensed Reports 6 vols.; Pallett's Laws of Nations; Chitty's Practice, 3 vols.; Dowey's Practice; Eberly's Practice, 2 vols.; Dewey's Midwifery; also Hume and Smollett's History of England, 4 vols.; Franklin's Works, 2 vols. For sale at Philadelphia prices, by

O. G. STEELE, 214 Main st.

Buffalo, June 1, 1836. 1y1

PAPER WARE HOUSE.—OLIVER G. STEELE, No. 214 Main Street, having opened a *Paper Ware House,* is now prepared to fill orders for any amount of Printing, Foolscap, Letter, Drawing, Post Office and Wrapping Paper, which he will sell at Mill prices. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call.

Buffalo, June, 1836.

'CONSTANCY, "THY NAME IS WOMAN."'

It is not for the sake of the *jingle,* that we allow rhymes to occupy the first place in our paper, weekly. Poetry—real, absolute, finished poetry, we like—and nothing in print, is so wishewashy and disgusting to us as its counterfeit, even though offered as *original.* That is the true coin from the mint of the muses, which breathes a sentiment in every line, as throughout the piece following—especially the caption to this paragraph.

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

Suggested by a scene in the play of "The Hunchback."

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Love me!—No—he never loved me!"
Else he'd sooner die than stain
One so fond as he has proved me
With the hollow world's disdain.
False one, go—my doom is spoken
And the spell that bound me, broken!

Wed him!—Never.—He has lost me!—
Tears!—Well, let them flow!—His bride!—
No.—The struggle, life may cost me!
But he'll find that I have pride!
Love is not an idle flower,
Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

Titles, lands, and broad dominion,
With himself to me he gave;
Stoop'd to earth his spirit's pinion,
And became my willing slave!
Knelt and pray'd until he won me—
Looks he coldly now upon me?

Ingrate!—Never sure was maiden
Wronged so foul as I. With grief
My true breast is overladen—
Tears afford me no relief.
Every nerve is strained and aching,
And my very heart is breaking!

Love I him?—Thus scorned and slighted—
Thrown, like worthless weed, apart—
Hopes and fears scar'd and blighted—
Love him?—Yes, with all my heart!
With a passion superhuman—
Constancy, "thy name is woman."

Love nor time nor mood can fashion—
Love?—Idolatry's the word
To speak the broadest, deepest passion,
Even woman's heart hath stirr'd!
Vain to still the mind's desires,
Which consume like hidden fires!

Wreck'd and wretched, lost and lonely,
Crush'd by grief's oppressive weight,
With a prayer for Clifford only,
I resign me to my fate.
Chains that bind the soul I've proven
Strong as they were iron-woven.

Deep the wo that fast is sending
From my cheek its healthful bloom;
Sad my thoughts as willows bending
O'er the borders of the tomb.
Without Clifford not a blessing
In the world is worth possessing.

Wealth!—a straw within the balance,
Opposed to love, 'twill kick the beam:
Kindred—friendship—beauty—talents!—
All to love as nothing seem!
Weigh love against all else together,
As solid gold against a feather.

Hope is flown—away disguises—
Naught but death relief can give—
For the love he little prizes
Cannot cease and Julia live!
Soon my thread of life will sever—
Clifford, fare thee well—for ever!

"TIGRISH."—*Life in a Jungle,* is a new work, having the reputation of being well written—from which the following beautiful sketch of a transaction in India, is an extract:—

"I was encamped a few miles to the eastward of this spot, settling a disputed boundary on the frontier, in a very tigrish country, where it happened. My people had been out every day on the trail of a wandering tiger which had been doing a deal of mischief, but they failed to mark him down, and on the last day I could remain, I resolved to make one more attempt to destroy him, by watching at night. The spot I selected was the edge of a tank where he used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me, and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch, about 12 feet from the ground. I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours without any stirring. The moon had arisen, and so clear was the light, that you could see the Jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village. It might be about eight o'clock, when a party of Brinjarries passing by stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time, and becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling that I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when Shikaree gave a low whistle, and, at the same moment, a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within 20 paces of it. There was nothing for it but to drop behind a bush and leave the rest to Providence."

"But why did you not bolt," observed Rivers.

"That would have been certain death," he replied. "A tiger is far more alert by night than by day, and if I had moved then, he would have had me to a certainty, besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper, and so he would if I had not been a fool. It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock, when the tiger approached. He would run up to the end of his rope, making desperate exertions to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in a most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling round the tree as if he did not observe him. At last he made a fatal spring with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck sucking his life's blood. I know not what passed me at the moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcase when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me uttering a sullen growl.—There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree—then I knew that my hour was come and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed to be inevitable."

