

We were on board a slave ship bound to the coast of Africa. I had my misgivings about the business, and I believe others had them too. We had passed the Straights of Gibraltar and were lying off Barbary, one clear, bright evening, when it came my turn to take the helm. The ship was calm, and every thing around was as silent as the day after the deluge.

The wide monotony of water, veiled only by the glancing of the moon on the crest of the waves, made me think the old fables of Neptune were true, and that Amphitrite and the Naiads were sporting on the surface of the ocean with diamonds in their hair. These fancies were followed by thoughts of my wife, my children and my home; and all these ideas came jumbled together in a delirious state of approaching sleep.

Suddenly I heard, high above my head, a loud, deep, terrible voice

out, 'Stand under!' I started to my feet—it was the customary signal when any thing was thrown from the shrouds, and mechanically I sang out the usual answer, 'Let go.' But nothing came—I looked up to the shrouds—there was nothing there. I searched the deck, and found that I was alone! I tried to think it was a dream—but that sound, so deep, so stern, so dreadful, rung in my ears, like the bursting of a cannon!

In the morning I told the crew what I had heard. They laughed at me; and were all day long full of their jokes about 'Dreaming Tom.' One fellow among them was most unmerciful in his raillery. He was a swarthy malignant looking Spaniard, who carried murder in his eye, and curses on his tongue; a daring lordly man, who boasted of crime, as if it gave him preeminence among his fellows. He laughed longest and loudest at my story. 'A most uncivil ghost, Tom,' said he; 'when such chaps come to see me, I'll make 'em show themselves. I'll not be satisfied without seeing and feeling, as well as hearing.'

The sailors all joined with him; and I, ashamed of my alarm, was glad to be silent. The next night, Dick Burton took the helm.—Dick had nerves like an ox and sinews like a whale; it was little he feared on the earth, or beneath it. The clock struck one—Dick was leaning his head on the helm, as he said, not thinking of me, or my story,—when that awful voice again called from the shrouds, 'Stand from Under!' Dick darted forward like an Indian arrow, which they say goes through and through a buffalo, and wings on its way, as if it had not left death in its rear. It was an instant, or more, before he found presence of mind to call out 'Let go!' Again nothing was seen,—nothing was heard. Ten nights in succession, at one o'clock the same unearthly sound rung through the air, making our stoutest sailors quail, as if a bullet shot had gone through their brains. At last the crew grew pale when it was spoken of; and the worst of us never went to sleep without saying our prayers. For myself, I would have been chained to the oar all my life, to have got out of that vessel. But there we were in the vast solitude of ocean; and this invisible being was with us! No one put a bold face upon the matter, but Antonio the Spaniard.—He laughed at our fears, and defied Satan himself to terrify him. However, when it came his turn at the helm, he refused to go. Several times under the pretence of illness he was excused from a duty, which all on board dreaded. But at last the Captain ordered Antonio to receive a round dozen of lashes every night, until he should consent to perform his share of the unwelcome office. For a while this was borne patiently; but at length he called out 'I may as well die one way as another—give me over to the ghost!'

That night Antonio kept watch on deck—few of the crew slept; for expectation and alarm had stretched our nerves upon the rack.—At one o'clock, the voice called, 'Stand from under!' 'Let go!' screamed the Spaniard. This was answered by a shriek of laughter, and such laughter, it seemed as if the fiends answered each other from pole to pole, and the bass was howled in hell! Then came a sudden crash upon the deck as if our masts and spars had fallen.

We all rushed to the spot—and there was a cold, stiff, gigantic corpse.

The Spaniard said it was thrown from the shrouds; and when he looked on it, he ground his teeth like a madman. I took him, exclaimed he, 'I stabbed him within an hour's sail of Cuba, and drank his blood for breakfast.'

We all stood aghast at the monster.—In fearful whispers we asked what should be done with the body. Finally, we agreed that the terrible sight must be removed from us, and hidden in the depths of the sea. Four of us attempted to raise it; but human strength was of no avail—we might as well have tugged at Atlas. There it lay, stiff, rigid, and heavy; and as immovable as if formed a part of the vessel. The Spaniard was furious; 'Let me lift him,' said he; 'I lifted him once and can do it again. I'll teach him what it is to come and trouble me.' He took the body round the waist, and attempted to move it. Slowly and heavily the corpse raised itself up; its rayless eyes opened, its rigid arms stretched out, and clasped the victim in a close death grapple—and rolling over to the side of the ship, they tottered an instant over the waters—then with a loud plunge sank together. Again that laugh—that wild, shrieking laugh, was heard on the winds. The sailors bowed their heads, and put up their hands to shut out the appalling sight.

From the Hagerstown Mail, Aug. 22.

By an endorsement on the Way Bill received this morning from Cumberland, we learn that George Swearingen has made a confession, in which he accuses Rachel Cunningham with the murder of his wife.

From the Hagerstown Torch Light.

SWEARINGEN'S TRIAL.

The examination of the witnesses commenced on Friday 14th, and closed on Wednesday 19th inst.—The pleadings were opened on Thursday 20th, by Mr. Dixon, on the part of the state, who was followed by Mr. Buskirk and Mr. McMahon, same day, on the part of the prisoner. Mr. McMahon occupied the greater part of the day on Friday, and was followed same day, by Mr. Price, who concluded his speech on Saturday. Mr. Dixon closed the pleadings on Saturday. Mr. Dixon spoke about five hours in the case, Mr. Buskirk one hour, Mr. McMahon seven and a half, and Mr. Price about five hours. At 4 o'clock on Saturday, the jury retired, and after an absence of ten minutes returned with a verdict of 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'

For the following brief sketch of the testimony we are indebted to a gentleman, who was in Cumberland during the trial, and in whose statement we have the utmost confidence.

The testimony commenced with the marriage of the accused, which it was attempted to be proved, was on his part, from mercenary motives. His conversations in relation to this fact were proved, and from them it appeared that he was previously attached to another lady who returned his affections, but that this connection had been broken off by the interference of his relations. Evidence was then adduced to show his coldness and indifference to wards his wife, and in June or July 1827, that he upset her in a gig on Martin's mountain, on which occasion she was dreadfully injured, and her recovery was a long time doubtful. His connection with a lewd woman, named Rachel Cunningham was next given in evidence, his acquaintance with her commenced in August or September, 1827, immediately previous to his election. On that occasion he took this woman to a camp meeting in Washington county; in a barouche. The nature of his intercourse with this woman, was then proved, the testimony consisting chiefly of his own conversation with different individuals at different times. From those it appeared, that he built a house in Hagerstown, into which she was put—that he visited her here, openly and daily,—that the indignation of the public arose on one occasion to such a height as to threaten a mob for the purpose of pulling down his house,—that he armed himself on the occasion and threatened to kill the first man who approached,—that he then sent her off to Virginia, where he occasionally paid her visits, and ultimately removed her to the farm which he held in right of his wife, in Allegany county.

It was proved also that his wife left him in consequence of his connection with Rachel Cunningham, and in a short time afterwards consented to come back and live with him, it being understood that his intercourse with his paramour was entirely broken off. He then made promises to his friends of a reformation in his life and habits, and for a time was seen walking out with his wife, and conducting himself towards her as became a husband.

The facts immediately connected with the death were then proved and were as follows. That he left Cumberland on Sunday, in company with his wife, and proceeded as far as Mrs. Peggy Cresap's, where they remained all night. In the morning they set out to go to another Mrs. Cresap's, and left the road when they arrived opposite his farm. At this point he was met by a drove of cattle, at the head of which was young Hilliard, who swore that he saw the accused and his wife, leave the road, he riding before and carrying the child, and she following at a short distance. At the distance of about two hundred yards from the path where they turned off, they reached the foot of a steep hill, when he got down, hitched his own horse, and put down his child. That he then took his wife's horse by the bridle, & led him up the hill, at which point young Hilliard lost sight of them. When the drove had proceeded about three fourths of a mile, Swearingen overtook it, riding at a moderate gait, with his child in his arms. He asked the drover his name and where he was from. After which he told him that his wife had been thrown from her horse, that he was afraid she was dead, and wished him to take his horse and ride to Cresap Town, and send Robert Kile to him immediately. Which the drover did.

When Kile came to the ground he was about passing the road leading to Swearingen's farm, when he heard a whistle, and looking in that direction, saw the accused sitting by the dead body.—She was lying on the side of this by-road about a hundred yards from the main road and about a quarter of a mile from the place where according to the statement of the accused the horse fell with her.

A Coroner's Inquest was held the next day, which determined that she came to her death by an act of Providence. The death happened on Monday. The ground was explored on Wednesday, by several persons, who commenced their examinations at the

point where young Hilliard lost sight of the accused.

At this place it was supposed he left the road, and the track of a horse was traced by some persons through a laurel thicket, over the hill, coming out into the road where the corpse lay, about fifty yards above the place. They discovered also a place by the side of a log, where the leaves had been pressed down forming a hollow in the leaves. On the log was a stone. At a little distance they discovered where a horse had been hitched, a little further a clod apparently cut in a hurry. The leaves of the bushes in the direction of the track was spotted, as some of the witnesses thought with blood. On this subject there was some contrariety in the evidence. Some of the witnesses did not think they were the tracks of a horse, and one thought there were no tracks at all. There was a difference also among the witnesses about the appearances in the woods, some thinking that all of them were natural appearances to be found at all times in the woods.

The accounts given by the accused were very contradictory. He said, to all that she was killed by her horse falling with her in the main road, but to some he stated that she was killed dead, to others that she was killed by falling from the horse after he had put her on for the purpose of taking her to some place of safety. To some he said she fell when the drove came in view, to others that the last of the drove was just getting out of sight when she fell.

A second inquest was held on Thursday night.—The body was disinterred and examined by physicians, who at first thought that from the putrescent state of the body, it was impossible to assign the cause of her death, and gave such an opinion in writing to the inquest. They afterwards came to the conclusion that her death was occasioned by suffocation. There was also a difference of opinion among the physicians examined. One of them giving it as his decided opinion that no judgement could be formed as to whether she was killed by suffocation or not, without an examination of the lungs and brain, neither which were seen by the examining physicians, the others thinking that the swollen and turgid state of the neck and face sufficiently indicated a death by suffocation.

His flight was proved to have taken place immediately after the second inquest was convened and after a sum of money was issued for him by the Coroner.

It was proved that the knees of the horse were injured, and several witnesses swore positively that the injuries were not occasioned by the horse's falling, but were cut with a knife or some sharp instrument.

During the argument, and while the last of his counsel, Mr. Price, was speaking, a letter written by the accused in prison to Rachel Cunningham, was read by the prosecutor to the jury.

The final sentence of the law was pronounced on Monday last, by the Hon. John Buchanan, who accompanied it with the following prefatory remarks:—

Upon a full and minute investigation before a jury of your country, commensurate with the character of the offence with which you stand charged, and the awful consequences of conviction, you have been found guilty of the horrible crime of murder of the first degree; and it has become my painful duty as the organ of this Court, to pronounce the solemn and appalling sentence of the law.

Of your guilt, not a shade of rational doubt is perceived to exist.

Three different juries have pronounced you the murderer of your wife—the jury of inquest, the grand jury that found the indictment on which you have been tried, and finally the petty jury of your own choice, after an attentive and patient hearing of the elaborate arguments of the counsel engaged in your defence, by whom nothing was left undone, that zeal and ingenuity could suggest.

Far be it from me, to entertain any the remotest wish, to insult, or unnecessarily offer violence to your feelings—they must be already sufficiently narrowed.

But I am constrained to say,—(would to God it were otherwise,) that wilful, deliberate and premeditated purpose, though essential to the murder of the first degree, does not give to the offence of which you stand convicted, its deepest dye; does not constitute its blackest atrocity.

Murder is shocking to humanity under any circumstances, and a well regulated mind, one not callous to every proper and correct feeling, always turns from the contemplation of it, with shuddering and abhorrence.

Yet there are degrees of turpitude even in murder of the first degree, and that perpetrated by you, mounts to the highest grade of enormity.

Yours is an instructive, but melancholy lesson; a practical, but shocking illustration of the awful truth, which cannot be too often, nor too strongly inculcated, that one false step is ever followed by another.

Rearred and educated in an enlightened society, surrounded by respectable and amiable friends and relations, and enjoying in a high degree the esteem and confidence of all who knew you, you found your abused and unhappy victim at a boarding school, a young, inexperienced, innocent and guiltless

girl—the daughter of a wealthy parent who had sent her abroad for her education.

Alas! he little thought, he was sending her to her destruction; and that what was intended for the advancement of her respectability and happiness in this life, was destined soon to prove her ruin.

Departing from the path of rectitude, in which until then, you seemed to have trodden, and unbalanced by any of the sweet feelings of the heart, but attracted only, (as it appeared in evidence) by the allurements of wealth, you sought and won her affections, and with no corresponding attachments, made her at an unsuspecting moment, the confiding partner of your bed,—but an alien from your bosom.

It was a false and vicious step, a moral fraud practised upon the credulity of a fond and unsuspecting girl.

That one false step began another. Scarcely had you, under the sanction of a holy vow, deprived her of her virgin charms, ere (regardless of all decorum, of the feelings of the friends and relatives by whom you were encompassed, and of every thing that was due to the society in which you lived,) you cruelly dashed her from you, to revel in the foul embraces of a base and common wanton.

Thus hurrying onward, (forgetful of every law, human and divine,) from one false and vicious step to another, you arrived at last to the perpetration of the unnatural and cruel murder of your innocent child, whose presence alone should have been her protection—the bloody deed, that has drawn down upon you the vengeance of the offended law; which, (under the direction of Him, by whose all-seeing eye, the fall of a sparrow is not unobserved, from whom nothing can be concealed, and no secrets are hid,) seldom fails, sooner or later, to overtake the guilty; the very means suggested by guilt, and resorted to for concealment and escape, however deep laid and well planned, often proving to be the sure means of detection; such are the inscrutable ways of Providence, and such the blindness of man, with all his boasted wisdom.

Suffer not yourself to be deceived by a vain hope of pardon; or of any interposition by the Executive of the State in your behalf—it might prove a fatal delusion.

The blood of that much injured and murdered woman, whom at the sacred altar you had vowed to cherish, and whom it was your duty to protect, cries to heaven; outraged humanity calls aloud for justice; the offended majesty of the law must be appeased, and the hour of retribution draws near.

Trust me, when I assure you, it is my sincere belief, that there is nothing to be hoped from any earthly power, on this of the grave; and that your only hope, must now rest upon another and a higher tribunal for peace and happiness, in 'another and better world.'

Permit me then to beseech you, no longer looking to the things of this world, to direct your attention to that dread tribunal, and diligently to employ the small remnant of life that yet remains to you, in earnest and humble supplication to the Throne of Grace, for that pardon and forgiveness which can only be extended to you by Him from whom you have your being—the Great Searcher of all Hearts; the High and Mighty Ruler of the Universe.

And may the God of mercy in compassion to your soul, incline and guide your heart to penitence and prayer, sustain and strengthen you in the hour of trial, and suffer you not at the last sad moment, for any pains of death, to fall from Him.

Your sentence is, that you be taken to the goal of Allegany county, from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, at such time as shall be duly appointed, and that you be there hanged by the neck, until you are dead!

PIRACY AND MURDER.

The following narrative of the plunder and murder of the crew of the Vaw Fredericks, a Dutch brig of 200 tons, belonging to Haarlem, was detailed by a gentleman just arrived from the Floridas in the Lovely Nancy, now in the Thames:—The Frederick sailed from Jamaica on the 12th of April last, in charge of Mr. Stein, the mate; Captain Fredericks, the master and owner, having died at Kingston. There were seven men and two passengers, and the vessel was under orders for Holland, but had to call at the Havana for a large freight. The brig kept her course through the leeward passage until the evening of the 20th, when a schooner hove in sight, and kept hovering about the brig the whole of that night. They were then not two days sail from the Isle of Cuba, and the schooner appeared to have come from either the Colorado or Saint Antonio, to the southward of the Havana. On the morning of the 21st, at daylight, the schooner was about two miles to leeward, and Mr. Stein, suspecting her to be a pirate, made all sail from her. However, the schooner was too fast, and about 12 o'clock, came within a half a mile, and hoisting Buenos Ayres colours, fired a gun.

The brig was quite unarmed, and hove too.—The schooner then hailed in English, but not a soul on board understood the language, and the only

answer given was hoisting the colours. A boat was then sent out by the schooner, full of men, and before 1 o'clock the brig was in possession of the pirates, whose savage and brutalocity now are to be related. The pirates, to the number of about 30, ransacked every part of the vessel, and took every thing of value they could lay their hands upon.—The Dutch sailors, in their own language, remonstrated, but were laughed at by the ruffians, who proceeded deliberately to compel the wretched men to what is termed 'walk the plank.' This was on the afternoon of the same day they seized the brig. One poor man, upon being laid hold of by two of the pirates, to pinion, blindfold, and fasten a shot to his feet, made a desperate resistance, in which he fixed his grasp upon the throat of one of the ruffians, and they both tumbled over the side, and were drowned.—Senar Baptista, of the firm of Ramona, Balcassus, and Baptista, of Havana, remonstrated with a short man, who spoke the Spanish language, but, from circumstances which have since transpired, was believed to be an Irishman, and who appeared to be the commander, and endeavored to influence him to prevent the Dutchmen being murdered. The ruffian only answered by firing a pistol at his head; but next moment, as if by a retributive justice, fell dead upon the deck, the other passenger having plunged a knife suddenly in his back.—Five of the Dutchmen, observing the fate of Mr. Stein and two others, ran below, and arming themselves with knives, made a determined resistance, but were overpowered by the pirates, all of whom were well armed. Before six o'clock in the evening the whole of the crew of the brig were thrown into the sea, and one of the passengers, a planter, belonging to Savannah, was stretched mortally wounded, on the deck. The only remaining one was Senar Baptista, and he was pulled out from beneath the boat, where he had escaped during the conflict between the pirates & the ill-fated crew of the brig. In a state of dreadful terror, he pointed out a locker, where a box, containing a considerable amount in specie, belonging to Capt. Fredericks, was concealed, and for this information his life was spared.—The brig was then scuttled, and went before the wind, and Senar Baptista was in three days after landed at St. Antonio. He reached the Havannah in about three weeks, and related to the agents the fate of the Fredericks and her crew. Five persons were then in custody, upon suspicion of plundering an American vessel, and he was directed by the authorities to go to the goal, and look at them. He immediately identified two of them, who were on board the pirate vessel which plundered the Fredericks. One of them was an Irishman, who admitted that he was in the schooner, & he sailed from St. Bartholomews in her. He, the same instant attempted to commit suicide, by making a wound in his throat. The prisoners were taken at Cuba, endeavouring to negotiate the sale of some merchandise. They were not tried when the Nancy sailed from the Havannah. The above short and affecting narrative is given by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and may, perhaps, explain the cause of the absence of the long lost Fredericks of Haarlem. The leeward passage, and the Gulf of Florida, are completely beset by a ravened piratical schooner, full of men. [Sheffield Iris.]

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

The 'Hagerstown Mail' of Saturday last, publishes the proceedings of a republican meeting held at Cold Spring, near Hagerstown, on the 8th inst., attended, it is estimated, by 'not less than two thousand persons.' The assembly (says the Mail) was addressed by Thomas Kennedy, Esq., in his usual happy manner. He was followed by B. F. Yoe, Esq., who, after a few prefatory remarks, offered the subjoined Resolutions, which, being twice read, were unanimously adopted.

RESOLUTIONS:

1st. Resolved, That we regard the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, as a triumph of republican principles.

2nd. Resolved, That we will sustain the present administration, confident that it pursues a policy most beneficial to the country, and deserving public approbation.

3rd. Resolved, That although we believe there is a faction in the United States, determined to oppose Jackson and his administration, right or wrong, we have too much confidence in the American people generally, to fear the efforts of any men, who join in so ill-timed, & so unnecessary, an opposition.

4th. Resolved, That we consider it highly important to the interests of Maryland, that she should be represented in the General Assembly, as well as in Congress, by men favourable to the administration of Andrew Jackson.

5th. Resolved, That this meeting pledge themselves to give a warm support to Michael C. Sprigg, as Candidate for Congress, and to the four Candidates who may be brought out for Delegates to the General Assembly.

6th. Resolved, That meetings of the friends of Jackson be held in the different election districts, in Washington county, on Saturday the 29th day of August, to select a committee of five, to meet at Hagerstown, in Convention.

A SPLENDID COFFIN.

The coffin which received the corpse of the late King of Madagascar, Rindam, was a large massive one of silver. It was about eight feet long, three feet and a half deep, and the same in width; it was formed of silver plates, strongly riveted together with nails of the same metal, all made from Spanish dollars, twelve thousand dollars were employed in its construction. Immense quantities of treasures of various kinds were placed in or about the coffin, belonging to his late Majesty, consisting chiefly of such things as during his life he most prized. Ten thousand dollars were placed in the silver coffin, besides to its upon; and either inside, but chiefly outside the coffin, were placed or cast all his rich clothing, especially military; there were eight suits of very costly British uniforms, hats and feathers, golden helmet, gorgets, epaulettes, golden spurs, very valuable swords, spears (two of gold), beautiful pistols, muskets, fowling pieces, watches, rings, brooches, and trinkets. His whole and fine sideboard of silver plate and large and solid gold cup, with many other presented to him by the King of England; large quantities of costly silks, battons, fine cloths, very valuable silk Lambas of Madagascar, &c. The missionaries say, that the expense of the funeral could not have been less than sixty thousand pounds sterling. South African Advertiser.

From the Baltimore American.

A respectable clergyman of this city, who vouches for the accuracy of the statement, has furnished us with the following facts.

Messrs. Gardener and Jessop, contractors on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail road, about twenty-one miles west of this, made it known when they entered upon their section that they would receive no man into their employment who would make use of any species of distilled liquor, or any kind of stimulating drink. Notwithstanding this unpopular condition, these gentlemen procured their full complement of men, (all of whom are from York county, and from part of the German population of that section of Pennsylvania,) and they are now prosecuting their work with exemplary industry and expedition. The hands are all in good spirits, and they frankly confess that they can do their work, and with more ease to themselves under the present restriction, than they possibly could without it. This worthy of particular observation, that some of the men, previously to entering into the service of Messrs. Gardener and Jessop, were intemperate in their habits. These are now living conformably to the strictest rules of temperance, and find themselves on such extraordinary duty more able to resist the solicitations of a depraved appetite for strong drink.

For the Maryland Gazette.

With these words, and a look
at the face of the man who
spoke, I felt that I was
in the presence of a great
man. He was tall, and
his eyes were full of
intelligence. He spoke
with a voice that was
both strong and sweet.

For the Maryland Gazette.

The first of the great men
of the world, who have
lived, and who are still
living, are the great
men of the world. They
are the men who have
made the world what it
is, and who are still
making it.

For the Maryland Gazette.

Written in the manner of Lord Byron.
TO MISS JULIET.
When I look on thee, I feel
that I am in the presence
of a great man. I feel
that I am in the presence
of a great man.

For the Maryland Gazette.

A long weary way I had
to go, and I felt that I
was in the presence of a
great man. I felt that I
was in the presence of a
great man.

For the Maryland Gazette.

It has been the fashion, ever since
the commencement of the
eighteenth century, to
decry all attempts at
discovery.

For the Maryland Gazette.

I am aware that this will be thought
extravagant, many will be disposed
to consider it ridiculous, and to laugh
in their hearts at the attempt.

For the Maryland Gazette.

On the fatal day, at noon, she
appeared more rational and cheerful
than usual. After a short absence, her
husband came into the house, and saw
her engaged in laying out a child.

For the Maryland Gazette.

