

FORTRICAL



A LOVE LETTER IN RHYME.

Most words of estimation: Induced by the reputation You possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination To become your relation; And if this declaration Meets your approbation, I shall make preparation To remove my situation To a more convenient station To profess my admiration Of your high qual'fication. Now if such an oblation And this supplication Be worthy of observation And obtain commiseration, 'Twill be an aggrandizement Beyond all calculation. Of the joy and exultation Of Yours, SANS DISSEMBLEMENT.

THE DYING.

Oh! bring me flowers, my dear, And wreath them in my hair, The beautiful—the fair—the fair— And let them wither there— Wild roses, and the fragile lily— The blossoms of a day— And twine them on the brow of one As perishing as they. I may not see them growing In wild wood or in glen; I may not tread upon the green And fragrant earth again; Yet leave the casement open, That the blue and blessed sky The tree tops and the pleasant hills, May greet my closing eye! And gather ye around me, The friends whom I have loved— The eyes that ever shone with mine— The hearts which I have proved. In calm unwavering sorrow, Oh! let the loved draw near, And let each low familiar tone Fall on the dying ear. I know that death is near me, And yet I fear it not; It is but shedding sunshine on The shadows of my lot. A welcome from the spirits Of the pure and un-forgiven— The lifting of the curtain fold Which shadows Earth from Heaven.

Miscellaneous

From Hood's New Monthly Magazine, for August. Twenty-three Minutes past Two! (FOUNDED ON FACT.) JOHN POOLE, ESQ., is very jealous, but being wrought in the extreme—Shakespeare. Dr. Dewdney said my wife said there been nothing more than well, her willing acquiescence in had preceded might have been inferred. But it was the "Mr. Dewdney!" and it may safely be taken as a rule, that when a woman Mr. Dewdney's her husband, or a man Mrs. Dewdney's his wife, there is some dissatisfaction in the case—so, at least, was it in the present. And all about what? Why, about so dull a companion—no: an un-companion, as Brumby. We had been married nearly two years, and this disagreement, slight as it was, was the first that had occurred between us. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? My dear Clara's temper is the sweetest in the world; as for mine—but ask Clara. She had left me alone in the parlor, (where we had just finished breakfast) brooding over this our first quarrel—away with the hateful word—misunderstanding? even that is too strong a term. She had left me, then, brooding over our little tiff—ay, that's it; I had borne it for nearly two minutes; I was in agonies; I could endure it no longer. I rang the bell. "John," said I, "go to the drawing-room; I heard her pacing the room above; and the state of her mind, poor dear! was patently indicated by her hasty and irregular step." "John," said I, "go to the drawing-room, and tell your mistress I wish to see her." She came, her smiles shining through her teeth—she knew that twas for reconciliation I had summoned her. We rushed into each other's arms. "Char!" cried I. "Clarkson!" exclaimed she—Charles Clarkson Dewdney is your humble servant, when styled at full length; but she always calls me Clarkson. "Never, never again," said I, "let such a scene occur between us, dearest." "Oh, never, love," said she. Such a couple! Adam and Eve before they partook of that unlucky desert, perhaps—but since then nothing like us! "Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day," said my wife. Observe the significant "that." Never is that pronoun so applied, whether to man, dog, woman, cat, or child, but it is intended to convey the idea of dislike. See—"Send the dog out of the room." There is nothing in that which any dog—excepting some very thin-skinned dog indeed—could take as an offensive personality; the dog is momentarily in the way—that's all. But—"Send that dog out of the room." Here the dog is unequivocally marked as an object of dislike—it is most pointedly insulted—and no dog of becoming spirit but would quit, not the room only, but the house; nor ever return to it, though it should see the whole town placarded with a guinea reward for its recovery. By "that Mr. Brumby," then, it is clear that my wife has no extraordinary regard for Mr. Brumby. "Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day?" (I had previously said I would ask Mr.

