

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES.

EASTON, MARYLAND.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1835.

REMOVAL

THE subscriber begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the public generally, for the liberal support and encouragement which they have extended to him in the way of his business.

Having removed his hat store to the house lately occupied by Mr. Wm. L. Jones, as a Clock and Watch-maker's shop, directly opposite to the Saddler's shop of Mr. William W. Higgins, he intends keeping on hand

A LARGE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

HATS,

which he thinks he can safely warrant to be equal in faithfulness of workmanship and quality generally, to any manufactured in the State, and will sell on the most accommodating terms.

To country merchants or others, buying to sell again, he will sell, by the dozen, as low as the same quality of hats can be had in any market.

Furs of all kinds, purchased or taken in exchange, at the highest cash price.

ENNALLS ROSZELL.
Easton, Jan. 10

WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

VIA BROAD CREEK.

THE MAIL STAGE from Easton, via Wye Mills and Queenstown to Broad Creek, will leave Easton every Sunday and Wednesday morning, at 7 o'clock, and reach Broad Creek at 2 o'clock, P. M. in time for passengers to arrive at Annapolis at an early hour in the evening in the mail packet, MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Returning, leave Broad Creek at 11 o'clock, A. M. or immediately after the arrival of the Mail Packet from Annapolis, and reach Easton same evening.

THE MAIL leaves Easton every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon at half past 12 o'clock, for Cambridge, and returns same evening.

THE MAIL STAGE for Centerville, leaves Easton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon at half past 1 o'clock, and reaches Centerville in time for an early supper. Returning, leaves Centerville at 9 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Easton by 12 o'clock.

From Annapolis to Easton, \$3.50
Or from Annapolis to Broad Creek, \$1.00
From Broad Creek to Queenstown, 1.00
From Queenstown to Wye Mills, .50
From Wye Mills to Easton, 1.00
From Easton to Cambridge Ferry, 1.00
From Easton to Centerville, 1.50
From Centerville to Easton, .50

All Baggage at the risk of the owners.
The Maryland Gazette will copy the above during the Session.
Easton, Jan. 24, 1835.

Millinery and Mantua Making.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIS, HAVING lately returned from Baltimore, where she has been at work in the above business, in the employment and under the instruction of a lady considered equal to any in the city, in the style and finish of her work, and having made arrangements for the early and regular receipt of the fashions as they appear, offers her services to the ladies of Easton and the adjoining country, in the business of MILLINERY & MANTUA MAKING generally. She has taken the room or store formerly occupied by Mrs. Gibbs, between the residence of Dr. Thomas H. Dawson and the store of Mr. Jas. Wilson, where she would be pleased that the ladies would call and give her work a trial.

Jan 17

NEW GROCERY

AND
VARIETY STORE.

Thos. Oldson & Wm. H. Hopkins
BEG leave to inform the public that they have associated themselves together under the firm of
OLDSON & HOPKINS,
and have opened in the store room lately occupied by John T. Goldsmith, at the corner of Washington and Court Streets, a
GROCERY & VARIETY STORE.
They have just returned from Baltimore with a general assortment of articles in their line, such as
GROCERIES,
FRUITS,
CONFECTIONARY, &c. &c.
which they will sell low for cash. Their friends and the public generally are invited to call and examine for themselves.

N. B. O. & H. will take in country produce to sell on commission.
dec 20 Im

PASSENGERS' LINE.

SCHOONER SOPHIA

HAS commenced her regular route, and will run, during the session of the Legislature, for the accommodation of the public, leaving Haddaway's Ferry on Mondays and Thursdays for Annapolis, and returning will leave Annapolis on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The subscriber has supplied himself with comfortable Carriages, for the conveyance of all who may patronize his line to Easton and to every other place on the Eastern Shore.

The public's obt. servt.
W. H. DAWSON.
Jan 27 3t

LOST.

TAKEN from Mr. Lowe's Bar, it is supposed by mistake, a dark drab Peterham Box Coat, with round lapels and pocket flaps; in the lining of the left skirt there were three spots. Any person having seen or found such a coat, will oblige the subscriber by leaving it at the office of the Eastern Shore Whig, or by giving notice of it to
JAS. G. ELLIOTT
Head of Wye,
Jan 10

THE EASTERN SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Printed and published by
RICHARD SPENCER,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

The semi-weekly, printed and published every Tuesday and Saturday morning, at four dollars per annum, if paid in advance, three dollars will discharge the debt, and, the weekly, on Tuesday morning, at two dollars and fifty cents; if paid in advance, two dollars will discharge the debt.

All payments for the half year, made during the first three months, will be deemed payments in advance, and all payments for the year, made during the first six months, will be deemed payments in advance. No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrears are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

POETRY.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.
THE PAST,—THE PRESENT,—THE FUTURE.
RESPECT! RESPECT! RESPECT!
The Past,—the Present,—and the Future,—these
Are Time's three portions; and Eternity's
Each no greater. Strange is their division:
Of pre-ternity, whose unborn source
Receives, absorbs, accelerates, its course;
The Future from its post-ternal store
Forth issuing, and extending more;
The Present,—how shall we its state define?
What had shall not its—narrow limit?
Come, even in its coming,—sifted shade,
Whose advent by no art of man is stayed,
Nor its departure speeded; that small space,
Whose point the Future and the Past effect
In the same instant. It will be the Past.
And it hath been the Future; yet doth last,
The unchanged, always changing; Present; still
Blending the boundaries of wars and will.
The Isthmus' sown of each Eternity.
Tracing the has been, being, and to be;
The Bridge of either even, single arch'd,
O'er whose short span the ceaseless Past hath marched
From the quick Past, which its track pursues,
O'erlooks, impels, effects, and renews
The Past, faded behind Oblivion's veil:
The nearer glances through Memory's reflex pale
Dark as the distant Future; while the near
Takes the prismatic tints of hope and fear.
Our sire's possessed the Past,—its state was theirs
Our children are the Future's destined heirs:
While between either range our lives are thrown,
The waste forgotten, and the waste unknown:
So are the twin of lifeless void to us,
The anti-natal, and the posthumous:
Shedding alike their deep, impervious gloom,
Before the cradle and behind the tomb.
But the immediate Present,—which doth dwell
On its own instant individual—
The speak of time, incapable of pause—
It was what will be, and will be what was,
Yet ever is, a filling, emptying, sea;
Through which the river of Futurity
Exhaustless rolls into the broad and deep
Gulf of the Past, with never tiring sweep.
How strange, that what is nothing should be all—
Cautious time, a time-less interval—
A witness anton, slipping from the sense,
An orb of undierid circumstance,
Forbear the enlarging thought—nor urge a theme
Which He alone can reach—the Power Supreme—
Within the place of whose all-seeing eye,
The Past, the Present, and the Future lie,
A triad point in one Eternity.
Yet hence a seasonable lesson may
Well be extended:
Be then our act with present wisdom cast,
To catch the Future, ere it be the Past!
E. L. L.
O. Life!
COWLEY.

TALES OF AN EVENING.

One evening, during the disturbances at Paris, a small circle of friends, who had retired to the country, were at a loss to find some means of diversions, exhausting their reflections and speculations into futurity to no purpose, when Madame de Verval, the mistress of the house, who was fond of stories, and who herself possessed the talent of story-telling to a great degree of excellence, proposed that every one of the company should take it in turn to relate the happiest event of his life, or one of the happiest, except those that do not admit of being disclosed.

The proposal was well received, and it was determined that the youngest should begin.—“For Heaven's sake, mamma,” said Juliet, “let it be any body but me, I shall never have courage enough.” “Well, then,” said her mother, “Dervis, your cousin, will teach you to overcome that timidity, which is not always the effect of modesty.” “An Attorney-General, indeed,” said Juliet, in a whisper, “speaks when he pleases, and as he pleases. But as to me, I never plead, and am not accustomed to tell stories.” And besides, M. Dervis is turned of three and twenty, and I am not eighteen, and that makes a wide difference.”

Dervis, who was recollecting himself in the mean time, at length broke silence.

THE FIRST STORY.

“My father,” said he, “will allow me to speak of him, I will relate the event of my life which affected me in the most lively and agreeable manner.” “Let us hear,” said the sage Ormesan: “nothing forbids our speaking of a father, unless we speak ill of him, or in too flattering terms.”

Dervis began thus:

“My mother,” said he, with emotion, “was so good-natured that every body accused her of spoiling her children; and certain it is, that she was more hurt than ourselves, when our father corrected us. If there was any excuse for our faults she was the first to find it, even before ourselves; and if there was none, she was sure to find one nevertheless. Sometimes she reproved us; but the voice of her anger was soft, that it might have been taken for that of love; and when a frown depressed her beautifully arched eye-brows, the eyes beneath still ex-

pressed so much tenderness, that the pardon made its way through the threat. If such was her indulgence when we failed in the execution of our duties, you may easily imagine how her joy shone forth when we fulfilled them: pleasure sparkled in her eyes, and when any one spoke to her of her health, the clearness of her complexion, and of that beauty, which seemed, alas! to defy the attacks of time: “My children,” she used to say, “I have the gift of making me young again.”

Dervis, on saying this, stopped to take breath, and to wipe away the tears that trickled down his cheeks. “Forgive me,” said he, “I am speaking of my mother.” Juliet, while listening, embraced her and fixed upon her two fine black eyes that sparkled with a humid languor.

“It was necessary,” said Dervis, “to mention this excess of kindness to excuse my injustice. My father, whose mind and disposition I do not describe while he is present, conceiving that a cold and awful severity on his side was the only remedy for the mischief our mother's fondness might do us, imposed on himself the painful task of making us always tremble in his presence. The smallest faults were reproved, the more serious ones punished.—His vigilance noticed every thing, his severity admitted of no excuse, and he seemed to consider what was praise-worthy in his children, as no more than a return for the care taken to cultivate our minds, as the debt of nature, and the price of our education; he even heard the good accounts that were given of us, without any mark of joy.—“Your friends are partial to you,” he used to say, “go on, and do better still, that it may not be necessary to flatter me by exaggeration in your favor.”

We were all persuaded that our father was virtuous and just; but none of us thought him affectionate and kind. When fifteen years of age I was still ignorant of it myself, and till then my soul had obeyed the impulse of two sentiments alone, the fear of exciting his anger, and the dread of afflicting my mother. The latter was I confess the more tender, without being the less powerful; and when I drew reproaches upon her for the faults which I had committed, and which my father attributed to the excess of her indulgence, the pain she felt grieved me to the heart. I mingled my tears with hers, and this was the way my father used to punish me. We lost her, and I can say with truth that her death was the end of my youthful days. My grief brought my sentiments and my ideas to a sudden maturity.—A year of mourning was an age to me. My duties assumed a more serious character, and my studies, as soon as I had fortitude enough to resume them, were no longer a labour, but a relief. Forlorn and solitary in the midst of the crowd of the college, I lost all relish for the amusement of my fellow-students. Weeping, thinking of my mother, and lying to my books, as if for consolation, such was the alternate business of my days and nights, while studying rhetoric. Sometimes even when at my book I thought I heard my mother standing before me, and I thought I heard her voice, which soothed my mind, and polished my manners; he worthy of your father, be his consolation let him be happy, if he can be so without me; and let him owe his happiness to his children.” This illusion made me relapse my efforts, and gave me fresh spirit. A superiority I could never boast in the other classes, was the fruit of this melancholy and pious application; and when the moment of competition for the prizes arrived, the lessons I had received from misfortune gave me an advantage over my rivals.

With a vague intention of doing well, I neither entertained the hope nor the ambition of the success I obtained. It was unknown to me, but my tutor was apprized of it. He went sometimes to see my father, and was always well received; but he had never been able to discover any of those pleasurable emotions, which parents manifest, when hopes are given them of their children's turning out well. No doubt he was afraid of betraying his secret.

My tutor, who thought he perceived that his gravity was not easily to be moved, and who wished nevertheless to overcome this apparent indifference, employed, according to custom, the great means of surprize. He invited him, as if by way of compliment, to be present at the distribution of the prizes. “Have I any personal reason for my attendance?” said my father, in a negligent manner.—“That is the secret of the judges,” answered the professor; “it is not their custom to intrust it to us.” “Then what have I to do there?”—“You will see at least a source of emulation.”—“And of vanity?”—“No, Sir: vanity is the attendant of futile matters, and our triumphs are not a frivolous and sterile honor for young people. In every stage of life, the love of labor and a turn to study are advantageous, and the success that attends them worthy of praise. It is noble to set the example; and I go myself as result from seeing it set by others.” “You are in the right,” said my father. “I shall be very glad to see my son envy the successful candidates.”

My father had then the goodness to accept my tutor's invitation. I will not say how great was my surprize on seeing him take his great distance in the hall. “Where shall I hide myself,” said I, “if I do not obtain a prize? But would they have been cruel enough in that case to invite my father?” “I should hope not,”—“And while I hoped I trembled. It was then, that for the first time, I experienced the desire of glory, with all its chilling fears. Fortunately my class was the first called. The first, the second, and the third prizes were adjudged to me. My father heard my name repeated three times. Three times he saw me crowned, and then in the midst of plaudits, and loaded with laurels and books, he saw me descend from the theatre, make my way through the crowd of spectators who bore me along in their arms, and embrace his knees. He took me in his arms, and with an emotion that at length betrayed him, pressed me to his bosom, and shed tears. “Ah! my dear father,” I exclaimed sobbing, “if she were but alive.” The impression these words made upon our feelings was so great, and so verdant, that we were obliged to retire from the room.—“Come, my boy,” said my good father, “step into my carriage; I feel that I cannot do without you; we will live together for the future.”

As soon as in the carriage, he embraced me again: “You may see,” said he, “whether you have an affectionate father! you may see whether he loves his children. You are in possession of the secret of my weakness; but do not disclose it, especially to your younger brothers; they will stand in need of my severity.”—“My brothers were at July,”—“Father,” said I, “be pleased to remember that your children have no longer a mother; that their age has its trou-

bles and its sorrows; and that the balm that used to distill into their young hearts no longer flows.” The tender weakness of which we often took advantage, unfortunately for them is no longer to be feared. Be always a father by the ascendancy of respected authority; but be sometimes a mother too.”—“Yes,” said he, “I will unite those two characters; they are both in my heart; but in future I will assume another with you, that of your friend. Let us swear to have but one soul, and never to have any disguise or reserve with one another. Why can I not express the transport with which I look and receive the oath. It was the happiest moment of my past life, and an inexhaustible source of pleasure for my life to come.”

SERGEANT JASPER.
A REVOLUTIONARY EVENT.

Mr. Jasper, a sergeant in the army, had a brother who had joined the British, and who likewise held the rank of sergeant in the garrison at Ebenezer. No man could be truer to the American cause than Sergeant Jasper; yet he warmly loved his brother, and actually went to the British garrison to see him.—His brother was exceedingly alarmed, lest he should be seized and hung as an American spy; for his name was well known to many of the British officers. “Do not trouble yourself,” said Jasper; “I am no longer an American soldier.”

“Thank God for that, William,” exclaimed his brother, heartily shaking him by the hand, “and now only say the word, boy, and here is a commission for you, with regimentals and gold to boot, to fight for his majesty, the King.”

Jasper shook his head, and observed; that there was but little encouragement to fight for his country, his could not find it in his heart to fight against her. And here the conversation ended. After staying two or three days with his brother, inspecting and hearing all he could, he took his leave, returned to the American camp by a circuitous route, and told Gen. Lincoln all that had passed. Soon after, he made another trip to the English garrison, taking with him his particular friend Sergeant Newton, who was a young man of great strength and courage.—His brother received him with his usual cordiality, and he and his friend spent several days at the British fort, without giving the least alarm. On the morning of the third day his brother observed, that he had bad news to tell him.

“Aye! what is it?” asked William.

“Why,” replied his brother, “here are ten or a dozen American prisoners, brought in as deserters, from Savannah, whither they are to be sent immediately; and from what I can learn, they will be apt to go hard with them; for it seems they have all taken the King's Lounty.”

“Let us see them,” said Jasper. So his brother took him and his friend Newton to see them. It was, in less than a melancholy sight, to see the poor fellows handcuffed upon the ground. But when the eyes rested upon a young woman, with one of the prisoners, with her child, a sweet little boy of five years, all pity for the male prisoners was forgotten. Her humble garb showed that she was poor; but her deep distress and sympathy with her husband, proved that she was rich in conjugal love, more precious than gold. She generally sat on the ground opposite her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal black hair spreading in long neglected tresses, on her neck and bosom. Sometimes she would sit silent as a statue of grief, her eyes fixed upon the earth; then she would start with a convulsive throbb, and gaze upon her husband's face as piecing said, as if she already saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her son an orphan. While the child, distressed by its mother's anguish, uttered the piteous cry of the scene, by the artless tears of childish suffering. Though Jasper and Newton were undaunted in the field of battle, their feelings were subdued by such heart-stirring misery. As they walked out in the neighboring wood, the tears stood in the eyes of both. “Newton,” said Jasper, “my days have been but few, but I believe their course is nearly finished.”

“Why so, Jasper?”

“Why I feel that I must rescue these poor prisoners, or die with them; otherwise, the remembrance of that poor woman and child will haunt me to the grave.”

“That is exactly what I feel too,” replied the intrepid Newton; “and here is my heart and hand to stand by to the last drop.” “Thank God, a man can die but once; and why should we fear to leave this miserable life in the way of our duty?”

The friends embraced each other, and entered into the necessary arrangements for fulfilling their desperate resolution. Immediately after breakfast, the prisoners were sent on the way to Savannah, under a guard of a sergeant, a corporal, and eight men. They had not been gone long before Jasper, accompanied by his friend Newton, took leave of his brother, and set out on some pretence to the upper country. They had, however, scarcely got out of sight of Ebenezer, before they struck into the woods, and pushed hard after the prisoners, and their guard, whom they closely dogged for several miles, until reaching a clearing, they started to make a blow. The sergeant, indeed, seemed extravagant; for what could two unarmed men do against ten, equipped with loaded muskets and bayonets?—However, unwilling to give up their countrymen, our heroes travelled on.

About two miles from Savannah, well known to travellers, who often stop there to quench their thirst. “Perhaps,” said Jasper, “the guard may stop there.”

Hastening on through the woods, they gained the Spa, as their last hope, and there concealed themselves among the bushes that grew around the spring. Presently the mournful procession came in sight of the spring, where the sergeant ordered a halt. Hope sprung up afresh in the bosoms of our heroes, though no doubt, with great alarm; “for it was a fearful odds.”

The Corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, and the Sergeant with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Poor Mrs. Jones, as usual, took her seat opposite to her husband, and her little boy, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep in her arms. Two of the Corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens. These last men, approaching the spring where our heroes lay concealed, and resting their muskets against a pine tree, dipped up water. Having drank themselves, they returned with replenished

canteens, to give to the prisoners also.

“Now, Newton, is our time,” said Jasper. Then bursting like lions from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that shot down the two soldiers that were upon guard. It was now a contest who should get the muskets from the hands of the slain; for by this time, a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their momentary panic, had sprung and seized upon the muskets; but before they could use them, the swift-handed Americans, with clubbed guns, levelled a fatal blow at the heads of their brave antagonists.—The bones, pale and quivering, and down they sank, pale and quivering, without a groan. Then hastily seizing the muskets, which had thus a second time fallen from the hands of the slain, they flew between their surviving enemies, and their weapons grounded near the road, and ordered them to surrender, which they instantly did. They then snapped the handcuffs of the prisoners, and armed them with muskets.

At the commencement of the fight, poor Mrs. Jones had screamed piteously over her, but when she recovered, and saw her husband and his friends freed from their fetters, she behaved like one frantic with joy.

For fear of being retaken by the English, our heroes seized the arms and regimentals of the dead, and with their friends and captive foes, recrossed the Savannah, and safely joined the American army at Pittsburgh; to the inexpressible astonishment and joy of all.

Fortifications.—The following extracts relative to the progress and condition of the Fortifications of the United States at Hampton roads are taken from the recent annual Report of the Engineer Department:

Fort Monroe, Hampton Roads, Va.—All the permanent parts of this work were completed last year. The ramparts of fronts five, six and seven, together with the glacis and road in advance of these fronts, were, with the exception of a small portion of front five, formed and covered with earth. The rampart of covert way and place of arms, in advance of front five, was in a state of forwardness along its whole extent, and fifteen thousand cubic yards of sand were deposited towards the construction of the redoubt; five hundred tons of stone were collected and put in place for the protection of the beach in front of a casemate battery and the glacis in front; conduit pipes for conducting the water from the roof of casemate battery to the piazzas of curtains two and three completed, and all the materials for the draws to bridges and gates procured; the draws and gates to main entrance finished; and the timber of the others partly prepared; the earth for the parapets on all the fronts except one, two, and three, was collected at the foot of the scarp wall; the ditches of all the fronts were excavated to their proper depth, and the glacis and road in advance formed, except the front one; the casemate covertway on front four was completed, and the funds available with the force then organized, amply sufficient for the completion of the fort, with the exception of putting parapets on the main and outworks, which was not deemed advisable for the present, when the operations of the Engineer Department were directed by General Order No. 51. This order directed that the work, with the funds placed under the immediate orders of the officer commanding the troops on that station. The main work was, therefore, entirely completed, except the gates, the raising of the half parapets on fronts one, two, and three, and the whole parapets on the other front on the earth required for these last being placed at the foot of the scarp. Four thousand and three hundred and ten cubic yards of earth were required to complete the rampart of covertway on front five, two thousand and six hundred and eighty to finish the rampart of redoubt, two thousand two hundred and ninety seven yards for the construction of the parapet on covertway, and eight thousand eight hundred and ninety for the parapet of the redoubt.

It has already been stated that the funds available for this work were, at the time they were transferred, deemed amply sufficient for its completion according to the terms of the estimate upon which the appropriation of the said funds was originally requested; and but for the circumstance above referred to, I should most likely have had the gratification of reporting it finished. It is proper to remark here, that the original plan of this work contemplates the revetment of the counterscarp, excepting on front four, with sods—Doubts are entertained, however, as to the durability of this material in a position like this, exposed to the abrasion of the waves and other action of the water in the tides; and the question may arise, as to whether it may not be proper to replace it by stone. This subject it is my intention to have brought to the notice of the War Department at the present time, and, if deemed necessary to have submitted an estimate for a counterscarp revetment of stone.

Fort Calhoun, Hampton Roads, Va.—The funds appropriated for this work have been applied in furtherance of the views referred to in my last annual report. Upwards of twenty millions of dollars have been added within the year to that previously received. Of the whole quantity received, 654,041 tons have been dressed for building, leaving 5,129,077 tons rough building and 23,073 tons breakwater stone. All the stone required for building is now accumulated, and the position that will be eventually occupied by the mole, serving as the basis of this work, is covered and protected by breakwater stone. Three thousand and four hundred and sixty five cubic yards of sand have been deposited within the interior of the fort towards elevating the terre plain. All the stone received this year, except eight hundred tons required for the extension of the mole to its proper limits, has been placed so as to act with the uniform pressure over the foundation of the walls of the work. It is estimated that the fort, when finished and garrisoned, will add to the permanent weight now acting on the foundation about sixty three thousand tons of this, there are accumulated along its whole extent, and operating in a similar manner, 61,866 tons. It is proposed to add to this weight 25,000 tons of breakwater stone—the probable balance required for the graduation of the mole, and to compensate for its subsidence, and to allow the whole to remain until equilibrium is established between the pressure and resistance, when the work may be resumed.

A careful examination has shown that although the weight added within the present is double that of the previous year, yet the last annual subsidence of the centre of the work is less than one and a third of what it was in 1833—giving fair indication that the equi-

librium will ere long be attained. Another favorable indication is, that these parts of the mole that formerly settled most, has this year gone down the least. On the whole, it may be inferred that all irregularity of settling is rapidly disappearing, and that the substratum is approaching a state of uniform compression throughout. During the gale of last winter, the reception of material, having been much wormeaten, yielded to the action of the sea, and was almost entirely carried away; another has, therefore, become necessary, and it is proposed, with the funds now available, to build a new one, that its foundation may undergo the same test as that of the work.

THE TALPOT TREE.

This beautiful tree is a native of the island of Ceylon, and is the Malabar coast, and is said to be found also in the Marquesas and Friendly Islands. The stem of this tree is perfectly straight, and it gradually diminishes as it ascends. It is strong enough to resist the most violent tropical winds. It has no branches, and the leaves only spring from its summit. These leaves, which, when on the tree, are almost circular, are so large that they can shelter ten or a dozen men, standing near to each other.—The leaf is so light that an entire one can be carried in the hand, but as it is, from its great size when expanded, would be inconvenient, the natives cut segments from it, which they use to defend themselves from the scorching rays of the sun, or from the rains.

As tents, the talipot leaves are set up on end. Two or three talipot umbrellas make an excellent shelter, and from being so light and portable, each leaf folding up to the size of a man's arm, they are admirably adapted for this important service. The chiefs, moreover, have regularly formed square tents made of them.

Another use to which these leaves may be put, is that they may be written upon like paper. The Cingalese write or engrave their letters upon them with a stylus, or pointed steel instrument, and then rub them over with a dark colored substance, which only remaining in the parts etched or scratched, gives the characters greater relief, and makes them more easy to read. The coloring matter is rendered liquid by being mixed with cocoa nut oil, and when dry is not easily effaced.

The oil employed in writing imparts a strong odor which preserves it from insects, but this odor is changed by age. The talipot, however, appears to have in itself a natural quality which deters the attack of insects, and preserves it from the decay of age even without the oil.

Sago is made from the inner parts of this tree by cutting the spongy part of the stem in a mortar.

Beside all the uses described, the Cingalese employ the talipot leaf extensively in thatching their houses. They also manufacture hats from it: these hats are made with brims as broad as an outstretched umbrella, and are chiefly worn by women in nursing, to defend them and their infants from the heat.

GOOD ADVICE.—“Deal justly, love mercy, walk humbly,” and—pay for your newspaper.

COACH, GIG AND HARNESS MAKING.

THE undersigned respectfully return their grateful acknowledgments to their friends, customers and the public generally, for the liberal and extensive patronage they continue to receive, and beg leave to inform them that they still pursue and carry on the above business in all its various branches, and having considerably enlarged their establishment by adding thereto a plater's shop, and an additional smith's shop, they will be more fully enabled to meet the wishes and demands of their various patrons. They have recently returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore,

With a large and extensive assortment of
MATERIALS,
embracing every variety, selected with the utmost attention and care, and confidently believe that with the experience they have in the business, and the assistance of the very best of workmen, together with the facilities they now have, they will be able to meet the wishes of all those who may favor them with their custom, in all orders for
Coaches, Barouches, Gigs, Carryalls,
or any description of Carriage, at the shortest notice, in the most substantial and fashionable style, and at the lowest possible prices. They have at present, on hand, and for sale,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
GIGS, new and second hand,
of various kinds and prices, which they will dispose of on the most reasonable terms, for cash, good guaranteed paper, country produce, or in exchange for old carriages at fair prices. They assure the public, that all orders, as heretofore, will be attended to with promptness, and all kinds of repairing done at the shortest notice, in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms. All letters addressed to the subscribers specifying the kind of carriage wanted, will be immediately attended to, and the carriage brought to the door of the person ordering it—also all kind of Steel springs made and repaired to order, and all kinds of Silver plating done as low as it can be in the city.

The public's obedient servants,
ANDERSON & HOPKINS.
N. B. They wish to take three apprentices of steady habits, from 14 to 16 years of age, one at each of the following branches, viz. smithing, plating and painting.
They respectfully remind those whose accounts have been standing longer than twelve months, to come forward, and settle immediately, otherwise they will be placed in officers hands for collection, according to law, without respect to persons.
A. & H.
Jan 20 If
The Eastern Gazette, Cambridge Chronicle, and Caroline Advocate, will copy the above.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIS,
HAVING lately returned from Baltimore, where she has been at work in the above business, in the employment and under the instruction of a lady considered equal to any in the city, in the style and finish of her work, and having made arrangements for the early and regular receipt of the fashions as they appear, offers her services to the ladies of Easton and the adjoining country, in the business of MILLINERY & MANTUA MAKING generally. She has taken the room or store formerly occupied by Mrs. Gibbs, between the residence of Dr. Thomas H. Dawson and the store of Mr. Jas. Wilson, where she would be pleased that the ladies would call and give her work a trial.

Jan 17

NEW GROCERY

AND
VARIETY STORE.

Thos. Oldson & Wm. H. Hopkins
BEG leave to inform the public that they have associated themselves together under the firm of
OLDSON & HOPKINS,
and have opened in the store room lately occupied by John T. Goldsmith, at the corner of Washington and Court Streets, a
GROCERY & VARIETY STORE.
They have just returned from Baltimore with a general assortment of articles in their line, such as
GROCERIES,
FRUITS,
CONFECTIONARY, &c. &c.
which they will sell low for cash. Their friends and the public generally are invited to call and examine for themselves.

N. B. O. & H. will take in country produce to sell on commission.
dec 20 Im

PASSENGERS' LINE.

SCHOONER SOPHIA

HAS commenced her regular route, and will run, during the session of the Legislature, for the accommodation of the public, leaving Haddaway's Ferry on Mondays and Thursdays for Annapolis, and returning will leave Annapolis on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The subscriber has supplied himself with comfortable Carriages, for the conveyance of all who may patronize his line to Easton and to every other place on the Eastern Shore.

The public's obt. servt.
W. H. DAWSON.
Jan 27 3t

LOST.

TAKEN from Mr. Lowe's Bar, it is supposed by mistake, a dark drab Peterham Box Coat, with round lapels and pocket flaps; in the lining of the left skirt there were three spots. Any person having seen or found such a coat, will oblige the subscriber by leaving it at the office of the Eastern Shore Whig, or by giving notice of it to
JAS. G. ELLIOTT
Head of Wye,
Jan 10