

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
PASTEUR & WATSON,
At \$3 per annum—half in advance.



(BY AUTHORITY.)

AN ACT to alter the times of holding Courts in the Western District of Virginia, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, instead of the times now prescribed by law for holding the courts in the western district of Virginia, the said courts shall be held annually on the first Mondays of April and September, at Wythe court house; and at Lewisburg, on the Friday succeeding the first Mondays of April and September; and at Clarksburg, on the fourth Mondays in May and October; to which days, respectively, all process returnable to the first days of the next succeeding term, shall be held returnable, and returned accordingly.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That if the judge shall not attend on the first day of any court such court shall stand adjourned from day to day for three days, if the same cause continue; after which time, if the judge shall fail to attend, the court shall stand adjourned until the first day of the next term.

APPROVED—APRIL 26, 1822.

AN ACT altering the time and place of holding the district court in the district of Mississippi.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the district court of the United States for the district of Mississippi, heretofore holden at the seat of government in the state of Mississippi, on the first Mondays in January and July, shall after the next July term, which may be holden in the city of Natchez, hereafter hold its regular terms at the court house of Adams county, in the city of Natchez, on the first Mondays of April and October, and may continue to sit each term until the business of the court is finished.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That every writ, process, subpoena, or recognizance, returnable according to law, or the tenor thereof, to either of the aforesaid holden on the first Mondays in January and July, shall, after the next July term, be returnable, and shall be returned, to the next succeeding term of said court, to be holden on the first Mondays in April and October after the passing of this act.

APPROVED—APRIL 26, 1822.

AN ACT supplementary to an act, entitled "An act to set apart and dispose of certain public lands, for the encouragement of the cultivation of the vine and olive."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, whenever any individual or individuals, named in the contract entered into between the Secretary of the Treasury and Charles Viller, agent of the French Association, on the eighth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and nineteen, by virtue of the act of Congress, entitled "An act to set apart and dispose of certain public lands, for the encouragement of the cultivation of the vine and olive," passed on the third day of March, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, or the heirs or devisees, or such individual or individuals, shall have complied with the conditions of settlement and cultivation, in the said contract prescribed, in proportion to their interest, under the said contract, and in the lands thereby set apart, and shall have paid the amount of purchase money, proportionate to their interest in the said land within the particular periods in the said contract limited, it shall and may be lawful for the Secretary of the Treasury, and he is hereby required, to cause letters patent to be issued to

such individual or individuals, or his or their heirs or devisees, for the amount of his or their interest in the lands set apart and contracted for, by virtue of the said act; any thing in the said act or contract contained to the contrary notwithstanding: saving, always, to the widow of any such deceased proprietor her right of dower in said lands, according to the laws in the state of Alabama.

APPROVED—APRIL 26, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

ON THE VARIOUS WAYS OF PREPARING AND EMPLOYING INDIAN CORN.