Brumby to dinner; and that it was which provoked the horrid "Very well, Mr. Dewdney." "I won't," now replied I. "Very well," said my wife; and instead of quitting the room, she patted my cheek. Adam and Eve, indeed—"If you must ask him to dine with you," continued she, "take him to the Pangrowloon—he is so very disagreeable." "I will, my dear Clara," said I. Not the least of the advantages of belonging to a club is, that if you happen to have an acquaintance who is any degree disagreeable or disreputable, and whom, therefore, you would be unwilling to invite to your own house, you take him to your club. No great harm can come of that. "And now, my love," said I, "tell me why it is you so much dislike Brumby?" "The reason is," replied she, "he is such a bore!" "I never give up any one hastily, so I made as stout a fight for him as it was possible for me to make. "Granted," said I: he is a bore: an intolerable, an insufferable bore; but then you must acknowledge that he—he—in short, my love, he is a very good man." "No doubt he is," said she; "he may possess every virtue under the sun: all that may qualify him for going to Heaven; but he is not qualified for pleasant society on earth." "You must allow," said I, (for I was resolved not to give him up) "you must allow that he talks a great deal." "Call you that talking?" exclaimed she. "He's a dull, drowsy proser: his talk is like the buzzing of a bee in a bottle. And then he has but one subject to talk about—prints, prints, prints, eternally prints! his collection of prints! his Marc Antonio! his Albrecht Durer! his Bartolozzi! Paganini would play divinely upon one string for a quarter of an hour at a time; but then he could play upon the other three quite as well. Now your Mr. Brumby has but one string to his fiddle, and even upon that he's a very bad fiddler. Then, not only can he talk of nothing else, but he will not allow any other person a choice of subject—he cuts through them—rudely and impatiently interrupts them with a something or other about his eternal engravings. A little of that subject would be very well in its way; but to run it to death as he does—Oh, the tiresome man! The best conversers—and he has met some good ones at our table—are killed dead by him. One is anxious to listen to them, but, no; no chance for conversation where Mr. Brumby is." "But, my love," said I (still resolved not to give him up) "he does not always interrupt it. On the contrary—he will often, when another person is in possession of the attention of the table, politely pretend to fall asleep." "It was upon such an occasion," said my wife, laughing, "that poor Hood stopped short in the midst of one of his liveliest sallies, and cried—'Pray, silence, ladies and gentlemen, for a snore from Mr. Brumby.' "But really, my dear Clara, you must allow," said I, (determined not to give him up) "you must allow that he is a perfect master of that, the only subject he ever opens his lips upon—that he is a connoisseur of the highest rank—of taste refined, of judgment unerring." "Now Clarkson," said she, "is that really your opinion? Come, speak honestly." "Why," said I, (more and more determined not to give him up) "my opinion upon the subject of engravings is of slight value, for I don't pretend to understand much about them, but Don. Colnaghi, whose opinion is unquestionably first rate, assures me that he is little better than an ignoramus: that he knows little or nothing of the matter; that he has merely got by rote the terms of the art and a string of names of the most eminent artists, from Marc Antonio to Charles Heath, which are perpetually in his mouth; and that if he should escape purchasing on his own judgment, an H. B. for an Albert Durer, he would be a lucky fellow. However, my love, I must, in justice to him, say that that is not my opinion of him—it is only Don. Colnaghi's." Having thus gallantly defended my friend, I sat down and wrote him the following note:— "Fornington Crescent, "Wednesday, 8th June. "Dear Brumby: "Mrs. Dewdney, I am sorry to say, is not very well; so, instead of coming here, pray meet me at the Pangrowloon, at seven. It is an open day there for visitors. Yours, faithfully, C. C. DEWDNEY. "At what time, dearest, do