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MAUMEE CITY EXPRESS.

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MAUMEE CITY.

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Canal street.

STATE LAND OFFICE,
Erie street.

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Wholesale and Retail dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Stoves, Iron &c. &c. Wolcott street.

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Tailor, over the old Post Office, Erie street.

G. S. CASE,
Tailor, corner of Erie and Conant streets.

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GRIFFITH & TYLERS,
Dealers in Groceries, Liquors and Provisions, Erie street.

J. CREED,
Cabinet and Chair Factory, Gilding, Glazing, &c. Detroit Street.

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Crockery & Hardware.

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Sash and Blind Manufacturer, corner of Tappan and Summit street.

JEFFERSON H[illegible]
Robert Gower, E[illegible]

WASHINGTON [illegible]
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AMERICAN HOUSE.
H. Steele, Wolcott street.

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Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

GILBERT BEACH.
Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries & Provisions.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.—Harrington & Hunter, respectfully announce to the public, that they have recently opened a splendid selection of Groceries and Provisions, corner of Jackson and Wayne sts. Hotel Buildings, where almost every article in their line can be furnished at reduced prices for cash.

N. B. Persons desirous to contract for large supplies, will find it to their advantage to give us a call. Liberal anvances on Consignments to us.

Refer to *Tufts & Parks*, Cleveland—*J. Smith*, Newark—*McElvain & Hunter*, Columbus. 60

Maumee City, Ohio, May 24th, 1838.

ASTRAL LAMPS.—A new, cheap and beautiful article, for sale by
W. WISWELL & Co.
June 9 Commercial Buildings.

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS—The subscribers are now receiving direct from New York, and opening at their new store, three doors east of the post office, a large and general assortment of merchandize, consisting of dry goods, groceries, hard-ware, cutlery queens-ware, books, boots, shoes, hats, and bonnets.

Also a large and general assortment of drugs, medicines, paints, and dye-stuffs.

CASTINGS—Such as hollow-ware and stone ware.

All of which will be sold extremely low for the *ready*, such as cash or country produce.

There is also a tin and copper factory connected with the above establishment; where the public can always be accommodated with ware whole sale and retail—also with job work at the shortest notice and best style.

Now as the subscribers flatter themselves that in quality and quantity their stock is not surpassed by any in the Maumee valley, and as they intend making Maumee city their permanent residence, they hope to share with their friends and the public in a liberal patronage. O. WILLIAMS & CO.
Maumee city, June, 1837. 10tf

DANIEL F. COOK
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, office over JusticeConant's Detroit street.
Maumee City, Sept. 1. 22tf

JEFFERSON HOUSE.
ERIE STREET, MAUMEE CITY, OHIO.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has leased this eligible establishment, and put it in complete order for the reception of boarders, travellers and visitors. It is a beautiful situation, in the most pleasant part of said city, and the subscriber flatters himself that his attention to the accommodation and comforts of his guests will ensure to him a liberal share of public patronage.

The furniture of the House is new, and the apartments are in good order. The stable is large and commodious, and will be attended by careful servants.
ROBERT GOWER.
april 21. 55tf

D. A. CUSHMAN, & CO.
IMPORTERS and Jobbers of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, No. 188 Pearl street, have received by recent arrivals their Spring importations, which, added to extensive purchases here, renders their stock of Foreign and Domestic Goods, large and well assorted; all of which they will sell very low for cash, or approved short credits.
New York, March 22, 1838.

BUTTER.—100 Firkins of good BUTTER for sale by
A. J. HACKLEY.
June 9. 45

WHISKEY—40 Barrels of Whiskey a superior article. Just received by
A. J. HACKLEY.

COCOA and Chocolate, by
june 20 G. & W. RICHARDSON.