"But what was your peon about all this time; he had the spare guns with him?" interrupted Rivers.

"Oh, as I afterwards learnt, he, poor fellow, was trying in vain to fire my double rifle, but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that was my only chance, so when he could do no good, he did nothing. If Mohadeen or Fukeera had been there, they would soon have relieved me, but I had sent them both another direction that day. Well some minutes passed thus. The tiger made no attempt to come at me, a ray of hope cheered me, he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sank with me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew upon my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed?"

"But why did he not attack you at once?" observed Rivers.

"It was not his nature," replied the old woodsman. "A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet I had still a chance. Suspence was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless by my side: to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dare not move a joint. The tormenting musquitoes swarmed round my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on, I could hear the village gong clock strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last came the welcome dawn, and oh! how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and sullkily walked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe.

"Such a night of suffering was enough to turn your brain, and I only wonder that you survived it," observed Rivers.

"But how did your adventure end? I suppose you were too thankful for your escape to meddle with the tiger again."

"You shall hear," answered Blowhard; I sent off the peon for the elephant immediately, and before 8 o'clock old Golian had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as he entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him dead. It was a great satisfaction to see the brute fall after the cruel way in which he had bullied me, watching me like a rat in a trap for nine hours.

☞ That New York is a *stirring* place, everybody knows who has ever visited or resided there. In testimony whereof, we copy for the amusement of our readers, *one day's* criminal record from the Courier and Enquirer as followeth:—

Police.—Sunday.—The watch-house yesterday morning, in addition to the usual number of disorderlies, drunkards and rioters, which generally fetch up at that *omnium gatherum* of a Saturday night, poured forth a more than ordinary number of prisoners, charged with sins and peccadilloes of another grade; none, however, who were actually known to have been so ambitious in their misdoings as to achieve a grand larceny.

The most notable of these was a fellow named Dennis O'Conner, who, a few days since, perpetrated a police reputation by stealing a rat trap worth four shillings, which eventually cost his friends over four dollars, and may yet cost him four months on Blackwell's Island. Late on Saturday evening, he in company with another of like kidney, named Charles McCarter, was detected on the roof of house No. 11 Pine street, ripping off the lead, for the purpose of stealing it. They had gained the "back eminence" through the adjoining unfinished building but retreat in that direction being cut off, they were secured and deposited in the watch-house. Committed.

Patrick Galagher, another candidate for the magistrate's favors, had been detected stealing a fine, fat goose from the grocery of Wm. Saddington, No. 381 Grand St. His intentions towards the goose were not to be doubted; but Mr. S. strongly questioning his declared intention of coming back and paying for it, handed him over to a watchman, and instead of a goose for home, Patrick dined on brown bread and water in Bridewell.

James Edwards a practitioner of legerdemain, who has just returned from a professional tour in the country, by Homan and Merritt "holding an auction" over a trunk of dry goods, such as ribins, laces, swiss muslins, silk handkerchiefs, &c. &c.—which the officers incontinently suspected him of having legerdemained out of some country store, that happened to fall within the circuit of his travels. The goods were accordingly removed to the police office, and the auctioneer to bridewell, where he still remains subject to such orders as the event may justify.

Barney Carr was found by one of the watchmen, staggering under a load of bar iron, some thirty pounds in weight, for his possession of which he could give Charley no good and sufficient reason. Not having accomplished himself in a plausible story when brought before the magistrate to account, he was sent to improve his inventive faculties under the tutorship of the bridewell birds.

Joseph Lindsly (whose taste in the selection is not to be grinned at by people without teeth) was detected by the private watchman of Fulton market making off with a leg of venison which he had filched from one of the stalls. He could not deny the venison and the magistrate could not deny him a commitment.

Charles F. Burt, who, by a plea of lunacy, but a few days ago escaped the clutches of the Sessions Court, before which he was arraigned for a grand larceny, had been brought in for disorderly and riotous conduct, unbecoming even a lunatic, at the house of James Ward. In conformity with the order of the Court, he together with surgeon dentist Chase, the surgical instrument thief, was taken to the lunatic asylum; but the authorities there finding on examination, that the fellows were no more crazy than those who sent them there, refused to receive them, and their friends were thus completely successful in humbugging them out of the hands of justice, and turning them loose again on the community. Burt, as before stated, is again in custody; what the issue will be, remains to be seen. Chase is still at large.