Mr. Green, You are authorized to
announce ROBERT WELCH, of Ben. as a
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lived, and who are still
living, are the great
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FOR RENT.
A small Farm on the south side
of the River, which embraces the
best of the soil, and is well
adapted for a small Farm.
The buildings are in the
best of repair. Two Dwell-
ing Houses, one a new one,
and all other necessary out-
buildings, with a Wind-Mill in complete
order and sufficient stock. It is also
an excellent stand for a Store, and I
am satisfied will command extensive
custom. The Subscriber informs the
Public that his Ferry Boat is now
prepared with an Apron for the pur-
pose of driving Carriages in the Stern
without any danger to Persons or Horse.
He has good hands, therefore no
delay.
Jacob H. Simaker,
South River Ferry.
Sept. 3. 3w

LAND FOR SALE.
BY virtue of a decree of Calvert
County Court, sitting as a Court
of Chancery, will be offered at Public
Sale, on Friday the 25th September
next, at 11 o'clock, on the premises, the
Dwelling Plantation
Of the late Francis Holt, deceased, ly-
ing in Calvert county, near the upper
Church, containing about 400 acres;
it is well adapted to the culture of To-
bacco, Corn, Wheat, and other small
grains, and has a sufficient quantity of
Meadow and Wood Land. A particu-
lar description is deemed unnecessary,
as it is presumed those wishing to
purchase will first view the premises.
The above land will be sold, (subject
to the widow's dower,) on a credit of
twelve months, the purchaser giving
bond, with approved security, with in-
terest from the day of sale.
The creditors of Francis Holt, de-
ceased, are hereby notified to exhibit
their claims, with the vouchers there-
of, to the auditor of the Chancery
Court of Calvert county, within six
months from the day of sale.
Joseph W. Reynolds, Trustee.
Sept. 3. 3w

LARGE & VALUABLE
Plantation For Sale.
BY virtue of a decree of Calvert
County Court, sitting as a Court
of Chancery, the subscriber will offer
at Public Sale on Tuesday the 20th
October, on the premises, the
Dwelling Plantation
Of the late John G. Mackall, deceased,
containing about 1100 acres, and lying
in Calvert county, on the Patuxent
River, between Battle and St. Leonards
Greeks. It is seldom an occasion oc-
curs of purchasing at Public Sale, a
Plantation so valuable and beautifully
situated, as the present opportunity
will present; it is fully ranked
amongst the best lands in this county,
and is highly productive of Tobacco,
Corn, Wheat, and other small grain.
The buildings are nearly
new, consisting of a com-
modious and comfortable
Dwelling House
and Kitchen, Overseer's House, To-
bacco Houses, Corn-House, and sev-
eral other out houses. A minute de-
scription is omitted, as it is presumed,
persons disposed to purchase will view
the premises before the sale.
THE TERMS ARE,
That the purchaser shall give bond,
with approved security, for the pay-
ment of the purchase money, in three
equal instalments of one, two, and
three years, with interest from the day
of sale.
Joseph W. Reynolds, Trustee.
Sept. 3. 3w

CLASS, No. 5, FOR 1839.
MD State Lottery,
No. 5, 1839—Arranged on the
Odd & Even System.
BY which the holder of two Tick-
ets, or two Shares, is certain
of obtaining one prize and may draw
THREE, as is the same proportion for
any greater quantity. The Drawing
will take place in BALTIMORE
Wednesday the 9th September.
PRIZES.
2,000 DOLLARS.
1 prize of \$2,000 is \$2,000
1 prize of 500 is 500
2 prizes of 100 is 200
4 prizes of 50 is 200
20 prizes of 10 is 200
40 prizes of 5 is 200
100 prizes of 3 is 300
3,000 prizes of 2 is 6,000
3,168 Prizes is \$9,600
2,832 Blanks
6,000 Tickets is \$9,000
(Not One Blank to a Prize)
The whole payable in cash, and
which as usual, can be had the mo-
ment they are drawn.
Price of Tickets.
Whole Tickets \$2 | Quarters
Halves
Tickets and Shares in variety of
amounts may be had by applying to
THOMAS SWANN,
Annapolis.
August 27.

Selling Off,
AT PRIME COST,
On a Liberal Credit,
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Dry Goods.
THE SUBSCRIBER, anxious to
dispose of the present stock of
DRY GOODS on hand, offers them,
for sale at PRIME COST, RETAIL &
WHOLESALE. On purchase, a
mounting to twenty dollars, a credit
of three months will be given; on all
sums above that amount, six months
credit will be allowed. Satisfactory
security will be required in every in-
stance, before the Goods are delivered.
As the stock is very complete in the
DRY GOODS LINE,
He invites the attention of
City and Country Dealers
Generally, to an examination of the
Assortment.
RICHARD RIDGELY
Annapolis, Sept. 3. 3w

NOTICE
IS HERBY GIVEN, That the
Subscriber hath obtained from the
Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county,
letters of administration on the per-
sonal estate of Mrs. Matilda Chase,
late of said county, deceased. All per-
sons having claims against said de-
ceased, are hereby warned to exhibit
the same with the vouchers thereof, to
the Subscriber, and those indebted
are requested to make immediate pay-
ment.
Richard M. Chase, Admra.
Richard J. Crabb, 3w
Sept. 3.

40 REWARD.
RAN AWAY from the subscriber,
a living, South River Neck, An-
ne Arundel county, on Wednesday the
26th August a Negro Boy named
DAVID,
16 years of age; when spoken
to has a down look, and stam-
mers before speaking. On
bringing him home or put-
ting him in jail, the above reward
will be paid.
Sept. 3. 3w

For Baltimore City.
John H. B. Latrobe.
For Annapolis.
William M. Mahon, Robert Swann,
William V. Burkh, Samuel Slicer.
For Frederick City.
Francis Thomas, Benjamin Dorsey,
Leah Shriver, John Kinser.
For Queen-Anne's County.
William Gibson, Samuel R. Oldson,
Thomas Wright, Jr., Arthur B. Sinder.
For Dorchester County.
Matthew Harcourt, James A. Stewart,
Henry C. Elbert, Joseph Etnalla.

WANTED
To purchase or lease plain book and washer. One from the country will be purchased. Enquire at this office.
Aug 13

State of Maryland, sc.

Anne Arundel county, Orphans court, August Term, 1829.
On application by petition of John N. Watkins, administrator of Thomas H. Hall late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, that he give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.
THOMAS T. SIMMONS, Reg. of Wills, A. A. C.

Notice is hereby Given

That the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel County in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of Thomas H. Hall, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 17th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of August, 1829.
John N. Watkins, Adm'r.
Aug 20. 6w

NOTICE

It is HEREBY GIVEN That the subscriber of Saint Mary's county, hath obtained from the Orphans court of Saint Mary's county, in Maryland, letters of administration de bonis non, with the will annexed of Robert Dickinson, late of the county aforesaid deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 6th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of August 1829.
Thomas W. Gough, Adm'r D. B. N. W. A. of Robert Dickinson, dec'd
Aug 20. 6w

State of Maryland, sc.

Anne Arundel county, Orphans court, August 19th, 1829.

On application by petition of David M. Brogden, administrator of James McCulloch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered, That he give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.
Thomas T. Simmons, Reg. of Wills, A. A. County.

Notice is hereby Given

That the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of James McCulloch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 19th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of August 1829.
David M. Brogden, Adm'r.
Aug 20. 7w

State of Maryland, sc.

Anne Arundel county, Orphans court, August Term, 1829.

On application by petition of John Thomas and James Chaston, Jr. executors of James Dooley, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered, That they give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.
Thomas T. Simmons, Reg. of Wills, A. A. County.

Notice is hereby Given

That the subscribers of Anne Arundel county, have obtained from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of James Dooley, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at or before the 18th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under one hand this 18th day of August 1829.
John Thomas, James Chaston, Jr. West River, A. A. County, August 20 1829.
The Editors of the American, Baltimore, will insert the above, agreeably to order, and forward their account to the subscribers.

THE LADIES LITERARY PATENT finished Cloth

PORTFOLIO
HAROLD LAMBERT, PROPRIETOR
City circulation larger than that of any similar work.
What is elegant. Miscellaneous, devoted to Fine Arts and Sciences—the Toilet—Criticism—Tales—Sketches—Poetry—Flowers, Music, the choice beauties of the best Magazines—General Literature—Literary, Fashionable and Miscellaneous Intelligence, &c.
PLATES PUBLISHED—Miniature Portraits of foreign writers—Fashions engraved and coloured in the style of Modes de Paris—View of the Capitol at Washington.
IN PREPARATION—Correct specimens of the Garden Rose, Mistletoe, Larkspur, Pink, Wild Rose, and Pansy Flower, drawn and coloured from nature; being the first of a series of Botanical and Horticultural subjects, with illustrations.
Also—Miniature Portraits of American authors.
Terms, \$5 per annum, or \$2 50 in advance. Address the Editor, THOMAS C. CLARKE, No. 67, Arcade, Up Stairs.

EDITORIAL NOTICES
The Ladies Literary Port Folio bids fair to stand at the head of publications of its class. The acknowledged talents of its principal editor, (who has for a number of years been engaged in similar works,) and of his able Literary coadjutors, will certainly give it a character which few others possess. Wellsburg, (Va) Gaz. 'The Ladies Department is conducted by one of the most distinguished female writers of our country. It is more elevated and chaste in its character than the generality of similar publications, &c. Utica; (N. Y.) Intelligencer. 'In point of literary merit and mechanical execution it surpasses every similar publication we have yet seen. &c. Watertown, (N. Y.) Register. 'Indeed it is altogether a superior work.' New York Mirror and Ladies Literary Gazette.
Aug 13

NOTICE
It is HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained letters of administration on the personal estate of James McCulloch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to produce them, properly authenticated, and those indebted are desired to make payment.
DAVID M. BROGDEN, Adm'r.
Aug 20. 3w

FOR SALE OR RENT.
THE House, lately in the occupation of Mr. Jeremiah L. Boyd, on North East Street. For further information enquire of the subscriber.
H. RAY.
Aug 18. 4

NOTICE
It is hereby given, That the subscriber being under the necessity of settling up their late Co partnership business immediately, most earnestly solicit all those still indebted to them, to call on JAMES IGLEHART, at his store in Annapolis, and settle the same by the first day of September next as all claims remaining unsettled on that day will be put in a train for collection without delay. They sincerely hope this notice will be attended to, as the alternative will be unpleasant to their feelings.
Joseph Evans, James Iglehart.
July 23. 7

State of Maryland, sc.
Anne Arundel County Court, April Term 1829.
On application to Anne Arundel county court, by petition, in writing, of Cornelius Duval, praying for the benefit of the act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November session 1803, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition; and the said Cornelius Duval having satisfied the said court, by competent testimony, that he has resided in the State of Maryland two years immediately preceding the time of his application, and that he is in actual confinement for debt only. It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the said court, that the said Cornelius Duval be discharged from his confinement, and that he, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three successive months, before the fourth Monday of October next, give notice to his creditors to appear before Anne Arundel county court, on the fourth Monday of October next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, on the said Cornelius Duval then and there taking the oath by the said act prescribed for delivering of his property, and to show cause if any they have, why the said Cornelius Duval should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements thereto, as prayed.
William S. Green, Clerk.
Aug 1. 5-1

GEORGE McNEIL
Has just received from PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE, with a large stock of Goods in his line, consisting of some of the handsomest Patent Finished Cloth of various qualities and colours, with an assortment of PANTALON STUFFS, And a variety of VESTING.
All of the latest Patterns, and an assortment of Stocks, Collars, Gloves, &c.
All of which he will sell low for Cash, or to punctuate on moderate terms.
April 16

NOTICE.
This is to give Notice, that the subscribers of Baltimore county have obtained from the Orphans court of Baltimore county, in Maryland, letters of administration, with the will annexed, on the personal estate of Charles Ridgely of Hampton, of Baltimore County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at or before the first day of March, eighteen hundred and thirty; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this thirty-first day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.
Charles S. W. Dorsey, Adm'r.
Mary P. Dorsey, Adm'r.
Aug 6. 4w

TO THE PRINTERS OF THE U. S.
OF late the prices of all the materials used in making Printing Types, have been greatly reduced and the facility of manufacturing greatly increased. The subscriber therefore has been induced to make a proportionable reduction in the prices, which, from the 1st of April have been as stated in the annexed list.
The character of the Type made at this Foundry is well known to the Trade, who are assured that in regard to the quality of metal, finish, and durability, no deviation has been made. He has on hand a complete assortment, and can supply any quantity on a short notice; he will be happy to receive the orders of his customers, which will have immediate attention. Merchants who have orders from abroad, can have offices complete with Presses, and every thing necessary for a Printing Establishment, put up in the most perfect manner. Publishers are requested to give this advertisement a place in their papers a few times, to receive payment, \$2. in Type, or in settlement of their accounts.
Richard Ronaldson, Philadelphia.
PRICES—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 per cent. for cash.
Pearl, per lb \$1 40
Nonpareil, 90
Minion, 70
Brevier, 56
Burgois, 46
Long Primer, 40
Small Pica, 38
Pica, 36
English, \$0 36
Great Primer, 34
Double Pica, 32
Do. Great Primer, 32
Large letter, plain 30
Scabbards and Quotations, 30
The prices of other descriptions of Types are proportionably reduced.
Old Type received in payment at 9 cents per pound.
July 16.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.
By virtue of several writs of f. fa. issued by Robert Boone, Esq. and to me directed, against the goods and chattels of David Stewart, I have seized and taken the following property, to wit, one negro Daniel, one do Abraham, one do girl Rachel, and which will be sold on the 17th day of September, at his residence near Capt. Pumphrey's Mill, to satisfy claims due Charles Waters, Esq. Terms of Sale Cash. Sale to take place at 12 o'clock.
Samuel Armiger, Constable.
3d Election District.
August 20.

1000 REWARD.
RAN AWAY from the farm of the late James Dooley, on West River, Anne Arundel county, a negro woman named
RACHEL BOSTON,
Dark mulatto complexion, about five feet six inches high, thirty years of age, very smart and intelligent, and took off with her a variety of clothing. Twenty-five dollars will be given if she is taken within twenty miles from home; Fifty dollars if taken beyond that distance, and in this state, and if out of the state one hundred dollars, to be paid when delivered to me, or secured in goal so that I get her again.
George Gale, Manager.
West River, Aug. 27.
The Baltimore American will publish the above, lawfully, and forward their account to the subscribers of the Dooley.

1000 REWARD.
By virtue of a decree of the honourable the Chancellor of Maryland, the subscriber, as trustee, will expose at Public Sale, on the premises, on Monday the 12th day of October next, the Dwelling Plantation of the late Doct Joseph Hall, near the Governor's Bridge, in Anne Arundel county. This Farm contains about 244 acres of Land, and has on it a good comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen, Stables, Corn House, &c. Also an abundance of Wood and Timber. It produces Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, Rye and Oats, and has a good Spring of Water but a short distance from the door. Those wishing to purchase will call and view the property and judge for themselves.
TERMS OF SALE,
Twelve months credit from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bond, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. On the ratification of the sale, and the payment of the purchase money, the subscriber is authorized to convey. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.
John Iglehart, Trustee.
Aug 27. R.

BOOKS.
ALL persons having Books belonging to the Library of the late Addison R. Hunt, will be pleased to deliver them, without delay, to the subscriber, or to Dr. John Hunt, at No. 30, August 2. Address.

1000 REWARD.

By virtue of the subscriber, I have seized and taken the following property, to wit, one negro Boy, 12 or 14 years old, 3 horses, 2 yoke of oxen, 3 cows, one cart, and a lot of hogs, which will be sold on Tuesday the 29th of September, at his residence near the Cross Roads, to satisfy claims due Charles Waters, Esq. Terms of Sale Cash. Sale to take place at 12 o'clock.
Samuel Armiger, Constable.
3d Election District.
August 20.

ELIZABETH JANE,
CAPT. J. ROAKE.
Will commence running as a Packet between Annapolis and Baltimore, on Friday 21st inst. at 9 o'clock. A. M. and run regularly as the Packets now do. She will start from the wharf near the Market House, in Annapolis, and Commerce street wharf, Baltimore. Annapolis August 20, 1829.

Wanted to Hire by the Year,
A N active Boy between 14 and 15 years of age, who is accustomed to house work. One from the country would be preferred. Enquire at this office.
Aug 13. 3w

NOTICE.
It is to give Notice, That the subscriber of Saint Mary's county, hath obtained from the orphans court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Matthew Booth, late of the county aforesaid deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 24th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of August 1829.
CHARLES J. CARROLL, Adm'r.
Aug 13

Anne Arundel County Court,
April Term, 1829.
ON application to Anne Arundel county court, by petition, in writing, of Gustavus Weems, praying for the benefit of the act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November session 1803, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition; and the said Gustavus Weems having satisfied the said court, by competent testimony, that he has resided in the State of Maryland two years immediately preceding the time of his application, and that he is in actual confinement for debt only. It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the said court, that said Gustavus Weems be discharged from his confinement, and that he, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three successive months, before the fourth Monday of October next, give notice to his creditors to appear before Anne Arundel county court on the fourth Monday of October next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, on the said Gustavus Weems then and there taking the oath by the said act prescribed, for delivering of his property, and to show cause if any they have, why the said Gustavus Weems should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements as prayed.
Test.
Aug. 6. 5 William S. Green. 3m

LAND FOR SALE.
By virtue of a decree of the honourable the Chancellor of Maryland, the subscriber, as trustee, will expose at Public Sale, on the premises, on Monday the 12th day of October next, the Dwelling Plantation of the late Doct Joseph Hall, near the Governor's Bridge, in Anne Arundel county. This Farm contains about 244 acres of Land, and has on it a good comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen, Stables, Corn House, &c. Also an abundance of Wood and Timber. It produces Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, Rye and Oats, and has a good Spring of Water but a short distance from the door. Those wishing to purchase will call and view the property and judge for themselves.
TERMS OF SALE,
Twelve months credit from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bond, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. On the ratification of the sale, and the payment of the purchase money, the subscriber is authorized to convey. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.
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RAN AWAY from the farm of the late James Dooley, on West River, Anne Arundel county, a negro woman named
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Dark mulatto complexion, about five feet six inches high, thirty years of age, very smart and intelligent, and took off with her a variety of clothing. Twenty-five dollars will be given if she is taken within twenty miles from home; Fifty dollars if taken beyond that distance, and in this state, and if out of the state one hundred dollars, to be paid when delivered to me, or secured in goal so that I get her again.
George Gale, Manager.
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PRINTING
Not only executed at this Office

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CHARLES J. CARROLL, Adm'r.
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Anne Arundel County Court,
April Term, 1829.
ON application to Anne Arundel county court, by petition, in writing, of Gustavus Weems, praying for the benefit of the act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November session 1803, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition; and the said Gustavus Weems having satisfied the said court, by competent testimony, that he has resided in the State of Maryland two years immediately preceding the time of his application, and that he is in actual confinement for debt only. It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the said court, that said Gustavus Weems be discharged from his confinement, and that he, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three successive months, before the fourth Monday of October next, give notice to his creditors to appear before Anne Arundel county court on the fourth Monday of October next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, on the said Gustavus Weems then and there taking the oath by the said act prescribed, for delivering of his property, and to show cause if any they have, why the said Gustavus Weems should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements as prayed.
Test.
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By virtue of a decree of the honourable the Chancellor of Maryland, the subscriber, as trustee, will expose at Public Sale, on the premises, on Monday the 12th day of October next, the Dwelling Plantation of the late Doct Joseph Hall, near the Governor's Bridge, in Anne Arundel county. This Farm contains about 244 acres of Land, and has on it a good comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen, Stables, Corn House, &c. Also an abundance of Wood and Timber. It produces Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, Rye and Oats, and has a good Spring of Water but a short distance from the door. Those wishing to purchase will call and view the property and judge for themselves.
TERMS OF SALE,
Twelve months credit from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bond, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. On the ratification of the sale, and the payment of the purchase money, the subscriber is authorized to convey. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.
John Iglehart, Trustee.
Aug 27. R.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.
By virtue of several writs of f. fa. issued by Robert Boone, Esq. and to me directed, against the goods and chattels of David Stewart, I have seized and taken the following property, to wit, one negro Daniel, one do Abraham, one do girl Rachel, and which will be sold on the 17th day of September, at his residence near Capt. Pumphrey's Mill, to satisfy claims due Charles Waters, Esq. Terms of Sale Cash. Sale to take place at 12 o'clock.
Samuel Armiger, Constable.
3d Election District.
August 20.

1000 REWARD.
RAN AWAY from the farm of the late James Dooley, on West River, Anne Arundel county, a negro woman named
RACHEL BOSTON,
Dark mulatto complexion, about five feet six inches high, thirty years of age, very smart and intelligent, and took off with her a variety of clothing. Twenty-five dollars will be given if she is taken within twenty miles from home; Fifty dollars if taken beyond that distance, and in this state, and if out of the state one hundred dollars, to be paid when delivered to me, or secured in goal so that I get her again.
George Gale, Manager.
West River, Aug. 27.
The Baltimore American will publish the above, lawfully, and forward their account to the subscribers of the Dooley.

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Aug 27. R.

BOOKS.
ALL persons having Books belonging to the Library of the late Addison R. Hunt, will be pleased to deliver them, without delay, to the subscriber, or to Dr. John Hunt, at No. 30, August 2. Address.

PRINTING
Not only executed at this Office

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

By virtue of the subscriber, I have seized and taken the following property, to wit, one negro Boy, 12 or 14 years old, 3 horses, 2 yoke of oxen, 3 cows, one cart, and a lot of hogs, which will be sold on Tuesday the 29th of September, at his residence near the Cross Roads, to satisfy claims due Charles Waters, Esq. Terms of Sale Cash. Sale to take place at 12 o'clock.
Samuel Armiger, Constable.
3d Election District.
August 20.

ELIZABETH JANE,
CAPT. J. ROAKE.
Will commence running as a Packet between Annapolis and Baltimore, on Friday 21st inst. at 9 o'clock. A. M. and run regularly as the Packets now do. She will start from the wharf near the Market House, in Annapolis, and Commerce street wharf, Baltimore. Annapolis August 20, 1829.

Wanted to Hire by the Year,
A N active Boy between 14 and 15 years of age, who is accustomed to house work. One from the country would be preferred. Enquire at this office.
Aug 13. 3w

NOTICE.
It is to give Notice, That the subscriber of Saint Mary's county, hath obtained from the orphans court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Matthew Booth, late of the county aforesaid deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 24th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of August 1829.
CHARLES J. CARROLL, Adm'r.
Aug 13

Anne Arundel County Court,
April Term, 1829.
ON application to Anne Arundel county court, by petition, in writing, of Gustavus Weems, praying for the benefit of the act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November session 1803, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition; and the said Gustavus Weems having satisfied the said court, by competent testimony, that he has resided in the State of Maryland two years immediately preceding the time of his application, and that he is in actual confinement for debt only. It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the said court, that said Gustavus Weems be discharged from his confinement, and that he, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis, once a week for three successive months, before the fourth Monday of October next, give notice to his creditors to appear before Anne Arundel county court on the fourth Monday of October next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, on the said Gustavus Weems then and there taking the oath by the said act prescribed, for delivering of his property, and to show cause if any they have, why the said Gustavus Weems should not have the benefit of the said act and supplements as prayed.
Test.
Aug. 6. 5 William S. Green. 3m

LAND FOR SALE.
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Swain's Panacea.
For the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Bores, White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver and Skin, General Debility, &c. and all diseases arising from impure blood. It has also been found beneficial in Nervous and Dyspeptic complaints.
Price Two Dollars per bottle, and Twenty Dollars per Dozen.
TO THE PUBLIC.
In consequence of the numerous frauds and impositions practiced in reference to my medicine, I am again induced to change the form of my bottles. In future, the Panacea will be put up in round bottles, fluted longitudinally, with the following words blown in the glass, "Swain's Panacea—Phila." These bottles are much stronger than those heretofore used, and will have but one label, which covers the cork, with my own signature on it, so that the cork cannot be drawn without destroying the signature, without which none is genuine. The medicine is consequently known to be genuine when my signature is visible; to counterfeit which, will be punishable as forgery.
The increasing demand for this celebrated medicine has enabled me to reduce the price to two dollars per bottle, thus bringing it within the reach of the indigent.
My Panacea requires no encomiums; its astonishing effects and wonderful operation, have drawn forth from Patients and Medical Practitioners of the highest respectability, the most unqualified approbation, and established it a character which every person who has dipped in gall, can never tamely forget.
The false reports concerning this valuable medicine, which have been diligently circulated by certain Physicians, have their origin either in envy or in the mischievous effects of the spurious imitations.
The Proprietor pledges himself to the public, and gives them the most solemn assurances, that this medicine contains neither mercury, nor any other deleterious drug.
The public are cautioned not to purchase my Panacea, except from myself, my accredited agents, or persons of known respectability, and all who will consequently be without those who shall purchase from any other persons.
Wm SWAIN.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1828.
From Doctor Valentine Mott, Professor of Surgery in the University of New York, Surgeon of the New York Hospital, &c. &c.
I have repeatedly used Swain's Panacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic syphilitic and scrofulous complaints, and in obstinate cutaneous affections.
Valentine Mott, M. D.
New York, 1st mo 5th, 1829.
From Doctor William P. Dewees, Adjunct Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, &c. &c.
I have much pleasure in saying, I have witnessed the most decided and happy effects in several instances of inveterate disease, from Mr. Swain's Panacea, where other remedies had failed—one was that of Mrs. Brown.
Wm. P. Dewees, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1829.
From Doctor James Mease, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c.
I cheerfully add my testimony in favour of Mr. Swain's Panacea, as a remedy in Scrofula. I saw two inveterate cases perfectly cured by it, after the usual remedies had been long used without effect—those of Mrs. Olin and Mrs. Campbell.
James Mease, M. D.
Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1829.
THE GENUINE PANACEA may be had, wholesale and retail, at the Proprietor's own prices, of HENRY PRICE, Sole Agent in Baltimore. At the corner of Baltimore and New streets.
Nov 27.
The Journal of Proceedings of the House of Delegates, December Session, 1828, is completed, and ready for publication. A few copies may be ordered at the office.
April 5.