MORE NEW GOODS.
BOYNTON & GANNETT are now opening a superior lot of water-proof boots selected expressly for this market.
Also, mens' stout shoes and brogans;
Womens' leather shoes and bootees;
do kid slippers and walking shoes;
Misses do. do do
Leather do do do
Womens' lined & bound India rubber shoes
Boys' and youths' boots;
do shoes and brogans;
Childrens' morocco shoes. Also
An assortment of school books, blank books and stationary.
They have also just received an addition to their stock of Groceries; and a further supply of
Cooking and box Stoves;
Hollow ware;
20,000 lbs assorted Iron;
Cast Steel;
German Steel;
Sweed's Steel, and
5,000 pounds assorted Nails.
The above, with their former stock, makes their assortment as good, or better, than any other in this city; and they feel assured they can sell as low as the lowest, and they intend to do so for prompt pay—such as cash, country produce, &c. &c.
Remember we want 200,000 Pipe Staves.
Maumee City, Dec. 8, 1837. 36tf

N. RATHBUN.
BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has resumed the Profession of the Law, has opened an office, opposite the brick store of Smith & Crowell, on Wolcott street, in Maumee city, where he intends to practice as an Attorney, Counsellor, and Solicitor, in all the courts of Law and Equity in the state of Ohio.
His Justices Office is kept in the same building, and is open at all proper hours. Acknowledgements of all kind of instruments taken, and all kinds of conveyancing, done here with neatness and despatch.
Oct. 7. 27tf

WANTED.—An apprentice to the Chair making business, also, a quantity of umber, by J. CREED.
Feb. 24. 47tf

BEANS.—A quantity of Beans just received and for sale, at the Warehouse of J. WOLCOTT, & Co.

POETRY.

For the Maumee City Express.

HOME.

How oft, when at twilight alone I am sitting,
My youthful companions all scattered and gone,
For a moment the bustle of business forgetting,
It is then with a sigh that I think of my home.

Ah, once happy home still thy influence cheers me,
Though far I have wandered from that happy place,
Yet wherever I ramble, still memory endears thee,
Though with thee hath perished my innocent days.

That home was the centre of all my enjoyment—
My parents and brothers and sisters were there;
Each day brought its innocent, healthful, employment,
Unruffled by passion, unclouded by care.

But though now removed from the scenes of my childhood,
And doomed like the heart-broken exile to roam,
Yet fancy reverts to the green shady wildwood
That wave their green branches around my lov'd home.

M. C. H.

Columbus, Aug. 13th, 1838.

The following beautiful piece of poetry is taken from a work entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a youthful production of the author of "Pelham," and "The Disowned."

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight;—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds the lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth the feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wide desire,
Delirious yet divine—*to know!*—
Around to roam, above aspire,
And drink the breath of heaven below!
From Ocean. earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye,
In man, the darkest mist of all.

Alas! what boots the midnight oil—
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vain the hope, and vain the toil,
Which only leaves us doubly blind!
What learn we from the past!—the same
Dull course of glory. gilt and gloom!
I asked the future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb.
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The air replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*

And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth.
Oh fools! o'er Wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden Youth!
In Science widely do we seek,
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirit drooping on the wing.

Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear;
What deepening cracks of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!
To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all besides adore;
To feel amid the world alone—
An alien on a desert shore;
To loose the only ties which seem,
To idler gaze in mercy given;
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turned to dark despair from Heaven?

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEMALE HEALTH.—Men prize more than our sex are always aware, the health-beaming countenance, the elastic step, and all those demonstrations of domestic order, in which unbroken activity delights. They love to see a woman equal to her own duties, and performing them with pleasure. They do not like to have the principle theme of domestic conversation and detail of physical bills, or to be expected to question, like a physician, into the variety of symptoms which have supervened since their departure. Or if this may be occasionally done, with a good grace, where ill-health is supposed to be temporary, yet the saddening effects of an enfeebled constitution, cannot always be resisted by him who expect sto find in a wife a 'yoke-fellow,' able to endure the rough roads and sharp ascents of life. A nature possessing great capacities of sympathy and tenderness, may doubtless be softened by the exercise of those capacities. Still, the good gained, is only from the patient, perhaps the Christian endurance of a disappointment. But where those capacities do not exist, and where religious principle is absent, the perpetual influence of a sickly and mournful wife, is as a blight on those prospects which allure to matrimony. Folly, moroseness, and lapses into vice, may be often traced to those caused which robe home in gloom.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The Lexington market, Baltimore, was mobbed last Friday, says the Evening Post, by about one hundred and fifty men and boys, by whom the fruit dealers were severely beaten, and the spoils carried off.