There are many things the rich have no need to think of, which would be of infinite advantage to the poor; if they had knowledge necessary to turn that product of their labour they have most in their power, to their own comfort—you may perhaps smile when you perceive this preamble is to usher into notice the virtues of *Indian corn*. I will allow you to do so, if you can find in my enumeration one use to which I put that valuable grain, worthy of not being more generally known. In order to swell the list, I mention some of the purposes for which it is used, that are known to every one; before I enter into the detail of preparing a dish, when I consider the best, healthiest, and most palatable food we have, I will begin before the seed is perfectly formed; it can then be made, if properly done, a *fine pickle*. We all know how delicious *roasting ears* are; when fit for use it will make a superior *starch*; if scalded and dried you may have *roasting ears* in the middle of winter. When the grain is hardened, you have for the domestic animals all the *stocks*, *tops*, &c. &c. The leaves of the *snock* or *nusk*, by slitting them finely, make excellent *mattresses*, or under beds. The flour or meal of the grain is the most wholesome we use; I need only mention a few of the ways in which it is managed in this state, for I should never have done were I only to give you the receipts for making the various kinds of *corn bread* common in this part of the country. A favorite way of making *corn bread* with us, is to make a batter with meal, milk, eggs, and a little *shorting*,* about the consistence of that for pound cake, which it resembles in appearance when baked in this commonly used for that purpose. In making light bread by mixing the wheat flour and yeast with *mush*, we consider it adds much to the sweetness and wholesomeness of the bread; we likewise in all griddle cakes mix meal with wheat flour as tending to make them lighter, with fewer eggs than they would take with wheat flour alone—in short we use *corn meal* on all occasions either with or without wheat flour—not because we have not flour sufficient, but because we prefer meal. I can assure my fair countrywomen, they need not apply to quacks or perfumers, or (I forget what they call them) I mean those foreigners who vend poisons, under the pretence of rendering those that use them more beautiful; and recommend them, because a few worn out old women have made out, by attending to nothing else but the application of various arts to hide their deformity for a short time, who having no beauty to endanger, cannot fear the consequences.—I say those who believe in the virtues of cosmetics will find my favorite *corn meal* superior to all the washes, *de Maienton*, &c. &c. it will render the skin smooth, transparent & white—and what it is perfectly safe; only let them try it instead of going to one of those vendors aforesaid, in spending two or three dollars for a nostrum, which at best will only be a transitory benefit, leaving a lasting ill effect; let them put over the fire a pint of water, when it boils stir in as much fine meal as will make it the consistence of paste—when cooling they may add a spoonful of honey and a little rose water, though the latter articles are not necessary—let them use this *paste*, or as I vulgarly call it, *mush*, instead of soap every time they perform their morning and evening ablutions, or, in other words, wash themselves. I venture to affirm their complexions will derive more

* A word in Domestic Cookery which implies that butter, lard, or oil may be used.

advantage from the application of this paste, than from any of those washes which they pay so high for.

I come now to the preparation of the grain, which I believe is not as generally known as it ought to be, considering its excellence. It is what we call *lyed hommony*; we likewise have the large *hommony* and small *hommony*, both of which are common, are fine dishes and superior to rice when properly managed; but the *lyed hommony* is preferred by every one who is accustomed to it, as being more wholesome and more palatable. It is prepared by boiling the white field corn in ashes and water, until the husk or skin of the grain is loosened, which will be the case in a few minutes, and it is necessary to pay attention that it does not remain too long in the ashes, as it will by that means taste of the lye—so soon as the husk is loosened, it must be washed and rubbed through the hands in cold water until the grain is cleansed from the ashes and skin, it may then be dried to make use of at any time, or boiled immediately if wanted.—When ready to be cooked for the table, it must be scalded and put over to boil in plenty of water, observing always to keep sufficient hot water ready to add to it as the first boils away. The grain bursts open into a white ball and becomes soft when sufficiently done.—This is the manner we boil it to eat with milk or cream, either warm or cold. It is also used in this country by the Indians and Creole boatmen, who prefer it to any thing else in a soup, by putting the corn over with a piece of beef or pork, leaving the water in it, which makes the soup—in the other case the grain is taken out of the water. A Yankee acquaintance of mine who knew nothing of hommony, has become so fond of this dish as to declare *lyed hommony* and milk to be preferable to the best sweet meats and cream that can be had, and I doubt not some more there are who would think the same, were they equally to make the trial. I have been induced to write the preceding.

A Missouri Farmer's Wife.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOW STREET, LONDON.