☞ During the *height of patience,* in waiting for the President's Message, reader, we will try to give you this week a good variety of miscellaneous matter, in short articles, and among the rest, the following amusing select PARAGRAPHS UPON HEIGHTS:—

Height of Absurdity.—To call at the "Eye and Ear Infirmary" to get an eye drilled into a broken knitting needle.

Height of Folly.—To get drunk and lie across the rail road to obtain repose.

Height of Inquisitiveness.—To climb the house top, and look down the chimney to see what one's neighbor has for dinner.

Height of Civility.—To run against a post in the street, and then beg pardon for the encounter.

Height of Gallantry.—When intoxicated, to reel along the street with a lady under your arm, to escort her safely home.

Height of Bullyism.—To castigate with whip or cowhide a man whose openly avowed religious principles forbid his fighting even in self-defence.

Height of Honor.—To defraud one's landlord or tailor, for the sake of discharging one's gambling debts.

Height of Temperance.—To keep one's skin constantly soaked in ardent spirits without ever getting drunk.

Height of Imprudence.—To faint away on horseback with alarm and surprise.

Height of Philosophy.—To starve one's self to death, in order to illustrate the beneficial effects of the Graham system.

Height of Independence.—To quarrel with all your neighbors, who will not agree with your own views and notions of things.

Height of Tragic Acting.—To burst a blood vessel while reciting one of the most splendid passages of theatrical bombast.

Height of Comic Acting.—To burst one's breeches while strutting the Hero, in one of the most passionate scenes of a tragedy.

Height of Benevolence.—To tumble down the staircase and break your head, to avoid stepping on a kitten that is reposing on the stairs.

Height of Charity.—To give a door beggar a dollar, at the same time threatening to horse whip him if he ever troubles you again.

Height of the Ridiculous.—After having tumbled down a precipice in a stage coach full of passengers amidst the shrieks and groans and fainting, to hear a lady with tears in her eyes, inquiring for her handkerchief.

Height of the Sublime.—To climb a pile and revolve on one's own axis on the pinnacle.

Height of Absence or obliviousness.—To forget you are married, when abroad, and address addresses to another.

Height of Chagrin.—To pick up a purse dropped by a lady of very genteel figure and appearance, walking before you, and upon her turning round to receive your hand, behold a set of features as black as ebony.

Height of Mortification.—To make a bow of your hand to a lady, and then for the first time, that she has been long married to your partner.—*Boston Post.*

GEOLOGICAL DEFINITIONS.

The primitive earths, are four; clay, silex, lime and magnesia.

Clay, is called by geologists, alumine or argillaceous earth.

Sand, is called silex, silica, silicious earth or earth of flints.

Lime, as it exists in the soil, is commonly called calcareous earth. The term calcareous is not properly applied to any soil unless it will effervesce with acids.

Each of these earths answers a distinct and specific purpose in the economy and growth of plants; and the productiveness of soils lies in a mixture of the whole.

Parts of the whole.—The primitive earths which enter into its composition.

Vegetable matter.—All vegetable substances in a decaying or rotting state.

Animal matter.—All animal substances in a putrifying state.

Organic matter.—A term applicable to both animal and vegetable substances in a purifying state.

Vegetable mould.—The earthy remains of vegetable substances which have either grown or decayed on the soil, or have been conveyed thither in the progress of cultivation.

Loam, is a combination of vegetable mould with the primitive earths.

Lime is a substance consisting of lime with a small portion of clay, and some times peat, with a marine sand and animal remains. It is useful as manure, and distinguished by shells, clay and some marle.

Caution to Travelers.—The following notice in a country newspaper might be usefully applied on board some of the hurrying steamboats:

'Travelers should be careful to deliver their choice articles to proper persons, as a gentleman a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach entrusted his wife to a stranger, and has not heard of her since.'

The Poor Gentleman who reads the Paper.—Some twenty or twenty-five, or it may be thirty years ago, the landlord of the Bush Tavern in Bristol, (England,) was so far a benevolent man, that on every Christmas day he used to set an immense table, at which whoever would was at liberty to sit and replenish his inner man with as much roast beef and plumb pudding as he could dispose of—a privilege of which, it may well be supposed, the poor of that ancient and by no means elegant city, were not backward to avail themselves. But the dinner alone, flanked as it was by an *ad libitum* distribution of stout ale and cider could not appease the generous propensities of mine host of the Bush. He was in the habit, also, of giving away a score of guineas upon the same anniversary, which were bestowed, in small sums of from five shillings to twenty, upon such of the free guests as appeared to stand most in need of something more than a dinner.

