

VERMONT PHOENIX.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt. SEPTEMBER 30, 1836.

NO. 4.

VOL. III.

VERMONT PHOENIX.

Published every Friday Morning, by G. W. NICHOLS & W. E. RYTHER. No. 2 Hall's Building, nearly opposite Chase's Stage House.

Terms.—To single subscribers Two Dollars a year, in advance. A discount from these prices of twenty per cent will be made to those who pay in advance. Payment is not made at the expiration of the year unless the arrears are paid, except at the option of the subscribers. *Orders by mail must be post-paid or will not receive attention.

For the Vermont Phoenix.

MY CHOICE. (BY JOHN C. MOSSIE.)

How would I choose a grave—
By a green semicircle of tall trees
Projected upon the eastern side,
So that the rising sun's first beams might shine
Upon my resting place, and every breeze
Which wandered from my native land, could wave
The grass and wild flowers on the exile's grave.

How would I choose a grave—
Melancholy could not rest in peace within
A wall-enclosed city of the dead;
For I should wish to enjoy my last repose
Far from the noise of men, with gentle Nature
For kind kisses—though I loved mankind,
Peace could I never in their dwellings find.

How would I choose a grave—
Where, thro' the spring's sweet season, summer's
prime,
And gentle autumn's matron beauty—bees
Will gather honey, and sweet song-birds build;
Here, where and winter swags, the moaning wind
Would chant my dirge and nature's; while dark
cloud
And smothered snow shall be our pall and shroud.

How would I choose a grave,
Upon the broad brow of some mountain green,
Where, in the war of freedom, thy bold sons,
Vermont's defence flung to foreign foes,
And native tyrants; in death, as life,
I were my spirit's prayer to ever be
On ground thy footsteps hallowed—Liberty!

The following beautiful passage is taken from an address delivered by the Hon. Wm. Cass, before the National Historical Society, in the Capitol at Washington, on 30th of Jan. last.

We may leave splendid monarchies of other hemisphere, the decorations with which they surround their institutions, resting on our own political edifice is free in any meretricious ornament. But the motion of literature belongs to all ages, nations, and governments. 'Nor am I persuaded,' said the patriot, first called to administer the present constitution, 'whose memory is already sanctified by virtues and services, nor am I less persuaded,' he said in his first address to Congress, after he had entered upon the execution of his duties, 'that you will agree with me in opinion, that there is nothing which better deserves your patronage than the nation of science and literature. Knowledge, in every country, the strict basis of happiness. In one, in which the measures of government receive their impressions immediately from the sense of the community, as in ours, it is proportionally essential.' Wonderful man! Time is the leveler of human pretensions. The great, which he pronounces upon men's actions, is as just as it is irrevocable. How few of the countless throng, who, on the brief day of their pride, looked down upon their fellow men, or who were looked upon by them, now live in the memory of kind! And as we recede from the period which they lived and flourished their becomes dimmer and dimmer, till it is quashed in darkness. The world has a wiser in the estimate of human worth, the fame of common heroes has become per and cheaper. But we have one that can never die. One star, which, in the light of moral darkness can extinguish, shines on brighter and brighter, till it is the effulgence of that day, foretold by prophecy, and invoked in poetry:

From heaven its sparkling portals shall display,
Break upon us in the flood of day;
When the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Shining Cynthia fill her silver horn;
Not dissolved in thy superior rays,
But of glory, not unclouded blaze,
Flow thy course; the light himself shall shine,
And God's eternal day be thine."

When that may to our country, this can never be wrested from her—cities may become like Tadmor, her hills like Gilboa, but in all the of her hopes, she may still proudly that she has given one man to the who has devoted his best days to the of his countrymen, without any other than their love and his own self-sacrifice; who gladly laid down his when peace was obtained; who distinguished supreme authority, when the of his character was no longer to consolidate the infant institutions of a republic; and who died in years of glory, mourned as few have been before.

Here, in this hall, whose foundations were laid by his own hand; here, undisturbed, which looks out upon the of his sepulchre; here, in this city, from his name, and selected for its subject by his choice, let us hope that through all succeeding ages. And these walls shall be time-worn and honored, and American youth shall up, to this temple of liberty, to meditate the past and contemplate the future; they find lessons and examples for patriotism to study and emulate. When the votary of freedom shall make pilgrimage to the tomb of Mount Vernon, let his hand upon the lowly casket recall the virtues and bless the of WASHINGTON."

