

# The Worcester Banner.



"HE IS THE FREEMAN, WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE."

VOL. II.

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## WALTER P. SNOW.

### TERMS.

THE WORCESTER BANNER is published weekly at three dollars per annum in advance, by subscription only. One dollar for six months, and no paper will be sent until paid for. All communications must be addressed to the Editor. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. When not limited, they will be continued until ordered to the contrary is received.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding sixteen lines, inserted three times for one dollar; for each subsequent insertion twenty cents payable in advance. When not limited, they will be continued until ordered to the contrary is received. Communications, to receive attention, must have the postage paid.

## From the Philad. Casket. THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FLIGHT OF SOULMAN.

THE sun was dancing merrily upon the waters of the Rhine, lighting up the dark woods that skirted either shore, and flinging its gay beams on many a hoary turret and keep, when two travellers might be seen winding along a narrow mountain pass, that looking down upon the river, commanded a view of the valley beneath, the lofty cliffs on the other shore, and the grim fortress of Ehrenstein, towering like some dark spirit in the distance. The strangers were armed to the teeth, and by their bearing evidently of rank. The foremost one was the younger, and his keen dark eye, and thick raven locks, betokened him a son of a warmer climate than that where he journeyed. He was attired in a shirt of mail, wrought of links of the finest steel, that glittered with every motion his body made. Over this, however, he wore a white surcoat, crossed by an embroidered scarf, the work apparently of some high-born damsel. A helmet with its visor up, and bearing a long, drooping white plume, surmounted his head; while his hands were encased in iron gauntlets, and his feet defended by the heavy shoes of the same material, then worn by knights of rank. Not the least imposing of his equipments was the enormous lance which he had borne with him in many a joust and combat. The cross upon his shoulder as well as on that of his companion, betokened them Crusaders. They both managed their mettled steeds with exquisite skill, and they rode along side by side.

"Methinks, Sir Otto, and the other, whose chestnut hair and brawny frame betrayed his Teutonic origin, that a roundelay might now be of good service in bringing a smile into that morose face of thine. What man! when thy own Rhine is once more flashing beneath thee after a three years' absence, canst thou be sad? Thou wouldst make a fit Templar, and truth to say, few are less gay than thou. But yonder is Kadfenstahl—see, see how the old tower opens through the trees, it cannot be more than a league off, I shall see Agnes before noon," and full of his gay anticipations the young knight urged on his steed, as a turn of the road disclosed to view, far off over the valley, a dark solitary tower, perched high upon a cliff, and peeping out from the trees that, in the distance, seemed to embosom it.

"Ah! Sir Walter," said the other, "you sons of the sunny Loire, are ever gayer than we. You know what the good fathers here say to excuse their potations in Rhenish to the pope's ear—that their blood moves more sluggishly here than in Rome, and requires something to arouse it to action. But seriously, I do feel somewhat sad to-day, when I remember I am going back alone to claim the lands of my fathers, and that many faces I used to see will welcome me no more. Thine art not going to thy proud seat, it is true, but is not Agnes, thine own Agnes, waiting to greet thee after thy two years' absence in Syria? I know you would say she is the child of my own mother's sister, but after all there is nothing like the welcome of a mistress, and no cheer so desolate as that found at a deserted hearth. Well may you then be gayer than I—but hark! Rupert," he continued, shouting to one of the train of men-at-arms behind, as if he would change the subject, "we are entering one of the wildest passes of the road, and in these quiet times it behoves us to be careful, bring up your varlets therefore nigher, and send a few on ahead to reconnoitre."

"Yonder, yonder it is, Sir Otto, we shall be there anon, ho there! prick on your steeds. A merry welcome will your old neighbor give us I trow. And then, how will Agnes be overjoyed. She did not expect us for these two months yet."

"But, Sir Walter," suddenly said his companion drawing in his rein, as the dark fortress became, for the first time distinctly visible, not far distant, "do you mark how solitary the old tower looks,—and, as I live, there is not a shred of a banner on the walls."

"No banner!" hastily ejaculated the younger knight; but after a momentary pause, he continued in his usual gaily, "well, the lazy varlets have only forgot to hang it out to-day, gaily will it float when they behold our crests—prick on!"

"And by the three kings of Cologne," added his companion, "is not that smoke curling from yon loop-hole—there, just beyond that tree—it is, and surely there is the drawbridge down. God grant my uncle and Agnes are safe!"

"In the Saint's name, on!" was the only answer of the younger knight, as now completely alar-

med he buried his sword in his steed, and went clanging along the rocky road, followed by his friend and their followers pell-mell, their armor ringing and clashing, and the fire flying from the rocks beneath their impatient hoofs.

A few minutes confirmed their worst fears. As they gained the foot of the ascent, which led up to the fortress, a sight met their vision which crushed all their gay hopes, and sent the blood curdling back upon their hearts. The drawbridge was down; the gate flung wide open; the walls deserted; the battlements in part dismantled; no banner waved upon the battlements; and from a distant loop-hole, the smoke curling lazily outward, betokened that the drawbridge was broken weapons scattered around, and other marks of a severe and desperate conflict. The truth broke at once upon them. The tower had been taken in some one of the daily feuds which then distracted society, and after having been sacked and deserted. What the fate of the inmates had been, the ferocity of the times, and the ruin before them too well betrayed. An utter silence reigned around them, broken only by the scream of a bird of prey, that sullenly looked flight as they approached. And this was the gay welcome to which they had looked forward! Almost mad with his tears, the late joyous cavalier dashed wildly across the drawbridge, and reining in his steed in the deserted court-yard, shouted till the old walls echoed again to his trumpet tones.