you think you shall get rid of your lively guest?" inquired my wife. "Oh, at about nine, or half-after," replied I; "but I will not remain out later than I can help it, love." "It was not for that I made the inquiry, dear," said she; "but I— you." "I did not particularly remark it at the time, but it afterwards struck me forcibly, very forcibly, that she hesitated." "Well Clara; but what?" inquired I. "Why, Clarkson, you are engaged with my brother, Richard, at Hammersmith, to-morrow, to go up the river for a day's fishing. Now, instead of getting up at five in the morning, (as you talked of doing) which will be so uncomfortable, so very uncomfortable for you, do get into an omnibus or a cab, and go down to-night. Richard, you know, will give you a bed." "But, sweetest," said I— "Now, dearest," said she, "you shall— you must—I implore—I entreat. You will oblige me by going. I can't bear the thought of your hurrying out at such a barbarous hour as five. I shall be miserable if you refuse me." "Sweet, considerate soul! Could I refuse her any thing! and a request, too, whose object was my own convenience, my own comfort. Yet she pressed the request with an earnestness that— "Now I call every star, every planet, nay, the chaste moon herself, to witness that I am not jealous. Had my Clara ever given me cause for jealousy? Never; not the slightest. I know that little Timberman of the Gren-

dier Guards had, within the last few days, returned to England—what then? I had twice seen him, as he rode past our house, look up at the windows—what then? My wife knew not of his return; and had she known it—what then? 'Tis a long four years since he paid his addresses to her—she liked him a little—yet what of that? Did she not reject him—and for me? Besides, he is married. No; I am not jealous; yet there was an earnestness in her entreaty that I would not return home that night—Shame upon me for the unworthy thought! I promised to go that night to Hammersmith. In due time, (John having placed my night bag in a cab) I drove down to the club, to receive my friend Brumby—first taking an affectionate leave of my dear little wife. Our leave taking, though but for a single night, were always of a nature to—But these scenes must not be dwelt upon. "It so happened that Brumby and I were the only persons in the visitor's room—we had it entirely to ourselves. What an opportunity for an easy, unconstrained confabulation! And what a variety of pleasant topics were open to us! Parliament and the income tax; the Opera, at the most brilliant period of its season, and all the singers quite well enough not to sing; mourning concerts, Thalberg, and the projected Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianofortes; our English theatres-royal, and the crowds that nightly rush—to the French play; the Royal Academy exhibition, and Mr. Hume's patriotic suggestion that the R. A. should be compelled to throw open the doors gratis, and pay all the expenses of the establishment out of the "tittle of the whole;" copy-right, and rights of every body in it, except the author—together with "rowner's-quest-law" upon the subject; the—in a word, topics were endless. But Brumby had just purchased a Rembrandt etching, and—Oh, my stars! Here, he observed, that my wife truly characterized the talk of Brumby, when she compared it to the drowsy, monotonous buzzing of a bee in a bottle. A word is occasionally detected; the rest is one unmitigated brum-brum-brum. "Brum-brum-brum early impression brum-brum fine preservation brum-brum—" "Brumby, you'll find that asparagus-soup very good; put down your print, and take it while it's hot." "Brum-brum-brum early state brum-brum—" "Now, Brumby, do put aside that print, or neither those flounders nor the stewed eels will be worth eating." "Brum-brum my Marc Antonio brum-brum undoubted specimen brum-brum—" "Here's a cutlet and a chicken salad, and that's your dinner; but, pray, Brumby, pray have done with that print. Here—try this Moselle." "Brum-brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum my collection brum-brum Duke of Buckingham's brum-brum—" The cloth was removed. And now for a little talk. "Brumby, fill your glass. A curious circumstance occurred at the Opera last night; at the very moment that—" "Brum-brum left leg a look out of Jean—" "Now, for heaven's sake, my dear fellow! Well at the very moment?" "Brum-brum wonderful depth brum-brum expression brum-brum free burin brum-brum—" "It was an interesting little episode, I assure you. At the very moment that Her Majesty—Brumby! Brumby!