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Gen Tilghman

THE STAR.

An Independent Democratic Newspaper,
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
Thomas K. Robson,
EASTON, MD.

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS per annum *in advance*, or within three months of the time of subscribing—if not paid before the expiration of that time, $2.50 will be charged.

☞No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

THE STAR has a larger circulation than any other paper on the Eastern Shore—is more generally read by all classes of persons—and is, therefore, the most advantageous Journal for the publication of Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:

one column,	one year	$25.00
one "	six months	20.00
one "	three months	15.00
half "	one year	20 00
half "	six months	15 00
half "	three months	10.00
one Square	one year	5.00
one Square (12 lines or less)	3 insertions	1.00
one "	for every additional insertion	25

☞Advertisements sent to the office *not marked* the number of times to be inserted will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The *Courts* have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

☞Subscribers will understand that their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they paid, unless otherwise ordered.

☞Subscribers residing out of Talbot county will be expected *invariably* to pay their subscription IN ADVANCE. This is necessary, owing to the trouble and expense attendant on collecting small bills at a distance.

All communications addressed to the editor must be *post paid*.

AGENTS OF THE STAR.—The following agents are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the tar at the same rates as are required at this office.

James Harrison, Jr. St. Michaels.
Wm. H. Peake, Sun Buildings, Baltimore.
C. Pierce, Philadelphia.
V. B. Palmer, Boston & New York.
STAR OFFICE, Easton, Md.

INSURANCE

AGAINST FIRE.

THE Mutual Insurance Company of Talbot county are now effecting insurance against loss by fire upon every description of property at low rates, and on terms highly advantageous to the parties insured. Policies will be issued upon property in any county of the Eastern Shore.

The company is composed exclusively of those who insure their property in it, and is intended to have the same effect as if an agreement had been entered into by the same individuals, that whenever any one of them may lose his house by fire, the others shall unite in raising such a portion of the sum required to rebuild it as they have previously agreed to pay.

Applications for insurance, or for information in relation thereto, will be punctually attended to if addressed to the Secretary, post paid.

The folowing gentlemen compose the present Board.

CHARLES ROBINSON, *President.*
Directors.

Thos. R. Hollyday,	Wm. W. Lowe,
Saml. Mackey,	Wm. J. Trippe.
M. O. Colston,	Benj. M. Bowdle,
Thos. Auld,	Julius A. Johnson,
Dr. Saml T. Kemp,	James H. Grace.
Sam'l B. Hopkins,	

AGENTS.

Peter Stevens,	Nicholas Rice.
Wm. W. Lowe,	Thos. C. Nicols.

WM. B. CLARK, *Sec'y.*
Easton, June 20, 1854—tf

CASH SYSTEM!!

NEW BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY

Thomas J. Gale,

INFORMS the citizens of Easton and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT and SHOE Shop, at the stand lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Luttman, where he will be at all times prepared to make Gentlemens' fine and coarse Boots & Shoes at the shortest notice, and with punctuality, for *CASH* or country produce only. His stock of materials have been selected with great care, at the lowest cash prices, which will enable him to sell the best quality of work at the lowest price. Mending done in the best manner. The public are invited to give him a call. [Easton, july 4, '54—6m

A CARD.

THE subscriber having located himself at St, Michaels with the view of prosecuting the business of general collector of bills and accounts, respectfully informs the public that all business entrusted to him will be attended to with the utmost promptness.—His charges for commissions will be moderate, and he solicits a share of public patronage.

For his dispatch in doing business, and his punctuality in settling with patrons, he respectfully begs leave to give the following

REFERENCES.

James L. Martin,	Mansfield & Harrison,
Samuel Hambleton,	Morris O Colston,
William B. Clark,	William W. Lowe,
Charles Robinson.	James M. Seth.

JAMES HARRISON, Jr.
St. Michaels, June 20th, 1854—1y

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Robson & Rowlenson, on account of subscription to the Star, Advertising and Job Work, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber, who alone is authorized to settle the business of the firm.