"What ho!—seneschal—warder—varlets,—in the fiend's name where are ye? It is Walter de Rothsay calls. No there!" he continued in desperation, as his voice echoed dimly through the empty court-yard, "what news of the Lady Agnes and her noble sire?—where are they?—come forth, ye knaves, here are no enemies, but friends,—come forth, or by the sacred wood of the cross! I will wring every drop of blood from your bodies, and hang them up for the carrion birds to pick! Ho there! and as he finished he brought his lance heavily to the ground, waking a thousand echoes through the empty passages.

He was about turning away disheartened, when an old, gray-haired man emerged from a low vaulted door-way, stole a cautious glance at the young knight, and then with a voice weak from a recent wound, welcomed him by name.

"Hail!—as I am a belted knight," shouted the old man, "I have seen thee in the good old Baron's hall, and done this rapine?"—speak, old man, why stand you hesitating?"

"Alas! alas!" said the old man, while the tears filled his eyes, "that I have lived to see this day! Would God you had come this morning or come not at all! But," continued he, seeing the impatience of the young knight would brook no bounds, "it is done now—follow me!" and returning through the ancient door way, he led the way into a small room that had been used for a chapel, and removing a cloak from what seemed a heap beneath the altar, disclosed to the gaze of the two knights the lifeless body of his master, the silvery hairs dabbled with blood, and the pallid countenance turned upward in the fixed gaze of death. The hands were decently crossed upon the breast. It was the last act the faithful man could do for him.

"This is what was Sir Lubin," solemnly said he as he raised the cloak, "they murdered him in cold blood, at his own hearth, after he had given up his sword! and unable to restrain his feeling as he gazed upon the calm, quiet countenance, the faithful follower burst into tears.

There was an instant after he had ceased to speak, when he might have heard the first breathings of an infant, so awfully silent was the little group. The two knights, as if smote with a basilisk's look, stood gazing spell-bound upon the body, unable for a moment to find utterance for the feelings which were harrowing their very souls. That fearful silence was at length broken.

"By the tombs of my fathers," burst forth the young knight, fiercely clutching his sword as he apostrophized the body, "by the purity of my mother; by my hopes of eternal life, by the holy cross I have fought for, and the mystery of the Saviour's passion, thou shalt be avenged! I swear by all that is sacred, I will track and punish thy murderers! I will hunt them by night and day, from valley to cliff, over ford and torrent, in fastness, pass, or plain,—wherever they fly I will pursue, carrying fire and sword behind them, until their castles shall be haunts for owls, their wives shall be widows, their children fatherless, their lineage blotted out, and should one of their race escape, it shall only be to curse this day! Then and not till then shalt thou be avenged. This by my knightly troth, and the holy banner of St. Dennis, I swear! and shaking his clenched hand on high, he stood there in the silence of utter passion.

"And by the relics of the saints, and this consecrated sword," ejaculated his brother knight solemnly, "I will devote my life and lands to the same holy work! and stooping down he kissed, with devout reverence, the cold hand of his uncle.

"But Agnes—where, in God's name is she?" eagerly asked the young knight; for in the tempest of that sudden passion he had forgotten even her.

"They have born her off, but alas! to what an end. Listen! and in few and hurried words, he informed them that an old enemy of the baron, who had long coveted the hand of Agnes, but been repulsed, and who was one of the most brutal of the wild nobles of the Upper Rhine,

had suddenly attacked the tower the night before, carried it by overwhelming numbers, plundered, sacked, and fired it, and that morning at dawn had departed, bearing off with them their booty, and carrying away the weeping Agnes and her hand-maid as prisoners, leaving them for a fate more dreadful than even death itself. The rest of the scanty garrison, without discrimination, had been put to the sword. The old man only had escaped by secreting himself in the hiding places none knew but his master and himself. This was his tale, told with many ejaculations and tears.

"Now, my St. Dennis, this is my uncle," exclaimed the young knight, "I will have my whole life, and harry the palatine with a thousand lances, if the cravens but injure a hair of her head. But which way went they?—what was their force?"

"They took the lower pass, and might count fifty," answered the old man eagerly.

"By taking the right-hand road then, said Otto energetically, "we may come up to them before sunset—you, Walter, spur on with our few lances, and keep them in sight till I come, with the forces I can, at such short notice, muster at my castle. God speed you," he exclaimed, leaping into the saddle, "I will be with you before dark!"

"On, on!" shouted the impetuous young knight, waving his hand as an adieu. "And follow me, my men, down into the valley—Rupert our guide,—we have kept greater odds at bay in Syria—let us strike now for our God, and for revenge!" & with his scanty but eager followers clattering after him, the excited warrior dashed like a madman through the gateway, in another instant had cleared the drawbridge, and was seen galloping wildly down the rocky road, his iron trappings ringing as he went, and his long snowy plume streaming like a meteor on the wind.

It was long past noon when a body of armed men accompanied by two females, were seen winding down one of the lower passes of the Rhine. They marched with little care, as if not expecting a foe, and in a long, straggling, and somewhat disorderly line. Many of them carried, beside their arms, various articles of plunder, which showed that they had been engaged in some successful foray. Their leader seemed the only watchful person among them and was now to be seen marching at the front of his line, and now dropping to the rear, or riding by the side of the two females, in a vain endeavor to engage them in conversation. He was a tall, athletic man, armed to the teeth; and as his visor was up, you might see that he was possessed of a somewhat forbidding countenance such as we always link with violence and cruelty. The bear borne by his cognizance, betokened him to be Hugo Von Leibnitz, the most lawless of all the titled freebooters of the Upper Rhine.

"Lady!" said the abashed freebooter, quailing before her flashing eye, "there's need that you stop a season, as we would not pollute your presence with the din of strife. There are armed men riding for the pass, and the sight of so fair a prize might breed contention even among friends. So we shall ask you to dismount, and retire awhile to yon old ruin on the cliff."

"Those who cannot command must obey—lead on!" haughtily said the maiden and following her guide, the two females soon found themselves in an old, decayed tower, built perhaps by the Romans, centuries before and now almost imbedded in luxuriant evergreens and loose soil washed down by the rains. It crowded a bold cliff, overhanging the pass and commanded a view of the valley for miles. The only approach to it was by a dilapidated doorway, which as soon as they had entered, was blocked up by a huge mass of rock from without. Such resorts for safety, were neither rare, nor uncommon to be used in those wild and stormy times.

The cause of this sudden alarm was soon evident. Away to the north, just emerging from the rocky defile, a band of men-at-arms, few in number but admirably equipped, were seen dashing at a rapid pace toward the pass; while as they gallantly advanced, the sun glittered from breast-plate, helmet, and lance-head, almost dazzling the eye of the beholder. Steadily they maintained their course; but without pennon or banner. They were yet too distant to be distinguished, but still urging on their steeds, they pressed on in close phalanx, as if life and death depended on their speed.

"Praised be the virgin!" said Winifred, "they are friends sent by heaven to rescue us from the hands of these robbers—who can they be?"

"Ah! my good Winifred," sadly answered her mistress, "I fear me they are but idle stragglers, riding in such hot haste only because they fear to be late at some wassail."

"No, no, they take not the river road, but turn off into this narrower and less frequented path. They ride too as in pursuit."

"God send it may be so—but who is there in all the empire to espouse my poor quarrel; my sire is no more," she added with a flood of tears "my cousin is in Palestine, and Walter! little does he think how great a danger I am in. Oh did he but dream of it how would he fly to my aid!"

"Cheer, cheer ye, my lady," suddenly exclaimed the handmaiden, who had clambered up to a position whence she had a more perfect view of the strangers, "yonder they come they are friends, for they drive in the rear of the foe."

"And oh! holy mother—no,—yes,—it is, it is,"

cried Agnes with clasped hands, as she, again caught sight of them, "there is the crest of Walter, the very scarf I broided for him, the saints be praised for his timely success! and unable to sustain her feelings, she fell back almost fainting against the ruinous wall.

"Oh do but see how gallantly he rides; the noble young lord," ejaculated the handmaiden now carried away with joy as she laughed and cried by turns.

"I fear me he comes only to destruction," suddenly said Agnes starting up, and losing all thought of her own danger in her fears for him. "He has but a poor chance, and the King's footers are three to one. They command the pass too. Oh that we could warn him of his danger—Winifred, cannot you cry so as to be heard?"

"It cannot be," answered the girl, "for my voice would not reach half way, and if any of these villains below were to hear us they would cut both our throats in a twinkling. But they come nearer—it will soon be worthless too, for the strife shall be begun."

The aspect of the two forces was terribly unequal. The freebooters had hastily been drawn up across the narrow pathway, and now sat on their motionless horses, like iron statues, waiting the attack. Nor did they pause long. Leading on his followers, the gallant young knight couched his lance, stooped an instant lowly in his saddle, and then with his little band, drove like a whirlwind down upon his foe. A moment they were seen sweeping along, and Agnes had scarcely ejaculated "The saints preserve him!" before the shock of meeting took place, their lances were splintered, to the head & amid a cloud of dust a half a score of them went headlong to the earth. The position Agnes occupied was however, less favorable than the lot of the one gained by her handmaid, and her view of the contest was, therefore, limited and uncertain. Nor was there space for more than Winifred at the loop-hole above.

"What see you, quick, Winifred, quick!" said Agnes eagerly.

"I see the young knight thundering with his huge sword, as if he were a giant—there he has clove one to the chan—again he cuts another down—Sir Hugo presses toward him—he is almost surrounded—they cross swords—the din and clash of the conflict—oh God! he is down—no! he has broken out like a lion at bay—his gallant followers crowd around him, he hews his way out!"

"What see you now?" gasped Agnes, straining her eyes to catch a view of the combat through the clustering trees, as her handmaiden paused a moment to breathe.

"I see him trying hither and tither rallying his men,—they have all flung away their lances and are fighting hand to hand. Now he rushes into the midst of the foe—again they surround him—he strikes right and left like a hero—now backing his horse on those behind, now rushing forward and cleaving them down like play-things Alas! he is sore oppressed—he is down, and this time, holy virgin! forever—No! his horse was only surrounded—his brave retainers have brought him another—he is free once more—he rallies his men again—they fight like fiends, and now are driven struggling down the pass."

"Do you see nothing more?"

"I see Sir Hugo urging his men down—Sir Walter rallies his broken band and slowly gives way—they surely will not desert us—but they cannot help it, for scarce ten are left alive—they retreat—there is no help—he will be made a prisoner—no, God be praised! a knight with a heron plume for his crest, followed by a couple of score of lances, is thundering down the hill—he cries—what was it?—oh! can it be Sir Otto?"