From a London Magazine.

HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN.

In the west of England, a few years ago, resided an old gentleman, whose integrity and universal benevolence did honor to his man nature.

Mr Robert Allen (that was the name of this good man) was the descendant of the great Allen of Somersetshire, so justly celebrated by the immortal pen of the inimitable author of Tom Jones, under the name of Alworthy.

As Mr Robert Allen possessed every virtue of his excellent relation, little more can be added to his praise. To relieve every object of distress within his reach; to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to amend the envious, to quiet the angry, and to rectify the prejudices of his neighbors, were the employments of his blameless life.

He had the misfortune to lose in his youth a very amiable wife and child; which calamities he sustained with the most exemplary patience, and Christian resignation. Besides his paternal estate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the former part of his life, having been a considerable merchant at Lisbon.

Once in every three years, he constantly visited London, merely on account of transacting his money matters; otherwise it was with great reluctance he left the scenes of rural quiet for the hurry and noise of the metropolis.

As the whole business of this excellent man was to do good to every individual, so he made every incident in his life contribute, by some means, to that laudable purpose.

He had always taken up his abode during his stay in London, at the house of an honest tradesman near Temple Bar, solely because the man had formerly been a faithful servant to his cousin Allen—and for a course of years after had given signal proofs of his integrity and industry in his business, which was that of a haberdasher. Mr Robert Allen had set him up in business, and had furnished his house very genteelly; the first floor of which he always occupied when his affairs called him to London.

Mr Lewis (the name of the haberdasher) was about the age of his worthy friend. He had since he last saw him, buried his wife, a very notable good woman; and for his sins, if I may be allowed the expression, had been married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face, without any one good quality either of the head or heart. She tossed up her nose at all her neighbors, and was as proud as any woman of quality. She had wretched her old man, as she called her worthy husband, to keep her a one horse chaise, and to take a lodging upon Highgate hill, for the quiet and benefit of the country air.

As this lady was promiscuously fond of cards, she had a little kind of rout every Thursday, in the apartments of her first floor. A few days before one of those brilliant assemblies was to take place, Mr Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr Allen, that he would be in town the Thursday following, and hoped those apartments he had occupied for twenty years, would be in readiness to receive him.

The good haberdasher showed his wife the letter; and demonstrated to her the necessity there was of putting off her weekly meeting; but she cut him short, with saying it was absolutely impossible—for that she had sent her cards to her company for two months before, and that the parties were all made; that she should make no fuss about this old country gentleman, for that he must 'n take up his lodging up two pair of stairs.

Her poor husband sighed in the bitterness of his heart, but was forced to submit for the sake of domestic quiet. Mr Allen arrived at the house at the time he appointed; and as it happened to be on the Thursday evening, was surprised on alighting from his carriage to see his dining room illuminated with a great number of lights, and as he advanced up stairs to hear a confused number of female voices.

The haberdasher (for his wife was too fine a lady to appear on this occasion) after an hundred awkward apologies, conducted his worthy guest to the second floor, who soon retired to bed, but that sweet repose which he usually found after a day spent in virtuous peace, he was now a stranger to, as the ladies below did not depart till after midnight; and he might as well have expected to have slept in the tower of Babel, as in such a confusion of voices.

They were at length no sooner departed, than the good man's slumbers were again disturbed, though from a different cause. It was now from the room over his head, that proceeded sounds which prevented his getting any sleep. He heard, though but indistinctly, the plaintive wailing of a young infant, and the frequent sobbings of some woman.

As these melancholy sounds continued the chief part of the night, his compassion for the unhappy sufferers (whom he were), was extremely excited. No man surely had more of what Shakespeare calls 'the milk of human kindness,' than Mr Robert Allen; he therefore felt for every thing in distress. The pity he now felt was indeed heightened, when, by break of day he distinctly heard the voices of several children, and soon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now arose, finding it impossible to get any sleep; and after employing an hour in his devotions and meditations, rang for his breakfast; soon after which, Mrs. Lewis herself made her appearance, and said she was much afraid he had been disturbed by a parcel of squalling brats who lodged over his apartment.

'I have been in pain, said the humane man, for some person who seemed in distress; pray madam is there a family?—I thought I heard some little folks.'