THE LITTON

Annapolis, Thursday, September 10, 1823.

No. 27.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

JAMES GROCH

BRIDGE STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Five Dollars per annum.

DISCONTINUED.

The following truly poetical lines, from the third number of *Willis's American Monthly Magazine*. We have not seen the work, but such a piece of poetry would redress a winter's fault.

[F. & C. Journal.]

CHANGES.

The billows run along in gold,
Over the yielding main,
And when upon the shore unrolled,
They gather up again.
They get themselves a different form,
These children of the wind,
And, as in sunlight or in storm,
Leave the green land behind.
Like a billow on life's charming sea,
Come always to Death's shore,
With a calm content, and free,
Some with hollow roar!
They break and are no longer seen,
Yet still they do their way,
And, of different main,
They roll from clime to clime.
All water courses find the main;
The main sinks back to earth;
The billows in the grave—again,
The grave hath life and birth;
They bloom above the sleeping dust,
Some grow from scattered clay;
And thus from death the spirit must
To life and back its way.
Like water, changing forms,
The main goes upwards from the sea,
And rain comes down again,
To feed the drooping land,
To do its life and wane,
And bloom, and expand.

The Death of Alice Bland.

[By the author of *Tales of a Pilgrim*.]

Alice, I am domesticated once more under your roof—I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board—and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that embower your mansion. Your Laura, matroned in her beauty, bids me every morning with benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport in innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourners in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithfullest of friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me if you find my pen dwells too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the proximity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was therefore no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me to a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our separation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I a heedless and perhaps somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to exchange my quiet home for the tented field. I soon forgot, amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother; but I never lost remembrance of the tearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household.

Five years afterwards my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Ebro, that he joined our banner—as brave an generous hearted youth as Britain ever sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month, you saw him stricken down like a tree by the side of Green, forever green by the Navarre valley in which his young bones lie. A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his blood-dewed brow—a brother's hand alone could now discover his lonely grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. Thin as reeds and dusky as Moors, from five years' exposure to a burning sun, honoured, too, with some memorials of our services, we looked forward, with joy and pride, to the day when we should return to our kindred.

over the blue waves Garonne, the vision of peace departed. Our regiment was ordered to America; and at such a juncture we could not wish honour forsake its standard.

We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac & Mississippi testified; and there we buried many of the bravest of our band; men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when that war ended; but for me they were as shadows as before. While other corps sailed homeward, the vessel in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, fortunately no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St. Lawrence; and for three years I was condemned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice, just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicane, stood alone in the wide world—and, saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that has bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished under its shade. I could bear expiation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succour.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried, after her mother's death, by an amiable lady, who, commiserating her forlorn situation, and won upon by her many rare and endearing qualities, had generously resolved that a creature so formed to be loved should not be left to die without an effort made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward turned eyes the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the first opportunity to disembark? I question much whether the certainty of irremediable woe is so harassing to the heart, as the apprehensions of impending evil—that "hope that keeps alive despair." I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice on her bier; and my trembling lips could scarcely give utterance to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the place of her residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of my movements, and sanguine that a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protectress had resolved on trying the effect of the air of France. They had been gone bare a fortnight, and I determined to follow them without delay. I had business of some consequence, regarding our small patrimony to transact in England, but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried whether a brother's presence could not invigorate my poor Alice's sinking frame.

Avranches, a small town in the south western corner of Normandy, was the place where they intended to reside. The most expeditious way for me to reach it was to embark in one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that island run across in a French market boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan, I boarded the first vessel that passed through the Solent for St. Helier, and ere the sun went down behind the waves we were ploughing, the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon.

Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey. The doubled the perilous Corbiere. The wind blew stiffly from the south-east, and we made the bay of St. Aubin with some difficulty. On landing at St. Helier, I made immediate enquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several boats belong to that port lay moored in the harbour, and groups of Norman market-girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque coifs, were lingering on the quay, anxious to depart, none of the skippers would undertake to put me on until the wind should ease about into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their representations, that delay was absolutely requisite,

I tried to curb my patience; and, to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was in the middle of September. The harvest had been sometime reaped and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the loud laugh of the young villagers employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mount Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Cape de la Hogue to Mount St. Michel. The rock strewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mount Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly foliaged trees embower it, and in summer the smiling paragon is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its wall, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying ground, and gazed listlessly at the headstones that crowned it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the sanctity of the barrack-room, and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saying you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvas homes—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of our paternal hearths. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honours? No one, save Alice—and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad, even unto death.

I was roused from my morbidizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling-car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave, benevolent-looking matron—the other, one of those syphilike visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away forever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth, but to Heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have graced a seraph.

These were attended with a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services, and when I learned that their object was to visit a grave in the cemetery, I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the older lady knelt down upon the green turf in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter, who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its blessings around her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate. "If I die in this strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to the vehicle, "let me be buried in this quiet spot; and my brother—when he returns—let his voice grow tremulous and indignant; I'll reward them in their ear, and they drove away."

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed, lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound, the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she fitted like a beautiful vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came, doubly glad, for I perceived, from uneasy dreams, and brought the mis-

ter of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put to sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in a fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her judge."

[A dreadful storm arose, in which the vessel was nearly lost.] The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength was waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in tokens of dissent. "I shall succumb there," was her answer; "and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of Heaven."

"An orphan," said I, and took her hand, and looked steadily on her face; "how very deeply these words affect me! I too am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister—young, fair and desolate as yourself—one who, at this very moment, is perhaps gazing her last wish on the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wandering brother is almost at her side."

"Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed, if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! My brother is far, far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rustling waters of the Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long after that of his poor Alice is still forever."

"Alice!" I ejaculated—"motion stilling my words—Powers of mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name."

"Talbot Bland!"

I clasped her to my breast and wept, as I exclaimed, "Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart!"

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words died away in sighs—I saw when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had had a fatal influence on her strength. How dear—how unutterably dear did I hold her at that moment! How glad would I have bartered the rank and honors that years of perilous service had won, to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, where her spirit might calmly pass away.

pressed the depth of her sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the storm, to the hotel, in which we had been taught to look for shelter; but my heart sank in despair when I saw the miserable accommodation it afforded. It was a rude hut, formed of planks, and almost destitute of furniture for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer half of the year, and were contented with the simplest conveniences. They were hospitable, however—as all French persons are—and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. Situated as we had lately been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet—no matter how humble.

Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protectress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and his sailors. Her congratulations I pass over. She subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Alice alone that I would speak.

We had some sea stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a ruak in wine and put it to my sister's lips. It partially revived her, and I had at length the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her, and the crew of Le Curieux, and the kelp durrier's family, gathered round the fire of dried fowl which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the *Leve Noir* of Contances told of a *Sigurd* de Hambye having slain a huge serpent in Jersey—or that the annals of the state prison of Mont St. Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sister's couch, listening to her gentle breathings, and watching for the flight of the imperishable spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day break Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from the shallop, alone lighted the cabin. All my fellow voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister, I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing placidly into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. Nevertheless, I longed earnestly for the light of the morning; and, for a moment, went to the threshold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just lifting his broad disk above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the cabin, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned my pressure—the lids of her eyes were half unclosed—but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orbs they shaded. I pressed my lips to her's but they were cold and breathless.

Austin, her story is told. From the shelterless rock on which she died, I carried her remains to St. Helier's; and, in compliance with the wish I had heard her express when I knew not the deep interest I had in her existence, she was buried at Granville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast.

ISADORE D'EREILLO.

In the church-yard of *** there is a grave covered with a plain slab of white marble, with no other inscription than "ISADORE D'EREILLO, aged nineteen." These few words speak histories to the heart; they tell of a beautiful flower, withered, far from its accustomed soil, in the spring day of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign country remote from every early association, her last moment unsmoothed by affectionate solicitude—no tender voice, whose lightest sound breathed happy memories—no eye of fondness, on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy—her very ashes separated from their native earth.

"Might I not fairly myself a hero of fiction?" said Colonel Mullan, bending gracefully as he caught the small snowy hand which had just arranged his plume. "Fair lady, henceforth, I vow myself your true and loyal knight, and thus pledge my heart."

first homage! pressing the yielding fingers gently to his lips. Alas! thought Isadore, while these eloquent interpreters of the feeling, a blush, a sigh and smile, mingled together—the love not passionately as I love, or he could not trade thus; a light compliment was never yet breathed by love. Isadore was at that age when the deeper tenderness of woman first deepens the gaiety of childhood, like the richer tint that dies the rose as it expands into summer loveliness. Adored by her father, for she had her mother's voice and look, and came a sweet remembrance of his youth's sole warm dream of happiness—of that love whose joy departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or one sting of sorrow; a word of anger seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against the dead, and his own melancholy constancy gave a reality to the romantic imaginings of his child. She now loved Fitzalan with all the fervor of first excited attachment: she had known him under circumstances the most affecting, when the energies and softened feelings of a woman were alike called forth; when the proud and fearless soldier became dependent on her lie had protected, laid on the bed of sickness, far from the affectionate hands that would have smoothed the tender eyes that would have wept over his pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed with unremitting care the solitude and weariness of a sick room, and when again able to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was the support of her too interesting patient.

With Fitzalan the day of romance was over; a man above thirty cannot enter into the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl; flattered by the attachment which Isadore's every look betrayed, he trifled with her, regardless or thoughtless of the young and innocent heart that confided so fearlessly. Love has no power to look forward; the delicious consciousness of the present, a faint but delightful shadow of the past, from its eternity: the possibility of separation never entered the mind of his Spanish love, till Fitzalan's instant return to England became necessary. They parted with all these gentle vows which are such sweet agonizers for hope to rest on in absence, but, alas! such frail ones. For a time, her English lover wrote very regularly. That philosopher knew the human heart who said, "I would separate from my mistress for the sake of writing to her." A word, a look, may be forgotten—but a letter is a lasting memorial of affection. The correspondence soon slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the last moments of a beloved parent, had not one thought for self; but when that father's eyes were closed, and her tears had fallen on the grave of the companions of her infancy, the orphan looked round for comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the first time, her loneliness, and the sickness of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expectation; fear, not for his fidelity; but his safety: was he again laid on a bed of sickness, and Isadore far away? She dwelt on this idea till it became a present reality, suspense was agony; at length she resolved on visiting England. She sailed—and after a quick voyage reached the land—a wanderer seeking for happiness, which, like the shadow thrown by the lily on the water, still eludes the grasp. It was not thus in the graves of Arragon, she looked forward to the British shore, it was then the promised home of a beloved and happy bride. The day after her arrival in London, she drove to her agent's, (for her father, during the troubles in Spain, had secured some property in the English funds,) hoping from him to get some intelligence of the Colonel. Passing through a very crowded street, her coach became entangled in the press, which occasioned a short stoppage. Gazing round in that mood, when anxious to escape the impressions within, the eye voluntarily seeks for others without, her attention became attracted to an elegant equipage. Could she be mistaken never in that form—it was surely Fitzalan! Well she remembered that graceful bond, that air of protection with which he supported his companion. The agitated Spaniard just caught a glimpse of her light and delicate figure, of those blue as Spring sky, of a cheek of sunset, and ere her surprise allowed the power of movement, the carriage was out of sight. Her entrance

...to be allowed to alight being attributed to fear, were answered by assurance that she was safe. Gradually becoming more composed, she held the coachman in her arms, who lived in the house opposite—it was the same she longed to hear—Col. Fitzalan. She returned home, and with a trembling hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept in silence, and entreating him to come and say she was still his own Isadore. The evening passed drearily away; every step made the colour flush her cheek; but he came not. Was he indisposably engaged? Had he not received her note?—any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning the same fervid anxiety oppressed her—at length she heard the door, and springing to the window caught sight of a military man—a gentleman entered, but it was not Fitzalan! Too soon she learnt his mission; he whom she had loved, so trusted, had wedded another—the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and, unwilling to meet her himself, he had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence. Edward B—gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scolding tears, which forced their way through the long dark eyelashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit which could thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows—could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence; he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was mockery.

They parted, one to despair over the expiring embers, the other to nurse the first sparks of hope.—Next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or of the motives which actuated him, (for who seeks to analyze earliest first sensation,) Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger. He found with her Colonel Fitzalan's solicitor; that gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man, for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reasons for wishing his letters restored originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart beat became audible, and she hastily caught the letters and threw them into the flames.

'You have performed your mission,' exclaimed she; 'leave the room instantly.' Her force was now exhausted, and she sunk back on the sofa. The tender assidues of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She told him of hopes blighted for ever; of wounded affection of the heart, sickness which had paled her lips, and worn to shadow her once symmetrical form. She had in her hand a few withered leaves. 'It is,' said she, 'the image of my fate; this rose fell from my hair one evening, Fitzalan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside; it was faded, but unto me it was precious from—even that momentary caress, and I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love, my part was the dead and scentless leaves.' Edward now became her constant companion; she had found in him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied, throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look upon her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. 'Yes, I shall wed—but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm.' Edward gazed on her face, and read conviction; but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of love, which hopes even in despair, and amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grips at even the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer sunset; the rich colour of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west; the intense light of her soft but radiant black eyes, excited almost hope. Could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful? For the first time she asked for her fate; hitherto she had shrunk from the sound of music; Fitzalan had loved it; to her it was the knell of departed love. She wept a few wild and melancholy notes. 'These sounds,' sighed she, 'are to me fraught with tender recollections; it is the respo-

...mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet, as was like the song of a spirit, as the sound of a voice that died away. She sunk back exhausted. Edward was a while supported her head upon his shoulder, at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly pressed her lips; he started from their chilling touch—it was his first kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms!

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

New York, September 3.

The arrival last evening of the ship Roman, Capt. Gurrell, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 29th of July, puts us in possession of intelligence from London to the evening of the 27th. We extract the most interesting items, which, however, are not of a very important character. The advice from the East brings no account of the capture of Choumli, though its speedy fall must have been looked for by those who attached full credit to the pompous statements which the Russians published of their victory before it. So far, indeed, from any additional success having been achieved against the Ottoman, we are inclined to infer, from the manner in which the Russian ultimatum is mentioned in one of the paragraphs we extract, that the establishment of peace is a measure into which Nicholas would now enter with more alacrity than he evinced in commencing the war. As yet we have no other knowledge of the extent of the victories which the Russians have obtained, than is furnished by their own exaggerated accounts. The numerical strength of the force which they subdued is most likely largely misstated, and they have prudently forbore, while vaunting of the number of Turks that were left dead on the field, to inform the world how many were killed on their own side. We were of opinion when the news of the battle before Choumli reached us, that it was a victory so dearly bought and of so little consequence, that it would rather have a tendency to incline Russia to a pacification, than to a prosecution of the war; and the intelligence by this arrival, though not of a positive character, yet as far as it goes, is such as tends to strengthen that conclusion.

LONDON, July 27, half past 7 o'clock. By the arrival of the regular Turkey mail, letters were this morning received from Constantinople of the 25th, and from Smyrna of the 20th ult. They bring no intelligence of a political nature which has not been anticipated by the previous arrivals from Germany and Constantinople. The English Sch. Mary was, on the 11th, stopped by some Russian cruisers, off the Dardanelles, whilst on her way from Smyrna to Constantinople. A part of her cargo being found to consist of rice, she was stripped of all her goods. The vessel herself would have been sent down to Egin, to be disposed of as might have been thought fit, had it not luckily happened that one of the attaches of the new British Embassy was, with his family, proceeding to her to the Turkish capital. On that account alone she was allowed to proceed, and shortly arrived at Constantinople without further interruption. The public audiences of Mr. Gordon, on the Carmacan, and the Sultan, were shortly to take place, and his arrival, with that of the French Ambassador, was generally and joyfully looked upon by all classes of the inhabitants as the sure forerunner of a general pacification. Grovisions continued to abound in the Turkish capital, being chiefly supplied from the Turkish Asiatic ports of the Black Sea, by means of small coasting vessels, against the navigation of which, no means have been taken by Russian maritime forces in the Euxine. The weather at Smyrna continued to be such as to promise abundant harvest in all the productions of Asia Minor, both for the exigencies of the country and for the purposes of foreign trade.

On Thursday despatches from Mr. Gordon, and Constantinople, were received at the Foreign Office. They are dated the 26th of June. Mr. Gordon and the General Guillemit arrived on the 19th, but did not land till the 20th, when they were received by the people and authorities with every demonstration of regard and joy. The two ambassadors had sent in their notes to state that they were in readiness to negotiate upon the affairs of Greece, and they were waiting for a reply.

The Brussels Gazette of the 1st inst. states that the Emperor of Russia had sent an extraordinary envoy to Constantinople, to deliver an ultimatum to the Sultan, and to make him sensible of his situation. This message is stated to announce to him that the Porte, if it consent to the demands of Russia, will find in the Emperor a friend to the Divan as ardent as he has hitherto been an enemy; but he will act in all his relations with the greatest precision; that the Porte must not reckon on other auxiliaries, nor draw favourable inferences from the inaction of some other states. It is added that an extraordinary envoy from Prussia is to support these representations. In fact, Lieut. Gen. Mulling has just left Berlin upon a secret mission, with a travelling companion. They appear bound to expect to make a voyage by sea.

The French papers contain a letter

from Constantinople, dated the 25th ult. which states that instead of having returned to the city with only 600 horse, as was reported, the Russian General Diebitsch, with his army of 30,000 men, had arrived at the city on the 11th, and was wholly forgotten. They expected the immediate renewal of the former friendly relations with England and France, and the Reis Effendi himself is said to have expressed sentiments of a most pacific nature.

Accounts from Bucharest to the 20th ult. state, that the reserve, under Gen. Telatoy, has received orders to join the army on the Danube. It consists of 30,000 men of all arms. General Diebitsch is said to be preparing to pass the Balkan.

The French papers of Saturday, and the Allgemeine Zeitung of the 20th, assert that great movements were making taking place in the Russian army. Their accounts, however, are somewhat contradictory. According to the French statements, the siege of Shumla was to be undertaken by a force of thirty battalions of infantry, and five regiments of cavalry, notwithstanding which the capture of the place was not expected before the close of the present year. According to the German accounts, troops had already been pushed as far as Eski Stambul, (which the Russians occupied for a short period last campaign,) and Count Diebitsch intended to advance his head quarters to Kama-har, and, taking the sea line, to attack Hussein Pacha, in his camp before Bourgas, and from thence, after defeating him, to descend on the right through the plains of Adrianople. These movements are remarkably easy on paper, but not equally so in execution. If Hussein Pacha has with him, as it is stated, an army of 60,000 men, his defeat is by no means a matter of certainty; and even should he be put to flight, vast mountains still remain to be crossed before the Russians can reach the plains—mountains impassable to human feet, and gorges, where a few bold soldiers may arrest a whole army.

Letters from Constantinople have been received to the 25th ult. The Sultan had purchased the Hylton Joliffe steamer. The French and English Admirals, with their respective squadrons, sailed from Smyrna and were cruising off Tenedos. The latter had been joined there by the Iris frigate. Three loaded ships had received the Sultan's special permission to proceed to the Black Sea, but the passage continued closed, unless to special order.

TARONIA.—The Conde Villa Flor has published a proclamation, dated at Argos, on the 10th inst. authorizing the free admission into the Island, without the payment of any duties, of wine, tea, coffee and sugar, from the above date until the end of October next.—The Countess of Liverpool Capt. Hill, which sailed from Liverpool some time ago, with warlike stores and ammunition, for the use of the garrison of Terceira, succeeded in landing them, in spite of the blockading squadron, and has arrived in safety at Portsmouth. She passed through Don Miguel's squadron in the night, and the usurper's commanding officer had the satisfaction next morning, when it was too late to interfere, to see her land her cargo under the batteries of the Island. After landing her cargo, she had the good fortune to sail again through the blockading squadron without being observed. When she left the Island the garrison were well supplied with all kinds of stores and in excellent spirits.

CAPTAIN GREGG AND HIS DOG.

When very young, I took much delight in reading an anecdote, in the American Preceptor, of a dog which saved his master's life; and one of the earliest efforts of my memory was to repeat the concluding lines:

'My dog, the truest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his idle and faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.'

In after life I heard it told, with many additional and interesting particulars, by the late General Dearborn: a man whose life would form half the history of his country, and whose memory was an inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

'I was,' said he, 'personally acquainted with Captain Gregg; and have seen the valuable dog to which he owed his life. Soon after the British and Indians, under General St. Leger, raised the siege of Fort Schuyler, bravely defended by General Gain; and, after the capture of the New York line, obtained permission to hunt, accompanied by a brother officer.

They were successful in the expedition, and were returning with a load of fresh provisions of which the fort had long been destitute, when they were suddenly fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both the officers fell, and the Indians coming up, knocked them down with a tomahawk, and scalped them, as their manner is, when they have time, from the forehead to the back of the neck, leaving only a couple of small locks of hair by the sides of the head.

Captain Gregg was a club, by means of which they took off the scalp, and having passed the knife entirely round the head, in describing the operation he said it felt as if molten lead were poured upon him.

Yet he had the hardihood to be per-

fectly still, preserving even his breath, until his wounds should be dressed, and then he rose and the Indians, who were actually scalping him, stood amazed and speechless.

After this, in this situation, some time, he lay in his bed, and immediately afterwards he was taken to the shore, and ran away at the first approach of the Indians.

'Never,' said he, 'shall I forget how soothing the cold tongue of the faithful creature felt at that dreadful moment. Supporting by the fearlessness of the animal, that the Indians had gone, he raised his head with difficulty, and looked around him. His brother officer lay dead near him; and his faithful spaniel, after a few indications of anxious sympathy, disappeared in the woods.

On attempting to rise, Captain Gregg found that he was wounded near the back bone by a musket shot, and was severely bruised on the forehead by the stroke of a tomahawk. The Indians always consider a blow of the tomahawk across the forehead as immediate death; and it would inevitably have put a sudden end to the suffering of the unfortunate officer, had not the cocked hat which he wore, taken the principal weight of the stroke.

However, alone and mangled as he was, he had no hopes of life. Having resigned himself to die, he crawled as well as he was able, to his dead companion, & opening his waistcoat, he laid his throbbing head upon his soft, warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay were torture to him.

But he was not forsaken in this trying hour; his faithful dog had not forgotten him! The officers at Fort Schuyler had already begun to entertain fears for the safety of the hunters, and were anxiously on the look-out for their return, when 'Tray' was seen issuing from the wood, panting with eagerness and fatigue. They are coming, for there is the dog!' was the universal exclamation. But their anxious eyes were bent towards the wood in vain, their friends did not appear; and the spaniel by whining, crouching, going to and fro, and looking up in the most supplicating manner, plainly indicating that some accident had befallen them. A detachment was immediately ordered to follow him. With unerring instinct the faithful creature guided them to the scene we have just described, ever and anon returning from a rapid race to reproach their unavoidable delay. The dying was found resting on the bosom of the dead—one was committed to the earth, and the other, under the care of the surgeon, borne carefully to the fort.

Eight weeks after this, during which time the capture of Hergonyne had taken place, General, then Colonel Dearborn returned from the scenes of Saratoga to Albany, where he heard the story, just as we have related it, from the lips of Capt. Gregg. The dog in the meanwhile sat gravely at his side, looking wistfully in his face, as if conscious that he was the hero of the tale. Well, said Col. Dearborn, 'I suppose you cannot be induced to part with him.' 'No,' replied the officer, 'not till I part with life; he shall never want for a friend till my bones are in the dust.' The dog wagged his tail, put his paw upon his master's foot, and nestled closely to his side.

'I'M SORRY.'

Of all the falsehoods put forth in this lying world, none is more often told, or with a more hypocritical intent than the two words at the head of the article. To pity and to relieve the suffering of our fellow creatures displays a feeling so generous, so much like the great author of our being, that almost all men covet the reputation of possessing such a disposition; but as they are in general too selfish to exercise it in reality, they endeavor to counterfeit a similar feeling, though in their hearts they are conscious of not having any just claims to the character. When we compare the language of those who are often expressing their grief at the misdeeds of others with their actual endeavors to mitigate the suffering, they pretend to deplore, we at once see that they use the phrase, 'I am sorry,' either as a matter of course, or in the hope of gaining a credit for sympathy to which they are by no means entitled. In proof of this, look at the man who wishes to borrow a sum of money; the man to whom he applies, knowing him to be a bad paymaster, determines from the first to deny him; but when he applies, tells him he is very sorry he cannot accommodate him, and as soon as he is gone congratulates himself on an easily escaping from the prospect of loss by putting his cash in an unsafe place. In this case no man can doubt, that in stead of feeling sorrow, (as he said,) he rejoices that he could not, or did not, comply with the request.

A man loses his property in consequence of being strayed for a friend, who either through knavery or misfortune fails to perform his engagements. All the neighbourhood are professedly extremely sorry while at least they rejoice at the opportunity thus offered them of placing their own fortunes, in refusing to incur responsibility in contrast with the pittance of their weak neighbour. It's all a lie—they are not sorry, but glad the disaster happened. When a person is taken sick, though all around profess to be very sorry, not

one in ten will do any thing to relieve the sufferer. They say they are very sorry, and they are very sorry, but they do nothing but talk; and by thing they are in truth sorry for, that their aid is required.

Let a young lady lose the object of her affections, or be otherwise unfortunate, and you will immediately hear all circumstances trumpeted forth to the world by those who were either her rivals or her unsuccessful suitors; they lose an opportunity of spreading the report, and think to hide their joy under the slight veil and contemptible subterfuge of saying, 'I'm sorry.'

So it is through the world; professions of sorrow in most cases are mere words, and he who thinks they are more, will some time or other find himself grievously disappointed. Even some of those who pretend to be guided by the principles of religion, show that their words and their practices are two extremes which can never harmonize; as for instance, when men profess to be sorry that intemperance is making such fearful ravages among us, while they do not themselves abstain from the use of ardent spirits.

Williamstown Advocate.

SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

From the Morning Journal, July 17.

The present state of the succession to the throne is awakening among all classes of the King's loyal subjects, the most anxious and concerned. At no former period in the annals of the House of Brunswick, did the Monarchy of England ever present so many difficulties in the line of succession. Not that the line of descent is obscure, or the titles of the consecutive claimants so doubtful, but because the health of one Noble Person, and the age of another, in the line are calculated to excite the most lively apprehensions as to who shall be the Regent of the anticipated minority. We do not indulge in these speculations on the ground of the ill health of our beloved Sovereign. We have the greatest happiness in stating that his Majesty has rarely enjoyed better health, and although deeply depressed at the occurrences of the present year, is nevertheless animated by that spirit, which although it may feel all the burning pangs of degradation is yet so proud to quail, too noble to grieve; but it would neither evince our affection for our injured Monarch, nor exalt us in the estimation of our readers, if we were to attempt to conceal that George the Fourth is in his ripe old age, and in all probability will descend to the tomb lamented by his subjects; but alas! without a son or child to wear his honors, or imitate his virtues. The next in succession to his present Majesty is the Duke of Clarence. Of the health of this Prince there are many painful and conflicting opinions in circulation. We do not entertain these gloomy opinions in the superlative degree. But we are bound to entertain them to that extent which represents his Royal Highness to be ill fitted for the discharge of arduous duties. When he filled the office of Lord High Admiral, he injured his health by his extreme anxiety to render himself useful and popular in the navy. Having thus over exerted himself, it was deemed expedient by the Duke of Wellington that he should retire. His Majesty was advised to accept his resignation, and consequently this afflicted country was suddenly deprived of his Royal Highness's services. Are we not justified, then, in referring that he, who could not bear the cares of the High Admiral, is not likely to be in a condition to undertake severe and more arduous occupations? and if, by any circumstance, he should be restrained from giving his whole attention to the difficulties of the state, the next question is, upon whom would these cares, and the unlimited power and patronage of the Sovereign devolve? We leave so important a question to be answered by the silent response of the reader's own heart. But we can imagine a case, and one not of mere visionary application, when the development of royal honors upon the next in succession would place in the hand of the Prime Minister of such a Sovereign all the power and patronage of the Crown. If such a Minister were an honest one, no danger, in such a case, might be created, so absolute power might then be indulged in, no arbitrary measures sanctioned no family interests erected into a monopoly of all the gifts of the King. But if it should happen as it might happen, that the Minister of such a Sovereign were an ambitious soldier—a man of vast wealth and great family connections—proud, overbearing, grasping, dishonest, and unprincipled—a man having the army at his command, the navy at his nod—every situation under the crown at his disposal—every sinecure, every commissioner of taxes, every dignitary of the customs and excise, at his mercy—what could not such a man do to overturn the very throne itself, and substitute to the earth the laws and liberties of England? We put this case quite hypothetically. We have no desire to excite suspicion against this or that man. We only state a possible case, coming within the range of the changes of time, and suggesting itself by the line of succession, the degeneracy and corrup-

tion in this will do any thing to relieve the sufferer. They say they are very sorry, and they are very sorry, but they do nothing but talk; and by thing they are in truth sorry for, that their aid is required.

Let a young lady lose the object of her affections, or be otherwise unfortunate, and you will immediately hear all circumstances trumpeted forth to the world by those who were either her rivals or her unsuccessful suitors; they lose an opportunity of spreading the report, and think to hide their joy under the slight veil and contemptible subterfuge of saying, 'I'm sorry.'

So it is through the world; professions of sorrow in most cases are mere words, and he who thinks they are more, will some time or other find himself grievously disappointed. Even some of those who pretend to be guided by the principles of religion, show that their words and their practices are two extremes which can never harmonize; as for instance, when men profess to be sorry that intemperance is making such fearful ravages among us, while they do not themselves abstain from the use of ardent spirits.

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SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

From the Morning Journal, July 17.

The present state of the succession to the throne is awakening among all classes of the King's loyal subjects, the most anxious and concerned. At no former period in the annals of the House of Brunswick, did the Monarchy of England ever present so many difficulties in the line of succession. Not that the line of descent is obscure, or the titles of the consecutive claimants so doubtful, but because the health of one Noble Person, and the age of another, in the line are calculated to excite the most lively apprehensions as to who shall be the Regent of the anticipated minority. We do not indulge in these speculations on the ground of the ill health of our beloved Sovereign. We have the greatest happiness in stating that his Majesty has rarely enjoyed better health, and although deeply depressed at the occurrences of the present year, is nevertheless animated by that spirit, which although it may feel all the burning pangs of degradation is yet so proud to quail, too noble to grieve; but it would neither evince our affection for our injured Monarch, nor exalt us in the estimation of our readers, if we were to attempt to conceal that George the Fourth is in his ripe old age, and in all probability will descend to the tomb lamented by his subjects; but alas! without a son or child to wear his honors, or imitate his virtues. The next in succession to his present Majesty is the Duke of Clarence. Of the health of this Prince there are many painful and conflicting opinions in circulation. We do not entertain these gloomy opinions in the superlative degree. But we are bound to entertain them to that extent which represents his Royal Highness to be ill fitted for the discharge of arduous duties. When he filled the office of Lord High Admiral, he injured his health by his extreme anxiety to render himself useful and popular in the navy. Having thus over exerted himself, it was deemed expedient by the Duke of Wellington that he should retire. His Majesty was advised to accept his resignation, and consequently this afflicted country was suddenly deprived of his Royal Highness's services. Are we not justified, then, in referring that he, who could not bear the cares of the High Admiral, is not likely to be in a condition to undertake severe and more arduous occupations? and if, by any circumstance, he should be restrained from giving his whole attention to the difficulties of the state, the next question is, upon whom would these cares, and the unlimited power and patronage of the Sovereign devolve? We leave so important a question to be answered by the silent response of the reader's own heart. But we can imagine a case, and one not of mere visionary application, when the development of royal honors upon the next in succession would place in the hand of the Prime Minister of such a Sovereign all the power and patronage of the Crown. If such a Minister were an honest one, no danger, in such a case, might be created, so absolute power might then be indulged in, no arbitrary measures sanctioned no family interests erected into a monopoly of all the gifts of the King. But if it should happen as it might happen, that the Minister of such a Sovereign were an ambitious soldier—a man of vast wealth and great family connections—proud, overbearing, grasping, dishonest, and unprincipled—a man having the army at his command, the navy at his nod—every situation under the crown at his disposal—every sinecure, every commissioner of taxes, every dignitary of the customs and excise, at his mercy—what could not such a man do to overturn the very throne itself, and substitute to the earth the laws and liberties of England? We put this case quite hypothetically. We have no desire to excite suspicion against this or that man. We only state a possible case, coming within the range of the changes of time, and suggesting itself by the line of succession, the degeneracy and corrup-

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXIV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1820.

NO. 32.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY
JONAS GREEN,
CORNER-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Evening Post.
THE RETURN.

"Come home—come home!"—Mrs. Menon's Recall.
I come—I come! There's a sound of joy,
Of music in the world;
Oh, that the rapid winds might bear
Me onward like a bird!
I'm weary with these wanderings,
My heart is sad and lone;
Oh, for the measured sounds of home,
To wake an answering tone!
The voices of my happy home!
The music of the heart!
How oft those gentle whisperings come—
Alas! how soon depart!
I hear them when the forest wind
Is breathing forth its song,
And in the murmurings of the wave
That beats my bark along.
Why should I waken memory
Of that far blissful home?
"Will bring a deeper gloom upon
The lonely path I roam."
Yet fancy leads me wandering forth,
And hovers round the hearth—
To catch those gleaming looks of love
That light the scenes of mirth.
I come—I come! Why should I rore
A dreary wild like this,
When a voice below'd recalls me back
To share life's all of bliss?
I come—I come! like the weary bird
At eve to its sheltered nest,
Like the pilgrim from afar I come
To a blessed shrine of rest!

ALVISE SANUTO.

A Venetian Story.

Alvise Sanuto was a young man of whom his country entertained the proudest hopes. His courage had been gloriously tried in the battle of Lepanto, in which he had performed prodigies of valor. His prudence and foresight had been often the subject of admiration in the great council of state. The old man, his father, esteemed him as the ornament and grace of his family. Venice pointed to him as one of her best citizens.

At that period both public and private manners were exceedingly severe. The ladies, who gave law to them, only issued from their homes to go to church, wrapped up in a veil which hid their face and figure. The balconies of the palaces still present signs of this ancient severity, the parapets being purposely made so high and large, as to render it difficult to see from them. Alvise had a heart of the most passionate and fiery nature; he felt the imperious sway of love, but as yet had met with no lady on whom he could bestow his affections. The arrival of the French Ambassador at Venice, in great pomp, excited public curiosity. The manners of the strangers bore an aspect of perfect novelty to the inhabitants of the republic, as the ladies who accompanied Amelia, the ambassador's daughter, displayed a fire and vivacity, which to many seemed scandalous as well as astonishing. Amelia was in her seventeenth year, and to cultivated and sprightly powers of mind, added those French graces, which, if they do not constitute beauty, are still more effectual than beauty itself in seducing the beholder. Alvise saw her when she was presented to the Doge, and regarded her as a being more than human. He gazed on her as it beside himself; and what female could have beheld him without admiration? Amelia read in the noble countenance of Alvise what he felt at that moment; she was affected, and, for the first time, her heart palpitated within her bosom.

Alvise from that day was another being. He knew his unhappy state, and that his misfortunes could end but with his life, since the severe and unyielding laws of his country rendered all hope chimerical of ever being united with the stranger lady. His ardent fancy suggested to attempt any means of again seeing her who was dearer to him than life. His abode was divided from that of the ambassador by a narrow canal. Having procured the assistance of a French domestic, he passed over to the palace, and secretly entered the chamber of Amelia.

It was midnight, and the young lady, her own thoughts perhaps disturbed by love, had not yet laid down, but was seeking from prayer

consolation and rest. She knelt before the image of the virgin, her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion; & Alvise beholding her angelic countenance lit up by the uncertain light of the lamp, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, which roused the maiden from her pious reverie. Struck with the sight of him, she at first fancied, according to the superstitious notions of the times, that he was a spirit sent by her evil genius to tempt her; and uttered some words of holy scripture by way of exorcism; when Alvise, advancing, threw himself at her feet, and before Amelia could speak, disclosed to her, in the most passionate terms, his love, the inconsiderate step he had taken, and the certain death that awaited him should he be discovered.

Terror, rather than indignation, filled the breast of Amelia. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, "what madness could prompt you thus to expose your life and your reputation? Haste, go from this spot, which you have profaned; and know, that if my heart recoils at your death, (and here she gave a deep sigh,) yet at my cry those would appear who would not suffer your insult to pass unpunished," so saying she pointed impatiently to the door.

Alvise listened to her as if he had been struck down by lightning. "Then let me die!" he exclaimed, "for without you life is odious to me. You are just taking the first steps in this vale of tears; one day, however, your heart also will know the emotions of love, and then, think of the unhappy Alvise; how great must have been his pang, and how ardent his desire to terminate them."

He now made an effort to go away; but Amelia held him, while she said, "Alas! I seek not thy death; live, but forget me from this fatal moment." "To forget thee is impossible; to love thee is death; thy compassion would sweeten the last moment of my existence." "Alvise!" exclaimed Amelia, weeping, "live, if only for my sake! Do you comprehend the force of these words?"

She trembled at the question; but the idea of her lover dying in despair overcame all her scruples. "Yes, live for my sake," she repeated in an under tone.

Unhappy beings! they were intoxicated with love, while the abyss was yawning beneath their feet. A spy of the state inquisition, who was going his rounds, saw Alvise enter the palace, and recognized him. Denounced before the dreadful tribunal, he was dragged thither that very morning. Convinced of entering the abode of the French ambassador, he was desired to explain his motives for so doing, but remained obstinately silent. The members of the inquisition were confounded, accustomed as they were to see every thing yield before them, and reminded him that death would be the inevitable result of his silence. "Death," he replied, "had no terrors for me when I fought at Lepanto for the glory of my country and the liberation of Italy; on which day I was that under no circumstances I never become a traitor—I call heaven to witness that I am not one."

He was beheaded, and his body exposed between the two columns of the palace, with this inscription:—"For offences against the state."

On the evening of the fatal day, Amelia stood upon the terraces of her palace, overlooking the grand canal. She contemplated with pleasurable melancholy, the calm and even course of the moon, whose modest light shone in the cloudless sky. Her thoughts were of Alvise. To divert them, she turned to gaze on a long procession of illuminated gondolas, from which she heard a strain of plaintive music, as if of prayers for the dead. A dreadful presentiment seized her mind; she inquired the purpose of the procession, and heard, with unspeakable terror, that it was the solemnization of the funeral rites of a Venetian nobleman, who had been beheaded for high treason. "His name?" cried the breathless girl, in almost unintelligible accents. "Alvise Sanuto."

She fell, as if shot, and striking her head in the fall upon a projecting part of the terrace, was mortally wounded and expired.—Lettree's Venezia. Translated in the Oxford Literary Gazette.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A TALE OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE STRICK SHEPHERD.

Red-Tam Harkness came into the farm-house of Garrick, in the parish of Oseburn, one day, and began to look about for some place to hide in, when the good wife, whose name was Jane Kilpatrick, said to him in great alarm, "What's the matter, what's the matter Tam Harkness?"

"Hide me, or else I'm a dead man," that's the present matter, good wife," said he. "But yet, when I have time, if ever I have time, I have heavy news for you. For Christ's sake, hide me, Jane, for the killers are hard at hand."

Jane Kilpatrick sprung to her feet, but she was quite benumbed and powerless. She ran to one press and opened it, and then to another; there was not room to stuff a clog into either of them. She looked into a bed; there was no shelter there, and her knees began to plait under her weight with terror. The voices of the troopers were by this time heard fast approaching, and Harkness had no other shift, but in one moment to conceal himself behind the outer door, which stood open, yet the place where he stood was quite dark. He heard one of them say to another, "I fear the scoundrel is not here after all. Guard the outhouses."

On that three or four of the troopers rushed by him, and began to search the house and examine the inmates. Harkness that moment slid out without being observed, and tried to escape up a narrow glen, called Kilmivah, immediately behind the house; but unluckily two troopers, who had been in another chase, there met him in the face. When he perceived them he turned and ran to the eastward; on which they both fired, which raised the alarm, and instantly the whole pack were after him. It was afterwards conjectured that one of the shots had wounded him, for tho' he, with others, had been nearly surrounded that morning, and twice way laid, he had quite outrun the soldiers; but now it was observed that some of them began to gain ground on him, and they still continued firing, till at length he fell into a kind of slough, east from the farm house of Locherben, where they came up to him, and ran him thro' with their bayonets. The spot is called Red Tam's Gutter to this day.

Jane Kilpatrick was the first who went to his mangled corpse—a woful sight lying in the slough, and sore did she lament the loss of that poor and honest man. But there was more; she came to his corpse by a sort of yearning impatience to learn what was the woful news he had to communicate to her. But, alas, the intelligence was lost, and the man to whose bosom alone it had haply been confided, was no more; yet Jane could scarcely prevail on herself to have any fears for her own husband, for she knew him to be in perfectly safe hiding in Glen-Gor; still Tam's last words hung heavy on her mind.—They were both suspected to have been at the harmless rising at Enterkin, for the relief of a favourite minister, which was effected; and that was the extent of their crime. And though it was only suspicion, four men were shot on the hills that morning, without trial or examination, and their bodies forbidden Christian burial.

One of these four was John Weir, of Garrick, the husband of Jane Kilpatrick, a man of great worth and honour, and universally respected. He had left his hiding place in order to carry some intelligence to his friends, and to pray with them, but was entrapped among them and slain. Still there was no intelligence brought to his family, save the single expression that fell from the lips of Thomas Harkness in a moment of distraction. Nevertheless Jane could not rest, but set out all the way to her sister's in Glen-Gor, in Crawfordmuir, and arrived there at eleven o'clock on the Sabbath evening. The family being at prayers when she went, and the house dark, she stood still behind the hallan, and all the time was convinced that the voice of the man that prayed was the voice of her husband, John Weir. All the time that fervent prayer lasted, the tears of joy ran from her eyes, and her heart beat with gratitude to her Maker as she drank into her soul every sentence of the petitions and thanksgiving. Accordingly, when worship was ended,

and the candle was lighted, she went forward with a light heart and joyful countenance, her sister embraced her, tho' manifestly embarrassed and troubled at seeing her there at such a time. From her she flew to embrace her husband, but he stood still like a statue, and did not meet her embrace. She gazed at him—she grew pale, and, sitting down, she covered her face with her apron. This man was one of her husband's brothers, likewise in hiding, whom she had never before seen, but the tones of his voice, and even the devotional expressions he used, were so like her husband's, that she mistook them for his.

All was now grief and consternation, for John Weir had not been seen or heard of there since Wednesday evening, when he had gone to warn his friends of some impending danger; but they all tried to comfort each other as well as they could, and, in particular, by saying, they were all in the Lord's hand, and it behoved him to do with them as seemed to him good, with many other expressions of piety and submission. But the next morning, when the two sisters were about to part, the one says to the other, "Jane, I cannot help telling you a strange confused dream that I had just afore ye wakened me. Ye ken I pit nae faith in dreams, and I dinna want you to regard it; but it is as good for friends to tell them to one another, and then, if ought turn out like it in the course o' providence, it may bring it to baith their minds that their spirits had been conversing with God."

"Na, na, Aggie, I want nae o' your confused dreams. I hae other things to think o', and mony's the time an' oft ye hae deaved me wi' them, an' sometimes made me angry." "I never bad you believe them, Jeanie, but I likit ay to tell them to you, and this I dare say rase out o' our conversation yestreen. But I thought I was away, ye see, I dinna ken where I was; and I was fear'd an' confused, thinking I had lost my way. And then I came to an auld man, an' he says to me, 'Is it the road to heaven that you are seeking, Aggie?' An' I said, 'Aye,' for I dinna like to deny't."

"Then I'll tell you where ye maun gang," said he, "ye maun gang up by the head of yon dark, mossy cleuch, an' you will find ane there that will show you the road to heaven; and I said, 'Aye,' for I didna like to refuse, altho' it was an uncouth looking road, and ane that I didna like to gang. But when I gangs to the cleuch head, wha does I see sitting there but your ain Goodman, John Weir, and I thought I never saw him look sae weel; an' when I gied close up to him, there I sees another John Weir, lying strippit to the sark, an' a' beddit in blood. He was cauld dead, and his head turned to the ae side; and when I saw siccan a sight, I was terrified, an' held wide off him. But I gangs up to the living John Weir and says to him, 'Gude-man, how's this?'"

"Dinna ye see how it is, sister Aggie?" says he, "I'm just set to herd this poor man that's lying here." "Then I think ye'll no hae a sair past John," says I, "for he dinna look as he would rin far away." It was a very unreverend speak o' me, sister, but these were the words that I tho't I said; an' as it is but a dream, ye ken ye needna heed it."

"Alas, poor Aggie!" says he, "ye are still in the gall o' bitterness yet. Look o'er your right shoulder, an' you will see what I hae to do." "An' as I looks o'er my right shoulder, an' there I sees a hail drove o' foxes, an' wulcats, an' fumorts, an' martins, an' corby-craws, an' a hunder wild beasts, a stannin round wi' glarin een, eager to be at the corpse o' the dead John Weir; an' then I was terribly astoundit, an' I says to him, 'Goodman, how's this?'"

"I am commissioned to keep these awa," says he. "Do ye think these een that are yet to open in the light o' heaven, and that tongue that has to syllable the praises of a Redeemer far within yon sky, should be left to become the prey o' siccan vermin as these?"

"Will it make ae verra muckle difference, John Weir," says I, "whether the carcass is eaten up by these or by the worms?" "An' Aggie, Aggie! worms are worms, but ye little wat what these

are," says he. "But John Weir has warred with them a' his life, an' that to some purpose, and they spanna get the advantage o' him now."

"But which is the right John Weir?" says I, "for here ene lying stiff and lapped in his blood,—and another in health and strength and sound mind?"

"I am the right John Weir," says he. "Did you ever think the good man o' Garrick could die?" Na, na, Aggie;—O'laers can only kill the body, an' that's but the poorest o' the man. But where are ye going this wild gae?"

"I was directed this way on my road to heaven," says I.

"Ay, an' ye were directed right then, says he. 'For this is the direct path to heaven, and there is no other.' 'That is very extraordinary,' says I. 'And, pray, what is the name of this place, that I may direct my sister Jane, your wife, and all my friends, by the same way?'"

"This is Faith's Hope," said he. "But behold, at the mention of this place, Jane Kilpatrick of Garrick arose slowly up to her feet and held up both her hands. 'Hold, hold, sister Aggie,' cried she, 'you have told enough.—Was it in the hand of Faith's Hope that you saw this vision of my dead husband?'"

"Yes; but at the same time I saw your husband alive."

"Then I fear your dream has a double meaning," said she. "For though it appears like a religious allegory, you do not know that there really is such a place, and that not very far from our house. I have often laughed at your dreams, sister, but this one hurries me from you to-day with a heavy and a trembling heart."

Jane left Glen-Gor by the break of day, and took her way through the wild ranges of Crawfordmuir, straight for the head of Faith's Hope. She had some bread in her lap, and a little bible that she always carried with her, and without one to assist or comfort her, she went in search of her lost husband. Before she reached the head of that wild glen the day was far spent, and the sun was wearing down. The valley of the Nith lay spread far below her, in all its beauty, but around her there was nothing but darkness, dread, and desolation. The mist hovered on the hills, and on the skirts of the mist the ravens sailed about in circles, croaking furiously, which had a most ominous effect on the heart of poor Jane. As she advanced farther up, she perceived a fox and an eagle settling over against each other, watching something which yet they seemed terrified to approach; and right between them, in a little green hollow, surrounded by black hags, she found the corpse of her deceased husband in the same manner as described by her sister. He was stripped of his coat and vest, which it was thought he had thrown from him when flying from the soldiers, to enable him to effect his escape. He was shot through the heart with two bullets, but nothing relating to his death was ever known, whether he died praying, or was shot as he fled; but there was he found lying, bathed in his blood, in the wilderness, and none of the wild beasts of the forest had dared to touch his lifeless form.

The bitterness of death was now past with poor Jane. Her staff and shield was taken from her right hand, and laid low in death by the violence of wicked men. True, she had still a home to go to, altho' that home was robbed & spoiled; but she found that without him it was no home, and that where his beloved form reposed, that was the home of her rest. She washed all his wounds and the stains of blood from his body, tied her napkin round his face, covered him with her apron, and sat down and watched beside him all the live-long night, praying to the Almighty, and singing hymns and spiritual songs alternately. The next day she warned her friends and neighbors, who went with her on the following night, and buried him privately in the north-west corner of the church-yard of Morton.

As the sun in all its splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "the glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

From the Tales of Hoffman and Schlegel.

THE HARP.

A Tale favouring a belief in spirits, by

Thodore Charles Korner.

The harp stands neglected—she's gone,
Whose light fingers
Awoke from its strings the soul-making strains!
Touch—touch its still cords—in their echo
e'en fingers
A spell that can woo back her spirit again.
Like the harp, sweetest spirit! thou'st been
my fond treasure;
But like its wild notes, thou hast flitted away!
Oh! could my sad soul like the tones of that
measure,
As softly—as sweetly to heaven die away.

The secretary and his young wife had not yet passed the spring days of their honey moon—no selfish motives, no transitory inclinations had united them, a warm and long proved affection was the seal of their union. Early had they known each other, but Seller's unprovided condition forced him to defer the accomplishment of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and on the following Sunday he conducted home his affectionate Josephina as his wife. After the long irksome days of congratulation and family feasting were over, the young couple could at last enjoy the peaceful evening undisturbed by the presence of any third person. Plans of future life, Seller's flute, and Josephina's harp, filled up the hours which to them seemed to fit but too quickly away, and they had hailed the deep and perfect union of their tones, as a friendly presage of future days of happiness. One evening they had been long amusing themselves with their music, when Josephina began to complain of head-ache. She had concealed from her anxious husband an attack which she had had in the morning, and what was at first a very trifling fever, had on account of the weakness of her nerves been greatly increased by the excitement of the music, and the consequent straining of her feelings; she concealed it no longer, and Seller full of anxiety, sent for a physician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised a complete recovery on the morrow.

But after a very restless night, in which she raved continually, the physician found the poor Josephina labouring under all the symptoms of a nervous fever. He tried every means, yet Josephina's disease grew daily worse. Seller was in agony. On the ninth day Josephina felt that her tender nerves could no longer endure the disease—the physician too had previously acquainted Seller of it. She foresaw her last hour was at hand, and with quiet resignation she awaited her destiny. "My dearest Edward," said she to her husband, while she pressed him for the last time to her bosom, "with deep sorrow I quit this world where I found thee, and the greatest earthly bliss upon thy bosom, yet, though I must no longer be happy in thy arms, yet Josephina's love shall hover around thee as a guardian spirit until we meet again in heaven!" As she said this, she fell back and softly sank to rest. It was about nine in the evening. What Seller suffered was inexpressible; he contended long with life—sorrow had destroyed his health, and when after many week's confinement he again rose, he had no longer the vigour of youth in his limbs; he gloomily brooded over his loss, and visibly pined away. Deep melancholy had taken the place of despair, and still sorrow hallowed every recollection of his beloved. He had left Josephina's room in the same situation in which it was before her death. Upon the table still lay the materials of her work; and the harp stood silent and unmoved in the corner. Every evening Seller entered the sanctuary of his love, took his flute, and breathed in melancholy tones his longing after his long lost shade. Once he stood thus, lost in the dreams of fancy in Josephina's chamber. A clear moonlight night wooed him to the open window, and from the neighbouring castle tower the watchman called the ninth hour; when all of a sudden, the harp, as it moved by the soft breath of a spirit, sounded in union with his tones. Deeply affected he laid down his flute, and the harp also ceased to sound. He now commenced with a trembling frame Josephina's favourite air, and louder and more powerful the harp sounded

its notes, uniting its tones in the most perfect unison with his. He sank down in joyful ecstasy upon the ground, stretched forth his arms to embrace the beloved shadow, and instantly felt himself as if breathed upon by the warm breath of spring, whilst a pale glimmering light floated around him. Deeply inspired, he cried out, "I know thee hallowed shade of my sainted Josephina. Thou saidst thou wouldst surround me with thy love; thou hast kept thy word. I feel thy breath, I feel thy kiss on my lips, I feel myself embraced by thy glorified spirit." With deepest feelings of delight he again seized his flute, and again the harp sounded; but always softer and softer, till at length its whispering tones died away. Seller's whole frame was powerfully roused by the spiritual visitation of this evening—restless, he threw himself upon his bed, and the whispering of the harp ever recurred to him in his heated dreams. Late and exhausted with the phantom of the night, he awoke, felt his whole frame strongly affected, and a voice plainly spoke within him, expressing as he thought his immediate dissolution, and announcing the victory of the soul over the body. With restless desire he waited for the evening, and with eager hopes repaired to the chamber of Josephina. Already had he succeeded in lulling himself with his flute into quiet dreams, when the ninth hour struck, and scarce had the last sound of the clock ceased to vibrate, when the harp began again softly to sound, till at last it thrilled in full harmonious chords. When his flute was silent, the music also ceased. The pale glimmering light too floated over him, and in his ecstasy he could only cry, "Josephina, Josephina, take me to thy affectionate bosom!" The tones of the harp at this moment, parting with sighs, became softer and softer, until at length its whispers lost themselves in long tremulous chords. Still more powerfully agitated than ever by the occurrences of this evening, Seller tottered back to his room. His faithful servant was terrified at his appearance and went, in spite of his master's prohibition, in search of the physician who was also the old friend of Seller. The physician found him under a very severe attack of fever, accompanied with the same kind of symptoms that had attended Josephina's illness, but much worse in degree. The fever increased considerably throughout the night, during which he continually raved of Josephina and the harp. In the morning he became quieter, because the struggle was over, and he felt more and more plainly that his dissolution was at hand, though the physician would not allow it. The patient then related what had happened to him upon the two evenings, and all the cold reasoning of his sceptical friend could not draw him from his opinion. As the evening approached, he became still weaker, and begged at last with a trembling voice, that he might be carried into Josephina's room. It was done. In deep distress he looked around, saluted each sweet recollection with a silent tear, and spoke with undoubted firmness of the ninth hour as the time of his death. The decisive moment approached, he ordered all to retire after he had taken farewell of them, except the physician who insisted at all events on remaining. At length the ninth hour went down its hollow sound from the Castle-tower; Seller's countenance became illuminated, and a deep emotion once more glowed upon his pale features. "Josephina," cried he, as if actuated by divine inspiration, "Josephina, greet me yet once more on my departure, that I may know thou art near me, and may overcome death by the power of thy love." At this moment, the harp, as if by magic power, began to pour forth its powerful chords, like songs of triumph, and then a glimmering light floated round the dying Seller. "I come, I come," cried he, and sank back, struggling with life. Softer and softer sounded the notes of the harp, while a last remnant of bodily strength once more raised Seller up, at the same moment the strings of the harp snapped asunder as if torn by the hand of a spirit. The physician trembled in every limb, pressed to his heart the departed Seller, who now in spite of the last struggle, lay with closed eyes as if in a soft slumber, and in deep agitation left the house. Many a year elapsed ere he could eradicate the remembrance of that hour from his heart, and he allowed a profound silence to rest over the last moments of his friend, till at length in a moment of confidence he communicated the occurrence of that evening to some friends, at the same time showed them the harp which he had kept as a remembrance of the scene.

From a Postscript of the New York Journal of Commerce.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.
Our newboat has just come up from the ship Columbia, Capt. Delano, by which we have various files of London papers to the 31st inclusive.
Count Capon d'Istria, President of Greece, had issued a Proclamation convoking the National Congress at Argos on the 13th July.
A Paris paper says, "It seems that the sum of 175,000,000 of francs, which has been offered to the Spanish Government for the conquest of Mexico, would be produced by a loan, to be made by the ancient possessors of that country, who have been expelled from it."
ANOTHER RUSSIAN VICTORY.
St. Petersburg, July 15.—The day before yesterday, the birth day of her Majesty the Empress, was celebrated, as usual, by divine service, and with every demonstration of public respect and attachment. The general pleasure was greatly heightened by the arrival of the news of the taking of Silistria. At the same time with this welcome intelligence news arrived from Tiflis of a new victory gained on the 14th ult. by the united detachment of Major Generals Mniawicz and Burzow, over large bodies of Turks, who had assembled in the defile of Potzov. The enemy lost their rich camp (which was taken by storm) a large quantity of ammunition and provisions, 400 prisoners, five standards, and all their artillery. The Turks, whose force amounted to 15,000 men, lost 1,200 in killed and wounded. Our loss is small. The details of this action are not known. Count Paskewitch was still at Kars, but was preparing to attack the Seraskier himself, who, with an army 50,000 men, is about 60 werst (40 miles) from that fortress.
SPAIN AND MEXICO.—The London Courier of the 31st, states that some gentlemen from the city, had an interview with Lord Aberdeen the day previous, on the subject of the invasion of Mexico by Spain. Lord Aberdeen gave the most satisfactory assurances that the British government would take the most effectual measures within their reach for the protection of British persons and property in Mexico. It was suggested to his lordship that Great Britain having, two or three years since, intimated to Colombia and Mexico, when an expedition against Cuba was preparing, that she could not see with indifference any attack upon that island, it seemed to be only reasonable that Spain should on her part be prevented from attacking Mexico and Colombia from Cuba, to which Lord Aberdeen replied, that the circumstance of this armament having been fitted out from Cuba materially altered the position of affairs, under which the kind of prohibition alluded to had been imposed on Mexico and Colombia, and that the Government would not fail to take into its consideration the new position in which affairs had consequently become placed.
London, July 31.—Evening.—The contents of the continental journals received this morning lead us to expect some very important accounts from the theatre of war in the east; and that too, perhaps, before many hours have elapsed; for, notwithstanding the rumored negotiations of peace, which, by the way are not so plentiful as they were a few days ago, there appears to be neither sleep nor slumber, nor relaxation of activity, in the respective armies of the belligerents; indeed, it is not improbable that the standard of the prophet has been already unfurled on the plains of Adrianople, with what result a few days will inform us.
The accounts from Odessa which are to the 8th instant, state that, according to the latest advices from Marasch, General Count Pahlen had penetrated to Silistria (we suspect there must be a mistake in the name of this place), and General Prince Malatoff to the neighborhood of Aidos. The Russians were, consequently, sanguine in their expectations of being enabled to reach Adrianople before the termination of the present campaign. The advices from the frontiers of Moldavia, which are of the 10th instant, mention that a second army of reserve, consisting, it is said, of 40,000 men, were in full march towards the principalities of the Danube. On the other hand accounts had been received at Belgrade from Constantinople, of the 1st inst., which state that the camp of reserve at Adrianople had received orders from the Sultan to march immediately upon Shumla. It was also understood at that date that the Sultan would immediately take the field at the head of the corps d'armee which had been collected at Terapia; the most active preparations, indeed, were making for his departure.
From the Messenger des Chambres, July 27.—Second Edition. Some of the morning papers announce, under the form of advices, that the Porte has already rejected the protocol of the 22d of March relative to the affairs of Greece. This news appears to us to be destitute of probability.—How can it be imagined that the Porte can have taken such a resolution before the Ambassadors who have arrived at Constantinople, have had their solemn audience, which had not taken place at the date of the last letters from that capital?
From the Gazette de France, dated Wednesday.
Paris, July 28.—Two journals this

morning announced movements of the English fleet in the Mediterranean. The most authentic accounts from the Levant do not confirm the reports related by the Courier Français. It is even a subject of astonishment, that no reinforcement comes to the fleet of Great Britain, which is inferior in number to that of Russia in those seas. We do not even hear of any armaments in England.—People begin to believe that the English Cabinet entertains no fears for the safety of the Ottoman empire. Nothing is more remarkable than this apparent inactivity of the Duke of Wellington in the midst of such serious circumstances. It makes a contrast to the prodigality of M. Hyde de Neuville, for armaments which can serve for nothing but to contend with the winds, or some expeditions against whalers in the South Seas. Precipitation becomes only ignorant presumption, and by no means a great state.
From the Gazette de France dated July 28.
We find in a journal the following paragraph "Mahmoud, it is said, has rejected the protocol of the 22d of March, as he had rejected all the other proposals made to him."
The object of the convention of the 4th of July was to prevent a rupture between Russia and Turkey; that of the protocol of the 22d March is to effect an arrangement between England, France and the Porte. The protocol will not obtain its object any better than the convention of the 6th July did. Meantime the English Cabinet places no great dependence on the new negotiations to re-establish the peace of the east. It appears to be preparing for other events; its naval force assumes an imposing attitude in the Mediterranean. Already six ships of the line are in the roads of Smyrna, there are two others at Malta, two at Corfu, and it is affirmed that by the beginning of April there will be 18 assembled in those seas.—It may be supposed that this considerable armament is not collected to make the Sultan listen to reason. Undoubtedly the cabinet of London will do every thing not to break the peace; but if Constantinople were threatened it is to be presumed that its fleet would not remain a mere spectator of the capture of that city.
VIRNA, July 18.—A report has been spread on Change to-day, that the Prussian General Baron Muffling is sent to Constantinople on an Extraordinary Mission. This being considered as an indication of the intervention of Prussia to bring about peace, as a proof of the unanimity of the powers, and of the wish of Russia to put an end to the war, the funds have risen. We have no news from the Theatre of war since the fall of Silistria.
LISBON, July 18.—A report has been received.—The Oporto Courier of the 6th contains a resolution of the Tribunal for the trial of 30 persons, of whom 6 are under arrest, and 14 have fled. Those who are at present here have five days allowed them to prepare for their departure. Of the 14 who are absent, five were formerly colonels, three lieutenant colonels, five majors, and one captain.
A sort of inurrection of the military at St. Michaels had taken place. Communication with Terceira has probably contributed to this explosion; but it is not stated that the troops had proclaimed Donna Maria.
MYSTERIOUS STORY.
The following story was related by General Hulon, in the winter of 1816 (17 one evening at Sir Sidney Smith's, in Paris. The General stated that he had it from Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, who was governor of Paris at the time it happened, and must, therefore, necessarily have been well acquainted with all the circumstances attending it.
In the year 1805, as a poor mason was returning one evening from his daily labours, he was met in an obscure street in Paris by a well dressed man whose face he did not remember to have seen before, but who stopped him, and inquired of him to what trade he belonged. On being answered that he was a mason, the man said, that if he would wall up a certain niche which he would be shown to him, he should receive as his reward fifty louis d'ors. The stranger added, that he must submit to have his eyes covered and to be carried in that state for a considerable distance. To all this the mason readily consented, partly from curiosity, and partly from the greatness of the reward offered to him for so inconsiderable a work. The stranger immediately placed a bandage over his eyes, and having led him by the hand for a few paces, they came to the spot where a carriage waited for them, into which they both got, and it drove rapidly off. They soon got out of Paris; at least so the mason conjectured, from the noise of the wheels going over stones having ceased. After having proceeded thus for about two hours, the rattling of the stones returned, and they seemed to the mason to have entered another town; shortly after which they stopped, and the mason was taken out of the carriage and led through several passages, and up a flight of stairs, till they came to a place where he heard the sound of voices.
Here his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself in a large room, the walls, roof, and floor of which were entirely hung with black cloth, excepting a niche on one side, which was left o-

pen. By the side of it were placed a considerable quantity of stones and mortar, together with all the tools necessary for the work upon which the mason was to be employed.
There were also several men in the room, whose faces were covered with masks. One of these came up to the mason, and addressing himself to him said, "Here are the 50 louis d'ors which were promised you; and there is only one condition to be exacted from you, which is, that you must never mention to any person what you may see or hear in this place." This the mason promised; and at this instant another man, who was also masked, entered the room, and demanded if all was ready. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he went out, and returned again in a few minutes with two other men, both masked, and one of whom, from the whiteness of his hair, the mason supposed to be an old man.
These three dragged in with them a very beautiful young woman, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole appearance betokening great disorder. They pushed her with great violence towards the niche, into which they at length succeeded in forcing her, notwithstanding her struggling and resistance. During this time she never ceased uttering piteous screams and crying for mercy in the most piteous manner.
Once she got loose from her persecutors, and immediately prostrated herself at the feet of the old man, and embracing his knees, besought him to kill her at once, and not to let her suffer a cruel and lingering death; but all in vain.
When the three men had at last forced her into the niche, they held her there, and commanded the mason to commence his work, and wall her up.
Upon witnessing this dreadful scene, the mason fell upon his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart, without being necessary to this act of cruelty. The men however told him that it was impossible.—They menaced him, if he refused to perform his promise, with instant death; whereas, on the other hand, if he complied, they said he should receive an additional fifty louis d'ors when he had completed his work.
This united threat and promise had such an effect upon the mason, that he instantly did as he was commanded, and at the last actually wallied up the poor victim, so as to render her escape impossible. She was then left to perish by slow degrees, without light, air, or sustenance.
When the mason had finished, he received the fifty additional louis d'ors; his eyes were again covered; he was led through the various passages as before, and finally put into the carriage, which drove off rapidly as before. When he was again taken out of it, his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself standing on the exact spot in Paris where he had first met the stranger. The same man now stood beside him, and addressing him, desired him not to stir from the place where he then was for five minutes, after which he was at liberty to return home; adding, that he was a dead man if he moved before the time prescribed.—He then left him; and the mason having waited the five minutes, proceeded straight to the police officers, to whom he told his story; and they considered the circumstance so curious, that they carried him immediately to the Duke of Abrantes. The Duke at first imagined his account to be an invention; but upon his producing the purse containing the hundred louis d'ors he was compelled to believe it.
The strictest search was immediately made in and about Paris for the discovery of the perpetrators of this horrid murder; but in vain. The Emperor Napoleon particularly interested himself in it, and special orders were issued by him to the officers of the police, to leave no means untried to attain their object. Many houses were searched, in the hope of finding some place which had lately been walled up, and which answered the account given by the mason;—but notwithstanding all these endeavours, nothing further has ever transpired respecting this dreadful mystery.
The principal features of this singular story were dramatised, with good effect, about twelve months ago, at one of the Minor Theatres, under the title of "The Mason of Bagdad," but the scene and the catastrophe were entirely changed.
General Hulon is brother of Madame Moreau, widow of the General of that name.
HYDROGENE PLATINA LAMP.
Happening in at the bookstore of Messrs. G. & H. Carvill, yesterday afternoon, our attention was politely directed by these gentlemen to an ingenious invention, under the foregoing name, a number of which have just been imported into this city from Germany. It is a beautiful glass vessel in the form of a vase, to which is attached a contrivance by which one is enabled at any time instantly to procure a light without the slightest trouble, danger of accident, disagreeable smell, or any unpleasant circumstance. The contrivance is extremely simple, and may be thus explained. The vase of the lamp is about three quarters filled with a mixture of rain water and

sulphuric acid, in the proportion of four to one. A brass top is fitted to the vase, to the under side of which is attached a vessel of a conical shape, the apex being joined to the brass. This vessel forms the gasometer. In its mouth there is suspended by means of a wire a ball of zinc, not so large as entirely to close the orifice. The gasometer with its zinc is put into the vase, by which as much of the mixture of water and vitriol is displaced as causes it to rise to the upper end of the gasometer. On the upper side of the brass top, which now covers the vase, there is a handle, by slightly pressing on which a valve is removed from before a small puncture that passes through the brass top into the inverted glass cone or gasometer. When this is thus opened, the pressure of the fluid causes the atmospheric air to escape from the gasometer, and the solution of the acid, rushing in to supply its place, and coming in contact with the zinc, forms hydrogen gas. By now closing the small aperture by letting on the handle, the gasometer will in a few minutes become filled with pure hydrogen gas. On the brass top of the vase, and opposite to the puncture by which the gas is suffered to escape, there is fixed a small brass cylinder, open at both ends, and of about half the size of a common thimble. In this is suspended a small piece of platina. When the lamp has been prepared as we have described, the person possessing one should then take a piece of burning paper, and holding the flame between the opening and the cylinder, press on the handle, by which a stream of gas will be discharged and become ignited for the first time. This being done, a light may at any time afterwards be obtained in an instant by simply pressing on the handle, and interposing a piece of paper; for the moment that the passage is opened, the hydrogen rushing out against the platina opposite will cause that to ignite, and thus become ignited itself. The contrivance is one of the most ingenious and useful characters, and is well worth the attention of the public. In cases of sickness, when it may be improper or disagreeable to keep a taper continually burning, and for those who are liable to be called out at any hour of the night, as physicians, it is particularly valuable. Our description can convey but a very inadequate idea of the contrivance; but those who wish fuller information may easily get it by an examination of the lamp itself.
N. Y. Post.

Shoolra the country seat of Mahomet Pasha.
Proceeding by a fine road, planted on each side with acacias and aymores, whose growth, owing to the richness of the soil, kept pace with the impatient disposition of the Pasha, who had, at one sweep, cut down the avenue of mulberry trees three years before, we arrived at the house, which is situated close to the Nile, and commands a fine prospect of the river and city. The exterior of the building exhibited nothing remarkable. On ascending a terrace a few feet square, we passed through a rough wooden door, such as is fit only for an outhouse, and found ourselves in the Pasha's room of audience. It was walled, and round the walls was fixed a row of cushions, on two corners of which were placed satin pillows, marking the seat of the Pasha, occupied according to the position of the sun. Just over a low ledge in the door, we stepped into a small room with a bedding on the floor; this was his sleeping chamber. Surely never monarch had so little luxury of state. Thence we came at once to the magnificent suite of apartments appropriated to the chief lady of the harem. The centre of the principal room formed a sort of octagon, with three recesses, all inlaid with marble. From the four corners opened four smaller rooms, fitted with splendid divans and cushions of velvet and cloth of gold, and a set of marble baths completed this series of elegant apartments. The ceilings, executed by a Greek artist, were lofty and vaulted, ornamented with gold and representations of landscapes, or of palaces and colonnades, the whole painted in light and pleasing colours. The Sultan's private sitting room was still more sumptuous. The ceiling consisted of a circus of palaces, the columns and arches of which were delineated with a most successful regard to perspective. These apartments were until lately occupied by the Pasha's deceased wife, mother of Ibrahim Pasha by a former husband. Their splendour was singularly contrasted with the planeness of those inhabited by the Pasha himself. This led one of my friends to ask if I was not penetrated with so convincing a proof of the gallantry of the Turks; & he challenged me to cite the English husband who would have done so much for the gratification of his wife. To which I could only reply that, with my erratic propensities, I should not willingly resign the privilege of locomotion for such proofs of affection; and I apprehend few English women would answer either the Pasha's or Sancho Panza's idea of a good wife, by continually remaining, according to the latter proverb, "like an honest woman, at home, as if her leg were broken." Mahomet Ali's consort had great influence over him during her life, as he considered his marriage with her the foundation of his good fortune. She

for her beauty was ever the object of the Sultan's admiration. Much of her time was occupied in receiving petitions from the Ministers, she had to refer them to the Pasha, her power was not less known to the Ministers to require the last word. If, however, in consequence of any error on her part, she had to apply to him, he answered their remonstrances by saying, "It is enough. By my eyes! if she requires it the thing must be done; be it through fire, water, or stone." His Highness, during the heat of summer, sits below in a room particularly adapted for coolness, and having a marble fountain in the centre. On one of the walls is inscribed, in large Arabic characters, a verse from the Koran, signifying, "An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer!"
The gardens of Shoolra, with their golden fruit and aromatic flowers, having already been described by former travellers, I shall pass on to the magnificent pavilion, which constitutes the chief embellishment of the place, and which was completed only a few weeks before my visit. This pavilion is about two hundred and fifty feet long, by two hundred broad. On its sides ran four galleries or colonnades, composed of elegant pillars of the finest white marble, (of an order resembling the Composite), surrounding a central court of six feet deep, paved throughout with the same beautiful material.
At each corner of the colonnade is a terrace, over which water passes into the court below in a murmuring cascade, having on its ledges figures of fish sculptured so true to nature, that with the flowing stream they appear to move. The whole supply of water rises again through a fountain in the centre, and reappears in a beautiful jet d'eau, lofty, sparkling and abundant. One seldom sees an exhibition of this character without apprehending a failure of water, but here the works are fed by the Nile, and the spectacle is aware that its exuberance will not cease. In fine weather the Pasha occasionally resorts to this splendid fountain, the ladies of his harem, who row about in the flooded court for the amusement of his Highness, while he is seated in the colonnade.
Great is the commotion when the ladies descend into the garden. A signal is given, and the gardeners vanish in an instant. We were all struck with the ruddy cheeks and healthy appearance of these men. They were principally Greeks, and the gay colours of their fanciful costume—each with a nosegay or bunch of fruit in his hands—combined with the luxuriant scenery around, gave them more the semblance of actors in a ballet representing a fete in Arcadia, than the real labourers of a Turkish despot.
Mrs. Lushington.

THE RED SEA.

Mr. Madden, a late traveller in Syria and Egypt, says,—"One of my first objects at Seuz was to ascertain if the sea was fordable opposite the town at ebb tide—all, whom I asked, assured me of the contrary. I inquired for an Indian sailor, who wished to earn a dollar by crossing the gulf. At eight in the evening a man came to me, and offered to make the attempt. I directed him to walk straight across as far as it was possible to do so, and to hold his hands over his head as he walked along. He was in the water forthwith, he proceeded slowly and steadily, his hands above his head, and in nine minutes he was on the other side of the Red Sea. On his return, he told me what I knew to be a fact, that he walked every step across—the deepest part being about the middle of the gulf, where the water was up to his chin. I proceeded now to follow his course, and gave him another dollar to cross over before me, and as I was about eight inches taller than my guide, where his chin was in the water, my long beard was quite dry. The tide was now coming in fast, and by the time we reached the middle of the sea, my Indian thought it imprudent to proceed further, as I was not an expert swimmer. Had we remained ten minutes longer, we should inevitably have shared Pharaoh's fate for the opposite bank was perceptibly diminishing, and at ten o'clock, the sea, which, two hours before, was hardly more than the breadth of the Thames at London Bridge, was from two to three miles broad—the difference between the ebb and flow I ascertained to be six feet two inches." Mr. Madden goes on to say that he considered himself the only European who had walked across in which he is mistaken. Napoleon and some French officers crossed the Red Sea higher, and very narrowly escaped drowning on their return.

VALUABLE APPLICATION.

The scum from boiling molasses spread upon stirred brown paper given, we are directed to say by one who has recently tried it, effectual and prompt relief to the most violent pains. Our informant states that he met with a severe sprain on Monday, in jumping from a vessel to the wharf, that he was unable to walk, and had the cords of his leg and foot so drawn up that he was for some time in the most excruciating pain. A friend suggested the above named application, which gave immediate relief, and he was able yesterday to walk to his place of abode.

HYMENEAL

Married on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Lieut. FRANCIS TAYLOR, of the United States Army, to Miss SARAH, daughter of General RICHARD HANCOCK, (of Ohio.)

We learn that a most atrocious murder was committed near West River, in this county, on Saturday last. The body of a free colored woman, much bruised, was discovered, confined by a rope fastened about her neck to the root of a peach tree. The tree was nearly torn from the ground by the struggles of the unfortunate victim, in her vain efforts to free herself. We refrain from giving the particulars which have reached us relative to this diabolical affair, inasmuch as they are founded in statements made by two children of the deceased—a boy and a girl,—both of whom, on account of their colour, are incompetent witnesses against those they accuse. For the same reason, justice may slumber for a time, but so sure as the "Recording Angel" has registered this bloody deed in Heaven, its authors will be punished here or hereafter.

Vengeance Divine to punish sin moves slow
The slower is its pace, the surer is its blow.

Solution of the ENIGMA, published in our last.

ICECREAM.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd	Ice.
4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th	Cream.
9th, 10th, and 11th	Arm.
12th, 13th, and 14th	Eur.
15th, 16th, and 17th	Mice.
18th, 19th, and 20th	Cor.
21st, 22nd, and 23rd	Rice.
24th, 25th, and 26th	Acres.

For the Maryland Gazette.

The summer is gone, the winter is near—
The summer is gone, the winter is near—
How many, alas! have been called to that
bourn, whence if they wish'd, they can never return!

Death's mantle, o'er all that I've lov'd has been spread—
My Parents, my Sister, my Brothers are dead!
All relations have slept—not a drop now remains—
Of the red hue of life—but what flows in my veins.

My God! make me thankful, that I have been spared,
In the fate of my friends that I have not shared—
The cold arms of death now encircle all kin—
The mansions of peace, there rest they within.

But the morn is approaching when they shall arise,
At the trumpet's dread sound and appear in the skies,
There join with millions triumphantly singing
The praises of Him, who has saved them from sin.

When the dread word, predestined, shall come—
To summon me hence—be my trust in the Son,
Protected by Him—all terrors will brave,
Will triumph o'er sin, o'er death and the grave.

On the verge of the tomb behold! now I stand
Awaiting my God—thy supreme command—
Terror has been snatched, which bound me to earth,
And I long for a new, for a Heavenly birth.

The swift wheels of time are rolling around,
When the last of my line will be laid in the ground.
When his breath shall be pressed by the cold earth and soil,
His soul will have fled to the home of his God.

AULAELOBA.

For the Maryland Gazette.

DEFENCE OF THE RENOWNED ORDER OF DANDIES.

By Charles B. Dandies.

I hope that none of my brethren of the above honorable fraternity will think it unworthy of me, being but an unworthy member, to attempt any defence of our ancient and far famed order. Not that I believe it to be an impossible or useless task, but that I should think of making its defence, when it possesses so many worthier members of greater ability and ingenuity than I. I am encouraged by the many strong and insurmountable arguments, which even I, unskilled as I am, can urge, and also when I consider, that, if failed, there are so many numerous champions, who are ready to draw sword in my support. It is not, as I have said before, a useless task; for who, at the present time, has not often swelled with indignation, at the constant and unrelenting contempt, with an unparalled hand, upon our honorable order. I know that it is a disgraceful and a disgraceful rule to treat all such persons only with silent disdain, this being the sign of conscious superiority. Perhaps you, my readers, would wish to know what has induced me to break this general rule, which has been so constantly and carefully observed. You must know, that a short time since, in leisurely looking over some of the periodicals, I accidentally came across an anonymous piece headed "Dandies" it not being quite time to perform my duty of promoting and being in a better humour than usual, on account of having that evening cashed my support for the first time in a new pair of boots, (of which more anon,) I did, with a little exertion, manage to grope my way through this heterogeneous collection of nonsense. Among other equally silly and useless remarks, I found the following: "that you may also read and condemn, will copy." We might notice that opening (of emotion, I suppose), "which has

only been the object that about that audience that died with its possessor, the lamentable reflection of wealth, personal appearance, social position, and the like, developed in that class of feathered bipeds, except dandies, who were only the exterior, who held the professors of tailoring and the science of estimation, and who were, in proper compensation, were given, make capital letters for I have often heard, that any person will succeed well in any pursuit for which they have any inclination, or in which they take pleasure; and in the next line, this anonymous biped, calls us "minor bipeds." I was more than commonly enraged at this unprovoked assault, and swore by my square-toed boots, to prove this man a number. It was an unexpected as unprovoked, for he was not observed, the number as well as creditable appearance of our order in this polished city of ours, I had thought there was no one so fool-hardy as to make an attack upon us, and more especially when he knew, or might have known, it would not pass unnoticed. Who this anonymous "biped" is, I know not, nor do I care to know, we may get sufficient of him from his puerile production. He says, that in almost every thing we do, we are incited by ambition, or the desire of distinction. Now I should like to know what sort of distinction he expected to receive from that sample of his brains I expect he looked for nothing less than a diploma from the Academy of St. John's at their next anniversary. Now it strikes me that his ambition will meet with disappointment, which may tend, as he says, to weaken, and I hope destroy it, for we have no abundance already of such stupid prodigies. "But I may satisfy my brethren of this sublime order, that I am in some sort entitled to make this as I have styled it, defence, I would merely remind them, that it is to my family, one of the most numerous perhaps in the world, they are indebted for that splendid, elegant, neat, genteel and becoming article, now universally adopted by the whole order, I speak of those lately discovered inexpressibles, vulgarly called "The Dutch cut." This, I have no doubt, will ensure to me respect and attention, even if the strength and importance of my arguments will not for my family the whole order is deeply indebted; the inventor has by this discovery attained an eminence, to which those of Alexander and Buonaparte were but hillocks. This is true renown—this is true greatness. Fame has already proclaimed his name to the remotest bounds of the fashionable world; history has hastened to record it on her sacred page, where, as long as real worth and usefulness are honoured, with that of the immortal Brummel, it shall shine with undiminished lustre. But my admiration for this truly great man, has led me from my subject. My friend, the "ignoble unknown," says first, our object is that short-lived distinction of wealth, personal appearance, &c. I glory in owning this is our object, this is the pleasant and certain path to the temple of fame, which we have chosen and in despite of all he and his ignoble crew may say, until "time shall wash away all more," steadily to their purpose, this path shall be flooded with the determined votaries of our order, while he, and all other scoundrels, shall remain grovelling in their kindred dust, we borne aloft as on eagles' pinions, shall soar beyond the limits even of his imagination. Do you not yet see your inferiority, my ignoble friend? Do you not feel the narrow limits of your tub, where Diogenes like you, sit, enshrined in filth, courting only the genial influence of the sun to animate your sluggish and ignoble blood. From the bottom of my heart I pity you, poor dandied mortal, who never yet have felt the blissful emotion created by the sight of a new suit. We adorn the exterior, and you my deservingly ignoble friend, the interior, or as you may be more justly called, the mind. And what is the mind? you tell me of its powers, its qualities good or bad? Inform me in what secret recesses of its grosser companion you have concealed it? Have you yet commenced its cultivation? Have you attempted to turn its desolate wastes into productive fields? If you have, what has it produced? Ought else but this blighted, worthless stalk—this solitary shrub—this noxious weed. With what self-complacency you must have viewed this elegant specimen of composition! this sparkling reiteration of wit! Oh, my dear ignoble friend, never boast of your interior turn not away from the laudable pursuit of ornamenting your exterior; neglect not that noble form, in comparison of which, your boasted mind dwindles into nothing. Would you have me devote my time to the cultivation of my mind? Would you have the noble order of Dandies quit their noble employment, neglect their only means of happiness, their only path to distinction? And turn to what? to search after what we do not possess, to the ornament of that we are insensible of possessing, if we really do? Resist from your useless and thankless task; give up your vain endeavors; you may expect to find blood in a turnip as soon as a mind in a dandy! We carry no such useless lumber like a rudder it may serve to keep those steady, who best against the current of fashion; but to our light barks it would be but an impediment, as we smoothly glide on its rapid current, to the sea of oblivion! Not to that haven, where the united glories of innumerable Dandies, form the polar star of their successors.

But speaking of bescomy my horror is just called to mind; I never look steadily at any thing for any time, particularly in the afternoon, that it does not cause a hideous redness in the nose, the dread of all our order. One perch at the glass has shown me my misfortune; to last the whole evening, such a glorious one too for us and the butler's friend, what mischief have you occasioned! You cannot conceive the irreparable damage! To lose such an evening, his too much—there hang my pants, almost dazzling my eyes with their gloss, and I, who should now be encained in them, and the rest of my decorations, and measured step and head erect, be prepared to assert my right, and prove myself to be the dictator of the fashionables! what a commanding height am I in danger of losing! Must I really mope at home until dark; oh, my ignoble friend, this is one of the effects of your senseless idea of improving the mind; but I am making bad, worse, I will write no more until a more convenient season.

(To be continued.)

Lately, at the Brattleborough, Vermont, Lyceum, the question debated was whether early marriage was productive of more good than evil? The ladies voted and it was decided in the affirmative, by an overwhelming majority.

Many estimable men were present at a town near New York last week. A young lady resident there, from her beauty and more substantial attractions, had no lack of suitors. Amongst them were a wealthy and respectable brewer, and an oilman in considerable trade. Each of these gentlemen, it appears, thought himself the favoured suitor—the former on the strength of a declaration that "the man of her heart dwelt in hops," and the latter because when he pressed his suit the fair one replied, "the man I love cuts coppers!" but, after all, their hopes and fears were ended by the astounding intelligence that she had eloped on Monday last with a dancing master! [Prov. Daily Adv.]

SOMNAMBULISM.

A Scotch paper gives an account of a curious case of somnambulism on board a ship recently returned from a foreign voyage. The Captain had stored his cabin with excellent Brandy for himself and crew, and it happened that in whatever state the bottle was left at night, in the morning it was sure to be found minus two inches or more. This occurred night after night, and the crew being accused of pilfering the precious drink, resolved to watch and detect if possible the nocturnal thief. About midnight the men heard a noise, and seizing a light, entered the Cabin half in terror and lo! the Captain had seized the brandied bottle and was about swallowing a huge cawker, when the men awoke him to his no small amazement and wonder. All hands were immediately piped and the contents of the bottle sacrificed by way of curing the Captain of his nocturnal tricks.

From the Pensacola Gazette August 25

SAILING OF TIRSHARK.

The U. S. Schooner Shark, Lt. Commandant Webb, sailed from this port on Sunday last, on a cruise.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Lieutenant Commandant.—Thomas T. Webb.
Lieutenants.—Charles Eilery; and Robert M. Jones.
Surgeon.—Robert J. Dotli.
Midshipmen.—William C. Chaplin, William C. Spencer, William H. Inskeep, Henry F. Toulmin, Charles Spry.
Gunner.—John S. McDonald.
Sail Maker.—John Hickle.
Captain's Clerk.—Hamilton L. Cook.
Forger's Steward.—Ebenzer B. Scott.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, gives the following account of the steam boat New Philadelphia on her way from New York to Albany, running down a sloop at anchor in the North River.

ALBANY, Friday, 5 o'clock, P. M.—The New Philadelphia, which left New York last evening, with between two and three hundred passengers had an elegant run during most of her passage. About three o'clock this morning, a loud and sudden crash brought every passenger in an instant to his feet; and in the next instant upon deck. A thick haze, or fog had come over the atmosphere, which rendered it impossible to discern objects at any distance. But the engine was stopped, and it was immediately discovered that we had run down a small sloop, freighted with stone.

In an instant afterwards she went to the bottom; but the hands on board, consisting of two men and a boy, were picked up and saved. It seems that this vessel was lying in the stream, without a light! No blame can therefore be attached to the captain, or to any officer of the N. Y. Philadelphia. The violence of the shock was so great, that two of the paddles of the larboard wheel were broken off, some other timbers slightly shattered, and the axle of the wheels started out of place. The panic among the passengers was of but short duration.

PARRICIDE.

The Norristown, Pa. Register, announces the death of Major General Wm. Brooke, of Delaware county, indicted by the hands of his son, Thos. mas Brooke. The particulars of this dreadful act are omitted, the perpetrator being under arrest to be dealt with according to law. The editor says of the deceased—

"Gen. Brooke was a soldier of the revolution, and a firm friend to his country, in the hour of danger. He was a brave and a good man, and of his sterling worth and usefulness to society, the large circle of friends and acquaintances he has left can testify. After suffering the privations and hardships of the war of independence, and living to see his country prosperous and happy, he has fallen at the age of 83 years a victim to the brutal passions of him, who should have been the staff and support of his declining years."

ELIZABETH CITY, (N. C.) Sept. 9.

MURDER.—We learn that a man by the name of Ivey Wilkins of Currituck county, who has been in the habit of abusing his wife, murdered her last week. After he had committed the act, he made a coffin, and was about interring the body, when he was overtaken by a jury of inquest, and while they were examining it, Wilkins made his escape. He was pursued, but before he would suffer himself to be taken, had one of his legs nearly shot off. We presume he has been committed to jail to undergo a trial.—Star.

MAGNETIC POLE.

The Atlantic states that letters have been received from Professor HARRISON and his companions, to the effect that they arrived at Irkutsk on the 7th of that month, afterwards visited Khatanga, and passed into China. Their observations have proved perfectly satisfactory, and the position of the Magnetic Pole is ascertained. Centuries may elapse before Siberia will be again so thoroughly observed.

LONG LIFE.

The Ontario Repository informs that there are six brothers now living, of whom Judge Chipman, late of Richmond, in that county, now of Sheldon, in the county of Genesee, is the eldest of whom is 77, and the youngest 64 years of age. The aggregate of their ages is 423, and the average 70 years and a fraction over. These brothers were all born in the N. E. corner of the state of Connecticut, from whence they went to Vermont about the year 1774. Four of them were lawyers and two Physicians; and all of them have been remarkable for their industry and early rising.

AN IMPORTANT OPERATION.

We learn by the New York Medical and Physical Journal, for July, that Dr. Abner Horton has succeeded in forming an artificial eyelid for a black boy. This important operation was performed in a short time, and in a few days afterwards the boy had a very slightly eye, answering all the purposes of a natural one. The ball of the eye had been gored by an ox, and several attempts had been made to unite or restore the detached eyelid by other physicians, which all proved abortive. N. Y. Herald.

SUGAR FROM BEET.

The manufacture of Sugar from beets, which was introduced into France by Napoleon in 1811 & 1812, has increased to such an extent, that there are now nearly 100 sugar manufacturing factories in that country, producing an annual amount of about 5,000,000 kilograms, or 4,921 tons. In Paris alone, the number of factories is 25. While the price of refined sugar in Paris is 11d. sterling per pound, the manufacture is profitable. It is estimated that one half of all the sugar consumed in Paris, and one eleventh of the total quantity consumed in France, is made from beets. For white ness and beauty, it is said, when refined, to be unequalled by any other. Bulk for bulk, however, the refined West India sugar is sweeter than the refined beet sugar; but weight for weight, the two are equally sweet. The discovery of sugar in the beet-root was made by the celebrated German chemist Margrave, and announced to the public in 1747. N. Y. Jour. Com.

PYROTHONIDE.

A French physician has lately introduced into the Materia Medica, a substance produced by the combustion of linen, hemp, or cotton cloth, in the open air. He considers it useful in various inflammatory affections, especially in ophthalmia, or diseases of the eye, and chilblains. To prepare pyrothonide, take a handful of cloth, old or new, place it in a shallow basin, set fire to it, moving it about, so that the basin do not become too hot; after the combustion is finished, throw out the ashes at the bottom of the vessel will be found a semitransparent, semioleaginous product of a reddish brown colour, and possessing a pungent odour. Pour upon this 5 oz. of cold water, which will dissolve it entirely, forming the solution of pyrothonide, which is used in a more or less diluted state, as may be requisite, for collyria fomentations, &c.—Medical Journal.

Extraordinary Swimming feat.

Dr. Bedade, of whom most of our readers will have heard as having accomplished several feats of swimming, undertook on Thursday se'night, for a wager of £20 to swim three hundred yards in sixty strokes, in still water. Before commencing his swimming feat, the Doctor had his feet tied together, and a stick four feet long, with a flag at one end, put into each hand. In this state he was rowed in a boat into the middle of the pond, and thrown into the water, where he floated. A weight of four pounds was then put upon his chest, and he had intended to have floated to the shore in that way, but the necessary motion of his arms to propel him to the shore dislodged the weight, and it sunk. It had remained, however, long enough to convince the spectators that he could have borne it. After he had floated to the shore, he commenced his task of swimming three hundred yards in sixty strokes; and to the astonishment of the spectators, who loudly cheered him as he came in, he accomplished it with great ease in 51 strokes, notwithstanding the disadvantage of shallow water. Manchester Guardian.

TEA DRINKERS BEWARE.

A London Magazine says, that prussic acid has been obtained from the leaves of green tea in so concentrated a state, that one drop killed a dog almost instantaneously.—A strong infusion of such tea, sweetened, is as effectual in poisoning flies, as the solution of arsenic generally sold for that purpose.

LAW OF DIVORCE IN CHINA.

In the Chinese Law, one of the grounds on which a husband may divorce his wife is, her being too much given to talking. What rare work for Doctors' Commons if such a law were to be passed in this country. At a dissenting place of worship in Leicester, on Sunday week, an individual happening to be behind time, the minister, who had been before disturbed by persons coming in, told him that he was half an hour too late; but he accommodated him he would begin his sermon again, which he accordingly did. Leicester Chronicle.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept by a Gentleman residing near South River Bridge.

August,	winds,
1 Clear, pleasant, smart breeze	n w
2 Clear, warm, light breeze	s w
3 Clear P. M. cloudy thunder & lightning, in evening, rain at night	s w
4 Rain very heavy broke away in evening, light breeze	s w
5 Cloudy warm, light breeze	s w
6 Clear part of the day, thunder lightning & rain	s w
7 Clear, warm, light breeze	s w
8 Flying clouds, heavy thunder for an hour, light rain	w n w
9 Clear, warm, heavy rain, thunder & lightning	s w
10 Clear, warm, fresh breeze	n w
11 Clear, pleasant, light breeze	s w
12 Clear, warm, light breeze	s w
13 Clear, pleasant, light breeze	s w
14 Clear P. M. cloudy, thunder, very warm	s w
15 Cloudy, sprinkle rain, light breeze	s e
16 Flying clouds, light breeze	s e
17 Cloudy, warm, light breeze, heavy blow at night with tremendous rain	s e
18 Cloudy, cool, fresh breeze	n w
19 Cloudy part of the day, light breeze	n w
20 Cloudy, cool, light breeze	n w
21 Clear, moderate, light breeze	n
22 Clear, calm, warm	s e
23 Clear, warm, fresh breeze	n w
24 Cloudy, warm, fresh breeze, heavy rain at night	s e
25 Cloudy, pleasant, fresh breeze	s e
26 Cloudy, cool, rain nearly all night	s e
27 Rain in morning fresh breeze	n e
28 Rain, cool, light breeze	n e
29 Rain in morning, light breeze	n
30 Clear, warm, light breeze	n w
31 Clear, extremely warm, light breeze	w s w

We are authorised to announce CHARLES D. WARFIELD, Esq. as a Candidate to represent Anne Arundel county, in the popular branch of the next Legislature.