"Holy virgin! it is," ejaculated Agnes, with difficulty gaining a foothold beside her maiden "it is my cousin, yes, hark! there rings his war-cry,—see how he spurs to the conflict—he is by Walter's side—they charge like the shock of an earthquake—the ranks of our conquerors give way—Sir Hugo turns, he flies, God of my fathers how they scour along beneath us—Walter! Walter! shouted Agnes, as the two forces pursuing and pursued, swept wildly past, there is your own Agnes—they are gone,—but oh! my father, thou art avenged," and in another instant the cries of the combatants the ringing of their arms, and the clatter of their horses' hoofs had died in the distance, and it seemed to the two deserted maidens, as if during the last few exciting minutes they had been gazing on some wild and shadowy phantasmagoria, such as we behold in a dream.

For more than an hour they remained in their imprisoned situation, and as the moments crept by without the return of the victors, the two lonely maidens began to yield to their fears. If any stray straggler should return from the defeated band, they knew their sex would be of avail to protect them from insult or vengeance, and even were none to seek the scene of their defeat, it might be hours, or perhaps days, before the victors should come back. Even if they did, too, it was questionable if they would approach the ruin. One doubt gave place to another,—and when they endeavored to escape, they found the rock that blocked up the entrance immovable, even by their united strength. At last they gave up in despair, and sat down calmly to await their fate. The handmaiden, before whose mind a thousand dangers flitted, began to wring her hands in the extremity of distress; but her more heroic mistress, after a few more useless attempts to escape, only sat herself down to watch from the loop-hole. Meanwhile the

day wore on, and the sun wheeled his broad circle in the bosom of the Rhine, lengthening the shadows of the hills around, and burying the valleys in the gloom of twilight. The breeze came damp from the river, and the birds, returning to their nests, sailed slowly by. In vain they essayed, as a last resort, to scale the ruinous walls. Their fears were rising into agony, when suddenly the pursuers returned by another route to the scene of the strife, and were seen down the pass toward upon the field of the late conflict. But without a new fear arose. The distance might prevent their cries from being heard. They were, however, this to be their only hope, and their noble voices they shouted aloud for aid. But their fears were verified. They were not heard. Agnes could see the plume of her lover faintly waving in the gathering darkness, and her heart died within her when she thought he might depart, and leave her to the mercy of her captors, who would be sure to return for her in the morning. Again and again they united their voices, but again and it was in vain. Suddenly they heard the leaves rustle nigh, but it was only a huge night bird, startled from its drowsy perch, by their repeated cries, that sailed slowly and darkly away down the defile,—and then all was still.

"Oh! what shall we do?" said Winifred in despair, "they cannot hear us, and we shall be left to die. I vow a silver candle to the Virgin if we escape."

"Stop," said Agnes with a sudden energy, "there is my falcon call, I had forgot I wore it yesterday, and in this morning's agony I put it on, being thinking. Sancta Maria be praised, for it shall be the means of our release," and raising it to her lips, she blew a long shrill call, such as in other days her lover himself had taught her.

"They hear it," gasped the handmaiden, "see, they stop and look around,—another, dear lady."

The maiden blew a yet shriller call upon the whistle, exerting all her little strength; and when she ceased, her cheek flushed, her eye gleamed, and her snowy bosom heaved with the excitement.

"They come," she cried, as the young knight turned, and looking up doubtfully toward the cliff, paused in rapt attention, "wave my veil on high—the holy martyrs be praised,—they see it—they dash up the height—they are here, Walter, dear Walter, it is your own Agnes that speaks," and in another instant the brawny arms of the knight sprang toward her, and she was borne from the door, and with a joyful bound Agnes sprang toward her lover, and overcame with mingled gladness and excitement, had fainted in his arms. Bearing her hastily from the rude gaze of his followers, he tore off his gauntlet, bathed her temples with his own hand, and when at last she faintly opened her eyes, he pressed her to his bosom, and covered her lips with kisses.

"Oh! Walter is it you?" murmured Agnes, no longer the lofty lady, but the confiding girl, "I have had such a fearful dream, it was full too of such terrible sights—but now you are here, and I know all is well, but where?" she continued, awaking to fuller consciousness, "is my father?—oh! I know it all now, they have murdered him, at his own hearth too, that dreadful man did it all. Heaven keep me from the sight," and covering her eyes with her hands, she buried her face in the young knight's bosom.

"Forget it, Agnes, love," whispered he, placing his arm tenderly around her, and drawing her gently as a sister toward him, "for he is avenged. The murderer, with all his accomplices, has gone to his last account."

"But oh! where have I now a home—who is there to protect the orphan girl?"

"Your own Walter, Agnes," answered the impassioned lover, kissing away her tears, "I will be your protector—shall I not dearest?"

The blushing girl answered not,—she only hid her face again in his bosom; but her young lover would not have given ought for any other reply. Sadly and sorrowfully, however, they departed from that scene of conflict, for Agnes felt that her father was yet to be mourned, and that much as her betrothed lover could do for her, he could never bring to life her parent. The excitement of the last few hours had contributed to drive from her mind the consciousness of her loss, but now when the scene of danger had passed away, the extremity of her misfortune broke in all its intensity upon her mind. But the elasticity of youth, the alleviation of time, and the love of the young lord of Rothsay, at last succeeded in soothing, if they could not altogether banish her grief.

The Frenchman who lately passed himself off as a Count, and married a young lady of Philadelphia, has been released from prison by consent of parties, a conditional divorce, having first been obtained from him by the friends of the young lady.

An Antinomian one day called on the late eccentric Rowland Hill, to bring him to an account for his severe and legal Gospel. "Do you, sir," said Rowland, "hold the Ten Commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, "John show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall."

"You are always cornered," as the big toe said to the little one.