—open your eyes; don't go to sleep. Come, fair play; you had the talk all your own way at dinner; let us now divide it, and change the subject, for upon my life, I can't stand much more of your Rembrandt etching." "Brum-brum my Albert Durer brum-brum this etching brum-brum, powerful effect brum-brum perspective brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum sharp touches brum-brum-brum-brum-brum—" "I awake. How long he had been brum-brum-brum, I know not, for he was gone I was alone in the room. I looked at my watch. Twenty-three minutes past two!" "Magnetism? Magnetism? For a provocative of sleep try a tete-a-tete with a Brumby. Twenty-three minutes past two! I rushed out of the house; a cab was passing at the moment; I jumped into it. It was too late to think of going to Hammersmith, so I ordered the driver to take me home. By the time I should arrive there, it would be three o'clock! I must disturb the servants, but there was no help for it. As for poor, dear Clara, who has been in bed these three hours; who sleeps lightly, and is disturbed by the slightest noise!—But John sleeps in a small room near the kitchen, so I will ring the kitchen bell. The brum-brum-brum was still in my ears, and I fell asleep; nor did I awake till the driver stopped on this side of the turnpike, as I had desired him to do. My house was hardly twenty paces beyond it, and the toll saved would pay for a couple of letters. Cheap postage has taught us the use and value of old pence. I walked towards my own door, when—oh horror! My hair stood on end—my throat became parched—my knees bent beneath me—perspiration fell in large drops from my brow! Now was the hesitation explained, now was the anxiety to be rid of me for the night accounted for! The canvass blind of the large, simple, parlor window was drawn down, and the lamp burning on the table (at that hour in the morning!) was so placed as to throw upon it with awful distinctness the shadow of two persons: one was, yes it was that coquette my wife; the other was a man, ay, a little man—it was no other, it could be no other—for twice had I seen him look up at the windows as he passed—than little Timberman of the Grenadier Guards! There they sat, one on each side of the table. I could see their every movement in the same manner as the action of the figures is shown by a magic lantern. I could hear their laugh, too—yes they were laughing; of torture! laughing no doubt at me! How ad-

mirably well she had contrived it! "You must go to Hammersmith to-night—you shall—I implore—I entreat—you will oblige me by going." And all this was repeated to him! Perdition!—it was at this, perhaps, they were at that very moment laughing! I saw him raise a goblet to his lips—my wife pushed a bottle towards him (regaling him with my choicest whiskey, perhaps) he shook his head as a sign of refusal (prudent, at least, at that time in the morning) he rose—she rose—they approached each other—he-he-he, my wrongs! he kissed her! he put on his hat—she resumed her seat, and took up a book—yes, the artful and evidently hardened creature took up a book. He quit the room, and now I have the villain. "No sooner had he opened the street door, that I rushed upon him, seizing him by the throat, dragged him into the parlor. My wife started from her seat. Half choked, as well as blinded by rage, I cried, "So madam, was it for this, you—" "Oh, Clarkson, dear Clarkson!" cried she, "what is the matter with you? But I see how it is: he has been dining at the Pangrowloon with that Mr. Brumby and is tipsy." Here, of course, she burst into tears! But the absurdity of the notion of getting tipsy in such company as Brumby's! However, I was in anything but a laughing mood. "Madam," cried I, "I desire you will quit my house: instantly quit my house, and to your father's. As for you, Captain Timberman—" These words I uttered in a tone which must have sounded in his ears like the whizzing of a brace of bullets. At the same time I shook him violently. "He is tipsy," continued my wife. "Oh, Frederick, dear Frederick—" "I was not aware that his name was Frederick; but to "dear" him to my very face! I had well nigh strangled him. "Frederick," she continued, "I thought—as I said in my note to request you would come to me this evening—I thought he would have been at Hammersmith by this time; but—" "Oh, infamy!" exclaimed I, "by your invitation, was it! But quit my house, vile woman—quit my house, and never more let me behold you. And now, Captain Timberman—" "Oh, Frederick," said my wife, "I'll ring for John who shall assist you to carry him up to bed." "Desist, base woman," said I, as she took hold of the bell rope; "desist! the servants shall not be disturbed at this late hour, nor shall they be admitted to witness your vile conduct." "Oh, gracious powers!" cried she, "he is mad!—Late, dearest! Why, it is not yet eleven. For Heaven's sake, Clarkson, release your brother-in-law, release him, I implore you." These words restored me to my senses. I looked the villain full in the face, and calmly—it was, indeed, my own true, dear, ever dear, Clara's brother, Freddy. The clock on the mantle-piece pointed at seven minutes to eleven; I looked at my watch. "I was unwearied—I had omitted to wind it up on the preceding night—it was still standing at twenty-three minutes past two!" Emission of light from a Human subject. The following most extraordinary case has been communicated to the Medical Gazette by Sir Henry Marsh, M. D., London. The patient was a young lady, described as L. A. whose disease terminated fatally: "It was ten days previous to L. A.'s death that I (Sir Henry Marsh) observed a very extraordinary light, which seemed, darting about the face, and illuminating all around her head, flashing very much like an aurora borealis. She was in deep decline, and had that day been seized with suffocation, which teased her much for an hour, and made her so nervous that she would not suffer me to leave her for a moment, that I might raise her up quickly in case of a return of this painful sensation. After she settled for the night, I lay down beside her, and it was then this luminous appearance suddenly commenced. Her maid was sitting up beside the bed; and I wished her to shade the light, as it would awaken Louisa. She told me the light was perfectly shaded. I then said: 'What can this light be which is flashing on Miss Louisa's face?' The maid looked very mysterious and informed me she had seen that light before. And it was from no candle. I then inquired when she had perceived it? She said that morning; and it had dazzled her eyes, but she had said nothing about it, as ladies always consider servants superstitious. However, after watching it myself half an hour, I got up, and saw that the candle was in a position from which its peculiar light could not have come, nor, indeed, was it like that of light; it was more silvery, like the reflection of moonlight on the water. I watched it more than an hour, when it disappeared. It gave the face the look of being painted white, and highly glowing. It danced about, and had a very extraordinary effect—Three nights after, the maid being ill, I sat up all night, and again I saw this luminous appearance, when there was no candle nor moon, nor in fact any visible means of producing it. Her sister came to the room and saw it also. The evening before L. A. died, I saw the light again, but it was fainter, and lasted but about twenty minutes. The state of the body of the patient was that of extreme exhaustion. For two months she had never sat up in the bed. Many of her symptoms varied much from those of other sufferers in pulmonary complaints whom I had seen, but the general outline was the same. Her breath had a peculiar smell, which made me suppose there might be some decomposition going forward. The young lady about whose person these luminous appearances were manifested, I had seen several times before her return to the country; her lungs were extensively diseased, she labored under the most hopeless form of pulmonary consumption." Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is contented.