T. K. ROBSON.

May 23, 1854

Easton Star.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Foreign & Domestic News—Politics—Literature—Agriculture—Advertising, &c

[Vol. 13—No. 73. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPT'R. 26, 1854. [WHOLE No. 707.

Summer Routes of the Eastern
SHORE STEAMBOAT CO'S BOATS.

HUGH JENKINS, CAPT. TILGHMAN
CHAMPION, CAPT. KIRWIN.

One of these Steamers will leave the Company's wharf, Light st., foot of Conway, every *MORNING* at 7 o'clock.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, for Kent Island, Corsica and Chestertown, returning same day.

Monday and Thursday mornings, for Annapolis, St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, returning the same day.

Champion, every Tuesday morning, for Annapolis and West River—returning same day.

Hugh Jenkins, every Tuesday morning, for Cambridge, Oxford and Easton—returning the following day via West River and Annapolis.

One of the Boats every Friday morning, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton—returning next day by same route.

Excursion passengers, going and returning same day	$1.00
Passage to Annapolis,	75
Passage to all other points,	1.00

may 30 WM. J. BRYSON, Agent.

JOSEPH S. ROBSON,
GHOCER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
No. 2 Bowly's Wharf,

OFFERS his services to Farmers and others for the disposal of Grain and other produce. Strict attention will be paid to the delivery and weighing of wheat consigned to his care. He would also call the attention of Farmers and Merchants to his carefully selected stock of GROCERIES, which will be sold on accommodating terms.

Particular attention paid to the purchase of Agricultural Implements, Seeds, Guano, &c. All consignments of produce, and orders for goods will be promptly attended to, and every exertion made to give entire satisfaction. [feb 21—1y

A CARD.

DR. EDWARD JENKINS takes pleasure in offering his professional services to the citizens of Talbot, but more particularly to those residing in Easton and its vicinity.

He hopes by strict and exclusive attention to his professional duties, to merit a liberal share of patronage.

He can be found at his *house* on Washington st., (opposite the residence of Mrs. E. Dawson) where, during his absence, all commands can be left, which will be cheerfully and promptly attended to. *july 11

MY FRIEND!

IF you only knew how much I needed your account I think you would call at my shop forthwith and help me, as I must have the means to enable me to go to the city to purchase a handsome stock of GOODS; for I want to make you a handsome suit this Fall on my accommodating terms. As soon as you read this come and help me, and see how pleased it will make me appear. You know how it is when a fellow is in want of means to meet his demands. You are the very one I am talking to, so come along.

aug 15 JOHN SATTERFIELD.

A CARD.

THE subscriber offers his services as Auctioneer to the citizens of Talbot for the sale of land, personal property, &c, I am prepared to attend vendues at any part of the county, at short notice. I will also act as agent for the sale of all kinds of property, at very moderate commissions. The public patronage is respectfully solicited, and I will use my best efforts to give satisfaction. WM. H. BOSTIC.

Easton, July 25, '54—3m

ARTHUR EMORY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 16, BOWLY'S WHARF.

WILL attend to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce consigned to his care. A long experience in business justifies him in promising the highest prices for Corn, Wheat, Oats, &c. Any grain consigned to him will command his utmost efforts for *interests* of owners.

June 27—1y*

A. B. PRITCHETT
CABINET MAKER,
AT THE OLD STAND,
(OPPOSITE BEASTON'S.)

Is prepared to execute all orders in his line on the most accommodating terms.

THE COFFIN MAKING

will be promptly attended to as heretofore.

Easton, March 7, 1854—1y

SAM'L. MACKEY & SON

HAVE just received a few dozen of very fine Claret, also some very fine old Port Wines, which they can recommend, also, some Extra Chewing and Smoking tobaccoes, with a small lot of prime Segars.

aug 8, 1854.

ODORANT ELIXIR OF PARA CRESS.

THIS innocent, yet powerful revulsive affords instant and permanent relief to the *tooth-ache*, speedily allays Gum Boils, painful affections or swelling of the face and any Inflammatory symptoms which arise from neglected or decaying teeth.

aug 22 Levin H. Campbell.