"THROUGH DESPOTISM'S DEEPEST NIGHT  
THE STARS OF GLORY ROSE,  
TO FREEDOM'S FRIENDS A RALLYING LIGHT,  
A BALE FIRE TO HER FOLK."

## THE WORCESTER BANNER.

Snow-Hill, Md.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1850.

**NOTICE.**—We would refer our subscribers, who wish to discontinue their subscriptions, to the terms on the first page; viz: "that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor." This is a rule from which we will not depart, unless when it may appear to us desirable to do so. All persons wishing to discontinue, will accompany their orders with the amount due, or they will not be attended to.

**APPOINTMENTS.**—Commissions were received in this place on Friday last, appointing SAMUEL R. SMITH, Esq., Register of Wills, and John J. Williams, Dr. Chesed Purnell, and Robert Pitts, Esqs., Judges of the Orphan's Court.

**DELEGATE TO THE HARRISBURG CONVENTION.**—We understand that the District Convention which assembled at Salisbury, on Saturday the 23rd inst., appointed ISAAC D. JONES, Esq., of Somerset County to represent this Congressional District in the Whig National Convention, which convenes at Harrisburg, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

We are informed that Mr. Jones goes on with instructions to give preference to Mr. CLAY for President, and Mr. TALLMADGE for Vice President; yet prepared to acquiesce in the decision of a majority of the Convention.

**RESIGNATION.**—The Hon. Mr. FOSTER, United States Senator from Tennessee, has resigned his seat, in consequence of certain resolutions passed by the Legislature of his State.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—From the returns of the elections lately held in this State, there appears to be but little doubt that the friends of the Administration have succeeded in electing their Governor, two members to Congress, and a majority in the Legislature. A United States Senator is to be chosen.

**A COOL BATH.**—Saturday night last was one of the darkest that has happened since the time of Pharoah. A person attempting to cross the bridge over the Potomac, at this place, walked off, and had to swim upwards of a hundred yards, before he could get out. It was near midnight and no assistance could be procured; and so dark, he says, he could not see the water he was swimming in.

**THE LOST FOUND.**—The Virginia Mail bag, which was lost some time since, on the road from Accomack to Horn Town, was found last week about three miles from the road. The bag had been cut, and some of the letters taken out and opened; among those which were opened, was one directed to a lady in Somerset county, Md., purporting to contain a 50 dollar bank note. This, no doubt, was the object of the thief; who it was that committed the robbery is still unknown.

## ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.

THIRTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer British Queen reached New York on Saturday night. She was telegraphed at sundown, and at eight o'clock was at the wharf. She left Portsmouth on the 4th, and brings London papers to the 3d and Liverpool to the 1st instant. The long passage of the Queen has been caused by her southern route. The weather generally was moderate, but she got into the Gulf stream, and thus was retarded at least two days. The action of the stream was equal to 250 miles of longitude.

The news is in all respects rather favorable. The Liverpool had not arrived out, nor had any news been received of the suspension of specie payments by the U. States Bank.

Private letters from Liverpool written on the 21st ult. state that since the sailing of the Great Western, the price of cotton had declined from 1-3d to 1-4d, but that it had again rallied and was the same as at the time of her sailing.

Nothing definite was known at the United States Bank as to the state of the negotiations between Mr. Jaudon and the house of Hope & Co. the private letters of that gentleman, not having come to hand by yesterday's mail. We have seen two letters, one dated Liverpool October 31st, and the other from a very leading Banking House in London, dated the 1st instant both of which allude to it as still going on.

It appears by the money article of Bell's Weekly Messenger, of the 26th ult., that the export of manufactured goods to this country had almost entirely ceased. This may certainly be regarded as very favorable. The article expresses an opinion, that the balance of trade will

shortly be against England as between it and this country, owing to the large amount of our produce which was understood to be going forward.

The rate of interest had not been reduced by the Bank of England but for several days prior to the sailing of the Queen, money had become decidedly more plentiful out of doors, and was procured on easier terms, and had been obtained at prices ranging from five to ten per cent, on which some three months previous, it was impossible to obtain it at less than twenty per cent.

The advices previously received of the state of the crops in England, are fully confirmed. The quantity is almost an average one, but the quality is inferior. In some of the very northern countries the crop was still out. Owing to the inferior quality of the wheat it was thought prices would not range sufficiently high to open the ports.

American securities were still depressed, but there had been some operations in them at low rates.

In the Continental news there is nothing of importance. No changes had taken place in the Turkish affairs.

In the East the British armies had triumphed over Doost Mohammed. The war between Russia and Circassia still continued—the Russians slowly pushing their advances at immense sacrifices of human life.

The English had taken possession of Passages, in Spain, but on remonstrances being made by the French Minister, agreed at once to evacuate it.

As the King and Queen of France were leaving the Tuilleries, Oct. 19th, a crazy woman threw a stone into their carriage, breaking the glass, the fragments of which slightly wounded the Queen.

Eight of the 400 Russian officers arrested for participation in the conspiracy discovered or denounced on the 12th of June last, had made their escape.

October 23rd being the day when the prorogation of Parliament expired, the two Houses met *pro forma*, and were further prorogued to the 12th of Dec.

The convocation of the French Chambers was not expected to take place before the 15th of Dec.

Lord Brougham had been run away with, in a carriage, and slightly injured, in consequence of which a report got abroad and was published in some of the papers, that he was killed. It created, of course, a strong sensation.

The Empress of Russia was dangerously ill.