By the death of Commodore Rodgers, Commodore Barron becomes the head of the Navy, with a salery increased from $2500 to $3500 a year. Commodore Stewart, now in command at Philadelphia, is second upon the list of officers, having been forty years in the service.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—Judge Buel of N. Y. says: "It has been found that the best and most butter is obtained when the cream is about the temperature of 55 degs.—and if the temperature is over 60 degs. the quality is inferior and diminished. Hence every dairy should have a thermometer."

FIRE AT BROOKLYN.—The N. Y. Express of Thursday, says:—A fire broke out about 12 o'clock to-day, in a row of buildings at the corner of Henry and Clark streets, occupied as a Carpenter's shop. The fire is still burning, and has communicated to a two story frame building in Clark street.

RANDOM PASSAGES.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

SWITZERLAND, GERMANY.

COBLENTZ, (ON THE RHINE,) SEPTEMBER.—The steamboat at the quay at Mayence this morning at six, with about one hundred passengers, mostly English, on their homeward retreat. For two or three miles, the banks of the river continued to be low and tame. We passed the palace of the Grand Duke of Nassau, a fine edifice, near the river. The classical Brunnens of Langen-Schwalbach are a few miles in the interior.

We were this day to see the only interesting part of the 'glorious Rhine,' that between Mayence and Cologne. Along here, there are a plenty of little islands, and the banks of the river abound with picturesque rocky crags, caped by ruins of castles, and relieved here and there by a green meadow, a vineyard, or neat village. Johanninsberg, a chateau belonging to Prince Metternich, is one of the first from Mayence. This estate has fifty-five acres of vinegrounds, from whence comes the most celebrated of the Rheinish wines. Speaking of Metternich, I need not remind you of his portraiture as 'Beckenorf,' in that unique production, 'Vivian Grey.' Then we passed the ruins of Klopp and Ehrensfels, * Vantsberg castle, at present occupied, from which we were saluted with a gun; the ruins of Falkenberg, Guttensfels, Schoenberg, and the rocks of 'the Seven Sisters' in the river;† Sternberg and Liebenstein, the Brothers,' etc., all famed by many a pathetic legend. There are also the pretty villages of Rudesheim, Geisenheim, Bingen, Oberwesel, Saint Goar, and others too tedious to mention; and the rock of Lureley, with an echo which repeats seven times.

I am now before the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, the strongest fortress in Europe, built on a rocky elevation, commanding the river for several miles. The cit of Coblentz, nearly opposite, and connected with it by a floating bridge, is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by five thousand Prussian soldiers. It was founded by Drusus, the Roman general, thirteen years before Christ.

*Among the Rheinish legends, versified by PLANCHE, is one of the 'Mouse-Tower,' near Ehrensfels, commencing:

'The Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth,
But he had not charitie!

He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*,
Or lift them both to *pray*;
But, alack! to lighten man's distress,
They moved no other way.'

A famine came; the poor begged in vain for aid, 'till he 'opened his granaries free,' and then locked them in, and 'burned them every one.' 'The merry mice! how shrill they squeak!' said the prelate:

'But mark what an awful judgment soon
On the cruel bishop fell!
With so many mice his palace swarm'd
That in it he could not dwell.
They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They eat each savory dish up,
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the bishop!

'He flew to the castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair,
But they found the road to his new abode,
And came in legions there!
He built him in haste a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance,
But they swam the river, and scal'd the wall,
And worried him past endurance!

'One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter!
They had pick'd his bones uncommonly clean,
And eaten his very mitre!
Such was the end of the Bishop of Mentz;
And oft at midnight hour,
He comes in the shape of a fogo so dense,
And sits on his old 'Mouse-Tower,'

†Perhaps you may be amused by this legend. It runs as follows:

'THE Castle of Schoenberg was lofty and fair,
And even countesses ruled there:
Lovely, and noble, and wealthy I trow—
Every sister had suitors enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sigh'd at the feet of these ladies bright:
And they whispered hope to every one,
While they vow'd in their hearts they would have none!

