# EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. IV.—No. 52. EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1832. WHOLE No. 208.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY
**EDWARD MULLIKIN,**
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS

Are Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum payable half yearly in advance. Advertisements are inserted three times for One Dollar; and continued weekly for twenty five cents per square.



**PORT WINE, &C.**

THE subscribers have just received from Philadelphia

A SUPPLY OF

GENUINE PORT WINE

which they can recommend. Also, some superior *OLD L. P. MADEIRA*, and other

WINES;

WHITE SUGAR, for preserving, &c.

W. H. & P. GROOME.

aug 21 eow3w

N. B. They keep constantly on hand a supply of fresh family Flour of the most approved brands.

**Brilliant Schemes.**

AN INDEPENDENCE for a trifle, and a Fortune for less can be obtained, by directing orders for tickets or shares in either of the following splendid schemes to

J. CLARK,

*Lottery Vender, Baltimore.*

The tickets which he will send being the original ones, the money can be had for the prizes any where.

NEW YORK CONSOLIDATED, No. 31, to be drawn September 5.

HIGH PRIZES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | $10,000 | 10 prizes of | $1,000 |
| 1 | 10,000 | 18 | 500 |
| 1 | 10,000 | 10 | 300 |
| 1 | 10,000 | 20 | 200 |
| 1 | 2,260 | &c. &c. | |

Tickets $5, shares in proportion.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY, No. 18, to be drawn September 8th.

HIGH PRIZES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | $25,000 | 15 prizes of | 1000 |
| 1 | 20,000 | 15 | 500 |
| 1 | 7,500 | 15 | 300 |
| 1 | 3,350 | 71 | 200 |

Tickets $6, shares in proportion.

NEW YORK CONSOLIDATED, No. 33, to be drawn September 19th.

HIGH PRIZES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | $40,000 | 10 prizes of | $1000 |
| 1 | 10,000 | 10 | 800 |
| 1 | 6,000 | 10 | 600 |
| 1 | 4104 | 10 | 500 |
| 1 | 3000 | 10 | 400 |
| 1 | 2000 | 20 | 200 |

&c. &c.

Tickets $10, shares in proportion.

[Please to continue to copy the above until further ordered—dropping each Lottery as its time for drawing [illegible]

aug 28


*Office of the Commissioners under the law to carry into effect the Convention with France.*

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 6, 1832.

THIS being the day appointed by law for the meeting of the Commissioners, one of them attended at the Apartment, provided by the Secretary of State; and having ascertained that a full meeting of the Board cannot probably be effected before the third Monday of September next, in consequence of the recent enactment of the law under which the commission has issued, and the distant residences of the other Commissioners named therein, it was

*Ordered*, That the meeting of the Board stand adjourned to the 3d Monday of September next at noon, at this place. And that the Secretary cause public notice hereof to be given in the Journals authorized to publish the laws of the United States and in those nearest the residences of the several Commissioners. By order,

JOHN E. FROST, Sec.

☞ The papers authorized to publish the Laws of the United States will publish the above notice as often as their papers may be issued, for the first week after its reception, and then once a week till the next meeting of the Board.

aug 8—14 1wtSept17


**NOTICE.**

THE undersigned, Commissioners appointed by Caroline county Court, to divide or otherwise value the Lands and Real Estate of William Dillin, late of the county aforesaid, deceased, will meet on the lands mentioned in said commission, on Thursday 27th of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and will then and there proceed in the execution of said commission. All persons interested are hereby notified to attend.

R. T. KEENE
JOHN RUMBOLD
WM. ORRELL
JAS. B. RUMBOLD
JESSE HUBBARD. } Commissioners.

Aug 1—21 6w

**PROPOSALS**

*For publishing in the town of Easton, Md.*

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

TO BE ENTITLED

**The Farmers' & Mechanics' Journal, and Temperance Herald.**

*By JOHN D. GREEN.*

It is the design of the publisher of this Journal to make it useful and interesting to Farmers and Mechanics, and to aid and assist in the great cause of Temperance, so happily begun in these United States.

All political matter and religious controversies, will be excluded.