Singular Attachment—A German mechanic, having laid information at this office, that a countryman of his, named Schull, residing at No. 23, Green-street, Leicester square, was kept in a state of durance in his own house, by an English woman, who, he verily believed, had a design both upon his life and property, the Magistrate, G. R. Minshull, Esq. sent some officers to bring the parties before him. They accordingly proceeded to the house, but the lady peremptorily refused them admission; and it was several hours before they were able to effect an entrance. Having done so at length however, they bro't the parties to the office in a hackney coach, for the lady was too magnificent to walk, and the poor old German was so afflicted with paralysis that he was carried into the public room before the Magistrate, on the back of one of his countrymen. He was indeed a miserable object—his limbs utterly useless—his eyes dull and unnaturally protruding—his beard unshaved—his hair matted with feathers—and his whole person disgustingly filthy. The lady, on the contrary was a fine bouncing woman, of rather handsome countenance, gaily dressed in a fashionable bonnet and plume, and her fat white fingers covered with glittering rings. Nevertheless, she boldly professed that she loved the poor emaciated, dirty, paralytic old man; and she affirmed, that all her attentions to him were purely disinterested. He was exactly in the same state, she said, when she first became acquainted with him, five years ago—not worth a single sixpence, over head and ears in debt, half crazy, of filthy habits, lame, old and impotent—and yet she loved him—loved him for himself alone. "Oh! who doth know the bent of woman's fantasy?" (as Master Spencer saith.)—She delivered these *fibbs*—for fibbs they surely must be—in the short, quick *staccato* manner, perfectly at her ease, and alternately munching an orange, and blowing her nose between every word. She had a solicitor, too, in attendance upon her—a little wee man, inclining to three score, who evidently spends more in hair powder than in soap—and to him she appealed at the

close of every sentence she uttered—'Pon my honor it's true—there's my solicitor, ask him?' and the solicitor as regularly bowed his head in assent. The wretched old German stated that she came to his house as a lodger, in the first instance, and took every opportunity of attending to him in his illness; till at length, finding she had ingratiated herself with him, she proposed to him to make her his wife.—This he very ungallantly declined; and she contented herself with only passing for his wife, and assuming more than the privileges of one. She turned out his lodgers and got creatures of her own in lieu of them.—She forbade his friends and countrymen from coming near him. She pretended they only wanted to rob him and prevailed on him to make his will, leaving all his property to her—and having accomplished this, she confined him in a little room, fed him scantily, and beat him whenever he remonstrated with her on her altered conduct. In conclusion, he expressed his thankfulness that he had been rescued from her tyranny, and implored the magistrate to protect him from her in future.

The magistrate said he could easily afford protection to his person, but he wished to protect his property also. The solicitor here informed his Worship that he had no property to protect inasmuch as he had given her a bill of sale of all he possessed, in consideration of 100l. she had lent him at different times.

This wretched old foreigner denied. He declared that she never lent him but 13l. and that she forced upon him; that he knew nothing of the bill of sale, and that she had taken the lease of his house away and hid it.

A long desultory altercation ensued, and eventually this disinterested lady, (who called herself Mrs. Mary Law) was ordered to find bail for a violent assault upon the object of her love; and not being prepared with any, she was delivered over to the custody of the jailor.

The old man was carried out of the office again on the back of his countryman, and taken back to the house in a hackney coach; and the Magistrate directed that an officer should remain with him till something further was done in his affairs.

Abduction; or the loves of Solomon and Desdemona.

At the close of the business, an elderly man, brown as a fresh roasted coffee berry, a poll that bespoke him of the race of wandering gypsies, and "the darkness of whose oriental eye accorded with *gypsy* origin," advanced towards the table, bowing at every step, and said, "May it please your Vorship's honour—I am Mister Lovell, your Vorship, (another bow,) knife-grinder and chair bottomer, your Vorship."—And having so said, he smiled and bowed again; and then, shading the lower part of his brown shining visage with his rusty hat, he stood smiling and bowing, and bowing and smiling, but whatever else he had to say—'stuck in his throat.'

At length, seemingly to his great relief, the Magistrate asked him what he wanted.

"Your Vorship, I am Mister Lovell the knife-grinder, your Vorship, and I want you to give me a little bit of assistance to get me back my wife *vat I vere* lawfully married to last Monday *vere a week* at *Soreditch Church*—That's *vat I want*, your Vorship."

Magistrate.—Yours is a very unusual application indeed, friend. I am frequently requested to part man and wife, but I do not recollect that I was ever once asked to bring them together.

Mr. Lovell.—Well, your Vorship, but mine's a werry hard case—a werry hard case indeed. Here's the certificate, your Vorship.