Gentle list to the tale I tell;
'Tis many a year since this befel:
Women are altered now, I ween,
And never say what they do not mean!

'At the Castle of Schoenberg 't was merriment all—
There was dancing in bower, and feasting in hall;
They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than tho't away!
But not only moment—the days fled too:
And they were but as when they first came to woo;
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter and scornful word!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel:
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain!

'Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—
Each fancied a favored rival nigh;
And darker every day they frowned,
And sharper still the taunt went round;
Till swords were drawn, and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble breast;
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions bold!

Gentles. list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel;
Times have changed, and we must allow,
Countesses are not so cruel now.

'Morning dawn'd upon Schoenberg's towers.
But the sisters were not in their wonted bowers:
Their damsels sought them the castle o'er—
But upon earth they were seen no more;
Seven rocks are in the tide,
Ober-wesel's walls beside,
Baring their cold brows to heaven:
They are called, 'The Sisters Seven.'

Gentles, list to the tale I tell;
'T is many a year since this befel:
And ladies now may love deride,
Bid their suitors alone be petrified!'

BRIDGET'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTERVIEW WITH THE DENTIST.

'Well, Bridget,' says Margery, 'how did you get along with the dochtur—what did ye say till him—and what did he do till ye?'

It's nothing he did till me, nor I till him, that's all—only says I, Och dochtur, dochtur dear, it's me tooth that aches intirely, and I've a mind to have it drawn out, an it plaze ye.'—'Do it pane ye?' says he till men. 'Och murther, can ye ax me that now, and me all the way down here to see ye about it,' says I. 'Sure, have I slept day or night these three days? Hav'nt I tried all manes to quiet the jumpin devil? Did'nt they tell met to put raw brandy in me mouth, though it's far from the likes of me to be drinkin the brandy without provocation, or by accident.' So then the dochtur he tock his iron instruments in a hurry, with a little consarnment of mind as Barney wo'd swapt the knives and forks from the table. Be aizy, dochtur, says I, there is time enough—ye'll not be in sich a hurry when *your* time comes, I'm thinkin.' 'Oh, well,' said the dochtur, 'and yer no ready now, ye may come the morrow.' Indade dochtur I'll not stir from this safe. wid this ould tooth alive in me jaw, says I, so ye may list prepare; but ye need not come slashin at a christian body, as if ye would wring her neck off first, and draw her tooth at yer convenience afterwards. Now clap on yer pinchers, but mind yet get hold of the right one ye man nisily see it by its aching and jumping.' 'O,' says he. 'I'll get the right one,' and with that he jabs a small razor lookin weapon intil my mouth, and cuts up me gums as if it were naught but cold mate for hash for breakfast.—Says I, dochtur, thunder and blood—for my mouth was full of blood—what in the devil are ye afther? D'ye want to make an anatomy of a livin crethur, ye grave robber ye?' 'Sit still,' says he, jamming something like a cork, screw intil me jaw, and twisting the very sowl out of me.

I sat still because the murthering thafe held me down with his knee, and the gripes of his iron in my lug. He then gave me one awful wring, hard enough to wring a wet blanket as dry as gunpowder. Did'nt I think the day o' judgment was come, tell me? Did'nt I see the red fire o' the pit? I felt me head fly off me shoulders, and looking up saw something monstrous bloody in the dochtur's wrenching iron. Is that me head you've got there, says I. 'No, it's only yer tooth,' he made answer. May be it is, said I, as I began to see the outside of my face was on, tho' I felt as if all the inside had been hauled out. I had taken a dollar and a half to pay for the operation—thinking it would be enough for a poor woman to pay—but I thought I'd just ax him the price. So says I dochtur, how much may ye ax, besides the trouble? 'Fifty cints,' says he. Fifty cints! says I: sure I've not been submittin to that tyrant of a tooth ache for fifty cints. Troth, this same teeth pullin is not so expensive, and I'm much obliged till ye, dochtur.

