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TERMS

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PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION,
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM; if paid in
advance, Three Dollars will discharge the
debt, and

THE WEEKLY,
ON TUESDAY MORNING,
At Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; if paid in
advance, Two Dollars will discharge the debt.
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the first three months, will be deemed pay-
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are settled, without the approbation of the
publisher.

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three times for one dollar, and twenty-
five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger
advertisements in proportion.

POETRY.

OLD WINTER'S COMING.

[AN UNCOMMON MOOD.]

Old winter is coming—black!
Ho key and cold is he!
Ho key and cold is he!
Ho key and cold is he!
Ho key and cold is he!

A wily old fellow this winter is—
A mighty old fellow for a foe!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet Miss—
The wrinkled old maid, snuff to his—
And frozes the dew on the lips for this
Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—
He is wild in his humor, and free!
He'll whistle along for "want of his thought,"
And set all the wrath of our furs at naught,
And rattle the lawns by pretty girls' boughs;
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the trees!
From morning to night he will sing his song—
Now merrily and then, now holding and long—
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old winter's a wicked old chap, I wot—
As wicked as ever you see!
He whistles the ever so frolic and free—
And bites the party next of the Miss of sixteen,
As she trippingly walks in merrily sheen!
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you see!
He will trip up your brothers and read our clothes
And snuff our limbs, from our fingers to toes—
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes—
A cruel old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the cracks day by day,
And mark all our doings, from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND.

O grant my prayer, and let me go,
Thy soul to share, thy path to smooth,
Is there a want, a wish, a wo,
Which would leave me care to soothe?

Away when sleep still seals thine eyes,
My hand the temperate meal shall spread,
At night my smiles shall cheer thy sighs,
And my fond arms support thy head.

And if thy waking cares should start,
Some heavy word my zeal to chill,
Still this endearing, tender heart,
The sacred vow I made shall fill.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

By the author of "Newton Foster," "Peter Simple," &c.

'Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was soggy.

I read not, for some time, received a visit
from Tom; and, surprised at this, I went down
to his father's, to make inquiry about him. I
found the old couple sitting in-doors; the woman
was fine, but old Tom was not at his work;
even the old woman's netting was thrown a-
side.

'Where is Tom,' inquired I, after wishing
them good morning.
'Oh! dear me,' cried the old woman, put-
ting her apron up to her eyes, 'that wicked,
good-for-nothing girl!'
'Good heavens! what is the matter?' inquired
I of old Tom.

'The matter, Jacob,' replied old Tom,
stretching out his two wooden legs, and plac-
ing his hands on his knees, 'is, that Tom has
'listed for a soldier!'
'Listed as a soldier!'
'Yes; that is as certain as a true; and what's
worse, I'm told the regiment is ordered to the
West Indies. So, what with fever of mind and
yellow fever, he's food for the land crabs, that's
certain. I think now,' continued the old man,
brushing a tear from his eye with his fore-
finger, 'that I see his bones bleaching under the
palisades; for I know the place well.'

ing with us, but it didn't last long. She
couldn't leave off her old tricks; and so, that
Tom might not get the upper hand, she plays
him off with the sergeant of a recruiting party,
and flies off from one to the other, just like the
tucker of the old clock there does from one side
to the other.

'One day the sergeant was the fancy man
and the next day it was Tom. At last, Tom
gets out of patience, and wishes to come to a fair
understanding. So he axes her whether she
chooses to have the sergeant or to have him,
she might take her choice, but he had no no-
tion of being played with in that way, after all
her letters and all her promises. Upon this
she half outs, and tells Tom he may go a-
bout his business, and she didn't care if she
never seed him no more. And so Tom and
she was up, and he call's her a d—-n jill and, in
opinion, he was near the truth, then they had
a regular breeze, and parted company.

'Well, this made Tom very miserable, and
the next day he would have begged her pardon,
and come to her terms, for you see, Jacob,
a man in love has no discretion; but she
being still angry, tells him to go about his busi-
ness, as she means to marry the sergeant in a
week. Tom turns away again quite mad,
and it so happens that he goes into the public
house, where the sergeant hangs out, hoping to
be revenged on him, and meaning to have a re-
gular set-to, and see who is the best man; but
the sergeant wasn't there, and Tom takes pot
after pot to drive away care; and, when the
sergeant returned, Tom was not a little in li-
quor.

