General Advertiser

REPUBLICAN STAR AND

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BY
THO'S. PERRIN SMITH.

TERMS

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Advertisements are inserted three weeks for *One Dollar*, and continued weekly for *Twenty-Five Cents* per square.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of firi facias, issued out of Talbot county Court, and to me directed, by the clerk thereof against George W. Nabb, at the suit of Alexander C. Bullitt, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 23d of December next, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock, of said day, at the residence of the said George W. Nabb in the town of Easton, all that lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in the town of Easton in Talbot county, the same being part of the tract of land called Long Acre and which was heretofore conveyed to the said George W. Nabb, by a deed of indenture from a certain Henry Nicols, bearing date the 27th of April eighteen hundred and twenty five; also all and singular a certain lot and parcel of ground situate in the town of Easton aforesaid near the home stables of John Goldsborough, Esq. and anjoining an old School House and which was conveyed to the said George W. Nabb, by a deed of indenture from Henry Troth and Samuel T. Troth of the city of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania bearing date the 25th day of January eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, also by a deed of indenture from Ann Troth, Ann B. Troth, William K. Austin and Mary his wife, of Talbot county, bearing date the 18th February 1828, seized, taken and will be sold to pay and satisfy the aforesaid fieri facias and the damages, cost and charges due and to become due thereon.

Attendance by

JOSHUA M. FAULKNER, Shff.

nov 3 4w.

Contracts for Timber.

Proposals will be received, until MONDAY the 20th December, at the office of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Co., in this city, for the supply of LUMBER, of the following descriptions and dimensions, to be delivered to the said Company, during the next Spring, in the city of Baltimore.

PRIME ASH SCANTLING, to be divested of the Heart Piece, viz:

35,000 Feet 4 by 7 inches, and in lengths of 15 and 16 feet,
30,000 Feet 4 by 5 inches, and in lengths of 14 and 15 feet,
23,000 Feet 3 by 6 inches, and in lengths of 10 to 12 feet,
35,000 Feet 3 by 5 inches, and in lengths of 12 and 13 feet,

Seasoned Ash will be preferred.

PRIME WHITE OAK PLANK, well seasoned viz:

20,000 Feet of Plank, 2 inches thick.

PRIME SOUTHERN YELLOW PINE, viz:

75,000 Feet of Plank, 1 inch thick.

Persons disposed to contract for the above Lumber, or any part of it, will please address their Proposals to

P. E. THOMAS, Pres't.
Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company.

November 23, 1830.—30 3w

LEATHER.

The Subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have

COMMENCED THE

TANNING BUSINESS

at the Yard formerly carried on for Messrs. Holdyday & Hayward; and having purchased their entire stock of Leather, &c, they have on hand, and intend constantly keeping, at the Saddlery Shop of Mr. John G. Stevens,

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Upper & Sole Leather,

which they will sell at fair prices for Cash, Hides, Sheep Skins, or Country Produce.—They will also take *Hides to Tan on Shares*, and pledge themselves to return all Share Leather in 12 months after they receive the Hides—being determined to pay strict attention to their business, they hope to receive a Share of patronage.—Cash will be given for Hides and Sheep Skins at the market price.

HENRY E. BATEMAN & Co.

Easton, Nov. 30—w

Coach, Gig & Harness Making.

The Subscriber respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public, for the encouragement already received in his line of business; and now informs them, that he has just returned from Baltimore

WITH A LARGE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

MATERIALS;

which will enable him with the assistance of the best Workmen that can be procured in the City, to have Carriages of every description finished in a very superior manner. He hopes by continued exertions to please the public to merit their future patronage.

EDWARD S. HOPKINS.

nov 30 w

N. B. On hand and for Sale, a first rate COACHEE, warranted of the best workmanship and materials. E. S. H.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of N. Hammond, Esq. late of Talbot county, dec'd. will be pleased to exhibit them to the subscriber, and those indebted to the said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment.