An opulent banker, says a Paris paper, came unexpectedly, a short time back, into a fortune of nearly 10,000,000*fr.* He immediately gave 800,000*fr.* to each of his five brothers and sisters, and has since offered his hand, with the remaining 4,000,000*fr.*, to a young orphan lady.

The London Times of the 25th, says that Mr. Jaudon had returned from Holland, and his negotiation for the loan in aid of the Bank of the U. S. went on favorably.

From the New York Sun.

## COQUETRY AND COWHIDING.

On Friday afternoon last a gentleman coquette of this city, a merchant, named B——, was "paid off" for a recent indulgence in his "amiable weakness" in a way which should serve as a caution to all other male triflers with the fair sex. It appears that Mr. B——, had heretofore wooed a young lady of Brooklyn, of unexceptionable character and family, and having won from her a consent to become his wife, the wedding day was appointed, the wedding garments prepared, and the day that was to have witnessed the union found every thing ready on the part of the expectant bride and her family.

The priest had arrived, the guests were all seated in anxious expectancy, and the fair bride—but we can't begin to tell how it was with her. The appointed hour arrived and passed, but no bridegroom made his appearance; and finally a tardy note from him terminated the suspense with the information that he had changed his mind!

It was but a few days, however, before the fickle lover, through the intercession of a friend, and the plea of a love caused hallucination of mind, succeeded in obtaining a reconciliation with the disappointed lady: though her family, among which was a fond brother, could not well bring their minds to forgive the treatment they had received from the now repentant lover.

They did not, however, throw any obstacles in the way of reconciliation and reunion of the high contracting parties, and the result was a second appointment of a wedding day, and a second preparation for the due consummation and celebration of the union—and a second disappointment of the lady, and mortification of her family, because her faithless wooer had again changed his mind!

This was too much for the family to bear however it might have been with the lady, and her indignant brother took upon himself the task of avenging the insult and ridicule that had been cast upon the household by the deceitful wooer of his sister. About two o'clock on Friday afternoon he repaired to Delmonico's, and as he expected, there found the object of his anger, and a large collection of other gentlemen.

Nothing daunted, however, by the congregation present, the angered brother seized hold of the refractory suitor with one hand, and with the other he applied him most lustily a heavy cowhide, which made the agonized recipient of his weighty and rapidly descending favors jump, and yell and writhe, with agony and rage. The scene was rich to the collected by-standers but the unfortunate victim might as well have said with the frogs in the fable, "though it may be fun to you, it is death to us." Not to the death however, did the brother push his punishment but satisfied himself with inflicting upon the object of his anger the severest cow-hiding that is upon our city records.

A correspondence has lately taken place between Governor Grason and Josiah Bayly, Esq., Attorney General of the State, in reference to the issuing of small notes by the Fred-

erick County Bank, the Governor being desirous of legal advice concerning the course which it might be proper for him to pursue.—The opinion of the Attorney General is that the act of 1836 renewing the charter of this Bank deprives it of the right to issue small notes—a privilege which the original charter granted. A violation of this law, however, is cognizable not by the Executive but by the Judiciary department, and the Governor is not required to direct the Attorney General to proceed against any Bank which has issued notes or other paper for circulation, of a less denomination than five dollars since the 1st of May, 1838.

With regard to other points referred to in the correspondence, the legal opinion is expressed that the prohibitory clause in regard to small notes does not apply to the reissue of such paper after it has been returned to the Bank which first issued it, nor does it prevent other Banks from paying small notes issued by different institutions. The object of his Excellency's communication with the State's Attorney was to learn his opinion in relation to such Acts of Assembly, bearing on the subject, as might require the Executive to interfere—Amer.

## REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

We respectfully comply with a request to give circulation to the following communication. The example which has been set by the British Government, of reducing the postage on letters to a very low rate, and thereby increasing the utility of the Post Office Department, is well deserving of imitation in this country. The rates of postage, especially on the most frequented routes, where the number of letters is great, and the produce immense, are most unreasonably high. There is little doubt that the rates might be much reduced, without causing any reduction of the amount of income. If such be the fact, it calls most emphatically on Congress to make the reduction, and to extend the accommodation. If even there were doubts on this point, there is no good reason why the productive routes should be so heavily taxed, for the maintenance of so frequent a conveyance of the mails on routes which are unproductive.

Boston Times.

To the People of the United States:

The British Government has set an example to this country, well worthy of imitation. It is a reduction of Postage.

In a country where every farthing that can possibly be raised by taxation, direct and indirect, is wanted to carry on the Government, the Parliament has reduced the Postage all over the kingdom, to one penny on every letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight. The Government has yielded to the wishes and petitions of the whole people, but not till it was reasonably proved that the revenue would be as great with a low as with a high rate of Postage.

The wants of our people for a cheap communication through the mails are as great as those of the people of England. Our condition, however, is different, owing to the greater extent of our territory. But if the English Postage can safely be reduced to one penny, is it not probable that our can be reduced to 2 cents, 5 cents, and ten cents, according to the distance which the mail has to be carried. The advantages of such reduction are apparent to every man, woman, and child, who has intercourse of business or friendship out of their own immediate neighborhood.

There is but one way to get it done, and that is to send in Petitions from all quarters of the country. We, therefore, commend the following form of Petition.

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

Your Petitioners believe that it would be a great benefit to the People of the United States, social, moral, political, and pecuniary, to reduce the Postage on Letters. They therefore pray that it may be reduced so that the greatest postage on any single letter shall not exceed ten cents.

All editors of newspapers and periodicals, favorable to a reduction of Postage in the U. S. are requested to insert the above Address and Petition.