The Journal and Herald will be printed on a fine super-royal sheet, and good type, at two dollars and fifty cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

Editors of papers on the Eastern Shore, will confer an obligation, which will be gladly reciprocated, by giving this a few insertions.

aug 7

**PHILIP FRANCIS THOMAS,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW:

*Office on Federal Alley*, opposite the Court House, and next door to the Post Office.

Easton, June 19.


## POETRY.

### AND MUST THE MIGHTY DIE.

*They said, ye are Gods! But ye died like men.*

Where are the brave the noble few
Who led their armies on—
Whose martial bosoms burn'd to show
They were not, Kings alone?
Where are they now—those spirits bold
Who spurn'd at small domains—
Is't true the tyrant Death can hold
The chiefs of men, in chains?

Where are the wise—the father Kings
Who aim'd at public good—
Who sought for richer—rarer things
Than trophies stain'd with blood!
Where are they now—the great—the just—
The hopes of Monarchy!
Do they too mingle with the dust
Like men of low degree?

Where are thy Kings, O Greece—that met
On Troy's embattled plains—
Thy Kingly Chiefs whose valor set
And kept the world in flames?
And thine, O Rome? Earth's proudest Queen?
(Bright Stars or Comets they)
Thine Macedon? Asyra thine?
Thine Indus? thine Cathay?

All, all like airy dreams are fled!
The visions of an hour,
And low as lie the ignoble dead
Lies King and Conqueror!
And is it so—nor wealth—nor fame—
Nor Crowns, however bright,
Can shield from Death's insatiate aim
The scourge, or the delight?

Empires! Kingdoms! spoils of war!
Ye Phantoms of the brain,
Will o' the wisps—that lure from far
Illusions wild and vain.
For my ambition much too mean,
All your collected good!
My soul aspires in heaven to reign
With an eternal God.

*From the Connecticut Mirror.*

When, with a calm, observant eye
We gaze on all that earth can give—
And mark its sweetest blossoms die,
And feel its raptures fugitive;
Oh, who can long desire to stay
Where all must change from joy to grief—
Where love, and wealth, and power decay,
Like Autumn's melancholy leaf.

Who, when the gorgeous spell is gone,
That made his young existence dear—
When hope's beguiling wing hath flown,
And darkness blots the atmosphere—
Who then would journey dimly on,
Amidst a dull and plodding throng
Which, like a stream from tempests grown,
Rolls, thick and turbidly along.

What rocks it, upon vanish'd years,
That swept, like eagle's pinions by,
With changeful round of smiles and tears,
To cast pale Memory's mournful eye?
Oh, can it bring again the bloom
To youth's resplendent coronal—
Or can it rend the clouded tomb,
And wake the slumberer 'neath its pall?

It is in vain—it is in vain,
For Earth's ephemeral joys to live—
Its transports darken into pain—
Its flowers, once dead, can ne'er revive?
And from the sad and varied past
One only lesson may we glean:
That Joy is far too dear to last—
That sorrow clouds its brightest scene!

Life! 'Tis a waste, where storm and gloom
Are gathering up from Memory's cell—
Where gapes the wide insatiate tomb,
And fierce diseases darkly dwell.
Oh then, why should the spirit cling
Unto this cold and dull domain
Since life hath but one golden spring—
One morn—that ne'er returns again!

Why should we love to linger here,
Where baseless dreams are only known—
Where Faith, with visions calm and clear,
Can glance to God's eternal throne?
Far rather, let the fetters break,
Which keep us from that brighter shore,
Where saints their endless anthems wake,
And cankering cares are felt no more!

### TALES OF AN EVENING.

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

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

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

THE FIRST STORY.

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

Dervis begun thus:

"My mother," said he, with emotion, "was so good natured, that every body accused her of spoiling her children; and certain it is, that she was more hurt than ourselves, when our father corrected us. If there was any excuse for our faults she was the first to find it, even before ourselves; and if there was none, she was sure to find one nevertheless. Sometimes she proved us; but the voice of her anger was so soft, that it might have been taken for that of love; and when a frown depressed her beautifully arched eye-brows, the eyes beneath still expressed so much tenderness, that the pardon made its way through the threat. If such was her indulgence when we failed in the execution of our duties, you may easily imagine how her joy shone forth when we fulfilled them; pleasure sparkled in her eyes, and when any one spoke to her of her health, the clearness of her complexion, and of that beauty, which seemed, alas! to defy the attacks of time: "My children," she used to say, "have the gift of making me young again."