'Now, the sergeant was a knowing chap,
and when he comes in, and perceives Tom with
face flushed, he guessed what was to come, so,
instead of saying a word, he goes to another ta-
ble, and dashes his fist upon it, as if in a pas-
sion. Tom goes up to him, and says, "Sergeant,
I've known that girl long before you,
and if you are a man, you'll stand up for her."
'Stand up for her!' replied the sergeant,
'and so I would have done yesterday, but the
blasted jill has turned me to the right about and
sent me away. I wot fight now, for she wot
have me—any more than she will you.' Now
when Tom hears this, he becomes more pacif-
ed with the sergeant, and they sit down like
two people under the same misfortune, and
take a pot together instead of fighting; and
you see, the sergeant pities Tom with liquor,
swearing that he will go back to the regiment,
and leave Mary altogether, and advises Tom to
do the same.

'At last, what with the sergeant's persua-
sions, and Tom's desire to vex Mary, he suc-
ceeds in listing him, and giving him the shil-
ling before witnesses: that was all the rascal
wanted. The next day Tom was sent down to
the depot, as they call it, under a guard; and
the sergeant returns home to follow up Mary
without interruption. This only happened three
days ago, and we only were told of it yester-
day by old Stapleton, who threatens to turn
his daughter out of doors.'

'Can't you help us Jacob?' said the old wo-
man, whimpering.
'I hope I can; and if money can procure his
discharge it shall be obtained. But did you
not say that he was ordered to the West In-
dies?'
'The regiment is in the West Indies, but
they are awaiting for it, so many of them are
carried off by the yellow fever last week, and
a transport, they say, will sail next
week, and the recruits are to march for embar-
cation in three or four days.'

'And what is the regiment, and where is the
depot?'
'It is the 47th Fusiliers, and the depot is at
Maidstone.'

'Will you lose no time, my good friends,' re-
plied I, 'to-morrow I will go to Mr. Drummond,
and consult with him. I returned him a full
and complete account of the matter, and the
ful squeeze of old Tom's hand, and, followed
by the blessings of the old woman, I hasted
away.'

As I pulled up the river, for that day I was
engaged to dine with the Warrickiffs; I re-
solved to call upon Mary Stapleton, and ascertain
by her department whether she had become that
heartless jill which she was represented,
and if so, to persuade Tom, if I succeeded in
obtaining his discharge, to think no more about
her. I felt so vexed and angry with her, that
after I landed I walked about a few minutes,
and consulted with him. I returned him a full
and complete account of the matter, and the
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away.'

that is, if he will have such a foolish, wicked
girl, as I am.'

I read the letter, it was as she said, praying
for forgiveness, offering to accompany him, and
humiliating herself as much as it was possible.
I was much affected. I returned the letter.

'You can't despise me so much as I despise
myself,' continued Mary; 'I hate, I detest my-
self for my folly. I recollect now how you
used to caution me when a girl, O to your
mother! it was a cruel legacy you left to your
child, when you gave her your disposition.
Yet, why should I blame her—I must blame
myself.'

'Well, Mary, I will do all I can, and that's
as soon as possible. To-morrow I will go
down to the depot.'

'God bless you, Jacob; and may you never
forget the misfortune to be in love with such
a one as I myself!'

I left Mary, and hastened home to dress for
dinner. I mentioned the subject of wishing to
obtain Tom's discharge, to Mr. Wharrcliffe,
who recommended me immediately applying
to the Horse Guards; and as he was acquaint-
ed with those in office, offered to accompany
me. I gladly accepted his offer, and the next
morning he called for me in his carriage, and
we went there. Mr. Wharrcliffe sent up his
card to one of the secretaries, and we im-
mediately ushered up, when I stated my wish
to be substituted, if you had time to pro-
vide a substitute it would easily be arranged;
but the regiment is so weak, and the aversion
to the West Indies so prevalent after this last
very sickly season, that I doubt if his royal
highness would permit any man to purchase
his discharge. However, we will see. The
duke is one of the kindest-hearted of men, and
I will lay the case before him; but let us see if
he is at the depot—I rather think not.

'The detachment of the 47th Fusiliers from
the depot, has it marched? and when does it
embark?'

'The clerk went out, and in a few minutes
returned with some papers in his hand. "It
marched the day before yesterday, and was to
embark this morning, and sail as soon as the
wind was fair."

'How is the wind, Mr. G—- go down and
look at the tell tale.'

'The clerk returned; "E. N. E., sir, and has
been steadily so these two days."

'Then,' replied the secretary, 'I am afraid
you are too late to obtain your wish. The
orders to the port admiral are most peremptory
to expedite the sailing of the transports, and
a frigate has been now three weeks wait-
ing to convey them. Depend upon it, they have
sailed to-day.'

'What can be done,' replied I, mournfully.
'You must apply for his discharge, and pro-
cure a substitute. He can then have an order
sent out, and be permitted to return home. It's
a very sorry, as I perceive you are much in-
terested, but I'm afraid it is too late now.'

However, you may call to-morrow; the matter
is clear with this wind, and the port admi-
ral will telegraph to the Admiralty the
sailing of the vessel. Should any thing da-
maun occur, I will take care that his royal high-
ness shall be acquainted with the circumstances
this afternoon, if possible, and will give you
my opinion.'

'We thanked the secretary for his politeness,
and took our leave. Vexed as I was with the
communications I had already received, I was
much more so when one of the porters ran to
the carriage, to show me, by the secretary's
order, a telegraphic communication from the
Admiralty containing this certain and unpleasant
information, "convey to West Indies sailed
this morning."

'It is all over for the present,' said I,
throwing myself back in the carriage, and con-
tinued in a melancholy humour until Mr.
Wharrcliffe, who had business in the city, put
me down as near as the carriage went to the
house of Mr. Drummond. I found Sarah,
who was the depository of all my thoughts,
pains, and pleasures, and I communicated to
her this episode in the history of young Tom.

As most ladies are severe judges of their own
sex, she was very strong in her expressions re-
garding the conduct of Mary, which she would
not allow to admit of any palliation. Even
her penitence had no weight with her.

'And yet how often is the case, Sarah, not
perhaps to the extent carried on by this mis-
taken girl; but still the disappointment is so
calamitous. Among the higher classes, how
often do young men receive encouragement, and
yield themselves up to a passion to end
only in disappointment! It is not necessary to
plight troth; a young woman may not have
virtually committed herself, and yet, by
merely appearing pleased with the conversa-
tion and company of a young man, induce him
to venture his affections in a treacherous
sea, and eventually find them wrecked.'

'You are very naively poetical, Jacob,'
replied Sarah; 'such things do happen, but I
think that women's affections are to be used
with care, often wrecked than those of men;
that, however, does not exculpate either party.
A woman must be blind, indeed, if she cannot
perceive, in a very short time, whether she is
dealing with a man's feelings, and base in fact,
if she continues to practise upon them.'

'Sarah,' replied I, 'I stopped.
'I was,' replied I, stammering a little, 'I
was going to ask you, if your were blind?'

'As to what, Jacob?' said Sarah, coloring
up.
'As to my feelings towards you,'
'No; I believe you like me very well,' re-
plied she smiling.
'Do you think that that is all?'

looking down upon her work, as she turned
round to me.

'That you will not reject the orphan who
was fostered by your father, and who reminds
you of what he was, that you may not forget at
this moment, what I trust is the greatest bar
to his presumption—his humble origin.'

'Jacob,' that said like yourself, it was
nobly said; and if you are not noble, you
have true nobility of mind. I will imitate
your example. Have I not often, during our
long friendship, told you that I loved you?
'Yes, as a child, you did, Sarah.'

'Then, as a woman, I repeat it, and now
are you satisfied?'

I took Sarah by the hand; she did not with-
draw it, but allowed me to kiss it over and
over again.

'But your father and mother, Sarah?'

'Would never have allowed our intimacy,
if they had not approved of it, Jacob, depend
upon it. However, you may make yourself
happy as that score, by letting them know what
has passed, and then, I presume you will be
out of our misery.'

Before the day was over, I had spoken to
Mrs. Drummond, and requested her to open
the business to her husband, as I really felt it
more than I could dare to do. She smiled at
her daughter hung upon her neck, and when I
met Mr. Drummond at dinner time, I was
out of my misery; for he shook me by the
hand, and said,

'You have made us all very happy, Jacob,
for that girl appears determined either to marry
you, or not to marry at all. Come, dinner is
ready.'

