

# The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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## THE BRIDAL ROBE.

"Pretty goings on, indeed," cried Mrs. Bruggemann, addressing her daughter; "I'll warrant me old Hans Kettler's coffers will soon be emptied by that reprobate prodigal son of his!—There's to be a grand feast of the tip-top-burgesses, forsooth, and the serving men have all got new liveries, that would be fit for the retinue of the Duke of Burgundy himself. They are rolling in the hampers and barrels of wine, as if it was so much water; nothing but the best vintage will go down it seems, with this dainty gentleman. The viands are all of the finest, and most costly description, and there have been two extra cooks hired to dress the dinner—while here you I, who little thought, when I married Mr. Bruggemann, the senior partner in the firm, of coming to distress, obliged to fry hard all day long for a little more than a dry crust, and to see you working your fingers to the bone to keep life and soul together. I have no patience when I look at that ungrateful Maurice Kettler, and think of all that my husband did for his family, raising them out of the dirt as one may say."

"Nay, but dear mother," returned Lena, "Maurice is in all probability ignorant of the benefit which his father received from mine, and you know that it was not the elder Kettler's fault that the partnership was dissolved. We must strive to forget the errors of one so deservedly dead to us; yet, justice compels me to remind you, that my poor father's tenacious adherence to a ruinous system, was the sole cause of our misfortunes: had he taken Kettler's advice, our circumstances would have been as flourishing as those of his son."

Lena's mild remonstrance was lost upon her mother. She continued to gaze from the narrow window of the mean apartment which she occupied over an out-house, looking upon Maurice Kettler's new mansion and gardens in the suburb of the city, to comment upon the luxury, profuseness and extravagance of their neighbor, and lament over her own fallen fortunes. The theme was particularly distressing to Lena: she felt the hardships of her lot very severely, but, resigned to the will of heaven, and depending upon a gracious Providence, she earnestly endeavored to banish discontent from her mind.—Bending over the embroidery frame, to which she devoted herself with indefatigable industry, she strove to fix all her attention upon the flowers which sprang up beneath her creative fingers. This state of quietude, however, was not permitted; Mrs. Bruggemann's continual exclamations disturbed her meditative thoughts. Not a fowl, or a ham, or a quarter of venison could pass through Kettler's gate without exciting admiration. "Oh!" cried the old lady, vexed at Lena's unruddied composure, "if people were honorable and kept their contracts, you would have been the mistress of all this magnificence; but there is no chance of that now; your fine gentleman must needs match himself with nobility, and his marriage with Miss Conegonde, Baron Hodeburg's daughter, is all the talk, go where one will."

Poor Lena suppressed the sigh which swelled her gentle breast at this speech. She remembered the time when Maurice Kettler delighted to call her his little wife; indeed, so strongly was the solemnity of the engagement, entered into in more prosperous times between the two families, being impressed upon her young mind, that it was with difficulty she could fancy the possibility of its being dissolved. She tried to exonerate Maurice from all blame; he probably had not heard the subject mentioned so often; and, sent away very young to attend to his father's mercantile concerns at Antwerp, he might have forgotten those idle words which she had cherished in her heart of hearts. It was during the absence of Maurice in Holland that old Bruggemann withdrew from the firm, and, pursuing some very hazardous speculations, lost all his property, and died of a broken heart. In the interim Hans Kettler amassed great wealth which he bequeathed to his only son, who returned from Antwerp, after a residence of eight years, to take possession of his inheritance.—Lena heard of the expected arrival of her beloved playmate with delight: he had been the partner of all her infant sports, her tutor, and her guide; she loved him with undivided affection, but his place had never been supplied by any new connexion, either male or female: as Mrs. Bruggemann maintained a decent pride in her daughter, and though abandoned by her old acquaintance, refused to associate with the mean people who composed the circle around her.—Upon the decease of her husband, the distressed widow retired with her daughter to a cheap lodging in the out-skirts of the city, where, by spinning and embroidery, they earned a scanty subsistence. The tenement which afforded them shelter was built, as before described, against the wall of a spacious garden; and when they first took possession, the demesne having been long uninhabited, was exceedingly quiet and secluded. Lena liked the spot: after she had finished her day's work, when she found leisure to inhale the fresh air from her window, the whole place in its solitude seemed to belong to her; and she less regretted the loss of her own flowers, since she could gaze upon the luxuriant though untrammelled blossoms of the parterres below.