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

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

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

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

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

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

As soon as in the carriage, he embraced me again: "You may see," said he, "whether you have an affectionate father! you may see whether he loves his children. You are in possession of the secret of my weakness; but do not disclose it, especially to your younger brothers: they will stand in need of my severity."—"My brother were at Jully.—"Father," said I, "be pleased to remember that your children have no longer a mother; that their age has its troubles and its sorrows; and that the balm that used to distil into their young hearts no longer flows. The tender weakness of which we too often took advantage, unfortunately for them is no longer to be feared.—Be always a father by the ascendency of respected authority; but be sometimes a mother too,"—"Yes," said he, "I will unite those two characters; they are both in my heart; but in future I will assume another with you, that of your friend. Let us swear to have no disguise or reserve with one another.—Why can I not express the transport with which I took and received the oath? It was the happiest moment of my past life, and an inexhaustible source of pleasure for my life to come."

### GRANDEUR OF ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.—*By William Wirt.*

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May, and my sweet child, my Rosaline, and I had sauntered up to the castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament that glowed and sparkled with unusual lustre from pole to pole. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state of vision, the milkway was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant, or distant or faint, sent its lambent light or twinkling ray, to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon (so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible even the rotundity of her form,) seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radient face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time in observing through a telescope the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty with his squadron of satellites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars, and admired the felicity of that design, by which those distant bodies had been parceled out and arranged into constellations, so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigator, but as it were for land marks to astronomers of this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease the place and motion of these planets, comets, and magnificient meteors which inhabit, revolve, and play in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy, or that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display, in so strong a light, the force & research of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries, which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend: that thought, for instance, which is said to have been first stated by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve, that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining like him, with original, not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmanent, or which the telescope has brought within the sphere of our vision, but, according to modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with velocity a million times greater than that of a cannon ball; that those luminous appearances which we observe in the firmanent, like flakes of thin, white cloud, are windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them, and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings.

One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of human imagination.—But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Dr. Herschel superadd when instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to the respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets, and sattelites, and imagines them thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—and when, carrying on the process, you suppose that centre not stationary, but also counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of space with which attended by accumulate trains of

"Planets, Suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense," it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding in its vast career, some other centre still more remote and stupendous which in its turn—"You overwhelm me" cried Rosaline, as I was labouring to pursue the immense concatenation;—"my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing." "Yet there is a point my dear Rosaline; the throne of the most high, imagine *that* the ultimate centre, to which this vast and inconceivably magnificent apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll in their orbits, continually hymn their Creator's praise."

*From the New York Evening Post.*

The following communication appears in the Courier and Enquirer of this morning.—It is worth reading as containing some curious speculations on the cause of the reigning epidemic. The phenomena, however, which the writer professes to have observed, must, if general, or if at all connected with the prevalence of the disease, have been witnessed by others.

NEW YORK, August 6, 1832.

At a period when the attention of scientific men is directed anxiously, but hitherto unsatisfactorily, to the discovery of some certain cure or preventive of the pestilence which is desolating the earth, it becomes the duty of every one, who may observe any unusual appearance or phenomena, to report them, with the hope that in so doing they may assist philosophers in investigations so important to the human race.

It is with this view that I proceed to give the following narrative:

My residence is an airy and pleasant situation near this city, where, for a considerable period, I have enjoyed the best of health, until about three weeks ago, when I felt an oppression of the stomach, attended with occasional nausea and purging;—but have for ten days past, entirely recovered from the last of these ailings: since that time, however, my sleep has been much disturbed, being frequently awakened with starting of the muscles of the feet and hands, sometimes with a feeling of coldness and numbness of my arms or legs, and with cold, clammy feeling, and sickly smelling perspiration, attended with weakness and some nausea. I generally go to bed at ten o'clock, and it is remarkable, that I have been awakened with some of the feelings above described, for many nights following at nearly the same time, say about half past twelve o'clock, and again about four o'clock in the morning.