It had been observed for some weeks, towards the close of a particular year, which I do not remember, that an elderly personage, whom nobody knew, was in the habit of stepping into the Bush every day, taking a single glass of brandy and water, with which he contrived to daily so long as was requisite for the thorough perusal of a London paper, brought down by the guard of one of the night coaches. A London paper was a great thing, at that time, in Bristol. The gentleman was elderly, as I have said, and moreover, his person and garb, as well as habits, gave token of poverty. He was thin, and apparently feeble; his coat was seedy, his hat rusty, his nether habiliments thread-bare, and otherwise betokening long and arduous service; and his expenditure never exceeded the sixpence required to pay for the one glass of brandy and water.—Nobody seemed to know him; and after a few of his daily calls, he came to be recognised by the waiters and landlord, with that happy adaptation of names for which English laudlords and waiters are remarkable, as "the poor gentleman that reads the newspapers."

If any doubts existed as to his poverty they were dispelled when Christmas day arrived, and the poor gentleman was seen taking his place at the long table, and demolishing an ample allowance of the beef and pudding for which there was nothing to pay. "Poor fellow!" soliloquized the landlord of the Bush; "I'm sure he can't afford that sixpence every day, for his brandy and water; I must make it up for him again." His measures were accordingly taken;—John, the waiter, had his instructions; and when the poor gentleman handed his plate for another slice of the pudding, a guinea was slipped into his hand, with the whispered, "Master's compliments, sir, and says this will do lay in some winter flannels for the children." The poor gentleman looked at the coin, and then at the waiter; then deposited the first in the right hand pocket of his small clothes, and then drew forth a card which he handed to John, quietly remarking; "My thanks and compliments to your master, and tell him if he ever happens to come my way, I hope he'll call upon me." This was the inscription upon the card: "THOMAS COUTTS, 57 Strand, London."

The "poor gentleman" was at Bristol, superintending the erection of some thirty or forty houses, he was building on speculation. What afterwards passed between him and the landlord of the Bush, is not recorded; but this much is known, that the said landlord soon after engaged very largely in the coaching business; that his drafts on Coutts & Co. the great bankers, were always duly honored; that he was very successful, and became one of the richest men in Bristol. And it is further said, that the identical Christmas guinea is still in the possession of the "poor gentleman's" Widow, the Grace the Duchess of St. Albans.—*Knickerbocker.*

HINTS ON ECONOMY.

How shall we economize?—1. As to food, buy the best, and when practicable, by the quantity; and never cook a dish till the last has been entirely eaten.

Some families waste more than they eat, and we are pretty sure that economy in the matter of food does not depend so much upon the buying as upon the spending of it. ☞ WATER, for drink, is the cheapest, and we think the best.

2. Fuel. Make special efforts to be informed as to the best means of warming your room, and of retaining all the heat produced; then procure your stove or grate, or whatever else, *and be content to use it without a change* till it is worn out. More money is often spent in changes and alterations than the fuel itself cost. *Do not forget, in cold days, to keep the doors shut.*

3. Clothing. Dress decently, nay well, but never dress gaudily. And when you have once got a suit of clothes, wear them out; even though the fashion should change two or three times during the period.—Fashion! what a word along side Economy! *Fashion! Economy!* look at them! and do not forget that one is death to the other. A good surtout, or a nice shawl, is just as warm a thing, whether the one is blue or brown, or the other be white, red or Scotch plaid. It will make but little difference fifty years hence to any of us, how our coats were cut, or how our dresses were made in A. D. 1836.

Self Forgetfulness.—We saw an anecdote going the rounds, of a man who went to the Post Office, and forgot his own name. The case is a strong one, but not so strong as one we remember at the East, of a Mrs. Farnum, who was always inquiring the way home when she walked out; asked occasionally to be introduced to her husband; made acquaintance every week or two with her children; and at length, one day, upon returning home from a walk, knocked at her own door, and asked if Mrs. Farnum lived there; "certainly ma'am," replied the servant, thunderstruck—"and pray," said Madame Farnum, "is the lady in?"—The maid took her bundle and made tracks at once—as to living with a double woman, one half of whom came to inquire for the other—it was more than she could do.

☞ By a list of the passengers on board the ship Bristol, lately wrecked at Rockaway, Long-Island, furnished by the captain and published in the New-York papers, it appears that the number was 100—23 of whom were saved and 77 lost. We copy the account following from a Philadelphia paper, *compiled* from New-York papers:

From the Pennsylvania Sentinel.