'Gars, for any thing I know to the contrary—surely there never was a more ragged pack of chits to be seen than are the children; & the mother from her appearance, I judge to have been a common street walker, if she is not one now. Never did I see such a figure! But my husband is the greatest fool in the world, or he would never have taken them in. I was, unfortunately, at my country lodgings when he simply took them under his roof.'

'Have you ever seen this poor woman and her little ones?' (asked Mr Allen very gravely, who was not a little displeased with some words in the above speech of his landlady) have you visited her in her affliction?

'I visit her, sir, no indeed: I commence no acquaintance with lodgers in my third story. As to letting lodgings to genteel families, as I am low spirited, and have weak nerves, I like to have company in the house, but as to a set of beggars! why, maid, Patty informs me this woman is often some days without a morsel of bread.'

'Indeed! (interrupted Mr Allen)—and do you suffer a human being under your roof to suffer the extremity of hunger? Mercy on me!

Mrs. Patty, who then entered the room, was asked by her mistress, if she had seen the woman up stairs lately?

'Not indeed, madam! I think her ragged silk gown plainly shows what she has been, and what she is: I see her! not I truly. I stands upon my own character—she may be a street walker for what—'

She was going on, but Mr Allen, shocked at the inhumanity of both the mistress and her maid, signified he was going to be busy, on which they left him.

Any one might have thought indeed that Mrs. Patty, by her dress, had been one of that unhappy class which her rigid virtue made her so cautious of avoiding; for her dress, which was a tawdry gauze cap, with washed ribbands, with a dirty linen gown, drawn through the pocket holes, did not greatly recommend her appearance.

When the good man had got rid of these inhuman wretches, he stood like the inimitable figure of Garrick, in King Lear, for some moments aghast; and like that good old king, could not help exclaiming,

'Are these women!—'

'Is there any cause in nature for such hard hearts!'

'Good heavens!' (continued he) 'by what method can I relieve these poor wretches? These days without bread, and I have fared sumptuously every day! I must think of some way of relieving the distress of this unhappy woman without wounding her delicacy. She may be, possibly, a person of family, and reduced from affluence to struggle with the miseries of poverty; something must be done, and soon.'

Whilst the heart of this benevolent man was overflowing with humanity, chance gave him an opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family, which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee-house, when on the stair case he met the little melancholy group; the first object that presented itself, was a most amiable young woman, in very ordinary apparel, pale and emaciated. On her languid cheek a tear was stealing down, whilst her eyes were cast on a little miserable babe seemingly almost expiring, which she held in her arms, and which she beheld, with unutterable woe. A little prattling girl of three years old was hanging on her apron; and two fine boys of four and five, brought up the rear; one with a pitcher of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of sacred pity, stood back, and gave this poor woman, with her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by with as much deference and respect as if she had been the first duchess in the land.

A fine gown or petticoat, which so much attracts the civility of the world, and has a much greater influence over the minds of most people than is imagined, had a very contrary effect on this good man; as the very shabby garments of these poor people claimed his respect, instead of contempt; for he plainly saw the remains of better days, and could not help reflecting what that distress must be which brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes felt the sacred drops of pity; and during a short walk, he was wholly absorbed in various schemes of providing for the speedy relief of the poor sufferers. He once thought of enclosing a bank-bill and sending it by the penny post; but as he then knew not her name, that scheme he could not pursue till he made inquiry how to direct to her; but the secret hand of Providence soon pointed out a surer way; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day, he met in the passage the eldest little boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, in the other a bird cage, in which was a most beautiful Virginian nightingale.

'Where my pretty boy,' (said the compassionate man) are you going?'

'Oh, sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the cheerful innocence of engaging age) I must help my poor mamma if I can: I know my way into the next street, and I am going to carry this cage to the bird shop. This bird sings sweetly: what a pity to sell him! But, perhaps, I shall get a little money for this spoon, if not for the bird; we have nothing else left now to part with; and poor Fanny is just dying: for when she dies, my mother says she must have a little coffin. What is a coffin?'

Mr. Allen was so extremely affected with the distress and simplicity of this lovely boy, that he could not help bursting into tears. He took the child into his dining room, and enclosing a bank-bill for twenty pounds in a piece of paper, bade him carry it up to his mother, and not sell her favorite bird, and that he would see her the next day to enquire of her if he could be of any service to her.

The little boy ran with his message to his mother, whose surprise, it must be imagined, was great. As to Mr. Allen, he retired to rest, and enjoyed that sweet repose which never fails to attend the slumbers of the good.