ROESSEL'S LIQUID HAIR DYE
AND ROUSSEL'S INDIAN HAIR DYE.

FOR changing instantaneously grey, light or red hair, eyebrows and whiskers, to a beautiful jet black or brown color, without staining the skin.

aug 22 *Levin H. Campbell.*

COUNTRY LARD & BACON—for sale by *Thompson & Kersey.*

THE MUSE.

(Written for the Star.)

TO IDA.

God bless thee Ida! tho' I know thee not
Thy precious songs have wakened in my heart
New life and love for things in earth and Heaven—
Like thee I've stood beside a little mound,
And wept to know my hopes were buried there,
Have listened to the sweet, but plaintive notes
Of summer birds, and gazed at evening on
The last faint rays of the departing sun,
And felt how much 'twas like our cherished hopes—
They once were cheering to my heart,
And shed around my home unbounded joy:
They like that evening sun have passed away,
And left upon my soul a cheerless gloom:—

But yet thy thoughts of "Spring" have called me back
To boyhood's happy days, when on my brow
"No trace of sins destroying blight was found,"
And I was happy as a little child;'
Thy 'Sabbath' too, reminds me of a home
Where joy and pleasure undisturbed were found.

I know that on thy brow are marks of care—
Thy plaintive lines too truly speak thy heart,
And tell of pains that dwell within thy breast.

Oh be not sad, a christian soul like thine
Seeks not its joys in fading things of time;
But patient waits, and bows to kiss the rod,
That leads thee to thy Father and thy God.

Sept. 11, '54. Rose

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER:

A few years since there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer her his hand and his crown.

But far from having seen the light of a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolœwna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

As her father saw her blooming like the May-flower, and sought for by all the heirs of loyalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and most powerful of them, and with the smile of a father and a king, said to her—

'My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you a prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy.'

'The man who will render me happy,' stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. 'Speak father,' she said, as she saw a frown gathering upon the brow of the Czar, 'Speak, and your Majesty shall be obeyed.'

'Obeyed!' exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life, 'it is then only as act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?'

The young girl was silent and concealed a tear.

'Is your faith already plighted?'

The young girl was still silent.

'Explain yourself, Marie; I command you.'

At this word, which sways sixty millions of human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the Czar.

'Yes, father, I must tell you my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know, if such be your wish.—He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other if your Majesty forbid it!'

The Emperor was silent in his turn.—He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

He who would have braved, for a caprice, the monarchs of the old world at the head of their armies—he, with his omnipotence, feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the posession of his dearest treasure.

'Is he a king?' he demanded, at last.

'No, father.'

'The heir of a king, at least?'

'No, father.'

'A Grand Duke?'

'No, father.'

'A son of a reigning family?'

'No, father.'

At each step in the descending scale, the Czar stopped to recover.

'A stranger?'

'Yes, father.'

The Emperor fell back into an arm chair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamennon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

'Is he in Russia?' he resumed, with an effort,

'Yes, father.'

'At St. Petersburg?'

'Yes, father.'

And the voice of the young girl grew faint.

'Where shall I see him?' asked the Czar, rising with a threatening aspect.

'To-morrow at the review.'

'How shall I recognize him?' repeated the Czar, with a stamp of his foot.

'By his green plume and black steed.'

'Tis well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity on that man.'

The Princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and then the proud Emperor was soon lost in thought.

'A childish caprice,' he said at length. 'I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She will forget it. She will forget it!' and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. 'It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears.'

On the following day, at the review, the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions, nought else than a green plume and black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other, a simple Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse, Maximillian-Joseph-Eugene-Auguste-Beauharnais, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine (who was for a brief time Empress of France,) and of Auguste Amelia, daughter of Maxamilian-Joseph, of Bavaria, an admirable and charming cavalier in truth; but as far inferior to Marie Nicolœwna, as a simple soldier to an Emperor.

'Is it possible;' said the Czar to himself as he sent for the Colonel, with the design of dismissing him to Munich.