Notes for a Tourist. "Madam," said a free-spoken, warm-hearted, enthusiastic, and a little quizzical son of old Kentucky, while paying his devoirs to one of the famous lady tourists of America, "Madam, you should have been born in America; the greatest country in the known world; nature has clustered all her stupendous and dazzling works upon this land, and you should be among them! We have got the greatest men, the finest men, the finest women, the broadest lakes, the tallest trees, the widest prairies, the highest waterfalls, and the biggest hearts in all creation. "Madam, go and see the falls of Niagara. —May the Lord take a liking to you, my dear ma'am, if I didn't think I'd waked up in futurity when I first seed that big slantendicular puddle, (slantendicular's an alge-bran word, ma'am—you mayn't know it.) Why, madam, I could tell you something about them falls—but you mustn't put it in your book, 'cos nobody'll ever believe it. The people that live round about these all lose their speech, and never hear each other speak for years, with the noise of the cataract! Fact, ma'am; true as that's a pencil and notebook you're taking out of you pocket. Why, there was a man lived there ten years, and he got so deaf he never knew a man was speaking to him, till a pail of water was poured down his neck! —When you go to see the falls, ma'am, you must do all the talking you want to before you get within twenty-five miles of them; for after that, not a word of any kind can be heard! "Then, ma'am, you should go and see the great cave in Kentucky, where the bats hiberaculate in countless millions. There is not such another hole in the ground to be found upon the face of the earth. Ma'am, if you go back to England without seeing our Mammoth cave, you'll put your foot in it—no, beg, pardon, excuse me—that's quite impossible; but you'll leave a big hole in the book you're going to write. There is no end known to it, ma'am; and there is a salt-water lake in the middle of it, twenty-five miles broad. One of the rooms is called the 'Antipodian Chamber,' from the unpronounceable fact that a man can walk just as easy upon the ceiling as upon the floor; and, in this apartment, there's a natural fountain of pure brandy! "The same cave, too, is a positive cure for consumption. "You haint been South yet, have you, ma'am; you haint seen the Mississippi river and the city of New Orleans? Well, ma'am, New Orleans is a hundred and twenty-five feet below the level of the sea, and the Mississippi runs through a canal bridge right over the city! The inhabitants are chiefly alligators and screech-owls, the last two words have been vulgarly perverted into Creole. Their food is chiefly gum, procured from trees in the swamp, and which they call gumbo. There is a paper published there called the Picaroon, the name being well chosen as significant of its professed priacies upon Kant's Philosophy, Baron Munchausen, the Pilgrim's Progress, Joe Miller, Washington Irving, and Bell's Life in London. It is a violent and stupendous political print, and the Government of the country has endeavored in vain to suppress it. One of the peculiar marks about this extraordinary city is the entire absence of those small quadrupeds of the genus most commonly known as rats. One was seen many years ago, by a citizen, who brutally murdered the unknown creature, but was immediately tried, and sentenced to be hung for the enormity. "You will hear, madam, a great deal about the 'floating population of New Orleans,' a phrase which you will understand, when I tell you that the town is half the year under inundation from the Mississippi! You should have been born in America, my dear ma'am; but as you were not, you may possibly die here, and that's some consolation for you." HAPPINESS OF PIGS.—The following is the conclusion of the learned and philosophical report on swine, by William Lincoln, at the agricultural fair held at Albany, a short time since: "Pigs are a happy people. We may talk disparagingly about living like a pig. To live like a pig is to live like a gentleman. Although it is not permitted by the order of nature that a pig should laugh, to even smile, he enjoys the next best blessing of humanity, the disposition to grow fat. How easily he goes through the world! He has no fancy stocks to buy—no Lank notes to pay—no indignation meetings to attend—no log cabin assemblies to hold. He has no occasion to take the benefit of the bankrupt act, or to leave his estate confiscated to defray the expenses of the settlement. Free from all the troubles that disturb the busy world, he is unconcerned among the changes of earthly affairs as was the citizen who was waked in the earliest light of morning by being told day was breaking; 'well,' said he, as he turned again to his repose; 'let day break he owes me nothing.' "When we look at the comparative condition of the human race and of the swinish multitude, we may come to the conclusion that if man will not be a man he had better be a pig." LISTENING AND TALKING.—A good listener is much more rare than a good talker, because the conversation of general society seldom fixes the attention, and thus in the hopelessness of curing the evil, we aggravate it. "When I go into company," said L.—"I am compelled to become as great a chatterbox as the rest, because I had rather hear my own nonsense than that of other people." "After all," observed his niece one day, when he was twitting her with her loquacity—"I know many men who talk more than women." "Ay," was the reply, "more to the point."

NEW FLOUR. FAMILY FLOUR (red brand), Superior, Fine and Middlings, for sale at the Cool Spring Mills, or at the store of GEO. MCNEILL. July 2, 1842. NEW GOODS. I HAVE RECEIVED and am now opening, my SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK, which comprises a large and extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE & CUTLERY. ALSO 15 HHDS. SUGAR, 60 Bags COFFEE, 50 cases Fur and Wool Hats, 15 do Palm Leaf ditto, 10 do Bonnets, 15 do Cotton Cards, 75 leg Madder, Patent Medicines, &c. Which will be sold at unusually low prices for Cash or Country Produce. JOHN D. STARR. Fayetteville, May 28, 1842.—170-11. NEW GOODS. At Prices to suit the Times. I HAVE just received my full assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS. Embracing Broad Cloth, various colors, and some very superior; plain and fancy Cassimers; Sateens; Kentucky Jeans; Beaver Cloth; Blankets; Kerseys; white and red Flannels; Merino and Silk Shirts and Drawers; black, blue and fancy colored Siles; Muslin de Laines, all qualities; Gentlemen's Scarfs, Stocks, Collars, &c., &c. A full assortment of GROCERIES & HARDWARE. Some beautiful sets of CHINA, common and fine CROCKERY, HATS and SHOES, White Lead, Lard and Winter Strained Lamp Oil, &c. All of which I am disposed to sell very low, for CASH, or in exchange for Country Produce. H. LEETE. North West Corner of Market Square. October 28, 1842.—192-11. PROSPECTUS FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE AND APPENDIX. These works have such a wide circulation, and have been so universally approved and sought after by the public, that we deem it necessary only in this prospectus to say that they will be continued at the next session of Congress, and to state, succinctly, their contents, the form in which they will be printed, and the prices for them. The Congressional Globe is made up of the daily proceedings of the two Houses of Congress. The speeches of the members are abridged, or condensed, to bring them into a reasonable or readable length. All the resolutions offered, or motions made, are given at length, in the mover's own words; and the yeas and nays on all the important questions. It is printed with small type—brevier and nonpareil—on a double royal sheet, in quarto form, each number containing 16 royal quarto pages. It is printed as fast as the business done in Congress furnishes matter enough for a number. The first four weeks of a session usually furnishes matter enough for one number a week; and the balance of the session for two or three numbers a week. The coming session of Congress will furnish matter enough, we suppose, for twenty-five or thirty numbers. The Appendix is made up of the President's annual message, the reports of the principal officers of the Government that accompany it, and all the long speeches of members of Congress, written out or revised by themselves. It is printed in the same form as the Congressional Globe, and usually makes about the same number of pages. There are not so many numbers published the first weeks of a session, as the foregoing numbers of the Congressional Globe; because the members are busy writing out their speeches. But towards the close of a session the numbers are published more frequently than the Congressional Globe. Each of these works is complete in itself; but it is necessary for every subscriber who desires a full knowledge of the proceedings of Congress, to have both; because, then, it there should be any ambiguity in the synopsis of the speech, or any doubt of its correctness, as published in the Congressional Globe, the reader may turn to the Appendix to see the speech at length, corrected by the member himself. Now, there is no other source but the Congressional Globe and Appendix, from which a person can obtain a full history of the proceedings of Congress. Gales and Seaton's Register of Debates, and the Congressional History, was suspended in the year 1837, and has not since been resumed. It cost about five times as much for a session as the Congressional Globe and Appendix, and did not contain an equal amount of matter, a great portion of the current proceedings being omitted. The speeches of both parties are published in the Daily Globe, and in the Congressional Globe and Appendix; other papers publish their own side only. We are enabled to print the Congressional Globe and Appendix at the low rate now proposed, by having a large quantity of type, and securing the Congressional matter that we set up for the Daily and Semi-weekly Globes standing for the Congressional Globe and Appendix. Complete indexes to both the Congressional Globe and the Appendix are printed at the close of each session, and sent to all subscribers for them. The reports of the Congressional Globe and Appendix are not in the least degree affected by the party bias of the Editors. They are given precisely as written out by the Reporters and the members themselves. And the whole are subject to the revision and correction of the speakers, as they pass in review in our daily sheet, in case any misunderstanding or misrepresentation in their remarks should occur. 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