More rats are gnawing into the Treasury.
Free Press.

Well, let them graw in. A mouse, as every chemist knows, dies in an exhausted receiver.
Prentice.

BOASTING.—A man boasting of his honesty, is generally a rogue—of his courage, generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of his democracy, generally an arristocrat—of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity and high standing, always a fool.

A BRANCH OF THE 'MONSTER.'—The N. Y. Express of July 31st says:

'It is said that the United States Branch will file their necessary papers for organizing business to-morrow, and will immediately proceed to transacting business.'

WHAT WILL THE LOCO FOCOS SAY?—The news from Philadelphia is, that Nick Biddle has bought up Levi Woodbury, and that the 'dead Monster' is to be a fiscal agent of the bank hating Government! What will Mrs. Grundy say?—*Clev. Her.*

MAUMEE ROAD.—By an act of the late Congress, all the right or title of the United States acquired by the treaty of Brownsville to the road from the foot of the rapids of the Miami of the Lake to the western line of the Connecticut Western Reserve, was surrendered to the State of Ohio.—*Ib.*

MINISTER FROM TEXAS.—The Hon. A Jones, Minister Plenipotentiary from Texas to the U. S. arrived in New Orleans, on the 26th ult. in the steamboat Columbia.

INDIANS.—It appears that the ravages of the small pox have abated. I computed that more than one hundred thousand of their unfortunate race have been swept off by this fatal malady. It has been almost as a destructive as Christian civilization.—*Indiana paper.*

THE ASTOR LIBRARY OF NEW YORK.—Mr. Cogswell, of Northampton, (Mass.) has been commissioned by Mr. Astor to purchase the books, for the New York public library.

How long shall we submit to the repeated insults and depredations of the British soldiery. On Friday last they fired about 40 shots across from Queenston. Some of them entered the mill which stands just below our ferry Our ferryman was fired at, and he had to run up the hill for safety. He picked up one of their bullets which he has now got. For what purpose are our soldiers stationed here? Why do our authorities sleep on this subject? A non-intercourse law has been put in force in Canada. The authorities there will allow no persons to cross unless they are provided with passes from our officers. And our officers have no more authority to grant such pass ports than they have to dictate to our citizens what kind of bread they shall eat. If the people in Canada wish to live alone, do let them. What would they say if we should turn upon them and prevent their crossing over among us?—These are curious times.—*Lewiston Tel.*

WOMAN.—Woman makes their advances as time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference—who is he? At thirty, with a prudent look towards the way and means, the question is—what is he?—At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into—which is he? But at fifty the anxious expectaht prepares to seize upon any prey, and exclaims—where is he?

From the Buckeye Plowboy.

MR. EDITOR:—I have observed in the preceding numbers of your paper an occasional article upon the cultivation of the mulberry and the growing of silk. It is a subject to which my attention was incidentally drawn some years since, and I have been so situated that most of what has been written on the subject has come into my hands. I have also, myself seen something of silk making. Now the more I have read and seen, the more interest I have felt in it, and more thoroughly have I been convinced of the correctness of the uniform opinion of those who are acquainted with the matter, that no other subject connected with agricultural pursuits presents any thing like equal claims to the attention of the farmer who desires to realise a larger profit from his land and a higher compensation for his labor. Every farmer may be a silk grower, and that quite extensive, without materially interfering with, or lessening the productions and profits of his farm from his usual crops. The wife and children, if he have children, say from eight to fourteen years of age, with such assistance as he may render them, morning and evening, will earn more from an acre set out with the *Chinese Mulberry*, than he can upon fifty acres of land. Experience proves it. And if you take into account the increase and sale of trees, as the price has been for years past, and as it is likely to be for some years to come, the product of the acre will bring in a thousand dollars as often as the other fifty acres bring in a hundred. For several of the past years the proportion has been vastly greater in favor of the acre of mulberry. For years to come it is not likely to be less. This is the unanimous opinion of *all* who understand the subject—of thousands of the most intelligent men in the country. But if the profits of mulberry should be reduced to one half, or three fourths, they would still be very great.