Mr. GREEN, You are authorised to state, that HORATIO RIDOUT will be supported as a candidate for a seat in the next Legislature of Maryland.

To the Voters of Anne Arundel County, Gentlemen,

I offer myself to your consideration, to represent you in the next General Assembly of Maryland.

JOHN S. SELLMAN.

Mr. GREEN, You are authorised to announce ROBERT WELCH, of Ben. as a candidate to represent Anne Arundel county in the next General Assembly, and that he will be supported by MANY VOTERS.

To the Voters of Anne Arundel County, I offer myself as a Candidate to represent you in the next General Assembly.

ABNER LINTHICUM, Sen.

Jackson Republican Ticket.

For Baltimore City.

Jesse Hunt, John S. Nicholas.
For Allegany County.
William M. Mahon, Robert Swann,
William V. Bunkirk, Samuel Slicer.

For Frederick County.
Francis Thomas, Frederick Dorsey,
Isaac Shriver, John Kinser.

For Queen-Ann's County.
William Grason, Samuel R. Oldson,
Thomas Wright, 3d, Arthur E. Sudler.

For Dorchester County.
Matthew Hardcastle, James A. Stewart,
Henry C. Elbert, Joseph Ennalls.

For Caroline County.
Marcy Fountain, John Thawley,
Samuel Crawford, Robert T. Keene.

For Talbot County.
Thomas Harris, William Price,
Nicholas Martin, William Rose.

For Worcester County.
Stephen Roach, Joseph Hutchesson,
F. A. Bower, Levin Hitch.

For Washington County.
Benjamin F. Yeo, Daniel Donnelly,
John Wilmer, David Brookhart.

OBITUARY.

Died at Newburg, New-York, Mr. H. ROX, formerly a Teacher at the Free School in Anne Arundel county, and recently appointed Teacher of the Primary School, about to be opened at Annapolis.

On Tuesday last, on the North side of Severn, Mr. STEPHEN LINTHICUM.

FARMERS BANK OF MARYLAND.

Annapolis, September 16, 1892.
THE President and Directors of the Farmers Bank of Maryland have declared a dividend of three per cent, on the stock of said Bank, for six months ending the 30th instant, and payable on or after the first Monday of October next, to Stockholders on the Western Shore at the Bank at Annapolis, and to Stockholders on the Eastern Shore at the Branch Bank at Kauton, upon personal application, on the exhibition of powers of attorney, or by correct simple order.

By order,
Samuel Maynard, Cash.

Sept 17
The Maryland Republican, Annapolis, the Gazette, and American, Baltimore, will insert the above law 3w.

A BY LAW

the further regulation of the Public Markets in this City.

Established by the Mayor, Recorder, Alderman and Common-Council of the City of Annapolis, and the authority of the said City. That that part of the Market house within the pillars thereof, be and the same shall be appropriated for Butchers stalls, and that no person shall keep or occupy any bench, shambles, or any other apparatus, whereon to expose Butchers meat for sale, or shall sell such Butchers meat at Market, except under the roof of the Market house and within the brick pillars thereof, under the penalty of three dollars for each and every offence, to be recovered as other penalties are directed to be, and appropriated, one half to the informer, and the other half to the use of the City.

Provided however, that persons from the country, and persons not in the usual practice of selling Butchers meat, may sell as hretforesaid, without being subject to the penalty prescribed in this by law.

DENNIS CLAUDE, Mayor.
Read and assented to
By order,
J. H. Wells, Ck.

NOTICE.

N ELECTION will be held at the Assembly Room, in the City of Annapolis, on the first Monday of October next, for electing a Representative to the next Congress of the United States, from the Second Congressional District of this State; and two Delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland, for the City of Annapolis.

By order,
John H. Wells, Ck.
of the Corporation.

Sept 10

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, That an election will be held in Anne Arundel county, in their respective places of holding Elections, on the first Monday of October next, for electing a Representative to the next Congress of the United States from the second Congressional District of this State; and four Delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland.

By order,
Richard Ishhart, Shff. A. A. C.
Sept 10

Maryland Lottery.

BY YATES & MINTYAR.

For the benefit of Washington and St. John's Colleges.

Fourth Class—Second or New Series.

To be Drawn in the City of Baltimore, On Saturday, 19th Sept. 1892.

Forty-Five Number Lottery—Six Drawn Balls.

SCHEDULE.	
1 prize of	\$6,000
1 prize of	3,000
1 prize of	1,000
2 prizes of	500
5 prizes of	150
10 prizes of	50
30 prizes of	20
30 prizes of	10
400 prizes of	5
4446 prizes of	4
5051	42,570

Price of Tickets.

Tickets \$4 00 Quarters \$1 00

Halves 2 00

Tickets and Shares in a VARIETY of Numbers, may be had by applying to

THOMAS SWANN, Annapolis.

Sept 10

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Subscribers have obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, letters of administration on the personal estate of Mrs. Matilda Chase, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor, to the Subscribers, and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment.

Richard M. Chase, Admrs.
Richard J. Crabb, Sw.
Sept 3.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

JONAS GREEN,

Church Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

ADVERTISING.

From an Irish Paper.

SOLITUDE.

Had I the wings and the speed of the dove,
How fast would I take my way,
From men who can fashion the language of love,
While their hands are preparing to slay.
And though I might herd with the beasts of the chase,
And fare like the worms of the clove,
I would hide me in some desolate place,
Where none could pursue me but God.
And there he would come on his chariot of cloud,
When the winds of the waters were high,
And there he would speak when the thunders were loud,
And the lightning envelop'd the sky.
And there he would walk in the garment of light,
When the curtain of darkness withdrew,
And there he would look from his stars in the night,
When the blossoms were drinking the dew.
And there should my prayers arise with the morn,
And close with the closing of day;
There, there, should I lie, when my life was outworn,
Like the mist of the mountain away.
For there though no sliver of light should remain,
No brother should speak to me the word,
My body may mix with the winds and the rains,
But my spirit shall rise to its God.

THE CACADOR.

A Story of the Peninsular War.

When Lord Wellington retired behind the lines of Torres Vedras, I was in command of a company of Cacadores, or Portuguese light infantry, having like many British officers, received promotion in the Portuguese service. My subalterns were two brothers, young Scotchmen, whom I shall call Cameron. They were both fine, amiable and brave young men; but the youngest was one of the noblest, freest, most gallant and generous spirits I ever beheld.

At the time we entered the Portuguese service, the regiments were little more than skeletons; but recruits flocked in in crowds, and were speedily organized into battalions, under the British officers and non-commissioned officers, who formed, as it were, the nucleus of the corps. Among the men who joined us from the country, was a young peasant of about twenty years old, whose father's cottage was within a musket shot of our lines. He was peculiarly quick, active and intelligent, and rapidly became what is termed a very smart soldier, and was soon promoted to be a corporal. This lad was, indeed, one of the most superior persons of his class I ever met with. His attention to his duty, and the smartness and precision with which it was performed, were equally remarkable. In a word, he was a pattern man; and, what is extremely rare with such persons, Velasquez was as great a favourite with his own squadron as with his officers.

Our regiment was soon complete in numbers; and its discipline, I may be permitted to say, was perfected before its equipment in arms, and still more in clothing, was fully made. Shortly after the army had taken up its position at Torres Vedras, we were ordered in advance, and it became my turn of duty to command the out-piquet. The guard consisted of my own company, and we came to our ground about sunset. I remember that night and that spot, as if the occurrence were of yesterday; and well may I! As the brilliant colors of the evening faded away, a glorious moon brightened in all the radiance of a southern latitude. A half ruined barn formed the centre of our post; it stood upon the edge of a gentle declivity, which was partly covered with brush. About two hundred yards in advance was a cottage, which chanced to be that of Velasquez's father; and he himself, belonging to my company, was now on duty there alone to his native spot.

The last rays of the evening had finally sunk from the horizon, and I was standing, gazing on the rich moon, now rising high into the heavens, when, suddenly, I was alarmed by a shot, and a loud scream, which seemed to proceed from the cottage of which I have spoken. Accompanied by Niel Cameron, (the younger of the two brothers,) and eight or ten men, among whom was Velasquez, I hurried to the sentry at the outpost nearest to the spot. He said that he had heard the reports, and immediately seen three or four men rush from the door, and make off in the opposite direction to our picket. We hastened on to the cottage, advancing however, with caution, not knowing what the real cause of the alarm might be. All was still. We reached the door; it was open, and on the threshold lay a man, apparently that of a French officer, in a position, which inferred that it had been struck from his head by the door sill as he hurried out. We entered the cottage, and there on the floor, lay the bodies of two elderly men. Velasquez sprang to them. They were his father and his uncle. They were both quite dead! But this was far from all; a murmuring sound, as if of some one half-groaning, but striving to speak, was heard proceeding from

a small inner room. On the instant, Velasquez started from his father's corpse, upon which he had thrown himself, and rushed into the other room. Never, while I have life, shall I forget the shriek which, at that moment, burst from him. It was the most appalling sound I ever heard issue from human lips—and truly, so it well might be, for it was caused by the extremity of human agony.

Upon entering the room, we found Velasquez in the act of raising from the floor the body of a young woman whom some of his comrades immediately recognized to have been betrothed to him. She was pale, insensible, and apparently dying. The blood oozed from a wound in her side, and there were livid marks upon her throat, as though produced by a violent grasp of the hand. The manifestation of despair by Velasquez was such as, in our colder countrymen, would have been considered extravagant; but in him these frantic transports were no more than natural. With alternate tears and curses, he vowed vengeance, deep and desperate, upon the author of his calamities. At length we bore the body of the dying person to the barn, which I have mentioned as the head quarters of our picket for the night, and she was laid upon some straw that had been spread out for the soldiers to sleep on. Cameron and I then bound up the wound. Velasquez seemed wholly unconscious of what was going on. When we desired him to hold the handkerchief, he appeared not to understand us; but when the end of it was placed in his hand, he held it until it was tied. I despatched a man to beg the attendance of the surgeon of the regiment, and then retired with Cameron, within a partition which screened us from Velasquez and his charge. The rest of the guard had, with that delicacy which the rudest learn instinctively, at the sight of deep distress, withdrawn from the place, and left them alone together.

That was the longest and most painful night I ever spent. I thought day would never break. Hour after hour I expected the arrival of the surgeon—every noise I thought was that of his arrival, but he came not. Towards one o'clock, the wind began to rise; and, as it howled through the crazy building, it rendered the silence that otherwise reigned, broken only by the moans of the dying woman, still more dreadful. The whole scene, indeed, impressed my mind with a degree of awe it has never forgotten. Velasquez sat by the side of the wounded girl, his musket rested between his knees, with one hand clasping hers, and the other supporting his head. During the whole of those dreary hours, he spoke no word, he shed no tear—despair seemed to have frozen all his faculties. As the flickering of the fire fell upon his countenance, I beheld his eyes glazed and fixed on vacancy. His body rocked mechanically to and fro; and this was the only sign he gave of animation. He seemed lost to every thing, except the intense consciousness of his misery.

The night wore heavily away, and still the surgeon did not arrive. I afterwards learned that he was called by duty to a distant part of the lines, and that my messenger did not reach him till it was too late. At an hour before daybreak, it is usual for the advanced guard to get under arms, and we rose from straw for that purpose. As we passed through that part of the building in which Velasquez and his betrothed were, we found the unhappy man exactly in the same posture as when he first sat down. We went up to them, in order to ascertain the woman's state; when we found that her consciousness was beginning to return. I feared that it was as indeed it proved to be, that restoration of the senses which so often precedes dissolution. After a time, she was enabled to give a distinct account of all that had occurred the night before.

She said, that about nightfall, when she only was at home, a party of about five or six French soldiers, with an officer at their head, entered the house. This man she described, as being a tall, powerful man, with light hair, and especially remarkable for wearing enormous moustachios, which were still more conspicuous from their extreme whiteness. This man, it seems, had proceeded to commit upon this unfortunate girl every outrage which the utmost brutality could suggest. In the meantime her father and uncle, (for she was Velasquez's cousin) came in and endeavoured to rescue her from the ruffian's gripe. The result was the instant murder of them both, as she herself was struck down by a pistol ball. The men, then, fearing the reports would alarm our picket, escaped with precipitation. The captain, however, which had belonged to the officer, chanced to contain some memoranda and papers, from which, we learned not only his regiment, but his name.

The scene which ensued between Velasquez and his cousin was the most affecting that I have ever seen my lot to witness. She survived but a few minutes. The man still continued sitting by her side, and still held her hand in his. Cameron strove to rouse him, and addressed to him those ordinary topics of consolation, beyond which there is nothing to urge; but which alas we feel to be futile. At last, rising from the dead to the door, Cameron exclaimed, "If I should meet this ruffian to-

orrow, or twenty years hence—should I be prisoner with the French, or be prisoner with us—as I hope for salvation, by Heaven! I'll shoot him!" Velasquez, who, till then, had been quite passive, started at the exclamation, and, with the impetuosity of his nation, he rushed towards Cameron, and seizing him in his arms, poured forth a flood of blessings upon him, interrupted by the sobs and tears which now burst freely from him. They were the first he had shed, and they relieved him.

Of a sudden, he reflected that this conduct was improper towards his officer, and breaking abruptly from him, without saying a word, seized his firelock, and walked instinctively towards his place in the ranks. An old English sergeant-major, a veteran of fifty, took him by the hand, with that respect which sorrow always commands, and led him to his place. As he passed along, mingled pity and indignation gleamed in the dark eyes of his comrades, and many an imprecation was muttered against the Frenchman, which were afterwards but too bitterly fulfilled.

Day had by this time fully dawned—and I beheld that of which I had, of course, frequently heard, but which I never personally witnessed but that once. The hair of the unhappy sufferer had turned from black to snow white, in the course of this three miserable night! Awful indeed are the ravages which the agony of the human spirit produces on the human frame!

Some months passed on. Massena broke up from before Torres Vedras, and commenced his celebrated retreat. We were in full pursuit, and had already entered the Spanish territory, when again it became our turn to take the duty of out-piquet to the army. My detachment, as before, consisted of my own company, and we might muster from ninety to an hundred men.

The French were supposed to be within a day's march from us, and we had orders to be peculiarly vigilant and careful. We arrived upon our ground at about six o'clock, on a beautiful summer's evening; and had scarcely been there a quarter of an hour, when a Spanish peasant came to us and gave us information, that an escort of about fifty French, with some cattle, were about to pass within three miles of our front; and he entreated us to come and rescue the cattle, and cut off the detachment. These forgers, he said, had pressed the unhappy owners of the cattle to drive them; he himself had been one of these; but he had escaped to give us this notice. I explained to the man that it was impossible for us to leave our post. We were there on a most important duty, and it was out of the question that we should stir. I offered, however, to send him to the rear. No: that, he said, would take up too much time. The escort would be gone. His friends, he added, had promised to conduct it through a defile within three miles of us, where we might cut them off to a man. He described the party as consisting of about fifty men of the regiment, and commanded by a tall ferocious man, with the most extraordinary white moustachios he had ever beheld! Velasquez was present when the man told his story. As usual, he seemed listless and unheeding, till the number of the regiment struck upon his ear. His attention then became the keenest; and when mention was made of the officer with the white moustachios, the whole man seemed inspired with new and dreadful life. I had my eye on him at that moment, and his swarthy cheek grew pale as death—his lips quivered—his eyes suddenly became blood-shot—and he burst out abruptly into a wild exclamation of revenge and joy. All sense of discipline was lost in an instant. He called upon his comrades to join him in executing vengeance upon this monster; he conjured them in a few broken, rapid and passionate sentences, as they loved their parents, as they revered their religion, as they esteemed the honour of their sisters, of their wives, and of the blessed Virgin, (such, I remember, was the expression,) to join him in cutting off this miserable from the face of the earth. Then suddenly, turning to Neil Cameron, he reminded him of his promise; he claimed its performance. "You will not, sir," he said, "I am sure you will not fail me now!" "No, by Heaven, will I not!" exclaimed Neil. "Follow me, my lads!" and away rushed the whole company, except about eight or ten, chiefly consisting of English, in the direction which the Spaniard pointed out.

Finding it in vain to attempt to call them back, I returned to my post; and instantly, despatched a messenger to my colonel, to inform him of what had happened, and that consequently, the outposts were left defenceless; and begging for orders how to act. In a short time, I received an answer from him, informing me that I should immediately be relieved, and desiring me to follow my men, to bring them back, if possible; but if I found that impracticable, to stay with them, and act according to my discretion. I accordingly set off, with the few that remained to me, in the direction which the others had gone. It was easy to trace their course along the grass on which the day had begun to fall—and I came up to them in about three quarters of an hour.

On arriving at the spot, I found the party

most advantageously posted along the edge of the ridge. About six hundred men were a high ridge, which completely shut them from observation, and from whence they could pour in a most murderous fire upon the French, almost at the muzzle of their pieces, before they were perceived. Behind this ridge, I found the men lying, and a plan of attack was suggested to them to return. Neil Cameron, of the Portuguese, was in the rear, and he had declared he would not leave his brother. Again I attempted to address the men, when Velasquez came up to me, and said solemnly, "I did not expect this from you, sir; you lost your father and your friends, and you know what it is to rob me of my just revenge."

All my endeavours were vain. The feelings of the men were wrought up to too high a pitch, for them to be able to listen to the call of duty. Finding, therefore, any further attempts useless, I determined to give the attack, since they were resolved to make it; all the additional effect which regularity and discipline could confer. The moment I announced this intention, they paid implicit obedience to my orders.

Having completed my dispositions, I lay down behind the ridge, along with the men. Night had, by this time, completely closed in, the clouds were racking over the moon, which was near its full—and gave, when its surface was unobscured, that strong and distinct light which is scarcely ever seen in the northern latitudes. I never shall forget the sensations which I underwent as I lay; I cannot say that they amounted to fear, but a sort of sickening anxiety oppressed and almost choked me. I never felt thus before or since. I had been in all the thick of the work since 1809, and had been in almost every principal action that had been fought; and I continued in active service to the very end of the war, having been wounded in the last affair that took place, namely, at the sortie at Bayonne. Yet at no time have I ever felt any thing at all resembling the sensations of that hour.

At the last noise, every ear was on the alert; and several times we thought the enemy was upon us, when it was only a false alarm. On one of these occasions, as I raised myself upon my arm to listen, my eye chanced to light upon the countenance of Velasquez, who lay within three yards of me. The moon shone full upon him, and even now I almost shudder as I call to mind the ghastly expression it revealed to my view. His face, pale, attenuated, and wan, would have seemed more like that of a corpse than a living man, if it had not been for the burning expression of his blood red eyes, from which a dark lucid light seemed to gleam. The state of intense excitement in which he was, had caused him to bleed at the nose, and the blood had trickled down upon the upper lip unheeded, and clung clotted on his moustachios. As I looked on him, I saw him suddenly start, his ear had caught before mine, the looting and trampling of cattle, and the tread of men, which I heard immediately afterwards. "Be steady!" I exclaimed, "and do not fire before I give the word!" and I again laid down, and we all remained silent.

As the enemy advanced, I was enabled to reconnoitre them by the light of the moon, which was now clear and unimpeded. To my extreme surprise and discomfort, I found that what we had been led to consider as a mere foraging party of fifty men, was in fact a detachment of at least two hundred and fifty strong! I easily discerned the commanding officer, who rode on a mule. The moon shone directly upon his face, and I saw distinctly, that immense moustachios, white as the driven snow overshadowed all the lower part of the face. There was no mistaking such a man. Velasquez saw him also, for he made a sort of convulsive spring, which would have betrayed us prematurely, had I not pressed my hand forcibly upon his arm; and kept him in his place. The French were at this time about one hundred yards from us, on our left, advancing with little or no order, and preceded by a drove of about twenty bullocks, driven by eight or ten Spaniards. I looked at their dense mass, as they came on, and then at our scanty line, which consisted of not above ninety-five men. It is true, the keenest and fiercest determination shone in the dark expressive eyes of my Cacadores;—but I dreaded their impetuosity, and I awaited the result with strong anxiety. I knew, right well, that no quarter would be given—none received. "Victory or death" was here not an unmeaning cry but an unavoidable alternative.

On they came: the cattle front of all, and then the Spaniards, whose looks of agitation plainly showed they expected what was to happen. Notwithstanding all I had said, the Portuguese were so impatient, that they had scarcely waited for the last of the drivers to get past them,—when calling to them "take care!" they pointed their fire into the French column. Its effect was murderous.—The whole body had fired, with the exception of the small body immediately around me, who had before stood with me, and the closeness of the enemy caused almost every shot to tell. At one part of the line, our men could almost have touched the enemy with the muzzles of their firelocks. But the officer had escaped,—we saw him upon his mule, encouraging his men, who were taken aback by so unexpected and deadly

an attack. Every man of our regiment ad towards him, as if by a common movement, and leaning from the back, they charged the French, and drove them back upon the bank. I never saw a charge made with the fury and intemperance of this. Every individual man had a given object to reach the officer, and each was madly to accomplish it. I saw to this man's rescue, if he was a soldier, he was a brave one. Developed as he had been in a shower of fire, it seemed as if he bore a charmed life. Every man had fired at him, so one missed him. He, meanwhile, fought like a lion, shouting and calling at his men and at us, and loading and discharging a fusée with which he was armed, bringing down a man at about every shot. But, on our side, after the first discharge, there had been no more firing; the men did not take time to reload, but fought hand to hand with the bayonet, and the deadly Portuguese with a knife. When we got upon the heath, the French, seeing the smallness of our numbers, recovered from their surprise and panic, and compelled us to give ground in our turn, towards the spot where the conflict had begun. The Cacadores, however, disputed it inch by inch,—they did not give, and they would not receive, quarter. They fought man to man; and, even when they fell, the dying still grappled with the dying; such was the intemperance of this singular struggle.

With great difficulty I had restrained the small body immediately around me (of whom I have more than once spoken) from following the first charge, and they had also kept their fire. I felt the bitter necessity we should soon have for a reserve; and, small as it was, its effect was most extraordinary. As our men were driven beyond the spot where we now stood, the enemy came tumultuously on, when I gave the word to fire, and our close and steady discharge, though it was, probably, of not more than a dozen pieces, seemed to the French as though a second attack, similar to the first, was commenced; and they fell back, in some disorder. We again charged them all together; and, a second time, we drove them out of the ravine, upon the heath beyond. Here, for the confusion was great, both sides became divided into several parties, and the conflict continued with unabated obstinacy. Still, our men dropped fast, and the smallness of our numbers made every loss material. The French were still gradually giving ground; but our relative strength became more disproportionate every moment.

The bulk of our men were, as may be supposed, pressing on the party in which was the officer with the moustachios. I, myself, discharged both my pistols at him; they touched him not. Velasquez and the two Camerons were close to my side; but still the officer was beyond our reach, and none of our shots struck him. The anxiety of Velasquez lest the Frenchman should escape, was dreadful; he kept struggling towards him, and pointing to him, and screaming to his fellows to aim at him when suddenly he was himself, struck by a ball on the under jaw, and dropped. He was up again in a moment. His jaw was broken, and hung down; but he pressed forward—every feeling was lost in the one great desire for revenge. A second shot struck him in the groin; and this time he could not rise. But, as he writhed on the ground he called to Niel Cameron not to let the officer escape; and implored him to keep on, with all the agony of invocation which such a nature at such a moment might be supposed to use. Niel dashed forward, and, at last, penetrated within ten paces of the officer, he drew a pistol, fired, and the Frenchman fell from his mule. He raised himself, however, in a moment, upon his feet; and, taking with his (useless) deliberate aim at Cameron, fired at him as he advanced. The shot told. Niel jumped from the ground to nearly his own height, and was dead before he reached it again. I was so close to him when he fell, that in hurrying forward, I stumbled over his body; and well for me was it that I did so, for, as I staggered, a ball grazed my head (I bear the mark to this day), which, if I had been sprung, must have killed me on the spot.