Both mother and daughter, from the first moment of their misfortune, cherished a secret hope that Maurice Kettler would fulfil his early engagement and restore them to their former situation in life. Mrs. Bruggemann had, however, the prudence to make some attempts to conceal this expectation; and Lena was too modest to confess how fully she relied on the promises made by a boy of fourteen to a girl of ten years old. When sustaining a bitter disappointment in the neglect of the young merchant, who returned to his native place without making any inquiry concerning his old friends, she still remained silent, and would gladly have avoided the subject altogether. But she was not suffered to grieve over her blighted hopes in secret: the vexation of her injudicious parent was un-governable; she scolded and tretted herself into a fever; and the agitation of her spirits, when beginning to subside, was revived again by an unfortunate circumstance. Maurice Kettler, unaware of the place of Mrs. Bruggemann's retreat had become the purchaser of the adjoining house and land. Lena now felt much difficulty in tranquilizing the emotions which disturbed her bosom's peace. She could not approach the lattice without catching a glimpse of Maurice. Tall, graceful, and finely proportioned, he still retained the beautiful lineaments which she so well remembered. His thoughtless good humor, and unbounded liberality, were likewise unaltered; and he seemed changed only in his forgetfulness of her. She was also much distressed by the incessant complaints of her mother. Seldom lifting her thoughts above this world, Mrs. Bruggemann never ceased to bewail the change in her circumstances; and, totally unconscious of her own unworthiness, presumed to charge heaven with injustice in permitting the visitations of so many heavy afflictions. Lena's pious feelings were continually shocked by the utterance of the revolting sentiments of an unregenerate mind, and she vainly tried to inculcate the holy precepts of the gospel, and to bring her nearest and dearest relative to a sense of the divine goodness. Sometimes, in order to soothe her mother's irritability, she would throw up her fine eyes to heaven, pronounce her conviction that better days would ensue; and though she in common with all true Christians, looked only to a future state for the enjoyment of pure felicity, yet depending upon an omnipotent power, she did not despair of attaining happiness on earth.

In addition to her other disquietudes, poor Lena's ideas of propriety were cruelly outraged by the vulgar pleasure which Mrs. Bruggemann derived in watching and commenting upon every thing that passed at her neighbor's; but, too dutiful to reprove the mere follies and mistakes of a parent, she endured the annoyance in silence, striving to subdue her vexation at the incorrigible disposition which excluded all hope of domestic peace.

The wassal and banqueting at the great house were without end; every night a brilliant illumination shone from the windows, and the sound of revelry and merriment penetrated Lena's distant apartment. Often, too, when the bright moon tipped the trees with silver, a joyous party feasted in the stately garden. Lovers might be seen strolling through the alleys which ran along, chequered only by the rays which came dancing through the waving branches of flowering shrubs; and Maurice Kettler, the life and soul of the entertainment, doing the honors of all his guests, while he lavished the most flattering attentions upon one. Lena, tired of contentment, sometimes suffered herself to be dragged to the window on these occasions; and she struggled hard with her feelings when surveying the haughty airs and disdainful manners of the beautiful Conegonde. Might she not feel glad to see how small a chance of happiness there was for Maurice in his ambitious choice? No, no: she was too gentle, too kind, too forgiving, to indulge a sentiment so inimical to her angelic disposition; and she grieved at the indications of an imperious temper which the intended bride continually displayed. Mrs. Bruggemann, vexed that she could find very few faults in the personal appearance of the lady, and somewhat awed by her proud looks and scornful gestures, openly rejoiced at the prospect of wedded infelicity which awaited the merchant. The grasping dame's attention was, however, soon called off from the affairs of others by the pressure of poverty at home. She could not find any sale for her yarn; and there was far less demand than heretofore for her daughter's embroidery. Lena bore the privations which their lessened profits entailed upon them with their usual patient sweetness. She toiled from morning to night, devising new patterns, which she trusted would please the eyes of the rich maidens of the city, and bring fresh customers for her needlework; but the trade grew duller and duller, and she absolutely stared her in the face. "What will become of all your fine predictions now, Lena?" cried Mrs. Bruggemann. "We are likely to starve, I think, before this mighty good fortune, which is to come from nobody knows where, arrives. Ah, you may talk as you will, but it is all destiny; some folks are born to be lucky, while others, far more deserving are doomed to eat the bread of bitterness all the days of their lives. If there was any thing except a blind chance in the affairs of this world, how comes it that Maurice Kettler rolls in money, while you want common necessities?"