Ship Bristol—Eighty lives lost.—This ship, says the New York Evening Star, wrecked at Rockaway Beach, was boarded by the wreck masters on Monday about 12 o'clock, who took off some eight or ten females, and landed them, but could not get back to the ship until 12 o'clock last night, when they took off the remaining twenty-four, but we are sorry to say that about EIGHTY PERSONS, mostly steerage passengers, have lost their lives since she struck. The officers and crew are all safe—the ship a total wreck. It is a most melancholy accident.

We copy the following additional particulars from the New York Gazette:

We yesterday mentioned the loss of the ship Bristol, Capt. M'Kown, from Liverpool, for this port, and expressed a fear, from the information then received, that all on board had perished. We have now, however, the satisfaction of stating that the lives of some of the passengers and crew were saved, as will be seen by the annexed particulars which we have obtained from authentic sources.

The Bristol lay to off Sandy Hook at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, with the usual signal flying for a pilot, but as none came out, she stood off at 11 o'clock, the Highland Light then bearing W. N. W. At 1 o'clock the ship stood E. N. E. and at a quarter before 4 she struck on Rockaway, about seven miles east of the Pavillion. The ship fell over, deck to the sea, as stated yesterday, and many of the steerage passengers were washed overboard.

The wreck was discovered from the shore early in the morning, but owing to the state of the weather it was impossible to approach her, but about 12 o'clock on Monday, a boat started and succeeded in reaching the wreck, from which she took eight or ten female passengers, and succeeded in landing them in safety on the beach. Among them were, we understand Mrs. Hogan, widow of the late Michael Hogan Esq., formerly American Consul at Valparaiso, and her two daughters. When the boat first started for the ship, she carried a tow line with her for the purpose of securing it to the ship, and thus enabling them to make frequent trips to and from the vessel, but it unfortunately proved too short, and they were consequently unable to return to the ship until 12 o'clock at night, when the survivors were taken off. Among them were the captain, mates and all the crew except the cook and steward, who were drowned. The other persons drowned were Mr. Donelly and two Mr. Carltons, cabin passengers, and about sixty steerage passengers.

The ship has gone to pieces, and the cargo is totally lost. The latter consisted of about 9000 bushels of wheat, a large quantity of rail road iron, dry goods, coal, &c. The ship was ensured for $24,000, and most of the cargo was also covered by insurance.

It is very evident that the loss of this vessel, and the immense sacrifice of human life is altogether owing to the remissness of the pilots. The ship was on pilotage ground, and if there had been any pilots off she could very easily have run into a safe anchorage. In reference to this subject, we cannot do better than the following remarks from the American of last evening, which are to the point:

FRUITS OF MONOPOLY.—Among the most odious, most unjustifiable, and most mischievous monopolies which exist in this state, and one which exists mainly through the political character and influence of those who control and live by it, is that of the *Pilots of the Port of New York.*

Two years ago, we think, when Capt. JAMES MORGAN was a member of the Assembly from this city, he made a report showing the gross abuses resulting from this monopoly, and introduced a bill for a partial remedy. We, at that time, as we had often done before, urged upon the merchants of this city to insist upon a reform; but the merchants were too busy, and the pilots had more influence than reason, or right, or the safety of ships and mariners, and the matter was passed over.

The catastrophe recorded below of the wreck of the ship Bristol, as we fear it will turn out, of the loss of many lives—for only 15 persons are said to have been seen in the rigging, and the papers which have floated ashore from her, show that there were some 80 passengers, besides the crew—affords a proper occasion for recurring to this subject and for calling on the State Legislature to remedy so flagrant an evil.

The Bristol went ashore on Monday night, in the severe gale which many of our readers we dare say perceived even in their beds that night.

Before the gale set in, the Bristol was seen by the Columbus, which passed under her stern "at 10 3-4 P. M. standing to the eastward under three topsails, with a lantern at her foretopmast head for a pilot—the Highland lights bearing to the southward of west, and Sandy Hook lights distant 5 miles."

Here then was a ship *within five miles* of her port, and making every exertion to procure a pilot, and yet no pilot was to be had, and the gale coming on, caught her so much in shore that it was impossible to claw off—and the result was her destruction and that of many human lives as we fear.

We hold that for this wreck and loss of life, the pilots are justly responsible—and are persuaded that if a similar occurrence should take place off Liverpool or any other British port, the pilots belonging thereto would be held accountable for the loss. Shall we be less rigorous in exacting the fulfilment of duty, or less careful of the property and safety of our fellow-citizens?