Does not, then, this business present a strong claim to the attention of farmers? It is no longer a matter of experiment whether silk can be made, and to advantage in this country. It has been placed beyond controversy. No state is more favorable for than northern Ohio. An intelligent committee of our Legislature after examining the subject and considering the facts presented to them, reported that silk is likely soon to be the great staple of this state, as cotton is of the southern states. The legislatures of the eastern and middle states have yielded to the force of the facts brought before them, and voted bounties upon silk raised in order to turn the attention of their people to its production. The Governors of several states have introduced it into their annual messages. The Senate of the United States has had the same under consideration, and it has there met with great favor. Those who are throughout the country engaged in it are generally of the most enlightened class. It has unquestionably passed under the review of the best minds, and been brought to the test of experience by the most intelligent practical men in the country, and but one opinion prevails—that to the farmer—to every man who owns, or can rent a few acres of land, the raising of the mulberry and the making of silk holds out the sure prospect of a very rich reward. It is incredible that there should be any thing visionary in this new pursuit. The cool and cautious calculators of the east are found to be most sanguine and most excited upon it. Already fortunes have there been realized from it. All agree that it is not a mere temporary object of profitable attention and pursuit. It must be permanently so. Many, very many years must pass before the country can supply itself with silk. Those who first engage in it will of course reap far the largest advantage. They will have not only the profit from silk raised, but also great profit from trees grown with which the country has yet mainly to be supplied. *There is no manner of difficulty in the business.* The Chinese mulberry—beyond all comparison is the best—is as easily grown as the currant bush. The care of worms is as simple as the care of chickens, the silk is as easily wound off as a ball of yarn, and as easily made into a thread as wool or flax.

In several respects the introduction of the silk culture exhibits a benevolent aspect. It will supply an innocent, quiet and healthful employment for many who must otherwise be in a great measure without occupation, or without such as would bring an adequate compensation. The aged and infirm poor may in this way sustain themselves and surround their dwellings with comfort. Children that would be brought up in idleness, or separated from their parents and made to earn their bread in situations where their morals may be ruined, perhaps can be kept at home and made to contribute largely to the family maintenance.—What day laborer so poor that he cannot buy or rent an acre of land for trees, and afford a shed or room for the silk worm? Deprived of their stay and staff, the widow, the fatherless may thus live in independance, supporting themselves from a little spot of land. There are instances of this kind even now, and where the culture of silk is generally introduced they will abound. It has been said, and justly, that the promoters of the silk culture are to be counted among the benefactors of their country.

I intend from time to time to supply you with facts and statements from practical silk growers which will abundantly sustain the views presented in this paper. Y.

A NOBLE FELLOW.—During the fire in New York on Wednesday last, a female was discovered making her way through the flames into a house. The firemen detained her with difficulty, and to their interrogations she only exclaimed, "My child! my child!" A noble hearted fireman rushed to where she pointed, and was soon seen issuing from the burning building with the infant in his arms. The scene was truly affecting, and the generous fellow who risked his own life to save that of the child, deserves the warmest thanks of every one. The Whig says, 'God bless him!' We say so too.—*Boston Herald.*

A RARE OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday last, about half past 5 P. M. this village was visited by a shower of leaves and twigs of trees, green and broken, also dry leaves—the undoubted effect of a hurricane at some distance. They continued for several minutes to fall very fast and came from a great heighth. The day has been showery but unaccompanied by high wind in this region.—*Elmira Rep.*

The same shower passed over this village between 6 and 7 o'clock P. M. The air seemed full of leaves, mostly oak and maple.—*Oswego Adv. Aug. 2.*

"Did you report that I was a thief, sir?" angrily inquired Snooks, the other day, of one of his neighbors. 'No, indeed, I reported no such thing. I only said there were strong suspicions against you, and that I believed the suspicions.'

THE WIDOWS OF SAILORS.—The number of women now living, left widows by sailors, in Barnstable county Massachusetts, is 914. Such are the dangers of those who go upon the "deep, deep sea," for a living.