When their officer fell, the French rallied. I now found further resistance useless. There were not above

Sept 19

Aug 16, H. R.

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Test. William S. Gr
Aug 1.

Old Type received in payment
9 cents per pound.
July 18.

PRINTING
Neatly executed at this O.

Office April 2.

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twenty five of us left, and of those several were wounded. I therefore ordered one or more charge, just to disengage us from the thick of the enemy, and desired every man afterwards to shift for himself, and to remember at the further end of the wood, where the charge was made; but of how I got into the wood I have no recollection. The next thing I recollect is, about the middle of it finding myself with about fourteen others, running at double quick time, with a few dropping shots occasionally falling near us, from the French, who came in pursuit. They did not, however, follow us far; and we nestled on the outskirts of the wood. Only twelve answered to their names, and such a spectacle as these presented, I never beheld! All were pale, covered with dust and sweat. Some were wounded, and were bedabbed with blood, and faint from weakness. The men scarcely spoke; and they looked at each other with an expression of fierce melancholy, that seemed to say, that bitterly as their revenge had cost them, it had been wreaked!

We remained some time on the spot, to reload and recruit our strength, and were about sadly to commence our march back to our camp, when, to our infinite joy, we beheld a patroling party of our cavalry approach us. I explained to the commanding officer, as briefly as possible, what had happened. In a minute, we were mounted behind the dragoons, and retraced our steps to the ravine where the skirmish had taken place.

All now was still. The French troops had proceeded on their march, and nothing now was heard, but at intervals the moans of the wounded and the dying. In the ravine itself lay about fifty French, where there were not above six or eight of our men, but, as we advanced upon the heath, the proportion became fearfully changed. Altogether, they had lost upwards of an hundred and fifty men, and we about eighty. We first sought for the body of Niel Cameron. We soon found it, for I well knew the spot. It was almost cold; but the expression of the face was but little changed. A little further on lay the French officer, who had been the original cause of the conflict; and to my great surprise, across his body was that of Velasquez! He had fallen above twenty yards distant; but the desire of revenge had given him strength and fortitude to crawl in despite of his wounds, to where his enemy lay. Upon him he had inflicted five or six desperate gashes with his knife, and had died in the act of striking a blow, which he had not strength to complete; for the point of the knife had penetrated the skin, and then had been driven no further, the hand having become powerless in death. We had no means of ascertaining accurately, whether the officer was still alive at the time Velasquez reached him. But, I incline to think that he was not, for there were no appearances of a struggle having taken place between them. Velasquez lay across his body, and had expired in the act of still striking his enemy. Truly, this was 'the ruling passion strong in death!'

Friendship's Offering.

CIRCULAR.

To the Officers commanding the different Squadrons of the United States Ships of War.

There being reason to believe that a proper employment of the new disinfecting agent, the chloride of lime, would add very much to the comfort, and perhaps to the preservation of the health, of the crews of the United States ships of war, it is desirable that a series of experiments be forthwith instituted to test the efficacy and usefulness of this interesting article.

With this view you are required to cause a sufficient supply of the chloride of lime to be provided, and direct the same to be distributed amongst the surgeons of the different ships under your command, and to order the same to be applied according to the instructions hereinafter given.

The surgeons should, in the first place, be required to observe the effects of this article, in removing the disagreeable smells of the confined or other parts of the vessels, and the length of time the foul air so corrected retains its freshness and purity; and also if any ill odour is substituted for the one dispelled, and whether any unusual degree of dampness and heaviness of air succeeds the application of the correctives; and generally to notice any other, and all the effects, which may appear to result from the experiments made of the material, all of which they are required to report to the department in their quarterly returns.

It cannot be presumed, that the surgeons of the Navy are unacquainted with the ordinary method of applying the chloride of lime as a disinfecting agent. When therefore the usual method of its employment is mentioned, it is not because they are presumed to be ignorant of this usage, nor is it intended to prevent them from employing it in any other way than their discretion may lead them to believe will advance the general objects the department has in view, that of promoting the comfort and healthfulness of the crews of the United States' ships of war.

If therefore the water for the ships should become foul and unpalatable, the Surgeons will, if they think proper, try the effect of mixing in it a half pint of the filtered solution of the chloride of lime to each cask, and notice the effect of this addition not only as to the taste, but also as to its efficacy in quenching thirst.

The ordinary method of using this salt to purify foul air, is to dissolve one quarter of a pound in one pint of water. When about to be applied, let this be mixed with about forty times the quantity of fresh water, and sprinkled over the part infected, until the state of the air is corrected.

(Signed)

A. BRANCH.

EXTRAORDINARY CREDULITY.

A London paper contains the following account of an examination before one of the courts of law, of a most singular instance of credulity. It appears that a young man of respectable position was charged with detaining a minister of property of another, under circumstances which are thus explained by the complainant, whose name is Dale.

About twelve months since he received a note written in a female hand, and signed E. B. professing the most ardent sentiments of attachment towards him. He was then intimate with the defendant, to whom he mentioned the circumstance, and the place named for a meeting. The defendant exclaimed, 'God bless me! I know the family well; I'm going to tea with them, and I'll manage it.' He confided in the defendant, who from time to time, handed him letters from the young lady, all expressive of an ardent attachment to him, but regretting the utter impracticability of her meeting him. He was fully possessed with the truth of the letters, and the defendant repeatedly took him to Dartmouth terrace, Lewisham, and pointed out the house where the young lady lived, directing him to walk past, in order that she might 'delight her eyes with his presence.' He often sought an interview with her, but such was the strict surveillance of her parents he never succeeded. Months passed away in this manner, during which the defendant gave him nearly one hundred letters. Of course, in return for his kindness he was obliged to feed the defendant and supplied him with clothes, money, &c. About April last the defendant said the young lady was anxious to receive his portrait, and handed him her's, painted on ivory and richly bound in a morocco case. The complainant had then somewhat sickened of making love by deputy to a girl whom he had never seen, but this revived his hopes, and he was somewhat shocked at learning from the defendant that the young lady was so distracted at his seeming neglect, that she had swallowed laudanum, and nearly succeeded in suicide. In support of this he handed him certain papers, among which was a will, dated April 22, 1839, bequeathing to complainant certain premises, cash, &c. amounting to about 8000l., signed Emma Elizabeth Barnes, and written on black-edged paper, and sealed with a black seal, directed to Mr. Joseph Thornton, which the narrator stated was the defendant's bonus for his interference. Fully impressed with the idea that all was right, he renewed the correspondence, and was happy to learn that she was recovering from the attempt at suicide by poison. He admitted he became more enamoured every day of the young lady, as her portrait displayed a most fascinating and charming countenance, and he determined upon sending, as 'his adored' requested, his portrait. The defendant recommended him to a celebrated miniature painter in Cheap-side, and he repaired thither and had his likeness 'minatured' for five guineas. This he delivered to the defendant to give the young lady in return for hers, and soon after received the following letter from the defendant. It was written in a small hand, and was as follows:—

'My Dearly Beloved Boy,
'How can I sufficiently express my gratitude to you for your kind present. Oh, my dear Joe, you cannot imagine what my emotions were on beholding your much loved miniature. Ten thousand kisses were imprinted on it ere I retired for the night. It is a very striking likeness; but the original, to my thinking, is better looking. He should have given you rather more of the smile, or else my dearest love was in one of his ill humours, and would not look pleasing; but joking aside I really think he has done you justice! It is, it is, oh it is like my own dear Joe.'

E. E. BAINES.
The auditory, as well as the Magistrate, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter during the reading of the letter.
Dale proceeded to read other letters from the young lady, breathing deep affection, love, and an anxiety to be united, but deferring a meeting upon divers pretexts—until at length he determined upon breaking off the matter unless she met him. The defendant agreed to let her know this determination, and said he went to Dartmouth terrace for that purpose, and her answer was, that she would meet 'her Joe' at Astley's Theatre upon a certain night. Upon that evening himself, his friends, and the defendant, went to the pit of the theatre, and the defendant pointed out an elegantly dressed female in the dress circle as the young lady. He looked, he stared, and did all he could to attract her notice, but the young lady shewed no appearance of recognition, and seemed offended at his looking at her. The defendant accounted for this by saying the young lady had her family with her, and was afraid to recognise or notice her lover. (The auditory a gain burst into a peal of laughter.) He doubted not all was right, and numbers of letters passed as usual through the defendant, one of which contained a sort of will written upon parchment, accompanied by the following letter:—'To Mr. Hilton, Barrister, Temple. 'Honoured Sir,—In compliance with your request, Mr. Dale will bring this to your Chambers, which I hope will be sufficient without my attendance, as you were pleased to observe that we might possibly be known, or observed were we come together. The sooner all is settled will be the best so if it can be done to day it will be my wish. Mr. Dale will see me on his return. You can read this document and affidavit to me, and I think he will not disapprove of them. If you have any message please send it by him. With sincere respect,
EMMA BAINES.'

Dale went to the Temple, and after making minute enquiries, could not make out any Barrister who knew any thing of the matter of Miss Baines or her property. He returned to Greenwich very much disappointed, and again saw the defendant, who told him a long story about the young lady wishing him to accept a gold watch & seals, cheque for 50l., and another miniature of herself, set in diamonds, which he said, were to be given to him on last Sunday.—He told the defendant, that by the advice of his friends, he was determined to seek the young lady personally. The defendant remonstrated, and said it would be improper as it was against her wish. He was nevertheless resolved, but yielded to the defendant's persuasion to wait until Sunday. That day arrived, and he went towards Dartmouth terrace, where he met the defendant, who said, he, my

boy, it's all right—there's another letter. I have got the things. They went to a public house, and the defendant insisted upon being treated with a good dinner and a glass of port wine. While the defendant was drinking, he handed him the letter, which was as follows:—'To come to me, as soon as you can, to a house in Chelsea, in which power it is mine to make a marriage. And when his attention was wholly occupied in reading the vows it contained the defendant suddenly jumped out of a window and ran away. He pursued, and overtaking him, demanded the lady's presents. The defendant said he could not give them then, he must have some more ale. He shook him by the collar, and swore he would threaten him if he did not give up the things. The defendant dropped upon his knees, and, producing a pincushion, an old common snuff-box, and two copper seals, and these are the things. This so exasperated me, said Dale that I knocked him down and asked for the real things. The defendant then said, don't beat me and I'll confess—it's all a hoax; there is no such lady! I can't tell how I came to do it, or carry it out, but it is all a hoax from beginning to end. I was so astonished, continued Dale, that I could not move, and thought it all a dream. I rolled him in the mud, and gave him into the charge of a constable for keeping my miniature.

Dale narrated this extraordinary statement with great composure and good humour, frequently joining in the laugh it excited, and often declaring he did not know he could have been duped so foolishly.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship Caledonia, Capt. Rogers, which arrived at New York on Wednesday, the editors of the Daily Advertiser have received files of London papers to the 5th of August, Liverpool dates to the 7th, and London Ship ping Lists to the 5th.

The news brought by this arrival is various, and in some respects quite important, as will be seen from our extracts below. The Russians were pursuing their advantages, and the Porte more willing to treat. It seems to be generally credited, that the Russians have at last succeeded in passing the Balkan Mountains, which of course must mark an important epoch in the war. We have not the particulars of the route nor of the obstacles or facilities it afforded. The assurances given in some of the European Gazettes a short time ago, appear to have been well founded, for we are told that Shumla had been generally operated as a place of importance, and that a moderate force would secure the passage of the mountains, by making that fortress. This appears to have been done; and not only this, but the Russians had already pressed the place hard, and were threatening a storm.

The Emperor was hastening on a reserve of 40,000 men to the Danube. There appears to have been also some prospect of an invasion of the Turkish coast by a Russian squadron; and although the Sultan had given orders for several energetic military movements, the Reis Effendi had testified his disposition to treat with the enemy, by sending his dragoman or linguist to Gen. Diebitsch.

A late report even pretends that an armistice has been proposed by Turkey. The treatment of the English and French envoys was still such as to encourage the hopes of all, and it is stated that on the presentation of the Protocol, an intimation was given that the Porte wished to see the performance of their wishes; if they would not insist on embracing more in Greece than the Mores and the Cyclades.

Letters from Holland gives gloomy accounts of the heavy rains in that country lately. Should the weather continue so much longer, fears were entertained for the crops.

In consequence of the extreme drought in Sweden the exportation of all corn from that kingdom except wheat, is prohibited until further orders, as well as the distillation of brandy from corn, during July and August. A scanty harvest is apprehended, and in consequence, the price of grain has risen in the different Swedish markets.

The London Courier of the 4th August reiterates a previous opinion that treachery led to the surrender of Silistria, the second in command having been corrupted with Russian gold as at Varna.

Trade continued very dull in the manufacturing towns in England. The Leeds Mercury says trade had decreased more than one third, partly owing to the last American tariff.

London papers of the 4th August say 'that the inquiry is to be revived in Portugal,' and that a decree for that purpose had been presented to Don Miguel for his approval.

From other countries there is little of importance in politics. It is gratifying to find that no preparations appear to be making in Spain to follow the foolish expedition of Barradas against Mexico. The only allusion we find to the subject, is an unauthenticated paragraph from a French paper.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Various statements in the Prussian and German papers seem to countenance the report that Prince Madatow had succeeded in crossing the Balkan, but it appears he has only with him an inconsiderable number of light armed troops, principally Cossacks. There is a wide difference, however, between the mere incursions of a few light-armed troops and the passage of a regular army. It is admitted in the Constantinople accounts, that a few Cossack scouts had been seen to the south of the Balkan.

The accounts from Constantinople to the 7th July state that the Turkish camp at Adrianople was broken up, & the troops were on their march to reinforce the Grand Vizier at Shumla. It was confidently believed that the Sultan would place himself at their head. An account of the recent defeat of the Grand Vizier had been published in Constantinople, but in a manner to make it appear less disadvantageous to the Turkish arms. The most extraordinary efforts were made to oppose with energy the further advance of the enemy.

The Messenger des Chambres contains more pacific intelligence. It states, on the authority of letters from Constantinople, that the Reis Effendi, after having examined the preliminary

proposals for peace, sent by Gen. Diebitsch to the Grand Vizier at Shumla, and by the latter to the Divan, had despatched the dragoman of the Porte with his answer to the Russian headquarters. Fresh hopes were therefore entertained that peace would be restored more speedily than it had been anticipated.

The latest intelligence from Constantinople is by the way of Vienna. The accounts from the latter are to the 26th of July, on which day a courier had arrived in 18 days from Constantinople, with intelligence that Mr. Gordon had had an audience of the Grand Seigneur, and that the Reis Effendi had really sent his interpreter to Choumla to negotiate an armistice, after which commissioners were to be named by the Porte to meet those of the Emperor Nicholas at the Russian headquarters. This is confirmed by the Paris dates of Aug. 4th.

The Sultan, however, according to these advices, had given orders for the army of reserve, encamped near Adrianople, to march to Choumla, and was making preparations, which led to a belief that he would immediately place himself at its head. The sudden advance of the reserve, on which the remaining hopes of the empire must almost exclusively depend, as far as military operations are concerned, seems an indirect confirmation of the reported march of two Russian corps across the Balkan. In that case, however, says the Courier, it is probable that they would find it prudent to retire, or, at all events, that they would be reduced to the defensive till the arrival of their main army, which could not safely take place before the reduction of Choumla.

A letter from the frontiers of Wallachia of the 10th ult. says—We received yesterday advices from Krajova, stating that the Turks had passed the Danube near Kalafat, with a considerable force, in consequence of which the Russians had been obliged to retreat. Baron Gelsars ordered three regiments from the camp of Dajca (Odal) near Giurgevo, to march to their succour.

The Augsburg Gazette, under the head of frontiers of Turkey, gives news from Constantinople, which states that the situation of affairs was not there supposed to be so bad as is said to be. The fall of Silistria was known there on the 6th of July, but, as was expected, it had not produced any extraordinary sensation. The Sultan had resolved to employ all his resources to oppose the progress of the enemy. The Captain Pacha had again sailed into the Black Sea, to assist Bourgas, which is threatened by the Russian army.

According to the St. Petersburg papers of the 15th ult. the war in Asia has been resumed with great activity, and some important successes have attended the Russian arms. On the 14th of June, the united detachments of Major Generals Mutawice and Burzow attacked and dispersed a body of 15,000 Turks, occupying the defiles near Poztoy, taking from them their camp, a large quantity of ammunition, five standards, 4 pieces of cannon, 400 prisoners, and killing 1200 men. The Turks had made several abortive attempts to retake the fortresses of Akhalzyk and Ardojan, but the Seraskier was advancing from Erzerum with 50,000 men and 50 pieces of cannon, leaving, it is said, 60,000 men behind him, so that a general battle was shortly expected. The Seraskier's chief force consisted in excellent Asiatic cavalry, but the Russians relied for success on the superiority of their infantry and artillery. The Prussian accounts of the affair at Poztoy, state that Count Paskowich was still at Kars, but was preparing to attack the Seraskier, who, with an army of 50,000 men was about 60 wersts (about 40 miles) from that fortress.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 30.—The great victory of the Russians near Shumla is generally known. The Porte is making the most vigorous preparations for resistance, but it is said that the necessity of yielding is felt; this at least is inferred from the circumstance that the dragoman of the Porte has received orders to set out to-day or to-morrow, for the Turkish main army; this officer, it is well known, always acts a principal part in negotiations. An extraordinary courier has been despatched to day to Vienna.

BRUSSELS, July 13.—The Pacha of Belgrade has received news from Constantinople of the 30th June. The Sultan has given orders for the corps of reserve encamped near Adrianople to march immediately for Shumla. Preparations are also making, from which it is inferred that the Sultan himself will soon take the field. Five thousand Bosniaks are now on their march to the Danube.

HAMBURG, July 28.—Further details have been published respecting the capture of Silistria. On the 18th (30th) June, at half past 2 A. M. a mine was sprung, the effect of which was to open a practical breach in the very heart of the fortress; and two other mines were ready to be sprung. Hereupon the garrison seems to have been struck with utter dismay, and at ten o'clock the same morning it was intimated to General Krassowsky, that the commandant of the fortress was desirous to capitulate. A capitulation was agreed upon the same evening, and on the following morning the Russian troops entered the fortress through the breach. The Russians have taken 9,000 prisoners, including upwards of 1000 wounded, and 238 pieces of artillery, independently of 81 on board the flotilla, and 58 standards.

The Terms of Capitulation of Silistria. 1. The whole garrison of Silistria surrender themselves prisoners of war, with their arms, baggage, artillery, flotilla, and every thing belonging to the government; their private property remains with them.

2. All Mahomedan inhabitants are allowed, with their families and possessions, but without arms to leave the fortress, and retire wherever they wish.

3. To those who are desirous of returning to Russia, or remaining in Silistria, every assistance will be granted.

4. Such as wish to go by water to Rudschuk, will be carried over in boats, and a certain number of wagons will be sent for those making the journey by land.

5. The sick and wounded prisoners will be carried in boats and wagons to Russia.

6. The inhabitants will be allowed to open

the Grand Vizier at Shumla, and by the latter to the Divan, had despatched the dragoman of the Porte with his answer to the Russian headquarters. Fresh hopes were therefore entertained that peace would be restored more speedily than it had been anticipated.

GRECIAN REPUBLIC.—It is alleged at Constantinople, that immediately after the arrival in that capital, the two plenipotentiaries of France and England, addressed to the Divan the protocol signed at London in the 22d of March last, accompanying it with some very moderate terms, (qualifying such of the articles, and proving how much it was to be wished, even for the advantage of the Porte itself, that they may be accepted. The Porte is stated to have answered, that it would deliberate on the contents of the protocol—that it was itself desirous of the pacification of the East, and might consent to acknowledge the new political relations of that Peninsula, and of the Cyclades, on the conditions laid down in the protocol, if satisfactory security were given that these conditions would be fulfilled. At the same time it is stated that the Porte had declared that it would not, under any pretext, hear of an extension of the frontiers of the Greek state beyond the Isthmus of Corinth.

The aviso of the Mediterranean says that Colonel Fabvier has given fresh proofs of his attachment to the Greek cause, by remitting 250,000 francs, coming to him as indemnity prize money, and has had the sum distributed among the wives and children of Greeks who have fallen in defence of their country.

FRANCE.—The French papers of Sunday have brought the ordinance of the King, closing the session of the legislature. On the 30th of July the Chamber of Peers adopted the budget of ways and means for 1839, without any amendment, by a majority of 149 to 2, and the next day the session was closed. The peers separated in silence, but the deputies, as usual, were saluted with cries of 'Vive le Roi.' All reports of an immediate change of ministry had ceased. It was not considered impossible, however, that during the recess some such increasing the strength of the administration should be adopted, but the additions would be calculated to alter its general character and its policy.

A letter has been published from an officer of the H.M. frigate, giving some additional particulars of the manner of receiving the British Ambassador at Constantinople. On passing the first castle or strong battery, which stands on the European side of the Straits, a few heavy guns were fired at us, or rather a little shell of the ship. We were near enough to the battery to perceive that the tremendously heavy guns on the ground tier were loaded with ponderous balls of marble. On seeing a boat move off from the battery with a Turkish officer on board, we shortened sail, and received a message from the Governor of the castle, to the effect that he could not allow us to proceed without an order from his superior, the Pacha of the Dardanelles; for that were he to do so, he should lose his head. To this our Ambassador replied that the embassy should proceed forthwith, and that if the Governor fired another shot at the Blonde, he should certainly lose his head. We then made sail and passed the battery without further molestation. At midnight a deputation of Turks came on board, with an apology from the Pacha of the Dardanelles for the uncourteous and unjustifiable firing at a British ship of war with the British Ambassador on board, and stating that the Pacha had directed the Governor to be thrown into prison, and that he should be subjected to the immediate punishment of banishment.

Letters from Gibraltar, to the 19th ult. state that the Emperor of Morocco, in consequence of the attack of the Austrians at Larache, his positively refused to listen to any terms of accommodation, and professed to hold the Austrians in the greatest contempt. The Emperor had launched a sloop of war, which was to be sent to Lisbon to be captured, under the protection of the two brigades, which, it is stated, so far from being destroyed by the Austrians, had not been injured. It is asserted in these letters, that at the time of the attack, a negotiation was pending between the Austrian commander and the Emperor, and that the latter was very indignant that an attack should have been made at such a period.

The subjoined inscription was found on a scroll enclosed in the corner stone of the College (University of Pennsylvania) in North street Philadelphia. The ink has faded—much indeed, that the writing is almost illegible.

The Congress of the United States having resolved to hold their sessions in the city of Philadelphia, a temporary provision for the accommodation of the President was made by the Corporation of the City, consisting of—Mayor Samuel Fowles, Recorder, Alexander McCockay, Aldermen, Samuel Miles, John Barclay, Matthew Clarkson, John Nixon, Joseph Swift, George Roberts, Francis Hopkings, Hillary Baker, William Calliday, John Baker, Gunning Bedford, John M. Nesbitt, Reynold Keon, and Joseph Ball, Esquires—and the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania granted money to purchase a lot and erect buildings suitable for the President. The following gentlemen were appointed commissioners to fulfill the intention of the law, who voluntarily offered their services without expense to the public—Richard Wallis, Francis Gurney, Jacob Hiltzinger.

This shall be handed to posterity as an experiment of duration May, 1793.

The President has officially recognized Alexander Buzark as Vice Consul of the King of the Two Sicilies, for the port of Baltimore.