The rain water in my bed room, though perfectly pure and sweet at night, had become tianted by morning—and pure spring water, which I have also tried, has imbibed during the night a similar sickly odour, with a slight gassy appearance on the surface, *if exposed*, uncovered; while, from that in a covered vessel, no disagreeable smell was perceptible.

Having awakened this morning about half past twelve, with very disagreeable feelings and great prostration of strength, I lighted a candle, and was much surprised on observing it surrounded by a bright and strongly defined halo, of about three inches radius or six inches diameter, having the outer edge of the circle a bright orange, shaded off, inwards towards the flame to a pale haze; this circle was surrounded by a ring of about three or four inches in width, of a purplish hue next the orange, and shaded off to a pale bluish tint at its outer edge.

I at first thought it might be some optical illusion; but on putting the candle in various positions in the room, and still observing the same appearance, I went and awakened a friend to witness it—it gradually became less distinct and was invisible in *a few minutes*.—We tried the light in two adjoining rooms, in each of which the same phenomenon presented itself, and continued for a similar time.

Having retired to bed and fallen asleep, about four o'clock I again awoke with sensations of numbness and nausea, and upon lighting the candle, the flame was again surrounded by the same appearance, which was witnessed a second time by my friend, in each of the rooms we had formerly tried. I should here observe that he has been suffering much in the same way as myself.

On going to bed again, I took the precaution of leaving a candle burning, and of lighting the fire in the kitchen, which is nearly adjoining my bedroom, and slept comfortably after taking these precautions, which I believed necessary, and that I had sufficient proof that a vapour existed, which was dispersable or consumable by heat or flame, and that its deleterious effect commenced shortly after the fires and lights in the house were extinguished.

I have observed the appearances of candles and lamps during the fogs and mists, but have never before seen any halo about them at all similar to what I have described.

Should any of your readers have observed, or heard of any thing similar, where cholera was prevalent, and should the experience of others demonstrate the existence of vapours of uncommon kind during the night, the knowledge of the age may be directed to discover their nature and whether their bad effects can be counteracted by chemical or any other agency in the power of man; from my own slight observation it would appear that fire or heat may be usefully employed; and, query—may not the greater quantity of fire and lights generally used in the houses of the wealthy, be a principal reason why so small a proportion of that class has been cut off by the direful effects of "the vapours which arise in darkness?" This cause may be admitted without prejudice to the acknowledged facts, that the constitutions of the ill-fed, the hard wrought, and the intemperate, are less able than others to withstand the influence of a powerful poison.

Should the theory be proved that Cholera has its origin from vapours arising from the earth, its having followed the course of rivers in Asia and Europe, will be accounted for and better understood, as not affording conclusive proof of the contagious character of the disease.

The substrata of the earth may also enable us to account for the facts, that some districts have entirely escaped the visitation of the pestilence, while others adjoining have suffered severely. In England and Scotland there appears to have been an extraordinary exemption from its attacks, in districts where *lime* abounds. Those better acquainted with geology than myself, may be able to show how far Ireland differs from Great Britain in the nature of its minerals;—the Cholera in that country has been much more severe. In France, the city of Paris has suffered the greatest proportionate mortality;—can the catacombs or cemeteries, with which it is undermined have served as immense store-houses for the collection of the mephitic exhalations? The greater severity of Cholera in some districts or cities, and even in particular houses, may be accounted for easily on the theory of exhalations arising from the bowels of the earth.

Fissures in the substrata more or less deep or extensive, and minerals through which the mephitic vapors arise, may increase the quantity and the malignity in particular places.—Putrid substances also on the surface of the earth, combined with these vapors, may render them more pestilential.

I do not think that the theory of atmospheric influence can enable us to account for the seemingly capricious progress of Cholera so easily as the Telluric theory, the admission of which also, is not at variance or irreconcileable with the fact, that the exhalations from bodies dead from Cholera, have produced the disease in others, and that the atmosphere in houses and in vessels has been poisoned so as to become fatal, even after the latter have moved hundreds of miles.

If atmospheric or meteoric influence causes the sickness, I should fear that science has less chance of discovering a remedy from an evil arising from causes so vast, and uncontrollable by man: The laws of nature, the effects of time, or the power of the Almighty alone, are adequate in this case.