I will leave the reader to imagine how hap-
py I was; what passed between Sarah and me
is not a tale of that evening, how unwill-
ing I was to quit the house, and now I ordered
a post chaise to carry me home, because I
was afraid to trust myself on that wa-
ter, on which the major part of my life had been
so happily passed, lest any accident should hap-
pen to me, and rob me of my anticipated bliss—
I was as one family, and finding the dis-
tance too great, took up my abode at apart-
ments contiguous to the house of Mr. Drum-
mond. But the cause of other people's love
did not run so smooth, and I must now return
to Mary Stapleton and Tom Bezely.

I had breakfasted, and was just about to take
my wherry and go down to acquaint the old
couple with the bad success of my application.
I had been reflecting with gratitude upon my
own happiness in prospect, including in said
speculations, and then, reverting to the state in
which I had left Mary Stapleton and Tom's
father and mother, contrasting their misery
with my joy arising from the same source, when
who should rush into the dining room, but
young Tom dressed in robing, but with a shirt
and a pair of white trousers, covered with dust,
and with fatigue and excitement.

'Good heavens! Tom! are you back? then
you must have deserted!'

'Very true,' replied Tom, sinking on a chair.
I swam on shore last night, and have made
from Portsmouth to here since eight o'clock.
I hardly need say that I am done up. Let me
have something to drink, Jacob, pray.'

I went to the cellar and brought him some
wine, of which he drank off a tumbler eagerly.
During that I was revolving in my mind the
consequences which might arise from this hasty
and impetuous step. 'Tom,' said I, 'do you
know the consequences of desertion?'

'Yes,' replied the gloomily, 'but I could not
help it. I had to go in her letter that she
would do all I wished, would accompany me to
Broad; she made all the amends she could, pray
and by heavens, I could not leave her; and
when I found myself fairly under weigh, and
there was no chance, I was almost mad; the
wind buffed us at the Noctules, and we anchor-
ed for the night—I slipped down the cable and
swam on shore; and there's the whole story.'

'But Tom, you will certainly be recognised
and taken for a deserter.'

'I must think of that,' replied Tom; 'I know
the risk that I run, but perhaps if you obtain
my discharge they may let me off.'

I thought this was the best plan to proceed
upon, and requesting Tom to keep quiet, I went
to consult with Mr. Wharrcliffe. He agreed
with me that it was Tom's only chance and I
pulled to his father's to let them know what had
occurred; and then went on to the Drummonds
When I returned home late in the evening, the
gardener told me that Tom had gone out and
had not returned. My heart misgave me that
he had gone to see Mary, and that some mis-
fortune had occurred, and I went to bed with
most anxious feelings. My forebodings were
proved to be correct, for the next morning I
was informed that old Stapleton wished to see
me. He was ushered in, and as soon as he en-
tered, he exclaimed, "All's up, Master Jacob—
Tom's nabbed—Mary bit after it—human nature."

ing the colonel commanding the depot. I will
go to the Horse Guards, and see what is to be
done.'

I wrote a hurried note to Sarah to account
for my absence, and sent for post horas. Early
in the afternoon I arrived at Maidstone, and
finding out the residence of the officer com-
manding the depot; sent up my card. In few
words I stated to him the reason of my calling
upon him.

'I will rest altogether with the Horse Guards,'
Mr. Faithful, & am afraid I can give you but
little hope. His Royal Highness has expressed
his determination to punish the next deserter
with the utmost severity of the law. His leni-
ency on that point has been very injurious to
the service and he must do it. Besides, there
is an aggravation of the offence in his attack up-
on the regiment, who has irreversibly lost
his eye.'

The sergeant first made him drunk, and
then persuaded him to enlist.' I then stated
the rivalry that subsisted between them, and
continued, 'Is it not disgraceful to enlist men
in that way—can that be called voluntary ser-
vice?'

'All very true,' replied the officer, 'but still
expediently winks at even more. I do not at-
tempt to defend the system, but we must have
soldiers. The soldiers are impressed by force,
the soldiers are enticed by other means, even
more creditable; the only excuse is expedi-
ency, or if you like it better, necessity. All I
can promise you sir, is, that I would have
done even if you had not appealed to me, to-
load the prisoner every comfort which his situa-
tion will permit, and every advantage at his
court martial, which mercy, tempered by jus-
tice, will warrant.'

'Thank you, sir; will you allow me and his
brother to see the order shall be given
forthwith.'

I thanked the officer for his kindness, and
took my leave.

I hastened to the black-hole where Tom was
confined, and the order of my admission hav-
ing arrived before me, I was permitted by the
sergeant of the guard to pass the sentry. I
found Tom sitting on a bench, nothing a stick
with his knife, and whistling a slow tune.