**The Case of the Amistad.**—It appears by the following statement, to which we have no doubt entire credit is due, that the view which we took the other day of the imperative obligation upon our Government, under the treaty with Spain, to restore the Spanish vessel (the *Amistad*) with her cargo and equipment unimpaired, to the Spanish owners, has been taken also by the Executive of the United States—Nat. Int. Correspondence of the *Courier Enquirer* Hartford, Monday Evening.

The District Court commences its session to-morrow. It is a special term and the case of the *Amistad* is the only one to be tried.

It is understood here that Mr. Secretary Forsyth has expressed the opinion in emphatic and decided terms, that the case cannot properly be litigated in any of our courts; that it is a question to be settled by the Executive, and not by the Judiciary, and that our treaty stipulations with Spain render the obligation on the President imperative to deliver the vessel and cargo into the custody of the Spanish Minister, without injury or diminution. He thinks that it is not competent for us to call in question the legality of the license and clearance papers furnished to the purchasers of the slaves by the regularly constituted authorities at Havana.

The Spanish Minister recommends to the claimants to abstain from all action in the premises and to rely on the good faith of our Government for justice.

**FLOUR.**—We learn from the Philadelphia Commercial List that the packet ship Algonquin cleared on Wednesday for Liverpool, with a cargo consisting of 10,000 bushels of Pennsylvania Wheat, 300 bbls. of Flour, and 256 hhds. of Quercitron Bark.

The ship Rowland cleared on Friday for London, with a cargo of 345 hhds. of Quercitron Bark; and about 2000 bbls. of Flour.

The ship North Star for Liverpool, has now on board 4,200 bbls. of Flour and 98 hhds. and tierces of Quercitron Bark. She will sail in a

day or two.  
The New York Herald says that on Wednesday 50,000 bbls. of Flour reached that city by the North River. This unusual amount in one day was owing, in some measure to the delay of some of the boats, and they all arrived together.

## MARYLAND BONDS.

A New York letter writer for the Baltimore Patriot, a few days ago, made certain statements in reference to the sale of a portion of the 5 per cent bonds of the State of Maryland, delivered to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, which are calculated to produce erroneous impressions. The writer says that eighty bonds were sold at 58, 59, 60, and 72. We have authentic information on this subject, and feel authorized to state that a sale of bonds amounting to \$2,500 was privately made, which realized to the company 90 per cent. The holders in order to try the market afterwards, put them up at public sale, when the most of them if not all, were bid in by the holders at the nominal rates, mentioned by the letter writer. The actual sale was a good one considering the state of the money market—and as high, if not higher than any sale of State Bonds for the last six months.—Hagerstown Mail.

## EXAMINATION OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

The following humorous account of the examination of a midshipman in the English naval service is extracted from an article in a late British Magazine:

I remember at Mola one unfortunate youth named Richards, the day of whose trial was fixed, and who from the known character of his judges had good reason to be anxious about the result. On the morning previous to his examination, I found him in a dreadfully agitated state and in order to encourage and reassure him as much as I could, I took him out with me and endeavored during a long walk to explain to him any difficulties that occurred. After a good deal of questioning and cross questioning finding himself *au fait*, he began to take courage and to look forward with confidence to the result of the morrow.

"Well, youngster?" said the skipper, addressing my companion; "so you are going to pass to-morrow eh?—to try at least, eh. Very well, see you, are prepared, for it shall be no child's play. I'll work you, my boy; I promise you I will."

"It will never do, Ned, said the poor fellow to me as soon as the captain was gone. It will never do—I'm sure to be rejected."

"Nonsense," I replied. "Keep your spirits up, and never say die; every body knows that fellow does not always bite when he snarls."

"Well said the desponding youth, "It may be, but you'll see I'll be rejected."

The eventful hour at length arrived, and poor Richards approached his fate with palpitating heart. As there were six others for trial at the same time, they were apportioned among the different captains; each taking upon himself the examination of one.

"If you will allow me said my friend of a previous day to the senior captain, "I should like to examine you, I should like to examine you."

"Certainly replied the senior captain and the poor fellow as white as a sheet, was immediately called forward.

"Now, sir," said the captain addressing him and assuming a very grave and severe expression of countenance; now, sir let us see what sort of an officer of the watch sir, of the Dido frigate—don't forget her name sir—there's a heavy gale of wind from the southward—do you hear sir? Pay attention to what I am saying to you, sir—I'll lay my life, you have forgotten what point the wind was in, mark me sir for its important—the gale from the southwest sir, remember, the southwest. Plenty of sea r om, sir: the vessel made all snug for at night lying to under t'ysails? Well sir, the captain comes on deck, and says—to you observe, what the captain says, sir: he says to you. "Mr. Richards, how's her head?" You of course make the proper response; after which the captain putting his hand in his pocket, takes out a small leathern case—mark, sir, a leathern case—and presenting it to you in an easy sort of way, he offers you a segar. Now sir, answer me immediately, sir—which end of the segar would you put in your mouth?"

The poor middy, who, as the captain was proceeding with this address, was looking forward to some awfully formidable question, was so thunderstruck by this unexpected termination of the harangue, that not knowing whether it was meant in a joke or in earnest, he stood for a moment without opening his lips.

"Come sir," cried the captain—"quick, which end?"

"The twisted one," replied the youngster, who was fortunately well practised in the use of segars.

"The twisted one sir if an Havana, and either end the same if a Cheroot?"

"Excellent!" cried the captain, throwing himself back in his seat in a roar of laughter. "Capital sir. Capital, sir—very well answered indeed sir. Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Richards is extremely well qualified to make an excellent officer."