But at that moment, when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter—fainting in her *caleche*.

'There is no longer a doubt,' thought the Czar; 'tis indeed he.'

And turning his back upon the stupified stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks, all that prudence, tempered with love and severity would inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the Colonel in the heart of the Princess. At the end of the first week, she was resigned; at the end of the second, she wept; at the end of the third, she wept in public; at the end of the fourth, she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth, she fell sick; at the end of the sixth, she was dying.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid-de-camp of the Czar came to him.

'I should have set out yesterday,' he said to himself; 'I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash save yourself from the thunderbolt.'

The bolt reserved for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet, where kings only are allowed to enter.—The Emperor was pale, and his eye was moist; but his air was firm and resolute.

'Colonel Duke,' said the Emperor, penetrating him with his glance, 'you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said, also, and I believe it is true, that you posses- an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character. What think you of the Grand Duchess, my daughter Maria Nicolœwna?

This point-blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored the princess, without being aware of it. A simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise, as an artist adores the ideal of beauty.

'The Princess Marie, sire!' exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar, 'your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted to say it.'

'You love her; 'tis well,' resumed the Czar, with a benignant smile; and the royal hand, from which the Duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the Colonel the brevet of General Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor—the brevets of the Commandant of the Cavalry, of the Guards and of the regiment of Hussars—of Chief of the Corps of Cadets, and of the Mining Engineers—of President of the Academy of Arts, and member of the Academy of Sciences, of the Universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Keasan, of the Council, of the Military Schools, etc. All this, with the title of Imperial Highness, and several millions of revenue.

'Now,' said the Czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of the Princess Marie? The young officer could only fall upon his knees, and bathe with tears the hands of the Emperor.

'You see that I also love my daughter,' said the father, raising his son-in-law in his arms.

The 14th of July following, the Grand Duchess was restored to health—to life—and the Duke Beauharnais de Leuchtenberg espoused her in the presence of the Representatives of the Royal Families of Europe.

Such an act of parental love merited for the Czar and for his daughter a century of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordered otherwise. On Tuesday, November 5th, 1852, the Duke of Leuchtenberg died at the age of thirty-five—worthy, to the last, of his brilliant destiny, and leaving to Marie Nicolœwna eternal regrets.

All the young Princes of the world will again dispute the prize of her; but she has been too happy as a wife to consent to become a Queen.

STOP HIM.—'Miss,' can I have the exquisit pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation around the axletree of your understanding a few minutes this evening?' The lady fainted.

☞The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs is in town.—She is unmarried!

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

The following glimpses at a young lady's heart, taken from a letter to a bosom friend, will amuse, if they do not instruct, the reader:

1. You tell me, dear Amy, you're anxious to know all about that affair with my resreant beau. 'Tis quite an embarrassing matter, 'tis true; but you know, dearest love, I've no secrets from you; and so, without any undue affectation, I'll tell you a tale you may tell to the nation.

2. I had met him quite often at party and ball, had danced with him, talked with him, walked with him, all—had heard all those stories, where largely he draws on the works of his countryman, Baron Munchausen—had lookad at his pictures, had laughed at his 'brogue,' and thought him a charming unprincipled rogue.

3. Conceive my surprise, when, one fine Summer morning, without e'er a word or a whisper of warning, the elegant Herman (for that is his name—from some old Duchy he *says* that he came,) in terms which I cannot this moment repeat, his heart and his pallette laid down at my feet.

4. O! Amy, I trembled and colored up so! I dared not say 'yes,' and I could'nt say 'no.' My breath came so fast that I hardly could speak—all the blood rushed at once from my heart to my cheek; while Herman sat by me quite tranquil and cool, and thought me, no doubt, a complete little fool.

5. At last I got out, 'it was such a surprise—knew not what to say'—and he looked in my eyes with a *kind of a look* that I could'nt resist—and then with *such* ardor my fingers he kissed! In short, my dear Amy, I hardly know how, I ended with saying—I would be his *vrow!*

6. After that, matters went along smoothly and trim; he made love to me, and I listened to him. We often took rides in the sunshiny weather; and, on rainy nights, sat on the sofa together. He sometimes would talk to me of his mother—also of the colonel, his wonderful brother.