N. HAMMOND, Ex'or.

St. Aubin, Nov. 30—3w

THE FORGET ME NOT.

From this very charming Annual we can do no more, this week, than extract a very well-told Yankee tale.

"THE HAUNTED HOGSHEAD; A YANKEE LEGEND.

—You don't live to Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do Now, I'm a Kentucky man, and my father was to Bigbone Creek, in old Kentuck, where he could lather every man in the state; but I could lick my father. Well, when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry, *active* young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a pretty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you've heard of him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Major Hickory's Universal Transatlantic Hotel by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pickney the Rowdey that built the powerful large log mansion-house, in Dog's Misery, in the salt-marshes out beyond Corlear's Hook, in New York I was always a *leetle* bit of a favorite with Uncle Ben, and so he says to me,—'Jonathan W.,' says he for he calls me Jonathan W. for short—I'll tell you what it is, says Uncle Ben; 'you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop whiskey-toddy or so.' 'Oh yes, Uncle Ben,' says I; 'I should admire to have a grain, if it's handsom.' Considerably superb,' says he: 'it's of the first grade, I guess; for Major Hickory keeps wonderfully lovely liquors; and I can tell you a genuine good story about them, and such as, I guess, you never heard before, since you was raised.' And then he up and told such a tale that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon—so it was. And as you're a *stranger* from the old country, and seem a right-slick away sort of a chap, without a bit of the gentleman a bout you, and are so mighty inquisitive after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the Squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and genuine as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself or July White his old woolly-headed nigger. You mus know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Columbia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient veteran Dutch settlers of New York.

It was sometime after fall in the year 77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was; quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leetle* madded at this—he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clapboards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty one old ancient rum. I'll lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it—because they never moved it all, I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbours pulled and tugged it like natur! But the more they worked, the more the barrel wouldn't move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty strange sounds came out of it, just as if didn't like to be disturned and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English and Spanish; Low German and High Dutch.

At last old Van Soak began to be a leetle bit afeard; and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it shouldn't be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold active man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whiskey-toddy, or crank, or any other fogmatic, to his heart, so he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never before seen in all Boston. 'Handsom! considerably handsom! mighty smart rum, I guess,' says my uncle Ben, as he turned it down; 'mild as mother's milk and bright as a flash of lightning! By the pipe of St. Nicholas, I must have another grain!' So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobus plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same, and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as did at the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wonter Van Twiller; the Dutch Governor of New York. Well, I calculate, that they might at last be a leetle bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about, thinking you see that all the strength was gone; and as they were in a dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free gratis, for nothing, into the bargain. Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, 'Ye ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway and let me out!' which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum. Don't open the hogshead, cried the helps and neighbors, in mighty great fear; it's the devil!' Potsausend! says my Uncle Ben—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German; 'you're a cowardly crew,' says he, 'that good liquor's thrown away upon.' 'Thunder and storm!' called out the voice again from the barrel, 'why the henker don't you unship the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?' 'Stille! mein Herr!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit afeard, only a leetle madded and wondered he was, 'behave yourself handsom, and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out I should like to make an enqueray of you; Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this speedily or I shall decline off letting you out I calculate.' 'Open the hogshead, brother!' said the man in the tub, says he, 'and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, a right slick away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you.' 'Hole mich der Teuful!' said my Uncle Ben, 'but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once.' So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you; but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick set, truculent, sailor looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, furnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff skirted coat, fastened up to his throat, with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and swingeing cutlass by his side.—He looked one of the genuine privateer, bulldog breed, and his broad swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head. If the helps and neighbors were afeard before, they were now astounded outright, I calculate; and 'specially so when the strange sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon shot crying out like a bull frog in a swamp.—Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel forever, if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did. Well, I guess that by knocking down the helps and the neighbors he soon made a clear ship and then striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not at all afeard but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, 'As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll be sworn friends, I warrant me.' But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like, a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston before he was hanged. 'Hagel!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, 'what's that in your right hand my friend?' 'What's that to you?' says the old sailor. 'We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.' 'Then,' says my Uncle Ben again says he, 'may I make an enquerry of you? Where were you raised? and who's your Boss?' 'Oh!' says the sailor, I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there as the nigger said; and for the captain belong to, why he's the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.' 'And, pray, where's your plunder?' says my Uncle Ben to the strange sailor, and how long have you been in that hogshead?' 'Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate.—As for my plunder, I reckon I don't show every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow, enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship, and comrades ready for sea, and there's plunder every where for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely' 'Lord who? says Uncle Ben, a leetle bit madded and wondered. 'Why Lord Bellamont, to be sure, answered the strange sailor, the English governor of New England, and admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third.' 'Governor and admiral in your teeth!' says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; 'what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the free city of Boston, in the independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I'm no cockerell. I'll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you've got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you're either the devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd have you to know, I'm not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I'm an old Kentucky Rowdey, of Town-Fork by the Elkhorn, my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!—My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably madded he was, and could bite in his breath no longer, so he flew upon the strange sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry-bush, like a mighty, smart, active man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a tarnation long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from the gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben did start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling upon the ground. Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselvs all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them. But now—mark you this well—on one of the head boards of the barrel was wrote, 'W. K. The Vulture, 1701,' which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly headed old nigger, said that he was once a loblolly boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of pickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried, and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch parson who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the captain, tho he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate, for he always stuck to it handsomely and wouldn't 'bate a word of it for nobody.—When Uncle Ben had finished, he says,—'Jonathan W.' says he, 'I'll tell you what it is. I'll take it as a genuine favor if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day.' And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I've asked him for it a matter of twenty times and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me, from that day to this.'"

From the Boston Transcript.

TEA IN OLD COLONY TIMES.

In the history of Dedham we find the following, copied from the record of that town.

March, 1770. The great distresses produced by oppressive revenue acts, the coming over of British troops, and the laudable example of many towns, induce the inhabitants to vote that they will encourage the manufactory of such goods as are imported from Great Britain. That they will not have Commercial dealings, with merchants whose names are posted up in a list among us 'That as the duty on tea furnishes so large a sum towards the maintenance of innumerable multitudes, from the odious commissioner of the customs, down to the dirty informer by him employed, we will use *no foreign tea*, nor permit our families.' A committee is appointed to see this vote observed.

December, 1774 The inhabitants again vote that they will not drink any kind of *India tea*, nor suffer their families, until the country has redress of grievances mentioned in the association agreement. A committee of eleven persons was then chosen to make inquiry, whether any person is so void of love to his country, as to violate these engagements. If any were found the committee was directed to post them up as enemies to their country.

A young man named Nichols, an apprentice to a carpenter, was called upon by one of the leaders of the 'Tea Party,' in Boston, to go on board the ship laden with the obnoxious herb, and assist in its destruction. He adopted a disguise, though not so complete as that of many others, shouldered his broad axe and marched on. Arrived on board, his part of the task was to cut open the chests, as they were hoisted up, that the sea water might penetrate the leaves, and render them unfit for use when they had floated ashore. He did this so faithfully, that the substance with which the heart and a part of the blade of the axe were blacked, was worn off and he carried it home white and polished. The living at this time in the town was very poor. Apprentices were fed on broth and light matters of that kind, getting the substantial consolation of meet not oftener than twice a week. The deprivation of tea *was awful to bear*. Not only old women tattlers, if there were such among our mothers, but all classes lamented the loss of tea.

Poor Nichols, whose patriotism did not at that time call so loudly as his stomach, filled his breeches pockets silly, and got off unsuspected, because of the screen, excellently formed by his leather apron. This he dared not carry to his master's for fear of the fervent patriotism of his family; besides they would not be likely to allow, that he needed any better 'provant,' as Major Dalghetty called it, than had been previously bestowed; but he had one friend, in an old lady, the only person to whom he had paid his visits, during his residence in town. To her he posted and pulled out his treasure. He knew well now it would be received, for he had heard the good dame pour out her lamentations on the evil times when she could get no tea for pleasant drink, nor leaves for sweeping the floor. Nichols gave her the tea and engaged to help her drink it as often as he could escape from home in the evening. He moreover informed her that a part of one of the chests, that he had split fairly in two, sailed off, as he took good care to observe, 'right end up,' and made for the Chelsea shore. 'Well, Daniel,' said the old lady, 'here is a pillow case, now do you go, as soon as ever you can, right down to the beach, and see if you can get it full, because it's a great sin it should be wasted.' Away went Daniel, and when any one asked him what he had got, on his return he said a bag of meal. Many a night after this, did he and the old lady make a genuine cup of tea over a chafing dish in the garret, in spite of the votes of the good people of the land. Mr. Nichols afterwards entered into the service of his country, and was captain of artificers. He now lives and enjoys himself in telling the story of the tea.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

The following story is related in 'Letters from a Traveller,' in the Harford Times.

In the years 1675-6, Capt. Samuel Appleton was commissioned to take command of the companies which went scouting up the Connecticut river, with Captains Church, Mosley, &c. and to unite with Maj. Treal, of Connecticut, in exterminating the Indians from Hadley and Deerfield, the scenes of many a sanguinary conflict. At this time, King Philip, who had been driven from the sea coast and the English settlements, into the interior, retired with many of his followers to the Northfield Indians; and by his influence excited them with a bitter and inveterate hatred towards the whites, and by their sudden and predatory excursions kept the surrounding villagers in a constant state of alarm, and it was absolutely necessary for them to exercise unwearied watchfulness, for in any unguarded or unprepared moment they were made to feel the unforgiving enmity which actuated them.

Philip assembled a large body of Indians near the falls in Montague, where he was surprised during the night by Captain Turner. Many of the Indians were seized with such a panic that they fled to their canoes, which they launched in such haste, that they forgot their paddles and were carried over the falls. These falls are now called Turner's Falls. This was the last and most severe blow Philip received before he returned to his native country in Rhode Island, where he soon after terminated his life and the war which brought so many calamities upon N. England. It was about this time that the inhabitants of these villages found it necessary for their own defence and security, to concert together, and with unwearied diligence to watch over and protect their families from the wiles and stratagems of their subtle adversaries, and to adopt some mode of communicating with each other, so that if they should be attacked or their forts invested by a considerable body of Indians, the others could succor them. About this time a body of one or two hundred Indians, had been for some time prowling about the neighborhood of Squakheage or Northfield, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages collected about an equal number together and marched out to meet them and give them battle. They confronted each other upon two sand hills in the south part of the town, now called the 'farms.'

The alertness of the Indians secured to them the fatal advantage of the first fire, and the consequence was a greater part of their enemies bit the dust and the rest fled; but the savages shouting with their peculiar cry, the national ode of war, pursued, and one by one they fell beneath the tomahawk and the scalping knife, excepting a solitary soldier who continued his flight to the south through the woods Fear lent him wings, and although he did not gain upon his pursuers or they upon him, still hope buoyed him up that he might yet escape among the intricacies of the forest. After running about two miles, he entered a vast hollow, into which the river in certain seasons set back and overflowed it. Just before him lay prostrate across the path a large decayed tree; at one bound he cleared the trunk and instantly disappeared from their astonished sight, and though they searched carefully and diligently for his hiding place, they never beheld him again, but left the spot oppressed with a superstitious awe, attributing his disappearance to the agency of evil spirits who they supposed inhabited the place.

The commander of the detachment was killed upon a point or eminence called Mount Toby; being a peak of that ridge of mountains which runs parallel for many miles with the eastern shore of Connecticut River, and short distance southeast from where the battle commenced. A tall hemlock peers its head far above his fellows near this sequestered spot, and is the only mark to tell the 'little earthly mound' where the unfortunate warrior fell. This place is called 'Beers point' in commemoration of the individual who there perished. The only soldier who escaped to relate the consequences of this melancholy and disastrous defeat, was preserved by a singular fortuitous circumstance, for when he leaped the prostrate tree he found himself snugly secreted in an earthly habitation 'not made with hands,' and the leaves of the forest had so completely covered him and his place of refuge, that it defied the sagacity and dexterity of the lynx-eyed Indians to discover him.

The hollow, or rather the cove, was ever after called the 'soldiers cove.' It is but a few miles north of Miller's River and near the banks of the 'dark rolling Connecticut.'

NEWSPAPERS.—There is an eloquent eulogy on newspapers in one of the Boston Journals; 'A hint read in a newspaper,' says the writer, 'may influence a thoughtless mother in the education of her child—and new energies may be developed in the child, and new objects given to those energies; she in her turn becomes a mother, & her children derive a tenfold benefit from the original caution that arrested the attention of the grandmother. This may be of the stuff that dreams are made of'—but we will hope that the newspaper press, with all its errors, abuses, and neglect, does much for human knowledge and human happiness How carelessly, we read the newspapers! We glance our eyes over the marriages and deaths, and seeing no acquaintance there, we think no more of them. Yet what depths of human suffering are conveyed in the tidings we read so coldly! The bride has left the home of her youth, the protection of her father's roof, and thrown her all of happiness into the hands of *one*—life, oh, infinitely more than life, is risked on the 'hazard of a die;' and God Goo only, knows whether it will be for good or evil. But what have we to do with her hopes, her fears, the world bathed in the sunlight it will never wear again, even if her bright perspective do not prove all a delusion? What to us are the emotions of a spirit 'burthened with the excess of our strange nature's quivering happiness?' We only read in a newspaper that she is married. We only see that Mr. Such-a-one is dead, and left a widow and children to mourn his loss—'What think we of the long, midnight vigils—the heart breaking tears, the gasping farewell, the lonely spirit sinking under the strong grasp of passionate despair!' [Philad. Inq.

From the Salem Observer of Saturday.

THE SALEM MURDER.

The judicial investigation of this horrid transaction terminated on Monday of this week. It has been, throughout long, patient and fair, and very ably conducted on both sides. The Counsel for the prisoners have displayed an ingenuity, pertinacity and ability, which could hardly be exceeded. One more sad act of the tragedy is still to come. The tremendous excitement which the event caused, and has sustained by the developement of a variety of incidents connected with it, for seven months, will now naturally subside; but the remembrance of it will go down to the latest generation, carrying with it a dear-bought and impressive lesson. 'Murder will out.' Let him, henceforth, who contemplates taking the life of a fellow mortal, reflect that escape from detection and punishment is next to impossibility. Great Heaven has so willed it. Every eye of the community will be intensely strained on discovery—every year sensitively open to catch the least whisper that may lead to detection—a drop of blood—a foot-print—a thousand trivial objects and incidents which he cannot take into account, shall point, as by the finger of Providence, to his concealment. Let the dark secret be locked up in his own guilty bosom, he cannot carry it about and live.

One of the candidates for the representation of Liverpool is Mr. Denison, the same who travelled through this country a few years since. That gentleman, who is now a member of the board of Admiralty, took occasion, soon after his entrance into the House of Commons, to speak with decided approbation of some of our main political institutions. His visit to this country is alluded to in the following passage of his address to the electors of Liverpool:—On the subject of commerce, I may safely say that the inclination of my own mind has led me, for many years to the study both of its principles and details.—Not content with the learning of books, I crossed the Atlantic from this port, and sought information on these subjects in a neighbouring nation only second to our own in the activity and success of its pursuits. I cannot pretend to offer myself to you as an adept in these sciences, but this I can say, that I freed my mind from many errors, that I purged it from many prejudices, and that I am now ready, deeply imbued with the free and enlarged principles of my great master on these subjects, to pursue and to complete my practical education, if it should be your pleasure, in this town.

Philad. Chronicle.

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