As this humane gentleman felt himself uncommonly affected with the sufferings of this little distressed family, he was next day anxious till the hour arrived when he intended calling on them. He tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a little smiling girl.

It is impossible for any pen but a Fielding's to describe the scene of misery that presented itself. The wretched mother sat weeping over her dead infant, vainly fancying it still had life, and was not gone forever!—The other children were crying of hunger and cold, the season being extremely severe; and they had not the least spark of fire in the apartments in which was every mark of the most bitter distress.

The poor woman was surprised at the appearance of a stranger, and looking up with her face covered with tears, and with an air of dignity which appeared in the midst of this scene of wretchedness, she attempted to rise; but Mr. Allen prevented her, begging her not to be disturbed by his presence.

'I saw, madam, your little boy yesterday, and by him I found that—'

'I am glad, sir, (interrupting him) of an opportunity of returning you the bank-bill you sent by my child. Here it is—unbroken I assure you—but cannot accept of that which it will never be in my power to repay. I am, it is true, under the hard hand of poverty—but indeed, Sir, I neither can, nor will accept this (again offering the bill) on any consideration. When this poor babe, who expired this morning, is laid in the earth (continued she bursting into tears) these hands will provide a support for my little ones left; it is for their distress alone that my heart bleeds, when they are crying around me for bread. But as to your bounty, Sir, I must insist on returning it.'

Mr. Allen, who was astonished at these noble sentiments, with such a picture of real distress on all sides, most vehemently insisted on the acceptance of what he called a trifle.

'I feel (said he) for the sufferings of these little ones; I have been myself a parent.'

'I am, madam, most deeply affected with your sorrows; my tears you see, will flow—an old man's tears—but what of that!—they are tears of sincerity. Once more, let me beg your acceptance, of what you stand in such extreme need of.'

His persuasions however, were in vain, and the poor woman continued inflexible in her refusal of his generous offer. She acknowledged in the warmest terms her gratitude, and begged him to sit down.

The little children now gathered round his knees, whom he kissed by turns, took them in his arms, and treated them with cakes and sweet-meats which he held bro't in his pocket for that purpose. He felt himself uncommonly affected, whilst the little innocents, who were now playing around him in the highest spirits (for with children of that age)

'The tear's forgot as soon as shed!'

and were asking him many little questions with the beautiful simplicity of their early years.

'Tell me madam (said Mr. Allen, wiping the tears which flowed down his aged cheek) what I can do to serve you. Have you any parents—any friend to whom I shall apply for your relief?'

'I have none, she replied, (weeping) no parent no friends! I am a stranger in this land! helpless! and have no one to apply to for relief. I wish I knew where to dispose of this manuscript (reaching her hand to a bundle of papers which lay on an old broken chair by her side.) If I could find a bookseller to purchase this little work, I should then have the means of procuring bread for these poor babes. I have offered it to one or two of that profession, but have met with inconceivable difficulties in the disposal of it, as one bookseller told me, he never published a work without a name—and another—'

'Pray, (interrupted Mr. Allen) when did you write it? Is it a novel? I have no great opinion of modern novels.'

'It is not a novel, sir—it is a miscellaneous collection; but they are not of my writing.—Chance brought the work to my hands by a very odd accident. As I was one day rummaging an old worn-out chest, I saw in one corner of my wretched apartment a large bundle of papers, but so defaced by mildew and damps, that I could hardly make out the contents.'

'I have however, with much difficulty, every evening, when my children were asleep, set about transcribing the work; as a thought occurred to me that it might perhaps, be some little advantage to me, in my extreme distress; but alas! after all the incredible pains I have taken, I cannot get a purchaser for it.'

'If you will entrust me with it, madam, (said Mr. Allen,) I will endeavor to dispose of it for you. A woman is often imposed on in these matters.'

The poor woman thankfully put the manuscript into Mr. Allen's hands.

'Depend madam, on my utmost zeal to serve you, (said he) I will return in a very short time.'

Saying which he put the manuscript into his pocket and departed; highly satisfied that he had an opportunity of serving a woman of such exalted merit without hurting her delicacy. And she, on her part, looked on him as an angel sent from heaven to afford her relief in her pressing necessity.

After passing an hour in an adjacent coffee-house, in looking over the papers of the day, he hastened back to his own room, and having locked up the manuscripts in a drawer, instantly went up to the wretched family.

'Here madam, (said the good man as he entered the apartment) is the purchase of your book, (putting twenty guineas in her hand) and I hope the sum will content you.'

The unhappy woman, as may be easily imagined, was all joy and thankfulness on the occasion.

'I am, (said she) of your success, I was just before you arrived, considering how I could procure a sufficient sum to pay for the coffin of my dear babe; when it occurred to me that I had a little miniature picture of my excellent mother, set round with diamonds, which I have carefully preserved as the very last resource in my extreme need. I cannot trouble you again with my affairs, otherwise I would beg of your service to dispose of these diamonds, which are around this little picture.'

'I insist, madam, cried the good man, that I must execute this commission myself.—Where is the picture?'

The unhappy woman then opened a small casket, which was by her, and sighing bitterly, took out a small picture, and presented it to Mr. Allen.

'Gracious heaven! (exclaimed he, starting back) what do I see?—the image of my dearest wife! My long lost Louisa! O my heart! it is—it is Louisa—say, dear madam, how this came in your possession. You mentioned just now a mother—Oh, my throbbing breast!—but my wife and my lovely little Fanny both had a watery grave in their passage from Lisbon.'

'From Lisbon, did you say? (interrupted the amiable young woman) Alas, that was the place of my birth! and at the age of three years, I was, with my dear mother, shipwrecked on the coast of Spain. She alas! was lost forever; whilst her wretched Fanny was doomed to—'

'Fanny! did you say? Oh, tell me—what—be quick—inform me, madam, what was your maiden name?'

'Allen, sir.'

'Oh my child! my child! cried the enraptured father—it is, it must be so'—clapping her in his arms in an agony of joy and wonder.

His happy daughter, for so indeed she was, hung on his neck in speechless transport—while the ecstatic father continued—'Say my child—how hast thou been preserved!—O secret wonder-working hand of providence! The dreadful tidings of my shipwrecked Louisa, and my little daughter, an infant in Capt. Osmond's ship, on the coast of Spain, is an undoubted fact!—is it not?'

'Yes, my dearest father, (answered his long-lost child) look at these letters of my lamented mother; and these from yourself to her, after your departure from Lisbon.—The servant who attended me from infancy, and whose life was saved with mine, carefully preserved these letters and this casket—Anne Williams was her name; she was my nurse maid, and you must well remember her.'

'I do—I do—cried the amazed father.—Good heaven, when did she die?'

'About six years since; and it was from her I often heard (as it was our almost constant subject) the sad catastrophe of my dear mother's death, and that Mr. Robert Allen, my father, had lived somewhere in the West of England.'

'But say, my child,' said this fond parent, who, as Shakespeare says of old King Cymbeline, on discovering Imogene to be his daughter,

'Was wild in his beholding.'

'Say, my Fanny, what melancholy accidents have reduced thee to this distress?—Oh! to find thee—and to find thee thus so firm in virtue, is too much for my old heart to bear. Who did you marry? Oh, tell me all.'

'A ship, Sir, that was going from Spain to Jamaica, carried us with Capt. Osmond, (who was happily preserved) to that Island. That worthy man left me to the care of his sister, who was settled there; and with that good woman I lived to the age of seventeen, when a nephew of hers soon after married me, and with whom I lived long enough to be the mother of these little things you now see around me. We wrote to you, my dear sir, and sent the letter under cover to a friend of my husband's in London, to forward it to you, but receiving no answer, we concluded you were no more. Mr. Ashley (my husband) was no economist; he died suddenly, and left me greatly involved. To satisfy all his creditors, I reduced myself to great straits. A lady who was coming to England, kindly offered to bear my expenses, and promised to use her utmost endeavors to find you, if living, and otherwise provide for me. Alas! this dear friend died the week after our arrival in London, of the small pox; which fatal distemper I likewise caught, and all my little ones. This was a great and unexpected expense to me, and it was still increased, as I was soon after delivered of this poor babe, now dead. These events following so fast—for alas! my poor husband had not been dead six months; altogether, I say, were too much for my spirits to sustain, and I sunk into a low fever in which I languished several weeks. I was now reduced to want even the common necessities of life; indeed my case was truly lamentable—alone! no money! in a strange country.'

'O, cease, my dearest child, I cannot bear this (said the tender father bursting into tears) it is too much! I will suppose, after much suffering, the secret hand of that heavenly power, whose chief care is distressed innocence, led me hither to this amazing discovery. And have I found thee? (once more clasping her in his arms.) Not the united world shall ever part us more.' He then kissed and wept over the children, and immediately ordered large and elegant lodgings to be got ready for their reception, in Pall Mall; they were all conveyed there as soon as possible; and where we will leave them to that refined happiness, which only minds like Mr. Allen's can experience.

Reader, the moral of this little story is so obvious, it requires no explanation.—Every man it is true, in relieving a distressed object, may not meet with a lost child; but every man may, in some degree, enjoy that exquisite satisfaction which is the never failing reward of those who practice the great duties of humanity and benevolence to their fellow creatures.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

PRICE OF BREAD STUFFS.—We would not needlessly interrupt the enjoyment of those who look forward to the next winter as a time of general starvation. But lest their dreams should be too suddenly broken, we must call their attention to the facts contained in the last news from Europe respecting the prices of breadstuffs there. We happen to know of an operation at Liverpool, by which fifty thousand bushels of wheat are to be immediately forwarded to this country, and by the prices which are published, there is little doubt that much larger supplies will be soon forthcoming; for the long continuance of high prices, the successful issue of the recent importations, and the fact, well ascertained, that our domestic supplies are inadequate to our wants, will give new confidence in future operations. Let us see at what prices we can be supplied.

In Paris the price of bread is about 2 cents, and in London 3 cents lb. We found a shilling loaf in New York yesterday to weigh 2 lbs 3 oz, which is near 6 cents lb. The price of wheat in Paris is 112 cents a bushel, and the price of flour is \$5 a barrel. In London flour is \$8 a barrel. In the ports of the Mediterranean and of the Baltic, bread stuffs are much cheaper than in either London or Paris. The price of good wheat at Naples is 2s 10d sterling a bushel, or 67 cents. From any one of these places freight might be obtained at 33 cents per barrel on flour, and 12 1-2 cents per bushel on wheat, or about half the rate charged on transportation of the same articles from Rochester, and one-fourth of what is charged from Ohio.—Fifty thousand bushels of corn have lately been received here from Ohio by one house, at a freight of 49 cents. The duty on flour is one dollar a barrel, and on wheat 25 cents a bushel. Wheat, therefore, can be imported from Naples and laid down in New York at 125 to 135 cts. a bushel, all charges paid, and from a hundred other places at the same or less price. Corn and rye are not burdened with a duty, and may be imported to great advantage. The countries of Europe and Asia afford stores of bread stuffs almost inexhaustible, so that the supplies for this country, if they should run to the highest possible quantity, could only affect prices in a very slight degree. Free trade will supply all our wants, and the cost, with a liberal mercantile profit, will not carry prices above 150 cents for wheat, 100 cents for rye and Indian corn, 50 cents for oats per bushel, and \$7 50 for flour per barrel. So let the desponding cheer up, for no one who is industrious and frugal need starve in 1836 or 1837.

DEMAND FOR LABOR.—There never has been a time within our remembrance, when the demand for labor throughout the country was so great as at present; and, of consequence there never was a time when the price of labor was so high. The demand is not confined to any one class of workmen, but extends to every class, farmers included. Although thousands of laborers & artisans are imported every year from foreign countries, they seem but as a drop in the bucket, and the demand goes on, unabated and increasing.

We copy the above from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce. In reading it our mind is naturally led to the inquiry as to the reason for this increase in the demand for labor, as well as for the product of the husbandman. While every thing is on the rise, and the sales of public lands are greatly beyond any former period, we find that the grain crops are decreasing, and the products of the herdsman are almost beyond the reach of the poor man.

The evil rests in the spirit of speculation which is abroad in the country, of traversing the land with iron and covering it with steam engines. While this mania lasts, we need not expect that the body politic will assume a healthy tone. 'Carrying coal to Newcastle' was once thought to be the severest satire upon foolish speculation, but when the half starved population of Europe can send wheat to this continent, with a profit, that should supply the world with provisions, what are we to think of the folly of our citizens. Let those who have lands cultivate them, for sooner or later the splendid bubble will burst, and leave our country prostrate, with rain and starvation reigning throughout the land.—Washingtonian.

A gentleman was saying in company, that he never had seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time showing one of her ears:—'Here is an ear of Rye, which if you please, you may behold.' The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave it a pinch. 'Nay, madam,' said he, 'you have a very face, too.'