7. I loved him, dear Amy, I'll own to the truth; my soul was bound up in the picturesque youth! It was not his beauty that won me alone; but a something he had in each look and each tone—a mixture of poetry, romance, and art, taken altogether, quite 'did' for my heart.

8. I was proud of him, too,—only, once in a while, when he told his adventures, and people would smile; and tread on each other's toes under the table, even *my* warm affection was not always able to keep me from telling him that I *did* wish his tales would not smell so strongly of *fish*.

9. But then I'd excuse him one way and another, I'd say: 'All the world lies, for something or other—politicians for places, and lawyers for pelf; and merchants to get goods off from the shelf; they're in for it all, though they 'fie,' and 'pooh-pooh,' it—and since he enjoys it, he may as well do it.'

10. Herman *was* all devotion, all passion and sighs; he seemed but to live in the light of my eyes. What words of endearment would fall from his lips! how countless the kisses on my finger tips! 'Love thinks but of love!' was his ardent pretence. Alas! I found *his* reckoned—dollars and cents!

11. One day he came in from his labors at school—I thought he appeared unaccountably cool. Not one 'dearest angel,' or any such word, from the tongue of my altered adorer was heard. That evening he called upon Annabel Chase; the next day I learned the whole state of the case.

12. He supposed, it appears, dear papa had the 'rochs,' was rolling in dollars and swelling with 'stocks,' would 'cut up,' in good style, and in consequence that his child would come in for a bit of 'the fat.' When he learned his mistake, it was odd to discover how the *rock* went at once to the heart of my lover!

13. He came up to see me, and saw me alone, and unfolded affairs with a grace all his own. He would have 'preferred' me, he said for a wife, to any one that he had met in his life; but as for himself, why he hadn't a *livre*, and I must agree that it was *il faut vivre*.

14. Such being the case, he would bid me adieu, and hoped the affair would not render me 'blue. I thanked him, and told him I always was taught, that the sea held as good fish as ever were caught—'and perhaps I may yet do as well, my dear Herman, as to be linked for my life to a penniless German.'

15. So we parted. I hurried away from the scene, if not very 'blue,' I *did* feel rather 'green.' I left in the stage coach the very next day, and shed a few tears the first part of the way; but five miles passed over, the roads grew so bad, I looked out for the jolts and forgot to be sad.

16. When I got in the cars, and was safe in my seat, what person, of all in the world, should I meet? Why, whom but Fred. Forrester! He has, as you know, been travelling in Europe these three years or so, and has grown—oh, so handsome!—why, Herman himself, when Fred was at hand, would be laid on the shelf.

17. Now I *had* intended, when no one was by, to let down my veil, and indulge in a 'cry;' but talking awhile with that love of a Fred., put such sentimental stuff out of my head. He bade his adieu at the Utica station, but oh, we commenced a *delicious* flirtation!

18. He came out to see me—we rode and we walked, and various topics over and over were talked. The end, dearest Amy, you'll easily guess—he asked me a question and I answered 'Yes.' Pack up and come on, just as soon as you can, to 'stand up' with me on the twentieth of Jan.

19. A more thorough contrast there never was seen than Herman and Frederick, in person and mein. Fred's eyes are so smiling, so blue and serene, his mouth is so delicate, rosy and *clean*. Herman's eye had at times quite a *sinister* flash—and I often saw crumbs on his nasty mustache!

20. Then Herman you know, was unpleasantly small, while Fred. is so elegant slender, and tall. He wears such a diamond, and sings so divinely, and plays the guitar and the violin finely! He has a sweet place on the shores of the bay, and a four story mansion just out of Broadway.

21. I feel quite content, and my dear foreign beau is welcome to marry for money or show. Poor fellow! I pity him—grubbing away at those rusty old landscapes of his, day by day. Here's my parting advice to that pupil of art. 'Beg, borrow, or steal, sir, a *conscience* and *heart*.'