The strange appearance in the rays of the sun, observed in many countries about this period last year, will be recollected. I particularly observed it myself, in this city. It may have been caused by meteors moving high in space, but which are now either attracted to the surface of the earth, or have been encountered in its progress around the sun; but this can only be matter of conjecture and speculation for the curious.

HOMO.

*The Times Printing Office.*—"The establishment of *The Times* newspaper is an example, on a large scale, of a manufactory in which the division of labor, both mental and bodily, is admirably illustrated, and in which also the effect of the domestic economy is well exemplified. It is scarcely imagined by the thousands that read that paper in various quarters of the globe, what a scene of organization and activity the factory presents during the whole night or what a quanity of talent and mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly 100 persons are employed in this establishment; and during the session of Parliament, at least 12 reporters are constantly attending the House of Commons and Lords; each in his turn, after about an hour's work, retiring to translate in ordinary writing, the speech he has just heard and noted in short hand. In the meantime 50 compositors are constantly at work, some of whom have already set up the beginning, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter; and whose eloquent conclusion is, perhaps, at that very moment, making the walls of St. Stephens vibrate with the applause of its hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are passed in portions to other hands; till at last the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the ordinary matter, eight and forty columns, re-appear in regular order on the platform of the printing press. The hand of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity, but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied to the moving types by the most perfect mechanism;—four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the junction of two great rollers, which seem to devour them with unsated appetite;—other rollers convey them to the type already inked, and having brought them into rapid and successive contact, re-deliver them to four other assistants completely printed by the almost momentary touch. Thus in one hour 4000 sheets of paper are printed on one side; an impression of 12,000 copies, from above 300,000 moveable pieces of metal, is produced for the public in six hours!"—*Mr. Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*

In the London Spectator, we find thus noticed among a collection of mechanical curiosities, the *Steam cannon of our Perkins:—N. Y. American.*

Mr. Perkins may be considered in the light of a benefactor to his species, inasmuch as his wonderful improvement in the art of killing, must eventually lead to the abolition of war. To give some idea of the powers and capabilities of this engine, let the reader fancy a metal tube of any given calibre, connected with a compact steam apparatus of proportionate power, and moveable at pleasure in any direction by means of a universal joint. With one fourth additional force to that of gun power, it will propel a stream of bullets, whether musket or cannon balls, at the rate of seventy-eight in four seconds, for any length of time during which the steam-power may be kept up. Nothing mortal, or that is made by mortal hands, can stand against such a resistless attack. One gun is in itself a battery in perpetual and incessant action, moving horizontally, or vertically, sweeping in a semicircular range, and pouring all the while a continued volley of balls, with unerring precision when directed point-blank. Two of these guns in a ship would sink any vessel instantly; and what force could pass by such a battery on land? The very appearance of one on the field of battle, would clear it of living beings, either by putting them to flight or to death. The gun is fired every half hour; and it is fixed so that the balls can only hit a target at the other end of the room. The noise it makes in firing is little more than that caused by the rush of a column of steam from a narrow aperture, with the addition of the noise of the balls hitting the target. Strange to relate, there is not the slightest danger to alarm the most timid female. It is curious to see a small tube of polished steel spitting (for that term is most expressive of its action) forth a shower of bullets and steam without the least apparent effort.

Besides this extraordinary and beautiful piece of Mechanism, there are other specimens of the ingenuity of the inventor, Mr. Perkins, which we can only enumerate.—Apparatuus illustrating his new mode of evaporating fluids in open vessels, and of generating steam under pressure; for compressing air; for generating heat by means of friction, applicable to the fusion of metals, &c. A new paddle-wheel for steamboats, by Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Holdsworth's revolving ruddere, are shown in action by working models of steamboats that propel themselves round tanks of water, &c. &c.

Counterfeit American half dollars are in circulation in this city. They are smooth to the touch, of light weight, have no ring when struck, and may be readily detected if examined wih care.—*Balt. Amer.*

The Cherokee Indians, say the Hiwassean of the 12th ult. have determined upon calling a council of their chiefs and headmen, for the purpose of exchanging their lands on this side of the Missisippi, for others on the Arkansas River, and adjacent to those of the Creeks and Choctaws.

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