'This is kind, Jacob, but more than I ex-
pected of you—I made sure that I should see
you to-night or to-morrow morning. How's
your Mary? I care only for her now—I am
satisfied—she loves me, and—I knocked out
the sergeant's eye—spoiled his wooing at all o-
ver.'

'But Tom, are you aware of the danger in
your are?'

'Yes, Jacob, perfectly; I shall be tried by a
court-martial about the middle of the next
month; at all events, it's better than being
hung like a dog, or flogged to death like a nig-
ger. I shall die like a gentleman, if I have
never been a one before, that's some comfort. Nay,
I shall go out of the world with as much noise
as a battle had begun, and a great man had
died.'

'How do you mean?'

'Why, there'll be more than one bullet in—
'This is no time for jesting; Tom,'
'Not for you, Jacob, as a sincere friend, I
grant; not for poor Mary, as a devoted girl; not
for my poor father and mother—no, no, no,
continued Tom. 'I feel for them; but for my-
self, I neither fear nor care. I have not done
wrong—I was pressed against the law and act
of parliament, and I deserted. I was enslaved
when I was drunk and mad, and I deserted—
there is no disgrace to me, the disgrace is to
the government, which suffers such acts. If I
am to be a victim, well and good—we can
only die once.'

'Very true, Tom but you are too young to
die, and we must hope for the best.'

'I have given up all hope, Jacob. I know
the law will be put in force—I shall die and go
to another and a better world, as the parson
says, where, at all events, there will be no
muskets to clean, no drill, and none of your
confounded pipe-day, which has almost driven
me mad. I should like to die in a blue jacket
—in a red coat I will not, so I presume I shall
go out of the world in my shirt, and that's
more than I had when I come in.'

'Mary and her father are coming down to
you, Tom.'

'I'm sorry for that; Jacob; it would be cruel
not to see her—but she blames herself so much
that I cannot bear to read her letters. But Jacob,
I will see her, try if I can comfort her. Let
me know the day, she must go back again
till after the court-martial, and the sentence,
and then—if she wishes to take her farewell,
I suppose I must not refuse. A few tears drop-
ped from his eyes as he said this. 'Jacob will
you wait and take her back to town—she
must not stay here—and I will not see father or
mother until the last. Let us make one job of
it, and then all will be over.'

As Tom said this, the door of the cell again
opened, and Stapleton supported in his daugh-
ter. Mary tottered to where Tom stood, and
fell into his arms in a fit of convulsions. It
was necessary to remove her, and she was car-
ried out. 'Let her not come again, I beseech
you, Jacob; take her back, and I will bless you
for your kindness. With me farewell now,
and see that she does not come again.' Tom
wrung me by the hand, and turned away to
conceal his distress. I nodded my head in as-
surance, for I could not speak for emotion, and fol-
lowed Stapleton and the soldiers who had taken
Mary out. As soon as she was recovered suf-
ficiently to require no further medical aid, I hid
her into the post-chaise, and ordered the boys
to drive back to Brentford. Mary continued
in a state of stupor during the journey; and
when I arrived at my own house, I gave her
into the charge of the gardener's wife, and de-
parted her husband for medical assistance.

'The application of Mr. Wharrcliffe was of
little avail, and he returned to me with dis-
appointment in his countenance. The whole
of the next week was the most distressing that
I ever passed; arising from my anxiety for
Tom, my daily exertions to reason Mary into
some degree of submission to the will of Pro-
vidence—her accusations of herself and her
own folly—her incoherent ravings, calling
herself Tom's murderer, which alarmed me
for her reason; the distress of old Tom and
his wife, who, unable to remain in their solitude
came all to me for intelligence, for comfort, and
for what I could. I dared not give them—hence—
All this, added to my separation from Sarah
during my attendance to what I considered my
duty, reduced me to a debility, arising from
mental exertion, which changed me to almost
a skeleton.

of us, the Domine included, would come down
and bid him farewell. I hired a carriage for
old Tom, his wife, Stapleton, and Mary, and
setting the Domine and myself in my
own chaise, set off early on the Sunday
morning for Maidstone. We arrived about
eleven o'clock, and put up at an inn close to
the barracks. It was arranged that the Do-
mine and I should see Tom first, then his father
and mother, and lastly, Mary Stapleton.

To be concluded in our next.

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