The youth was accordingly duly passed and all his evil forebodings ended. This was one of the lucky turns, and we all congratulated him heartily on having drawn a prize.

## Advantages of Cooking Food for Animals.

Water in certain combinations with vegetable substance, may be considered as converted into a nutritious and sometimes solid food. Every one is aware that a given quantity of maize meal, or rice, or any farinaceous substance, will afford more nourishment when boiled, than a much greater quantity in an uncooked state. Count Rumford states in his essays, that for each pound of Indian meal employed in making a pudding, we may expect three pounds nine ounces of the pudding; and he says again, that three pounds of Indian meal, three-fourths of a pound of molasses and one ounce of salt, (in all three pounds thirteen ounces of solid material,) having been mixed with five pints of boiling wa-

ter and boiled six hours, produced a pudding which weighed ten pounds and one ounce. The gain of weight in rice is more considerable than that of Indian or maize meal, but in either it is so great as to demonstrate most conclusively the advantage of cooking, for experiments show that the gain in nutritive power of the cooked food is at least equal to the gain in weight.

That water is capable of conversion into a nutritive soiled, is proved by the experiments of De Saussure in the formation of sugar from starch by the action of sulphuric acid. He says "that as starch boiled in sulphuric acid, and thereby changed into sugar, increases in weight without uniting with sulphuric acid or any gas, we must conclude that starch sugar is nothing else than a combination of starch with water in a solid state." It is perhaps owing to this addition of water in a solid form, that sugar is so much superior to starch as a nutritive substance. Some persons may doubt that water ever becomes solid unless when frozen; but if they will take the trouble to weigh a few pounds or ounces of quick lime, and then slack it by water, and note its increase of weight, they will have their doubt dispelled. In cooking food, such as the grains, or potatoes, it is clear the water combines with the farinaceous matter in boiling, adding as decisively to its weight as when united with the lime. Every farmer, or housewife, can if they will take the trouble to weigh the ingredients used in making a pudding of Indian meal, satisfy themselves of this increase in weight; and by observing its effect as food, test the value of the cooked material over the uncooked or uncombined one.

The tranquility of Mexico seems destined to be of short duration. The last advices both from Texas and Mexico, gave earnest of a conflict shortly to take place, which would be the beginning of new assault upon the integrity of the Mexican States, and it would not be a matter of much marvel if it would end in the overthrow of the Mexican Republic, as it at present exists. The last New Orleans Bulletin on this subject remarks:—

"The next news from Matamoros is looked for with much interest, from the expectation that the result of the expedition preparing against it by the Mexican Federalists will then be ascertained. A large body of Texans had joined the attacking party, and great hopes of success were founded upon the strength that these powerful auxiliaries would impart to the Federalist army. The Mexicans have an exalted notion of the formidableness of Texan soldiers, and not without reason—the conflicts of the Alamo, and on the field of San Jacinto, having furnished incontestible proofs of their superior prowess. But it may well be questioned, whether they would be equally effective if co-operating with Mexicans, as when employed against them. The Texan Government has acted wisely in refusing to sanction the interference of her citizens with the domestic quarrels of Mexico.

Nothing could be gained by a coalition with the Federalists; the two races cannot amalgamate, and to attempt to do so would be sure to excite the animosity of the Federalists, and might lead to another foreign intervention, still more powerful on the part of England or France. In the meanwhile, the neutrality of the Government will not prevent the citizens of Texas from joining in the strife. Great numbers have already crossed the boundary line to join the standard of the Federalists; more will no doubt follow, tempted by the glory of revolutionizing Mexico; and in this way the Federalist army will receive reinforcements, as numerous and efficient as if the Government openly took part in the war."—*Balt. Amer.*

## THIN SHOES.

From the "Wilkesbarre Advocate."

Epitaph on the gravestone of a young lady. Died of thin shoes, January, 1839.—*Exchange Paper.*

If the truth was always to be found in an epitaph, and epitaphs on every gravestone—such inscriptions as the above would be as thick in our repositories of death as fallen leaves in autumn.

The practice of wearing thin shoes, and clothing in light garments generally is too common among American women, and cannot be too strongly animadverted upon. A thin pair of shoes undoubtedly set off and display to advantage a pretty foot; but is the word of admiration from some senseless coxcomb in a crowded ball room an equivalent for the hacking cough and hectic flush—or the ruddy tint of health so lightly esteemed by our fair countrywomen as to be carelessly exchanged for the red harbinger of death, blasting the cheek where it blooms?

Is a foot, compressed into the smallest possible space by kid and morocco—a prisoner there—and which if placed and kept there, against the will of the wearer, would be called torture; is a foot thus bondaged, we say, (because its diminutiveness may attract the eye of some jockey in humanity, and exposing its owners both by the quality and manner of its covering, to cold, cough and consumption, to have such meretricious advantages compared with such probable fatal results? Let those who thus throw themselves in the suicide's path, reflect upon what they are doing.

We say to every one, wear good, strong, thick shoes and overshoes whenever there is mud, water, snow or ice in the street. Never mind if your feet do look a little large ladies; even if they should appear clumsy, do not fret. A little looking foot is not of much importance to health and happiness as a good pair of lungs; and those who not the part of wisdom will dress to ensure health, and let Fashion and Fashion's fools go to destruction in the way that they love to travel.

Mr. Taylor, with his sub-marine armour, went through a series of successful experiments at the New York navy yard last week, in the presence of a number of officers of the navy, citizens and ladies. The explosion of the sub-marine rocket excited a great admiration.







