

From the Boston Morning Post.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

BY RIP.

"I would rather share
His lowliest lot, walk by his side an outcast;
Work for him, beg with him, live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him; than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost." LADY OF LYONS.

No event in the juvenile history of the young men and women who people the delightful country towns of New England, stands out in bolder and brighter relief than that which commemorates the lawful union of their hands and hearts. How often do we hear the elder portion dating events to "a year before we were married," or "two years after we were married," as the cause may be. All holidays, and even such as 'Fasts' and 'Thanksgivings,' dwindle into utter insignificance in the scale of comparison. The writer hereof hath spent both summer and winter in the "farmer's circle," and so far as observation concerns this present story, is amply qualified for the telling.

The young Mr. Hopeful has twice called on Miss Julia Simperkin. She is all sweetness, and keeps her hand in a squeezeable condition. Whether intentionally, or inadvertently, we are unable to decide, but the fact was soon notorious throughout the vicinage that these calls had been made on the significant evenings of Sunday and Thursday—and at the table of the next tea party it was very quaintly remarked, that "some folks had something more in their heads than every body was aware of." Whereupon, 'Do tell,' 'I want to know,' 'How you talk,' 'You don't say so,' and 'I shouldn't wonder,' was heard from all sides of the table; and after a little conversation upon the point, it was settled that "They say it is true."

In less than twenty-four hours from this maternal session, it has become what they call a "town talk." It has already been hinted to Miss Julia as being a good match—and young Hopeful has been more than once told that "she's a smart likely gal." She blushes at the compliment—and he replies, "what every body says must be true." The old women all declare it to be "one of those matches that are made in Heaven;" and, in fact, the desire for one of those illustrious country carnivals, called 'a wedding,' is so universal, that not only those who expect an invitation—and all within two league's circumference, without distinction of blood, class or condition, are usually invited—encourage the courtship; but every body, from the cow-boy upward, praise the parties to each other, and endeavor, by every species of hint and wink, to hasten a consummation so "devoutly to be wished." Even the disinterested and sober looking shepherd of the pastoral flock—he in whose heart every body says "there is no guile"—takes occasion, genteelly, to joke Miss Simperkin on her good fortune; and to her face incidentally pays a flattering compliment to the good judgment and correct taste of the promising son of the faithful Deacon Hopeful.

That "they are engaged," falls from the lips of every spectacle-nosed matron that surrounds the table at the next tea party. "Well," said Mrs. Reserve, since there was no other secret in the matter to guess out, "I think he's a plenty good enough for her." "And," replied Mrs. Equity, who liked to see all things as square as a brick, "I think she's plenty good enough for him."—"Don't you think they have had a very short courtship?" enviously asked the sapient Miss Singleton, whose maiden charms were already in the "sear and yellow leaf," and whose virgin blushes had passed off in the common current of departed things. "Mary in haste and repent at leisure," was the significant reply of Miss Fastidious, who in the course of fifteen years of "single solitude" had been as many times courted without effect. "Well," added old mother Rattle, whose forte always lay in capping the climax with something smart, "I can tell them just as I have told all my sons and da'ters. If they make

their bed hard, nobody will be to blame, for they must lay on it themselves. That's all I've got to say."

These ambiguous remarks, with numerous others of a similar character, lead to a conclusion in the opinion of the good old coterie, that the "match" is at best a *suspicious* one. The opinion takes wing, and before another revolution of the earth takes place, it becomes subject matter for common peddling—a part of the current gossip. You may the next day see Mrs. Rattle sipping a cup of souchong at the hospital residence of Mrs. Social, and as she holds her saucer on the tips of the fingers of her right hand, and moves it round and round in a circular motion, until her worshipped beverage becomes as cold as ice-water, she is earnestly telling her inquisitive hostess "all about" the conversation of yesterday—the most distinct and emphatic passage of which narrative is "She she" and "Sez-I," and then "she she" and "then sez I."

Gossip has been busy. And it has become a common rumor that neither of the parties "are any better than they *should be*." Every body says "she was too hasty—and he too inconsiderate." Mrs. Caution thinks it an essential part of poor policy to "catch a bird before you have a cage to put it in," and Mrs. Fluttergum revolts at the horrid idea of marrying a professor of orthodoxy to a believer in universal salvation. She says it is sacrilegious, and every minister that would do it ought to be church'd." Indeed, it has become a settled opinion, that within the all-powerful and not-to-be-disregarded "tea circles," that the match is "no great thing." Counter influences are therefore put in requisition *vi et armis*. Young Hopeful has been told by one who did not want any thing said about it, that Julia had a private regard for another—and in return she has heard something exceedingly prejudicial to his character. Both of which rumors can be traced no further back than to Mrs. Tattle, who, on being closely interrogated respecting the source whence she derived her information, says, "They say so—and that's all I know about it."

But matters had gone too far to be easily obstructed in their flow towards a happy consummation. Knowles tells truth when he says:

"You know not when
A woman gives away heart! at times
She knows it not herself. Insensibly
It goes from her! She thinks she hath it still—
If she reflects—while smoothly runs the course
Of wooing; but if haply comes a check—

that "check" had come with Julia; and not until that moment did she feel that Cupid had knit their hearts together so firmly that all the old women in Christendom could not sunder the tender ligatures of Love.

This breeze only gave additional speed to the Hymeneal car. The night of the wedding was forthwith selected. We say *night*, for no one ever knew a wedding in a New England country town to come off at any other time than a full and fascinating moonlight evening. Compliments were "sent round" two weeks in advance of the nuptials, by the smartest little urchin in the neighborhood, who felt himself highly honored by being selected for the service, and from the day of paying these compliments, to the night of the wedding, no neighborhood on the face of the earth, approached nearer to the much hoped for Millennium than that. The only speck in the cup was, the lamentable fact that one poor obscure woman, who lived upon picking "greens" for the neighbors, did not receive her invitation until the last day antecedent to the wedding.

This fortnight of probation is a gay one. There is a wood-market, and a repository for the sale of produce, about ten miles distant, and trade is unusually brisk with the merchants there. Captain Simperkin is determined to have one of the greatest times that have occurred since the memorable feasts of Belsazzar. He says that "Julia shall have a good setting out"—and now for the note of preparation. He wants a barrel of flour, a few

pounds of best "Havana brown," a little 'lump,' and a little 'loaf,' and all must be [A] No. 1.—He is one of your old fashioned farmers, and could not for a moment entertain the cold thought of getting along without a jug or two "Old W. I." for himself, and some "brandy for the boys;" and then there must be some strong "Old Port" for the temperance folks, and a little sweet Muscat and Sicily Maderia for the girls. A pound or two of Young Hyson is indispensably necessary, as also raisins, and a variety of spices, with which to enrich the bridal cake. But as for plump pigs, at calves, poultry, beef, pork, pumpkins, cider, apples, vegetables, nuts, and sundry *et ceteras*, you must know that the crib and cellar of Captoin S. are pregnant with the best that this or any other country affords. Nor is he the only patron of the merchants on the occasion. All he *invites* must contribute their quota to the enlargement of trade by purchasing "a few little knick-nacks to wear to the wedding"—and a load of wood, or potatoes, or hay, or corn, may be seen driven off to the market from each and every farm-house, for the purpose of obtaining them.

The happy night has come. The thickening shades of evening are throwing a mantle over the shoulders of departing day. If you have ever been to a methodist camp meeting you may perhaps get a faint idea by comparison of the horses and waggons and carriages of almost every description that stand along in front of the large two story brick house of the Simperkins.

The house is literally full "Old men and matrons, young men and maidens," all are there seated round on the temporary benches that have been expressly constructed to entertain the numerous company. At one end of the "great room" sits the man of the house, with a smile of joy and complacency playing upon his face, while he nods assent to every thing that falls from the lips of the parish parson with whom he is conversing, and who with a wondrous knowing look sits leaning back in "the great chair," supporting his chin with his right thumb, and his right elbow with his left hand. Meantime all the old ladies are congratulating the lady of the house on her daughter's good fortune—while the lads and lasses are receiving sly glances reciprocally. Go even to the kitchen, and you will there see every thing in perfect preparation—and looking as neat as a pin. You will there see all the colored people of the neighborhood grinning with pride of the honor conferred on them by invitation.

"It is about time to proceed to this agreeable business," said the parson as he turned to Mrs. Simperkin with a smile, whereupon the old lady sprang with the activity of a lass of sixteen and run up stairs to inform Julia, that the happy moment had arrived. A few moments of the greatest anxiety and eagerness ensued. There was a general rush for the most eligible places from which to witness the interesting ceremony; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the "bride and groom" (as the parson called them) with their attendants—which consisted of two couples to "stand up" as a sort of honorary guard—could force a passage to the post selected for them.—The concourse was immense—and even the windows were darkened by the ebony faces of the sons and daughters of Africa, who had at this juncture left the kitchen to peak in from the outside.

All things were ready. The Elder with indescribable solemnity rose from the full cushioned 'great chair,' and with a long and measured step marched out before the trembling, yet happy candidates. After a few "hems" and a corresponding number of "haws" he proceeded to ask them each a question, and made them promise to "nourish and provide for each other both in sickness and in health"—and then with great gravity, pronounced them *one* by the laws of God, and *man and wife* by the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A good degree of calmness ensued, and the next half hour was devoted to waiting on the ma-

ried pair, or rather to the rendering of that popular courtesy more commonly known by the simple appellation of "kissing the bride." Rather a mechanical operation, it must be confessed—but nevertheless a time honored usage which has gathered a good degree of favor from its antiquity.

Then came the supper. One of your old fashioned feasts—to which all sit down without foolish formality. The patron at the head of the table, the groom at the foot. A large roast pig for the centre of light, and smoking poultry and luxurious condiments, for surrounding luminaries.—"Don't be afraid!" shouted the generous old host with a broad grin, and the play of the knife and fork was forthwith commenced by each and every one upon his own hook. There was none of your waiting half an hour, at the pleasure of a lazy servant—no imposing upon one man all the duty of carving. "Do help yourselves!" said the old lady—and right well was the order obeyed.

At length the striking clock reminded the parson that his wife was at home alone—and after announcing his intention to retire, gave them all his blessing and withdrew into "tother room," closely followed by the groom, and the mother of the bride—when a half eagle was slyly slipped into his hand.

"Thankee," said the parson.
"Welcome," said the groom. "I got that half eagle on purpose for you, Elder—for if I had given you a bank note there is no telling that it would be worth anything to-morrow morning, but your pipe with."

"That's a fact—very thoughtful, my young friend, very—but now you are married, Mr. S. you will want a *whole* pew in my church. You must not crowd the old folks. And between you and me, I have my eye on one for you," said the parson, with a very significant print of the forefinger of his right hand.

The fact of the parson's deriving all his support from the rent of the pews in his church might lead the caviller on things sacred to the suspicion, that there was something selfish in this latter remark—but all who enjoy the most slight acquaintance with Elder Humdrum, will be fully satisfied on this point.

About this time the old lady had the parson by one of the lower button-holes of his velvet coat, (which, by the way, I believe she *worked* herself,) and after bidding her new son-in-law back to supper, thus whispered in his ear:

"Elder, I have taken the liberty of putting a loaf of wedding cake into your saddle-bags—(the Elder always carried his saddle-bags to wedding)—it is the very *best* kind you may depend."

"My dear madam, you are *too* kind," said he, taking up the bags, "but how am I to carry this? The loaf is on one side, and on the other—if I had something about the weight and size of a cheese there to balance them, they would ride better—wouldn't they, my dear Mrs. Simperkin?"
"Lord-a-marcy, Elder—why didn't I think of it afore? I have got one of the best sage cheese that ever was made, and you shall have it."

And the old lady ran into her diary room, brought it forth, and put it into the other side of the parson's saddle bags, while he was constantly telling her that it was the weight of the cheese he *asked* for, and not the cheese itself.

"O, la! Mr. Hundrum, don't say another word," said she; "you know you are always welcome to any thing I have on'arth."

The parson's horse was at the door, fully car- arisoned, saddle bags, contents and all, when the good matron reminded him that before starting on so long a ride, he was in duty bound, both to himself and to the large congregation, whose welfare depended on his health, to take a little warm sling, to prevent his catching cold, and, so saying, handed him a full tumbler, of which the good man liberally partook.

"It was rather too sweet," said the parson, as he handed back the glass.

"You good old saint, you," rejoined the matron, "if it were all *molasses* it would not be too nice for you."

The parson gone, nearly all the "old folks" followed—and the young lads and lasses, inspired by the vivifying influences of merry chat and rosy wine, were ripe for sport. The room was clear-

ed of chairs, benches, tables, and the like, and Nigger Jack, with his high strung banjo, was called out of the kitchen, stuck up behind the door in one corner, and ordered to discourse. A touch of his monotonous quality produced graceful movements on "the light fantastic toe," by a part of the company, while the remainder occupied another room, "playing plays,"—such as walking round in rings and singing—

"Come Philander, let's be a marching,
Every one for a true love searching," &c.

and, ever an anon, most unceremoniously tasted of each other's lips.

"The country wedding" was kept up until "all lights burnt out," which was not until some time after the midnight hour, when the joyous company returned to their respective homes, saying—
"That's a most excellent match, after all!"

MR. JOHN G. PARKER.—The Oneida Whig contains a letter from the Rev. Henry Mandeville, of Utica, to the signers of a petition of which he was the bearer, for the pardon of Mr. John G. Parker, now imprisoned at Kingston, Upper Canada. The petition was addressed to Lord Durham. Mr. Mandeville proceeded with it to Quebec where he had interviews first with Col. Couper and subsequently with Lord Durham, in which he was very courteously received, and favored with opportunities to advocate the cause with which he was entrusted. He speaks very highly of Sir George Arthur, and expresses strong confidence that Mr. Parker will soon be liberated. He received the following answer to the petition:

CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC, }
August 3^d, 1838. }

Sir—I am directed by His Excellency, the Governor General, to acknowledge the receipt of a memorial from the citizens of Utica, in the state of New-York, praying for his interposition in behalf of Mr. John G. Parker, now in confinement on a charge of treasonable offences.

His Excellency desires to express to the citizens of Utica, his high sense of the praiseworthy conduct pursued by them during the late unhappy disturbances in the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and his entire sympathy with their wishes for peace and good will between two nations bound to each other by so many ties of feeling and of interest. His Excellency will, in consequence, forward the memorial to His Excellency Sir George Arthur, and recommend it to that consideration on his part, which is due to those respectable persons who have signed it. As the case of Mr. Parker is one which belongs entirely to the province of Upper Canada, it must be submitted to the officer entrusted with the administration of that province.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most ob't servant,
CHAS. BULLER, Chief Secretary.

We are decided admirers of leanness. Our greatest characters are usually little, attenuate men; stomachless, meagre, lean, and lath-like—beings who have half spiritualized themselves by keeping matter in due subordination to mind. A corpulent intellectualist is a contradiction in terms—a palpable catechrests. One might as well talk of a pot-bellied spirit. Obesity is a deadly foe to genius; in carnesous and unwieldy bodies the spirit is like a little gudgeon in a frying pan of fat, which is either totally absorbed, or tastes of nothing but the lard.—*Newark Daily Adv.*

FATAL AFFRAY.—Tuesday, 4 o'clock P. M.—We have just returned from viewing the dead body of a man named *Oliver B. Larkum*, who came to his death under the following circumstances:—

The deceased is from Tyringham, Berkshire Co., Mass. was on his way to the West. At some point on the Erie Canal, we did not learn where, he placed his valise on board a line boat, with the intention of taking passage on it. The captain of another boat, Jonathan F. Flint, assured Larkum that he would carry him much cheaper than any one else, and that if he did not get his [Larkum's] valise from the other boat, no charge would be made.

Larkum, on these assurances took passage with Flint. When about a mile below Black-Rock,

this morning, Flint dunned Larkum for his fare, to which the latter replied, that he should not pay it until his valise was received, according to the terms on which he took passage. Whereupon Flint kicked Larkum violently in the region of the abdomen; both instantly clinched, fell to the deck,—Larkum crying for assistance,—Flint at the same moment seizing his victim by the throat. A man on board soon released Larkum from the hold of the wretch but only in season to see him faintly gasp, and in a moment he was dead!

A *post mortem* examination was had, attended by Docts. Warriner, Raymond, Barnes and Hoyt, whose opinion, we believe, was, that strangulation was the cause of the death of the deceased.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with these facts.

The deceased was about thirty years of age and has left a wife and two children in Tyringham. A fellow passenger, who had travelled with him six days, inform us that he was perfectly inoffensive in his demeanor.—*Buffalo Star.*

BLOCKADE OF MEXICO.—The N. York Evening Post says:—A French brig of war has arrived off Vera Cruz, in 42 days from France, with the information that an additional force of fifteen vessels and forty thousand men would be sent by the French government to aid in the contemplated attack on Vera Cruz. The brig of war Laperouse still blockaded the port of Tampico.

The rule of blockade adopted by the French squadron seems to be, to capture indiscriminately, and without any warning, the vessels of all nations that have been notified of the blockade, which attempt to land effects in Mexico. It was in conformity with this rule that the American brig *Virgil* was seized by a French brig of war.

The Finale to a Courtship.—"Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—ah! Flora—I am come—ah! Flora—I am come to—oh! you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora—ah! I see you, Malcom, perfectly. You are come, you tell me. Interesting intelligence, certainly. Well, what next? 'Oh, Flora! I am come to—to—' 'To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?' 'Yes.'

'Well, do it like a man, if you can, and not like a monkey.' 'Plague take your self-possession!' exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my knee, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of even Madame de Mail-lard Fraser; 'you make me ashamed of myself.' Proceed, sir,' said Flora.—'You like brevity, it would seem!' 'Yes,' said Flora. 'Then—will you marry me?' 'Yes.'—'Will you give me a kiss?' 'You may take one.' I took the proffered kiss. 'Now, that is going to work rationally,' said Flora; 'when a thing's to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stuttering and stammering two hours about it? Oh, how cordially I hate all *niaiseries*!' exclaimed the merry maiden, clasping her hands energetically. 'Well, then,' said I, 'humbog apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?'—('The Wife-Hunter, and Flora Douglas,' by the Moriarty Family.)

YELLOW FEVER at MOBILE.—Two well marked cases were officially reported at Mobile Aug. 13th. We see this old and unwelcome acquaintance making its re-appearance in three of our Southern cities, after having been apparently driven into retirement for several years by the more desolating scourge of Cholera. Two epidemics cannot well co-exist, though it is asserted they did at New Orleans some years since.—*N. Y. Star.*

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, closed its labors on Monday evening. The pastoral letter was then read. The Right Rev. Bishop Griswold, of the eastern diocese, including Massachusetts, presided in the house of Bishops, being the senior prelate of that church in the United States. The Rev. Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, was elected a Missionary Bishop for Arkansas and other divisions in which he may be invited to labor. The labors of the convention in both houses have been conducted in the most harmonious manner, and the delegates, laymen and clergy part with the pleasing consciousness that it was "good for them to be here."—

The city of Rochester is at this moment improving, probably with more rapidity than any city in the United States. We scarcely felt the great revulsion of last year; but went steadily ahead in public improvement and private enterprise. Our population now comprises more than 20,000 souls, and for industry, enterprise and all the other qualities that characterise a first rate state of society, will compare favorably with any other city. Rochester possesses those elements of prosperity that will inevitably make her one of the largest inland towns in America. Real estate is now cheaper here, than in any other city of equal size, and its future prospects warrant us in saying that in no place can the capitalist make more favorable investments.

Banks under the General Banking Law of this state are multiplying rapidly. The "BANK OF WESTERN NEW YORK" has commenced operations in this city. James K. Guernsey, Esq. is President, and Gustavus Clark, Esq. Cashier. This Bank issues at present the bills of the Georgia Lumber Company, payable at its own counter. These bills are made payable to the order of, and endorsed by, G. Clark, Cashier.

Another new Bank (the Commercial) is also organising but when it will go into operation we cannot say. The Directors and officers are already chosen, and the only difficulty seems to be in getting the stock taken. Perhaps the stock would have been more readily subscribed for, had the projectors deferred the appointment of Directors until the whole stock was taken.

LOOK OUT!

D. S. Gregory & Co. the enterprising and liberal Managers of the Virginia and other southern Lotteries, will draw at Alexandria, Va. on the 17th of November next, the most magnificent Lottery ever drawn in the United States. The highest prize in this truly grand scheme is \$100,000!! It also contains one prize of \$30,000! one of \$20,000! and one of \$10,000! and 50 prizes of \$1,000! Full schemes of this great Lottery may be obtained at the office of G. W. PRATT & Co., Rochester. The price of the Tickets will be \$20—shares in proportion. Orders for tickets and shares forwarded to the Manager's office, Jersey City, if sent to G. W. PRATT & Co.

Prize Lists of all the legally authorised Lotteries in New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia and Maryland, managed by D. S. Gregory & Co., will be regularly received at the office of G. W. PRATT & Co., Rochester, and the cash paid for prizes on presentation.

Drawing of the Alexandria Lottery, Class 6 for 1838.
30, 9, 69, 65, 73, 10, 53, 29, 55, 14, 24, 40.

Drawing of the Virginia State Lottery, for the benefit of the Petersburg Benevolent Mechanics' Association.
Class 6 for 1838.

1, 38, 36, 32, 21, 13, 6, 30, 53, 14, 65, 18.

We publish in this number of our paper the Schemes of the Virginia Lotteries for the month of October. They are unusually brilliant and attractive. Orders for whole tickets or shares intended for the Managers' Office, Jersey City, should be forwarded to G. W. PRATT & Co. at Rochester, where the Prizes will be paid.

Clubs and Companies who buy by the package will be liberally dealt with, and certificates of packages of Wholes, Halves, Quarters and Eighths, promptly forwarded.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.

Wheat sold last Friday at 14 shillings per bushel.—There was a great quantity sold at that rate.

Flour was held at \$8 50 cts. per barrel, but there were few sales.

The news from Europe has had an immediate and salutary effect upon the market.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

ST. CROIX, 23d Aug. 1838.

Our Island presents one of the best prospects for an abundant crop that it has for 20 years at least. In fact the last crop is not yet done, which was also very good, and some estates will probably continue through the year to make sugar.

We shall require a great quantity of American supplies, not so much provision as lumber, such as R O Staves, Wood Hoops and Albany boards. There is plenty of meal to last the Island to the end of the year, and our salted provisions we get cheaper from Europe than America, and that in great abundance. Yours &c.

THE DROUGHT.—The severity of the drought in the West is unmitigated. The Cincinnati Whig of the 15th says:—"It is seriously affecting the marketing and rendering all kinds of vegetables scarce and high."

The farmers in all directions are suffering excessively for want of rain. The corn crops are believed to be so much injured, that not half the anticipated quantity will be gathered.

It is feared that all sorts of bread stuffs, beef, pork, &c., will be rendered unusually dear next spring.

Stock and Exchange Office.

G. W. PRATT & CO.,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS,

In the basement room of the Bank of Rochester.

Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

American and Foreign Gold bought and sold.—Also, Treasury Notes and Corporation Shares.

Bank Notes examined gratis—and all information given respecting the splendid Lotteries now constantly drawing in different parts of the United States.

LUMBERMEN'S BANK.—Bills of the above Bank wanted—also Kilby, Fulton, and Commonwealth. oct 1 G. W. PRATT & CO.

BROKEN BANKS.—Bills of most broken, and non-resuming Banks bought by sept 8 G. W. PRATT & CO.

CANADA & OHIO.—Notes of the Canada and Ohio Banks bought and sold, by sept 8 G. W. PRATT & CO.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE BANK.—Small Bills of the above Bank redeemed at 3 per cent discount. sept 8 G. W. PRATT & CO.

MICHIGAN FUNDS.—Michigan Chartered and Wild Cat Money bought by sept 8 G. W. PRATT & CO.

Virginia State Lottery.

For the benefit of the Mechanical Benevolent Society of Norfolk.

CLASS NO. 6 FOR 1838.

To be drawn at Alexandria, Va., Oct. 20, 1838.

75 Number Lottery—12 drawn Ballots.

D. S. GREGORY & Co., Managers.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1	of	\$40,000	is	\$40,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	6,000	-	6,000
1	-	5,000	-	5,000
1	-	3,000	-	3,000
1	-	2,500	-	2,500
1	-	1,940	-	1,940

50 prizes of \$1,000

50	-	250	-	12,500
50	-	200	-	10,000
63	-	150	-	9,450
63	-	100	-	6,300
63	-	80	-	5,040
63	-	70	-	4,410
63	-	60	-	3,780
126	-	50	-	6,300
126	-	40	-	5,040
3,654	-	20	-	73,080
23,436	-	10	-	243,360

27,814 Prizes, amounting to \$486,180
Tickets \$10—Shares in proportion.

Virginia State Lottery.

For the benefit of the Town of Wellburg.

CLASS NO. 6 FOR 1838.

To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, the 6th Oct. 1838.

SCHEME.

1	of	\$30,000	is	\$30,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	6,000	-	6,000
1	-	5,000	-	5,000
1	-	4,000	-	4,000
1	-	2,500	-	2,500
1	-	2,000	-	2,000
1	-	1,747½	-	1,747½
25	-	1,000	-	25,000
25	-	500	-	12,500
28	-	300	-	8,400
200	-	200	-	40,000
62	-	100	-	6,200
62	-	80	-	4,960
62	-	60	-	3,720
62	-	50	-	3,100
124	-	40	-	4,960
124	-	30	-	3,720
4,340	-	20	-	86,800
24,583	-	10	-	245,830

29,705 Prizes, amounting to \$506,437½
75 Number Lottery—13 drawn Ballots.
Tickets \$10—Shares in proportion.

Alexandria Lottery.

For Internal Improvement in the District of Columbia.

CLASS NO. 7 FOR 1838.

To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, the 13th October, 1838.

SCHEME.

1	of	\$50,000	is	\$50,000
1	-	20,000	-	20,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	5,000	-	5,000
1	-	4,000	-	4,000
1	-	3,190	-	3,190
1	-	3,000	-	3,000
1	-	2,500	-	2,500
1	-	2,000	-	2,000
50	-	1,000	-	50,000
50	-	500	-	25,000
50	-	300	-	15,000
61	-	200	-	12,200
63	-	100	-	6,300
63	-	80	-	5,040
63	-	70	-	4,410
63	-	60	-	3,780
126	-	50	-	6,300
126	-	40	-	5,040
3,654	-	20	-	73,080
23,436	-	10	-	234,360

27,814 Prizes, amounting to \$540,200
75 Number Lottery—12 Drawn Ballots.
Tickets \$10—Shares in proportion.

VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY,

For the benefit of the Monongalia Academy.

Class No. 6 for 1838.

To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. Oct. 27, 1838.

78 number Lottery—13 Drawn Ballots.

GRAND SCHEME.

1	of	40,000	is	40,000
1	-	15,000	-	15,000
1	-	10,000	-	10,000
1	-	6,000	-	6,000
1	-	5,000	-	5,000
1	-	3,000	-	3,000
1	-	2,320	-	2,320
30	-	1,000	-	30,000
60	-	500	-	30,000
60	-	300	-	18,000
129	-	200	-	25,900
65	-	100	-	6,500
65	-	80	-	5,200
65	-	50	-	3,200
65	-	40	-	2,600
130	-	30	-	3,900
4,680	-	20	-	93,600
27,040	-	10	-	270,400

32,396 prizes, amounting to \$670,590
Tickets \$10—Shares in proportion.

FROM EUROPE.

The New York papers of last evening contain later news from Europe. The only thing of importance is the news in relation to the crops. The English papers states that the weather has been favorable of late in England, and that the grain crops of every kind will be abundant.

In France the crops are equal in abundance to any former year. This news will doubtless affect the wheat market here.

The following remarks upon the grain crops in England, we have no doubt will be interesting to our readers.

THE CROPS.

LONDON AUGUST 14.—The state of the weather and the corn market absorbs almost wholly the attention of all parties in the city, and it is with satisfaction, therefore, we are able to report that there is altogether a better feeling displayed to-day. This has undoubtedly been much produced by the propitious aspect of the weather, but more especially from the circumstance of a large quantity of new wheat having been sold in Market lane this morning, for delivery next week. The sample is stated to have been remarkably fine and full. It was readily disposed of at 80s per quarter.

Various efforts are making to induce a belief that the general produce of the present harvest in England will be below the necessary quantity for the ensuing year's consumption. A greater fallacy was never attempted to be imposed upon the country.—The wheat crop in this country, and indeed the whole south and west of England, never looked cleaner or better. It is true that, from the heavy effects of the late severe winter, it is thinner than could have been wished for; but then the straw is abundantly fine, and from the extraordinary improvement in its appearance and growth, arising from the very genial weather of the past three months, it is expected that it will yield an average crop with a sixteenth, or that the total deficiency for all England will be about 3,000,000 quarters.

To meet this we have 600,000 quarters of foreign wheat in hand, the whole of which, from the lessened import duty, now 16s 8d, will be brought into home consumption; and more than this, throughout the country the crops of barley and oats were never exceeded; and the prices of these must be materially reduced, such reduction will greatly lessen the consumption of wheat corn.—Large importations of foreign wheat are also on order, and in expectation of early delivery, the whole of which will come into use, as the duty will yet decline, owing to the high priced averages of the aggregate markets. Accounts from all quarters concur in representing the crop of potatoes to be abundant.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

THE STATUE OF LORD BYRON. A petition was presented to the House of Lords, a short time since by Lord Brougham, complaining that a statue of Lord Byron, by Thorwalden, had been refused by the Deana, admission into Westminster Abbey. The statue is said to be the greatest work of that great master, and has been lying for nearly 15 years unpacked in the Custom House, because the Dean had doubts respecting the orthodoxy of Lord Byron's religious opinions. But the Dean was obstinate and would not allow the statue to be placed over the ashes of the illustrious dead. The petition asked that the House would take steps to cause the admission of the statue.—*New York Express.*

[From the Logansport (Ind.) Telegraph, Sept. 1st.]

A gentleman travelling in one of our back towns a few weeks since, observed a red headed urchin hoeing corn near the road side, when the following dialogue took place:

Gen.—My boy your corn looks rather yellow.

Boy.—Yes, dad went all the way down to Uncle Nat's to get yellow corn to plant this year.

Gen.—But it's very small; I think you will not have more than half a crop.

Boy.—We don't expect to have, for we planted on the shares.

The Importance of Agricultural Improvement.

It is by comparison that we estimate the value and qualities of things. If our stock of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs are as good as those in our neighborhood or as any that may have been noticed, we call them good. We have good crops of corn, and grain of all kinds, if we see no better; and a good or poor farm by the same comparison. But when we extend our researches a little beyond our own precincts, we often find that what we have been accustomed to call good or poor, will not be applicable in the same sense that we have heretofore viewed the terms, and a different standard is necessary. Some, after visiting the Rocky river, or Black Hawk country, come home with different ideas of the quality of soils and look upon their heretofore good farms, with an eye of indifference, and naught will do but to sell off and commence a new in the wilds of the farthest west. They are highly delighted with the rich prairie country, and dwell largely on the advantages untold. They are too often partial in their comparisons, and forget that the soil of their farms is susceptible of great improvement, and that they possess many comforts and privileges at home, that they must for a long time be deprived of in their new location. Such perhaps had better migrate, and leave their improvements to be occupied by those better able to appreciate their value, and with minds imbued with the spirit necessary to a further improvement.

Such persons extend their comparisons for a different object. They see and hear of a land more productive than their own, without that itching desire to pull up stakes and make many sacrifices for the purpose of occupying it; knowing full well that all cannot abide in one place, they feel satisfied with their location, put themselves about improving their own soil with the means they possess—and they will soon find they need not go from home to look for the standard of excellence, for they have it on their own premises.

Because a man has a farm inferior to his neighbors, or that some distant place is better than the land in his vicinity, we conceive to be no reason for him to change his location, if he is otherwise suited. Various motives and causes often make it proper to change, but when a man is fully determined to make the best of his situation, and set about improving his soil, improving his crops, improving his stock; he at the same time is improving his mind; and his children are not forgotten; for improvement is his motto, and is adhered to, in all the various departments of his household—he will generally find it as profitable to remain at home, and enjoy the comforts of an older settlement.

We hardly thought of lecturing on emigration when we commenced this article but wished to impress on the minds of our farmers the importance of improving their farms, and their systems of farming.

A pretty uniform system is adopted in new settlements and for aught we know as good as any, but after a considerable portion of the farm becomes cleared it is time to look toward the introduction of the improvements of older settlements. We are favored with varieties of soil, adapted to the raising of different articles of produce, and in order to farm it profitably, we must as far as possible suit the crop to the soil. Wherever the soil will admit of it, a rotation of crops is desirable, and on almost every farm a portion of the land can be profitably occupied in this way; but much of the land through the central parts of our state is much better adapted to growing grass than grain; and on such land it would be improper to make the raising of corn and fattening of hogs the main business. Here the raising and keeping of cattle will be more profitable. Again on the dry and rich soil of the river bottoms, corn is the most appropriate crop with a rotation of other grains. By a little observation, a farmer will discover the most profitable course of culture, and on lands adapted to the purpose he ought not to remain contented with smaller crops than are obtained in older settlements on inferior soil. "What has been done can be done again" is a remark frequently made, and we see no reason why a farmer who has good corn land should be satisfied with fifty bushels to the acre when one hundred can be obtained. We have seen the land and the stalks, from which 127 1-2 bushels of shelled corn were taken from the acre, and in several instances over 150 have been obtained, in the state of New-York. It was by manuring and superior cultivation that it was done. Let us bestow the same care and much larger crops than we now get, will be the result. Just so with stock, and every production of the farm.

Much land that is now unfit for grain by proper draining may be made excellent for the purpose. When a farmer is fully resolved to make every improvement in his power, he will find many ways of doing it he had not before thought of. One of the most important considerations will be the saving of manual labor, for which purpose machines of various kinds are in use in the east; some of which will soon be introduced among us.

When one or more individuals in a neighborhood are fully impressed with the necessity, and a desire for improving their farms, their example will have a very beneficial influence. The standard of excellence will be raised,

and others will follow their example. Many who are trudging along in their half measures, would not rest, satisfied with their imperfect and unprofitable system, when they saw their neighbors enjoying superior comforts and realizing greater profits, in consequence of the improvements they have adopted. Much good will result from the spirit of improvement when it becomes general. Roads will be vastly improved. Schools will be better supported, and the minds of the people better informed; and may we not reasonably suppose their morals will be improved.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Rust in Wheat.

MR. HOLMES—Much has been said in your valuable paper on the subject of rust in wheat—its cause, remedy, &c. It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the cause of this evil, for an evil and a serious one too we must regard it, and any thing that will free us from it will be a great blessing to the farmer. I am informed that there is a variety of wheat now cultivated in the town of Windsor, and some of the adjoining towns that is not liable to this malady. It has been sowed in the same field with the common wheat, and at reaping time found in perfect order while the other has been nearly destroyed by rust. It is said to yield more to the acre and produce more flour to the bushel, than any other wheat that has been cultivated in this part of the country. The flour from it is also of a more beautiful texture, being hardly inferior to the best Genesee when well manufactured. This wheat was first introduced into Windsor, by Jesse Jewett, Esq. of whom perfectly clean seed can be obtained this fall.

The reason given for its not rusting, is, that the stalk is twice as thick as the common wheat, and is consequently harder, and can contain the sap without any bursting of the sap vessels, which I believe, is the cause usually assigned for rust.

I have not sown this wheat myself, but intend to next year, and if what is said of it be true, it is a valuable acquisition to our crops and will be advantageous to farmers to try it.

Perhaps Mr. Jewett or some one else, who has raised it, will give you its name and a history of it.—*Maine Fa*

Making Manure.

MR. HOLMES—The manure heap is said to be the farmer's mine. It is truly the source of all his treasures.—Were it not for the wonderful economy of nature in converting into vegetables and plants the offal, filth and decayed matter, which is constantly accumulating around us, the ground would be tardy in yielding a supply of its productions for either man or beast. The air would be filled with the pestilential vapor which heaps of filth thus collected would send forth, and disease and death would be the consequence. But in the allwise operations of nature it is differently ordered, and those most offensive substances are made not only useful but absolutely necessary for the use of man. But what I was a going to say is that farmers are not sufficiently cautious to improve all the opportunities within their means to profit by this advantage bestowed upon them by dame nature. They are many farmers, yes, a great portion of the farmers in our state about whose premises may be found the materials for large quantities of the very best manure untouched and apparently unnoticed. There are many farmers within my knowledge who manage their pecuniary affairs to the exactness of half a cent—who would shrink from the idea of seeing a crumb of bread or an ounce of meat wasted in the house—who glean the field with care that not a straw of grain or lock of hay be wasted, who are criminally slovenly and negligent in collecting the materials for making manures which are every day being thrown from the house and in other ways accumulating around them. Thus leaving them upon the top of the ground not only to be wasted but to generate unwholesome gases which are the seeds of nearly all the diseases with which a temperate man is afflicted.

Farmer B. was once guilty in this respect, but now he is a fit pattern of economy in this respect. He is one of your close fisted snug men that never lost a cent in his life, and supposed that he made every thing count, until one day a friend called at his house, and after walking round his premises asked him how long he had lived there. "Ten years," said B.

"You have lost during that time two hundred dollars," said the other. Impossible said B., I never lost a single dollar." "I should said, perhaps, that you might have made two hundred dollars more than you have made from this farm during that time." "How," inquired B. eagerly. By collecting yonder pile of old bones and the heap of old ashes and rubbish, and saving all the soap suds and other slops that go from the house, and converting them into manure," was the reply. B. for the last five years has been cautious that not a particle of manure should be lost, and a short time since he told me that he had not the least doubt that the suggestion made by his friend had added fifty dollars a year to his crops.

Let others try the experiment, and no reasonable doubt can exist, but they will meet with similar success. J. H.