Lena's confidence in heaven was not slackened by these and similar speeches; she prayed more fervently than ever, and replied with mildness, yet with firmness, to the coarse sarcasms levelled at her religious faith. A new trial soon called for all her fortitude. Her mother in rummaging an old chest, found a memorandum in the hand writing of her deceased husband stating the loan of twenty-six dollars to Hans Kettler. The date was subsequent to the dissolution of partnership, and she knew that if it had been repaid, Bruggemann, who was professionally exact in his accounts, would have carefully acknowledged the receipt in some document. Delighted with the chance of recovering a sum which would place her in comparative ease, the old woman determined to present the paper to Maurice Kettler, and trust to his honor to liquidate the debt. This resolution was very gratifying to Lena; she shrank from the idea of being under an obligation to a man who had so decidedly neglected her, and could not endure the thought of making her poverty an excuse for advancing a claim which the law probably would not allow. The most abject desperation would have seemed less revolting to her

than such a mode of relief; but she felt that she had no right to make her mother participate in the endurance of evils, which might be avoided by the sacrifice of feelings, perchance too lofty for her station; and, finding a faint opposition unavailable, she gave up the point.

Mrs. Bruggemann, pleased that her errand would afford her an excuse for the gratification of her curiosity, in the survey of the interior of her rich neighbor's house, bustled away, though not without a grumbling prophecy that she should get her labor for her pains. Only Maurice could behave ungenerously, she almost wished that he would refuse to listen to the application. Her mother was absent a tedious time, but she came home at last in high good humor. "Well, Lena," said she placing a well filled purse upon the table, "safer all, the young man is better disposed towards us than we imagined. What a house he has got! what tapestry hangings! You shall not see finer in all Arras. And then the gold and silver plate, and the china, you would bless your stars to reckon up the costly things that he has collected together. However, as I was saying, he received me as if I were with open arms; though, what with time, and fretting, and poor living, and the alteration in my dress, he did not recollect me until I mentioned my name. 'Tis no wonder; for instead of this mean program stuff, I used to wear rich tulle silks at three crowns the ell, the finest of cambricks, and a long scarlet cascade of English wool inland with a lace of gold and finger's depth. But where did I leave off?—Oh, Maurice was quite aghast when he heard of our distress, for somebody had told him that we lived with a rich relation at Namur, and were well to do in the world. I could not dissuade him from opening a bottle of wine solely and expressly for me! none of the common sort, but real Hungarian, such as I never tasted even in Mr. Bruggemann's time; and he inquired for you, Lena, and asked if you were married.—No, no, says I, these are not the days for poor maidens to get husbands; she might, to be sure, have been the spouse of a thriving tanner, but she could not stoop so low, so she is single, and likely to be, far people in her own rank in life look higher." "Oh, mother," cried Lena, "Well, well, child!" returned Mrs. Bruggemann "there was no harm done. I thought he blushed, as well he might; but he is like to prove a good friend to us, and I see no use in refusing the cash which fortune may throw in our way, out of a silly pride. We may have done with pride, I think, when we have scarcely bread to eat. I suppose not less than six families are fed with the broken meat from Kettler's table; but he was too polite, remembering what we had been, to offer me any thing like an alms, and so he asked me to accept a pig & some poultry, and stuff from his garden and stables to fatten them with which will be exceedingly helpful you know to keep the wolf from the door. Let me see, the eggs will fetch a pretty good price, and neighbor Schitter will give me the full value of the pig, at Christmas. But bless me! I had like to have forgot—Maurice says he is to be married very shortly, and that he will ask Miss Hodeburg to employ you in the embroidery of her usual robes."

This was the climax. Poor Lena with difficulty restrained her tears: every word that her mother had spoken was a dagger in her heart; but she carefully concealed her distress; she could not bear that her weakness should be known even to a parent, and trembled lest an accident should reveal the tender, the impassioned feelings which, in despite of the hopelessness of her attachment, she cherished for Maurice Kettler. She had loved him from her earliest childhood, and now that she had continual opportunities of observing him unseem, the apparent excellence of his disposition, his fine person and frank demeanor, increased the prepossession in his favor, and rendered him the sole object of all her earthly wishes.

The pig and the fowls were duly delivered, together with sundry other presents, and Maurice sent word that he would call the next morning and see his old playfellow, and bring Miss Hodeburg with him, to choose the adornments of her nuptial attire. Lena arose early, and put her apartment in trim order with a heavy heart. Almost unconsciously she took more than ordinary pains with her own attire, which, always neat and simple, was very becoming her fair face and slender form. She bound her bright tresses with knots of blue riband, and laced her bodice with the same. At the appointed hour, the haughty Conegonde came sweeping in, attended by her lover. Lena, though extremely agitated, could not help observing the look of admiration and surprise which Maurice cast upon her. It did not escape the quick eyes of his affianced bride, and she showed her displeasure by an instantaneous alteration in her temper; the smiles disappeared from her scornful lips, she scanned the mean dwelling with a haughty glance, found fault with the poor girl's most exquisitely wrought embroidery, and gave her a strict charge to take more pains with the workmanship of the robe, which, after changing her mind a thousand times, she at last selected; and then, as if glad the irksome duty of patronizing the unfortunate was at an end, flounced out of the room. Maurice lingered behind to say a kind word, but Conegonde called to him to open the lower door, and he took a hasty leave. Thus ended the dreaded interview; and Lena, having despatched her mother to purchase the materials for the bridal garment, wept long and bitterly; even when seated at her wearisome occupation, she could scarcely repress the starting tears, or prevent the drops which would fall, in despite of all her efforts, from soiling the delicate web, and tarnishing the rich foliage of silver which she spread over its glossy surface. She devoted herself day and night to the task in her anxiety to finish it by the appointed time, and therefore knew nothing of what was passing at Maurice Kettler's house, excepting through the medium of her mother, whose whole amusement consisted in watching the premises, and calculating the expenses of the various articles which were continually brought by porters to the gate.

Lena learned with grief from Mrs. Bruggemann's report, that constantly surrounded by dissipated companions, Maurice pursued his thoughtless career, wasting his time and his money in riotous living. Conegonde seemed to exist only in a crowd, and there was little chance for marriage would effect a reformation in his household. Suddenly the sorrowing girl's attention was aroused by the intelligence of a striking

alteration which had taken place in the neighboring edifice. Deserted by its late jovial guests, half the windows closely shut up, the porch swept, and the garden neglected, it looked quite forlorn. The servants, instead of bustling about in their flaming liveries, now seldom showed themselves, or appeared in dishabille, and answered the sulky creditors, who supplied the place of gayer company, with a crest fallen and dejected air. Losses by land and by sea poured in upon Maurice Kettler: he had wasted his capital in luxurious feasting, and, after a fruitless effort to retrieve his affairs, he was proclaimed bankrupt.

"Well! to see the changes and chances of this world," said Mrs. Bruggemann, as, fatigued by walking to the farthest part of the city, she returned the identical parcel containing the bridal robe, which Lena had packed up with infinite care, into her daughter's hands. "I have been all the way up to the Baron's," continued the loquacious matron, "and met with a smart rebuff from Madam Conegonde. It is all off, it seems, between her and Maurice; and she has refused to take the mantle and Kyrle, which you have almost lost your eyesight in making worthy of a queen. Nor will she pay for the materials, or allow you the slightest compensation for your labor. I think she must have a spite towards you, Lena; for by what I could see, she need not despair of requiring a wedding robe. There was one of the Emperor's knights in the chamber, and they jested finely together about the downfall of upstart Burglers. It is plain that she never cared a single doit, for Maurice, and now he has lost his wealth, he may starve in a prison without giving her the slightest concern."

There seemed too great a reason to apprehend that this would be the thoughtless merchant's fate. His property, diminished by unforeseen disasters, was insufficient to meet half his engagements; the extravagance of his conduct had left him few friends; and the whole city was filled with the clamorous outcry of malignant tongues. Lena wept for the misfortunes of her early friend, and felt an anxious wish to console him in his afflictions; but he kept aloof from the widow's apartments, ashamed perhaps to visit in adversity those whom he had neglected in more felicitous circumstances; for Conegonde's jealousy would not permit him to renew his intimacy with his lovely playmate.

The mansion, late one blaze of light, now frowned darkly upon the surrounding scene, when evening drew its shadows over the sky. One solitary taper shed a faint ray from the chamber of Maurice Kettler, and shewed the anxious haggard countenance which bent over a heap of papers; the servants were all discharged, and the house, dismantled, only afforded a shelter from the weather to a man accustomed to recline upon silken carpets, and to be caressed by the manufacture of the most celebrated looms of the Netherlands. He still however, remained upon sufferance in the mansion which had been the scene of his revels, there being some difficulty in procuring a purchaser. In the interim things were not going on very prosperously with Lena. Mrs. Bruggemann had suffered herself to be persuaded to lend out the six dollars which Maurice had held her upon interest, to a smooth-tongued neighbor, who was a discreditor and made off with the money; the fowls and the pig were now to be led at their own expense; and, disappointed of obtaining a customer for the bridal robe, Lena, received no compensation, for the cost of the splendid materials, or for the loss of her time in the workmanship. While sitting one morning in a pensive mood at her needle, she was surprised by the visit of an elderly stranger, a way-faring looking man, apparently just returned from the East, who introduced himself as Casper Kettler, the uncle of Maurice, and a person whom she recollected having heard her father say had applied to him, when refused by his sordid kinsman, for money to make a voyage to India. The old man had returned laden with wealth; and hearing an exaggerated account of his nephew's misdoings, he repaired to the mean dwelling of the Bruggemanns, where, doubly enraged to find the widow and the daughter of his benefactor in so friendless and destitute a situation, he vowed that he would make Lena his heir, and leave the ungrateful spendthrift to the consequences of his own extravagant folly. Mrs. Bruggemann was fortunately from home, and could not interfere to check the work of mercy. Maurice found an eloquent advocate in the gentle Lena: she palliated the fault, which she could not deny; justified him from every false accusation; excused his neglect of herself, by pleading his ignorance of her forlorn condition, until the state of his own affairs demanded his whole attention; and finally so wrought upon the feelings of her admiring guest, that he promised to forget all past grievances, and to assist his nephew to emerge from his present difficulties. The old man was somewhat of a humorist; he returned to the inn where he had taken up his abode without making his arrival and intentions known to Maurice, telling Lena that she should be the channel of this agreeable intelligence to the man who would owe all his unmerited good fortune to her generous exertions.

Maurice Kettler, she knew, was not within; and never did the gentle girl watch more anxiously for his appearance; he came at last, but his step was hurried, and every feature convulsed with agony. Almost afraid to approach him in this dismal mood, she stole softly into the garden, whither she had never ventured before, and saw him pour the contents of a paper which he drew from his breast into a goblet, and then rush towards a fountain which threw its limpid waters in bright columns into a basin below. Apprehensive that he meditated self-destruction, she ran swiftly along the turf, and catching his arm just as he had raised the deadly draught to his lips, dashed the poisoned chalice on the ground; then like a guardian angel, bent over him, pointed out the fearful nature of the crime he meditated, and having tranquilized his mind with religious consolation told the joyful news of his amended prospects. Kneeling together on the grass, the maiden and the repentant prodigal returned their fervent thanks to heaven for the mercies they had received.

The rumor of old Kettler's riches, and his kind intentions towards his nephew, turned the tide in favor of Maurice: the most inexorable creditor now offered to give him time for the settlement of his affairs, and he was soon able to hold up his head amongst his fellow merchants.

Lena, endowed with a rich portion, bestowed her hand upon her early love, and appeared at church all radiant in the bridal robe, which had cost her so many tears.

From Hill's N. H. Patriot.

## LET THE ODDIOUS DISTRIBUTION LAW BE NULLIFIED OR REPEALED!

Among the vile measures imposed upon the people at the late extra session of Congress, that which has been, and will continue to be most strongly repudiated and condemned by the people is the *Distribution Act*—an act intended to corrupt the people with their own money.—What champion of federalism in New Hampshire dare advance and contend before the people that this is a wise and salutary act? Suppose it should present the State annually the sum of fifty or sixty thousand dollars? Where does it go then?—Will the Legislature vote to receive it and pay the State's expenses? There are few representatives who would vote to receive it who would have the moral courage to do this: the money received will be distributed to the towns—each representative will take it home with him; and each town of the State, catching the spirit of Portsmouth and other towns which distributed their money to every man, woman and child, will pay it over by the head, to all the inhabitants, rich and poor. By the time it arrives at its destination, it will afford little or no relief. It will be what the surplus fund distribution was in most of the towns, a subject of contention and wrangling.

But another most odious feature of the distribution law is, the necessity it has created for additional taxes on the necessities of life.—The same body that passed the law of distribution passed a law to tax our sugar and salt and other articles the full amount of one fifth of the price to supply the deficiency. The extra session of Congress was called to bring back taxation to the point where it stood under the tariff law of 1828; the whig rule brought back the taxation as near that point as they could go.—More than a hundred millions had been saved in the pockets of the people by the exertions of the democrats in Congress since 1829 in the actual reduction of taxation on the necessities of life: the prices of tea, coffee, salt and sugar—the prices of many articles of wearing apparel HAD BEEN REDUCED FROM ONE THIRD TO ONE HALF. It was the first object of whig rule to raise the duties on all these articles, to drain the pockets of the farmer and laborer by the imposition of new taxes; and to make the new taxes indispensable they pass a law to throw away on the States, where the money will be caught up by speculators, the avails of the public lands which, with prudent management, might go far towards defraying the expenses of the general government.

Seeing the universal odium and disgust with which this vile distribution law is received as well every where evinced in our elections, we are not without strong hopes that the very Congress which passed the law will at its next session effectually nullify it. At all events the law can never go into effect if the democratic States shall so will it. Let the Legislatures of the States must pay back with the accumulated expense of collection. Let the Legislatures instruct their Senators and Representatives to relieve the people from the unjust taxation which the extra session imposed upon them—to take off the odious excise upon sugar and salt; and at once repeal the distribution law.

Can the friends of the State rights stand quietly by and suffer the Distribution act to go into effect? Will they willingly consent that the States who boast of Independence shall become mere serfs and tributaries of Congress, with the glorious privilege of paying back in oppressive taxation a larger sum than the amount of money which buys and corrupts them? Every principle of right and justice impels the friends of our free institutions to rally for resistance to the gross corruptions which have commenced the whig administration. The people are speaking in a voice of thunder—the hand writing is upon the wall, which will consign the whig party to infamy: let the democratic Legislatures of the States which are successively taking the place of whig legislatures, do their duty the present winter; and the mischief makers of Congress will be driven to their dens, leaving a healthy majority for the purpose of just legislation even in the present Congress.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

## GREAT BRITAIN AS SHE IS.

This mother of nations claims to have been in existence more than a thousand years. Her vast dominions cover nearly three million square miles. She possesses portions of each continent and a multitude of islands of the ocean. The number of her subjects is over two hundred millions. Almost one third of the inhabitants of all the earth bow to her sway, and are controlled by her policy. The greatness of her wealth is impossible to compute. Twenty-three thousand ships enter her ports during the year, which are laden with four and a half millions of wealth from distant climes. Twenty thousand carry forth, during the same time, three and a half million tons of her stores. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand vessels enter and clear from her ports during the year, which are engaged in her coasting trade. The stores of wealth hoarded in her bosom are not known; neither have we an estimate of the bounties of her soil. Her noblest and learned men are among the greatest men of the earth. In a time of usual peace she commissions for her Navy nearly three hundred vessels, which could form a battery of four thousand six hundred and ninety-six guns. At the same time she employs an army of ninety-nine regiments of foot soldiers twenty-four of dragoons, besides fourteen other different regiments.

## POLITENESS AND HOSPITALITY.

I see friendship, love, common sense and common honesty sacrificed every hour to what is called politeness. I see women every day—out of respect, as they say, to their husbands—tricked out with better dress, with better looks, and with better humor to receive strangers than to receive a husband—the rogues persuading the good, easy fool, when they give other men a cleaner table cloth and a better dinner, that they do it out of respect to him!

Abominable! They treat the lord of their af-

fections, the partner of their bed, the father of their children, worse than any other man—they do indeed—there's no denying it.

'Tis all a wicked, profligate, cold hearted lie, and they know it. They call it hospitality!—Worse and worse! Hospitality is simple and sincere. No, they want to please a stranger! to deceive him even for an hour—to appear better off in the world, richer and more comfortable than they really are. They are secretly tired of home—of that plain, quiet, comfortable, beautiful decency which makes home so dear to man.

Such women are sure to be stult and hypocrites, just in proportion to the difference they make between their household and the world—the stranger and their husband. They go all-shod about the house, their caps on one side, their hair flying loose, and themselves fitter for a horse than a marriage bed or a dinner table, until in mercy to their husbands, some strange-er knocks at the door.

"Oh, but if you ask a man to dine with you, you must give him something better than pork and beans."

"Not if I eat pork and beans myself!"

"But he'll be offended!"

"Let him. He's a fool if he expects to be treated at my own house, by my own wife, better than myself!"—Southern Lit. Messenger.

From the United States Gazette.

I was upwards of twenty years much afflicted with the rheumatism, particularly in the winter season. At nights the pain was so great as to deprive me of the necessary rest. Nearly all my joints were affected. I tried every remedy I could hear of, but found no relief. A few years since, a Jerseyman gave me the annexed receipt. I have used it every winter since, say two or three times only, and have not lost, since I first used it, an hour's rest from rheumatism. I have given it to hundreds, and as far as heard from it has relieved them all.

RECIPE.—One gill of Gypsum seed, (now ripening, can be found in great plenty around the city) put in a pint bottle filled with the shavings of a rich turpentine yellow pine board or knot, then fill up with strong alcohol.

In three days, the turpentine, and the virtue from the Gypsum seed will be extracted by the alcohol, turning the liquid of a greenish color. It is then fit for use. Bathe the part affected with this preparation a few times, and it will take away all pain.

I consider it so effectual a remedy, having received so much benefit from its use, that I consider it a duty to make it public.

A SUBSCRIBER.

From the Medicinalist.

(CORRESPONDENCE.)

To his Excellency, JOHN TYLER, President of the U. S.

Sir: Your friends and old constituents in New Kent, beg to avail themselves of your visit to their county, to tender to you a public dinner, to be given at New Kent Court-house, on any day that it may be your pleasure to name, as a manifestation of their long-cherished love and respect for you, both as a man and politician; have been greatly unkindly pardoned for saying, purpose and devotion to the same of which have recently exhibited under circumstances of a greatly embarrassing nature.

We hope, sir, that it may suit your convenience, and be entirely compatible with your views of propriety, to accept an invitation, and we flatter ourselves that we can give you a reception at a festive board in old New Kent, that will in some measure, we trust, compensate you for the invidious you have received at the hands of another portion of your old constituents.

With wishes for your long continued health and happiness, we subscribe ourselves, truly, your personal and political friends,

ED. G. CRUMP,  
GEORGE WILLIAMSON,  
JOHN G. CRUMP,  
W. R. C. DOUGLASS,  
CHESLEY JONES,  
Committee.

Cedar Hill, New Kent Co.,  
November 8, 1841.

Gentlemen—Few things would afford me more pleasure than to meet my friends and old constituents of this county at the festive board, in pursuance of your polite invitation; but the necessity which exists for my speedy return to the seat of Government, places it out of my power to do so. I can, however, do no less than return to you, and those you represent, my grateful thanks for the kind sentiments of regard and confidence, which you have been pleased to express towards me. Shall I not be justified by the people of this ancient county, in the declaration that, when as long ago as twenty-five years, they did me the honor to confer their almost unanimous suffrages upon me, as their representative in Congress, the political principles which I then avowed, have been the same, which, since my accession to the Presidency, I have dared to vindicate and maintain, at the expense of the bitterest denunciations which have heretofore assailed a public functionary?

The same opinions as to the power of Congress to charter a National Bank, which I then avowed in the presence of your fathers, and of many who still survive among you, and which, as your representative, I strenuously urged in 1819, are still maintained with abiding and undiminished conviction. I was then sustained by the people of this district, with almost entire unanimity, and I therefore take leave to say, that if any of them are converts to new opinions, they might, at least, have granted to me, as the Chief Magistrate, bound by oath to support the Constitution, the benefit of the new lights of reason which have been shed upon them, before they united with others, in a spirit of unqualified denunciation. What would they have me do? Would they have me sacrifice the consistency of my past life, for party ends? Or, what is of far more importance, both morally and politically, would they require of the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, to surrender all claim to their respect, by violating his oath of office, in order to gratify the Moloch of party? If they would have so great a sacrifice, then I am proud to say, they will not receive it at my hands. I censure no man for his opinion on this or any other subject—but while I award to him the right to think for himself, should he