The Magistrate told Mr. Lovell he wanted no voucher in proof of what he said. He opened the certificate, however, and found it fairly set forth therein, that on a certain day specified "Solomon Lovell, bachelor, and Desdemona Cocks, spinster," were duly married by banns, in *Shoreditch Church*.

"And pray what is become of the gentle Desdemona?" asked his Vorship as he returned the certificate to Mr. Lovell, who instantly crammed it back again into the sow-skin purse from which he had taken it; and then having deposited it safely in the very

bottom of his left hand breast pocket, he proceeded to lay open his entire grievance. It was a lengthy and rather unconnected narrative, but we gathered from it that Mr. Solomon Lovell, absolutely loved the gentle Desdemona, and but for that "he would his *unhoused* free condition have put into circumspection and confine—not on no account whatever."—But her friends, who were in the *costermongering* line, thought the match too *low* for her; and that they had not been united more than three happy days when they cruelly contrived to "*uniggle* her away" from his arms, and shut her up in a garret in Charles street, Drury lane, where they still continued to detain her in spite of her unceasing tears, and his most earnest remonstrances.

"What age is the lady?" asked the Magistrate.

"Your Vorship she'll be *forty-three*, come a fortnight a'ter next *Bart'emy* fair."

"Then she is no *chicken*!—and she certainly could come to you if she was inclined to do so?"

"No, your Vorship; she's no *chicken*—but she's desperate tender. And they'd kill and murder her, if she wasn't to keep herself quiet?"

"Is she very disconsolate under her bereavement?"

"*Awnt*—Your Vorship?"

"Does she grieve much?"

"Oh desperately!—as your Vorship may naturally suppose when ve'd only come together three days."

"Is she very handsome?"

This was a question which seemed rather to bother the *lovelorn* Solomon. He simpered and sighed and looked down and looked up and nibbled the edge of his hat; and when the question had been repeated the third time, he replied—"I don't know exactly, your Vorship—she's reckoned so; and I reckon—I reckon I wouldn't a married her if I did'n think so, your Vorship!"

After some further question and reply, in which he earnestly entreated that an officer might be sent with him to enforce his claim and get the gentle Desdemona out of the garret by force of arms, the Magistrate told him he could do nothing for him; whereupon he gathered up his features into a frown put the lid upon his knowledge box, and stalked out of the office, exclaiming—"Then, by goles, I'll go to *Marlborough* street, for I vont be diddled out of my wife in this ere manner, howsoever."

[From Bracebridge Hall.]

A VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

"I'm a rogue if I do not think I was designed for the helm of state; I am so full of nimble stratagems that I should have ordered affairs and carried it against the stream of a faction with as much ease as a skipper would laver against the wind.—*The Goblins*."

In one of my visits to the village with Master Simon, he proposed that we should stop at the inn, which he wanted to show me, as a specimen of a real country inn, the head quarters of village gossip. I had remarked it before, in my perambulations about the place. It has a deep old fashioned porch; leading into a large hall, which serves for a tap room and traveller's room, having a wide fire place, with high-backed settees on each side; where the wise men of the village gossip over their ale, and hold their sessions during the long winter evenings. The landlord is an easy indolent fellow, shaped a little like one of his own beer barrels, who is apt to stand gossiping at his door, with his wig on one side, and his hands in his pockets, whilst his wife and daughter attended to customers. His wife, however, is fully competent to manage the establishment; and indeed, from long habitude, rules over all the frequenters of the tap room as completely as if they were her dependents, instead of her patrons.—Not a veteran ale bibber but pays homage to her, having no doubt been often in her arrears. I have already hinted that she is on very good terms with *Ready Money Jack*. He was a sweetheart of her's in early life, and has always countenanced the tavern on her account. Indeed, he is quite the "cock of the walk" at the tap room.

As we approached the inn, we heard some one talk with great volubility, and distinguished the ominous words, "taxes," "poor's rates," and "agricultural distress." It proved to be a vain inquisitive fellow, who had