22. 'With these small editions to your stock in trade, rest assured, my dear Herman, your fortune is made.' Good-bye, beloved Amy, till early in Jan. Come along—well, we'll say by the tenth—if you can; your image will fill my heart's innermost cranny, while life warms the breast of your own attached ANNIE.

(Written for the Star.)

THE DELIGHTS OF HOUSEKEEING.

Mr. Editor:—The following letter, tho not written for publication, describes so graphically some of the delights of housekeeping, that I cannot resist the temptation to place it at your disposal. It is no fancy sketch, but a page from actual life, which I am sure the writer will not be a little astonished to see in print. Yours, &c. W.

My Dear Molly:—At *last* I have found a moment's time to write. I am all alone this afternoon, and have been for a week. Pa has gone to the city, and Mother went away on a visit last Wednesday, and we have no servants. The children go to school, so that I am left alone from morning till night. I got along first rate, till last night about dark, when my troubles commenced. It began to rain very hard, and rained down uncle Jonathan, as *fussy* as ever. Of course he wanted some supper; of course the fire had gone out; and of course there was no bread in the house, and I had to rush around the neighborhood after some! I had let Bessie go up to Mrs. Rector's, telling her not to stay, which she *did*, till nine o'clock. I wanted some coffee ground, some potatoes dug, and a fire made to heat some water, to "set sponge" with, and so I had to put forth all my "moral and physical" powers to make Peter help me do it. Of course uncle Jonathan must sleep in the best chamber, where I had just cleaned up nicely, and put on the bed fine linen sheets. I suppose it was all right enough, but it didn't seem so to me, just then. I had to take a music lesson this morning, and Professor Strumski, who always comes at nine o'clock, did not make his appearace. (I pass over the breakfast-getting, dish-washing, cow milking, bed making, &c., beforehand.) My "sponge" was very light, but I thought I should not have time to mix it before he came; I waited till a quarter past ten, but no teacher came; so I went at it, but no sooner had I got my hands in the soft dough than the bell rang, so I stuck my hands behind me and told him to walk in—I left it just as it was, and commenced my lesson (which lasts about an hour.) Every little while uncle Jonathan would poke his head in to ask some nonsensical question, and then Peter wanted to know about going after mother—then Mr. Howard brought your letter and laid it on the Piano, and of course I was all in a fidget then. If Ann Whaley had been here, probably she would have said 'now dont git narvous"—but *narvous* I was;—my lesson was a difficult one, and he always gives me eight or nine pages, and I thought I never should get through; but every thing has an end. When I went into the pantry my sponge had *risen all over the table out of the pan!* I had pies to make, too, and now they are all baked, what do you think? My four loaves of bread are as hard as a brick bat, and my four pies are burnt to cinders on the top and *raw* on the bottom! Don't you pity your poor SISTER MADGE.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.—The most pusillanimous species of malevolence which any mean souled wretch can exhibit, is the sending of anonymous letters, with the view of wounding the feelings, injuring the business, or blasting the reputation of others. The assassin who, with stiletto in hand, waits in concealment the approach of his victim, is a magnanimous and high souled hero in comparison with the anonymous threatener of mischief. The former has the courage to attempt the deed his malignant spirit prompts him to perpetrate, and he exposes himself in the act to the danger of detection, but the skulking craven whose venom is infused thro' anonymous means, confesses in the pains he takes at concealment, the pitiful cowardice of his nature, as well as the impotency of his threats. His act has not the dignity of a crime, but all the malice of a murder. He would stab if he dared, but has not bravery enough to make the attempt, and stands shaking in fear lest his clandestine guilt should be traced to the right quarter. Fortunately for society, such pusillanimous rascals are rare, but while there is curative virtue in the dried cuticle of a cow applied to the hide of such nocturnal knaves, the examples, for the honor of mankind, should be rarer.

GREAT WHEAT COUNTRY.—The 'Burr Oak' says that 1,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in Dodge county, Wisconsin, this year. It is also certain that there are thousands of acres that will yield from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre.