EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. I.---No. 17.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1835.

THE EASTERN SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE,
Printed and published by
RICHARD SPENCER,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

The semi-weekly, printed and published every Tuesday and Saturday morning, 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.

All payments for the half year, made during the first three months, will be deemed payments in advance, and all payments for the year, made during the first six months, will be deemed payments in advance.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

POETRY.

(From the last No. of the Southern Litterary Messenger.)

This No. is rich in poetry.—*We know* that some of the pens in the country have been enlisted by the best feelings in the cause of Literature. The Messenger is doing great service in rousing the dormant energies of our country. We hail its success again and again with delight:

BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVELINESS.

He looked on the chiselled *form* and *face*,
And the roseate blush beguiling,
And the arch of the eye-brow's pencilled trace,
And the lip in moisture smiling:

He looked on the raven curls that fell
O'er the *brow* of Parian whiteness,
And the *silken lash* that softened the spell
Of the *eye* that swam in brightness:

He looked on the *slender hand* that shone,
Where the sparkle of gems abounded,
Like the star of eve on her vesper throne,
By the pearls of the sky surrounded:

He looked on the *arm*, as in floating grace,
It waved o'er the chords entrancing,
And the feathery *foot*, as it marked each trace
Of the melody in dancing.

He looked on all these, while links of gold
With the silken chains were blended;
And yet in his bosom calm and cold,
No wave of the soul ascended.

No rapture glowed in his tranquil gaze,
The tremulous thought revealing;
He looked for the light of soul in the face,
And saw not a ray o'er it stealing.

THE MINIATURE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

William was holding in his hand
The likeliness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke:
He gazed upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to Nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And did it kiss you back, my, dear?
"Why—no—my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all *like me!*"

From the United States Gazette.

LINES.

By John Jones, Esq.

As falls the leaf in Autumn hour,
As droops the bud ere blooms the flow'r,
As vanishes the fairy dream,
When morn awakes its golden beam.

So, when life's summer day is past;
And comes misfortune's wintry blast,
Our hopes fall off, our joys decay,
And friends and loved ones pass away.

A RIDDLE.

Little Miss Fidget, with only one eye
A prodigious length of tail lets fly,
And as she skips from gap to gap,
She leaves a bit of her tail in the trap.
Do you give it up?—*A needle.*

Quere.—What is the greatest pest of society?
Answer.—A NEWSPAPER BORROWER.

From Frazer's Magazine.

EUPHEMIA HEWIT.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"Mr. David Hunter, only son of the farmer of Clunkeigh, once to'd me one of the s rangest stories I ever heard, tho' many I have dragged together. He said that he went to court a very dear and lovely girl, Phemie Hewit, and spent about three hours with her in the fondest endearment; kissed her, shook hands, and left her about two o'clock on a winter morning. He said he was sometimes whistling a tune to himself; for, like me, he sawed a good deal on the fiddle; but he was all the way thinking and thinking of Phemie, and whether he would take her home to his father's house or get a cottage of his own built on the farm; when, behold! after he was almost close to his father's house, & had walked about 3 miles & a half, he met with Phemie coming leisurely to meet him, with her grown-skirt drawn over her lovely chestnut locks, as she always had when she went out to the courting.

"Mercy on us, Phemie!" exclaimed he, 'but ye surely are keen o' the courting the night, when ye're come a' the gate here for another brash at it."

"'I forgot two things,' said she;" as I kenned we were never to meet again, I couldna part wi' you without telling you: in the first place, you are never to gang back to Auchenvew again to the courting; for things are no a' right there."

"'What's wrang about Auchenvew, Phemie?"

"'O your Margaret's no just as she should be, poor woman; an' I'm very sorry for her: but ye maunna gang back again, else ye're sure to get o'er the fingers' end.'

"'Now Phemie, that's sheer jealousy, for which I am sure you have little reason.'

"'O, I dare say you gaed for her for an hour or twa's diversion: but you *did* gang; and mind you're not to do it again."

"'Weel, my dear woman, I gie you my word of honor that I never shall gang back to the courting again. But, Phemie, what was it you said about us never meeting again?"

"'O, yes, we'll meet again; but I'll be dead before then! and my principal errand here this morning was to get your blessing; for when you kissed me and parted with me, you did not say, 'God bless you, Phemie!' which you never neglected before since ever we met.—Now, I could not part with you without your blessing."

"'I dinna understand you this m rning, Phemie. We are never to meet again. And you are to be dead before we meet again. What is the meaning of all this? Remember you are engaged to meet me on the 7th of nexth moath at the easternmost tree of the Grennan Wood.'

"'Well, I'll meet you there.'

"'Well, God bless you, my dear girl; and I'm sure I give that blessing with all my heart and soul.'

"David stretched out his hand to seize hers, to draw her to him, and kiss her. There was no hand, and no Phemie there! He wheeled round and round and called her name. 'Phemie! Phemie Hewit! My dear woman, what's come o'you, or where are ye.' But he ran with all his speed, and called in vain; there was no Phemie to be seen nor heard. He stood in breathless astonishment, recommending himself to all the blessed Trinity, and then saying audibly, 'The mercy and grace of Heaven be around me! Is it possible that I have seen my dear Phemie's wrath? No, it is impossible; for it looked and spoke so like her sweet self—it could not be a spirit. But there was something very mysterious about her this morning in following me so far; nay, in outwalking me, meeting me, and uttering the words she did. But it was herself, there is no doubt of it; and she has given me the slip in a most unaccountable manner."

David went home and awakened his young est sister Mary, who gave him something to drink, but he could not speak an intelligible sentence to her, and she thought he was either drunk or very ill, and sat up with him till day. He slept none, but s'ghed, moaned, and turned himself in the bed; and he continued thoughtful and ill for several days; but at length he arose and went about his father's bussines. This visionary courting night was on the 28th of January or February, I have forgot which, and the lovers were engaged to meet on the 7th of the next month at their trysting-tree.

Now the families of the lovers were not on very good terms; they were, I believe, rather adverse to one another.

"Well, the 7th of the month came, and David attended punctually at the hour. He had not sat a minute and a half until Phemie came, with the skirt of her frock round her head as usual.

"Come away, Phemie! you are true to your word as ever,' said he.

"Yes, you see I have come as I promised; for I would not break my tryst with you; but I have a very short time to stay.

"Well, come and s t under my plaid, for the time that you have to stay my dear lassie, and let me caress you; for I have had heavy thoughts and sad misgivings about you since I last saw you."

"No, I cannot come under your plaid, nor court to night, for reasons that you will soon come to know. But I came principally to inform you that you are not to come back to court me till I send you word, or come and tell you myself; yes, I think I'll come and tell you myself, and then you are safe to come."

"You cannot come under my plaid; I must not come to court you again until you come and tell me to do so! Will you really come and tell me that I must come and woo you, Phemie? Phemie, my dear! there is a mystery a bout you of late which I cannot comprehend.

"David was looking down to the ground at this moment, pondering on the words of his beloved; and when he looked up again he saw Phemie gliding away from him. He sprang to his feet and pursued, calling her name in a sort of loud whisper but she continued to fly on; and, though very near he could not overtake her till she entered the minister's hous: by the back gate that led through the kirk-yar.—David's eyes were opened; he saw at once that the elegant an l genteel minister had seduced his sweet-hear's affection ;and he now conceived that he understood all her demeanour, and every thing she had said to him. So he rushed into the kitchen; there were two servant-girls in it, and he asked them, with a voice of fury, where Phemie was?

"Now, I must tell, that this parson had got a bad word with some young ladies, both married and unmarried; and though for my part I never believed a word of it, yet the report spread, which weaned the parson's congregation from him, all save a few gentlemen who came to dine at the manse every Sunday. David was perfectly enraged; for he perceived his road straight before him.

"'Where is Phemie?' cried he.

"'What Phemie? said the one girl; 'What Phemie?' said the other.

"'Why Phemie Hewit,' cried he, fiercely. 'I know how matters are going on; so you need not make any of your confounded pretences of ignorance to me. I followed her in here this minute; so tell me instantly where she is, or bring your master to answer to me.'

"'Phemie Hewit!' said the one girl; 'Phemie Hewit!' said the other. And with that one of them (Sarah Robson) ran ben to the minister, and said, 'For God's sake, sir, come butt an' speak to Mr. David Hunter, he is come in raving mad, and asking for Phemie Hewit, and seems to think that you have her concealed in the house.'

"Mr. Nevison, with all his usual suavity of manners, came into the kitchen, asked Mr. Hunter how he was, and how his father and sisters were.

"'I'm no that ill, sir; I hae nae grit reason to complain o' ony things or ony body excepting you. Where is my sweet-heart, sir? I followed her in here this minute, and if ye dinna gie her up to me I'll burn the house aboon your head;'

"'Your sweet heart, Mr. David? Whom do you mean? Is it one of my servant girls: for there is no other woman in the house, to my knowledge?'

"'No, sir, it is Pheme Hewit that I want—my own Phemie Hewit—my betrothed! I followed her in here at your back gate this instant, and I insist on seeing her.'

"Phemie Hewit!" exclaimed the two servant girls? Phemie Hewit!" exclaimed the minister. 'My dear sir, you are raving, and out of your senses; there was but one Phemie Hewit whom I knew in all this country, the merchant's daughter of Thornhill, and she is dead, and was buried here within six paces of the back of my house, the day before yesterday.'

"Come now, sir, that is a hoax to get me off," cried David, in a loud tone, betwixt laughing and crying. 'That winna do; tell me the truth at alace. That is ower serious a matter to joke on; therefore, for the sake of Heaven and this poor heart, tell me the real truth.'

"I tell you the real truth. Mr. Hunter. I was at hor funeral myself, and laid her left shoulder into the grave, and saw engraved in gold letters on the coffin lid, "Euphemia Hewit, aged 22.'

"About the beginning of May, a servant came posting to me on horseback, and requested me to go and see Mr. David Hunter, who was very poorly, and wished particularly to see me. I obeyed the summons with alacrity, and found him in bed, very low indeed. He desired his two sisters to go out, and then, taking my hand, he said—

"'Now, my dear friend, my time is come—the time which I have long desired. I have seen my Phemie again to-day.'

"'But only in a dream, David, I am sure. Consider yourself; only in a dream.'

"'No, I was wide awake, and sensible as at this moment while speaking to you. The door was standing open, to give me air. I was all alone, which you know I choose mostly to be, for prayer and meditation, when in glided my Phemie, with the train of her grey frock drawn over her lovely locks. I had no thought, no remembrance that she was dead. It was impossible to think so; for her smile was so sweet, so heavenly, even more beatific than I had ever seen it, and her complexion was that of the pale rose. She threw her locks back from each cheek with her left hand, and said—

"'You see I have come to invite you as I promised, David. Are you ready to meet me to-night at our trysting tree, and at the usual hour.'

"'I am afraid, my beloved Phemie, that I shall scarcely be able to attend,' said I.

'Yes, but you will,' said she, 'and you must not disappoint me, for I will await your arrival.' And with a graceful courtsy and a smile she retired, saying, as she left the room, 'God be with you till then, David.'

'This narrative quite confounded me. It was a long time before I could either act or think. At length I sat down on his bedside, and took his hand in mine; it was worn to the hand of a skeleton. I felt his pulse; that strong and manly pulse had dwindled into a mere shiver, with an interval every seven or eight strikes. I easily perceived that it was all over with him.

'How do you think my pulse is?' said he.

'The pulse is not amiss,' said I; 'but you may depend on Phemie's word. You will meet her to-night at the trysting hour, I have no doubt of it. When is your trysting hour; for I think you may rely on Phemie's word?

'O yes, O yes?' said he. 'Phemie never told me a lie in her life, and it would be absurd to think she would do it now. Let me have your prayers my dear friend, let me have your prayers to take with me, and I will trust my Redeemer for the rest.'

'These were the last words he uttered in this life.'

BULL FIGHT.—A correspondent of the Montreal Herald gives the following interesting, although cruel account of a bull-fight, which took place at Madrid on the 22d ult:—"An incident occurred at the bull-fight on Monday, which, though not exactly in place in a political correspondence, excites more attention here than all the diplomatic intrigues, which are so mean in reality, and look so formidable on paper. The largest and fiercest bull which has been seen in the Plaza this season convulsed the spectators with delight, by killing six horses within almost as many minutes. The picador Sevilla, whose arm is like iron and who has a heart of steel, after being thrice unhorsed, attacked the enemy again, and unfortunately let the bull pass inside him—that is to say, between him and the barrier which surrounds the Plaza, and which the toreros leap over when hotly pursued. The bull, as if aware of his advantage, rushed at him with overwhelming force, and knocked down our Sevilla and his horse as a child knocks down a nine-pin, and then, after plunging his horns twice into the poor brute, rushed at the man brute, who was struggling to disengage himself from the horse. In vain the toreros, with their scarfs, threw them in the bull's eyes, and practised all the artifices by which he is usually drawn from his fallen victim, as his fury is directed against the colored silk, and not against the hand that waives it,—the furious beast made two attempts to toss the man, but each time he missed his mark and gored the horse. He was bending his neck for a final effort, which would have sent the picador to the other world, when the celebrated Matador Montes rushed from the crowd of chulos and laid hold of the bull's tail, & absolutely, by pulling at it and hanging on it with his whole weight, called off the bull's attention, and enabled the other toreros to bear away their companion without injury. The bull became still more furious at this new assault, and turned round and round, and galloped about, endeavoring to get rid of this strange assailant, but Montes, yielding to every movement, held on till the animal was in a degree spent with exertion, when he let loose his grasp, and stood facing the bull, as if overawing him by his eye, while the other stood pausing and glaring on him, but not daring to advance. In the meantime the ten thousand people, including every rank in society, were in an agony of fear and delight, a cry was heard on every side, when the picador was about to be struck, and then the whole audience arose, waving handkerchiefs and clapping hands, when they saw their favorite spring from the ranks and execute this daring manœuvre.

A breathless anxiety next prevailed for the safety of Montes, but when they saw him triumphant, and the mad bull almost tamed by his power, they grew frantic in applause, and I thought they would have torn up the benches with joy, while Montes stood composed before the bull, taking off his little black cap, and acknowledging with composure the plaudits of the house. It is a horrible sport, but it is so highly exciting, that one is drawn to it in spite of our better feeling—and so far does habit overcome nature, that I have seen the gentlest maidens of Spain thrill with delight on beholding some shocking spectacles of a horse gored to death, or standing all bleeding and bruised to support his rider in a fresh encounter. Poor Montes, in afterwards killing this bull, was within a point of losing his life, but he escaped with a slight scratch. A sudden twist in the bull's course, as he drove the sword at his neck, flung the weapon into the air, and enabled the bull to catch his arm with the point of one horn. Montes did not mind it, but when he gave another thrust the shock was too great, and he was obliged to retire to the surgeon, who is always in attendence. Monte is a light figure, about five feet six, and weighing eleven stone. He is unquestionably the greatest man in Spain."

From the Ohio Farmer.

THE MANAGEMENT OF CALVES,

Is a matter of interest with the dairy farmer. The object is to fatten or rear calves in a healthful condition with the least possible expense to the dairy. We find in an article upon this subject, in the Edinburg Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, written by Mr. Aiton, some remarks which are new to us, and which, we believe, will be useful to the dairy patrons of the Cultivator. In fattening calves for the butcher, the dairyman of Strathaven, whose practice Mr. A. describes, consider it most profitable to feed them from four to six weeks, at which age they are made to bring from £3 to £4, (13 to 17 dolls.)—Beyond this age, they make but a bad return for their feed, and under it they are justly considered unfit for the market. The following is given as the Strathaven mode of feeding, and furnishes, also the reasons for the practice.

"The calves are fed on milk only, with seldom any admixture; and they are not permitted to suck their dams, but are taught to drink their milk from a dish. As arguments are advanced for even the worst of practices, those who allow their calves to suck, say, that by so doing, a much greater portion of saliva is secreted, and carried with the milk into the stomach of the calf, where it promotes digestion, and accelerates the growth and fattening of the young animal. But although saliva is necessary to digestion, it can be drawn forth by placing an artificial teat in the mouth of the calf while feeding, and preventing the animal from drinking its milk too hastily, or giving it too cold. In the dairy districts of Scotland, the dairy-maid puts one of her fingers into the calves' mouths when they are feeding, and this, or any thing similar, serves the same purpose as the natural teat in promoting the necessary secretion of the saliva. A piece of clean leather, about three inches long, and fixed to the bottom of the dish, will when the milk is given slowly, so that the saliva may be drawn from the glands of the calf, and conveyed to the stomach with the milk, answer every purpose that sucking can serve, and still more saliva may be conveyed to the stomach of the calves.—When they are not feeding, a lump of chalk is often laid within their reach, by licking which they are induced to swallow much saliva that would otherwise drop from their mouth and be lost. Calves frequently chew or suck anything that is within their reach, not for food, but to help them swallow saliva, and on that account something like a teat should be placed near them, that by sucking it they may promote the secretion of saliva, and convey it to their stomach.

"But though sucking the dam may be favorable to the calf, yet it seriously injuries the cow. The calf cannot, when young, consume all the milk of a good cow, and she becomes so fond of her calf that she will not yield her milk to the dairy-maid; and unless the cow's udder is completely emptied of milk every time she is milked, the lactic secretion is gradually diminished, and the cow will ultimately run dry on that account; but when the milk is drawn from the cows and given by hand to the calves, every thing can be regularly corrected to the advantage of the cow, the calf and the owner of both. And when calves are reared for stock, various substitutes for the milk can be gradually introduced, and the milk slowly withdrawn, without injuring the stomach of the calf by a too sudden change of food. And when calves are to be highly fed, the milk of two cows can be given them by hand-feeding, while cows will suckle none but their own calves.

"The whole secret of fattening calves for veal is to give them, after they are three or four weeks old, an abundance of milk, keep plenty of dry litter in their stalls, let them have the benefit of good air, moderate warmth, and be nearly in the dark, as they hurt themselves with sportiveness when exposed to too much light. In Holland, the best feeders keep their calves in pens or coops, in which they can stand or lie at pleasure, but cannot turn themselves round. I am not sure that such rigid confinement is beneficial. It is necessary, however, to keep fat calves in places where they have but little light. They require to be fed twice every twenty-four hours.

"If a calf becomes *costive*, a small portion of bacon or mutton broth will give them ease; and if they begin to *purge*, a small quantity of rennet, used in coagulating milk, will cure that disease. The Scotch calves are never bled, nor infusions of linseed, oil-cake, or any other food given them, but pure milk from the cow."

UNFERMENTED MANURES.

There is one strong reason for using long or unfermented manure for hoed crops, which chemistry furnishes: When the manure begins to rot, it affords to plants moisture as well as food. Unfermented manure consists principally of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, in a solid form; and these simple substances, too are to become the constituents of the new plant.

But ere they can be incorporated with the new plant, they must be separated from each other, and be reduced to a liquid or gaseous state. As soon as this decomposition begins, two new compounds are formed by chemical process: a part of the oxygen unites with the carbon, and this always in certain proportions, and forms carbonic acid, the principal food of plants. The remainder of the oxygen unites with the hydrogen, and forms water, which serves as a medium to convey this food to the mouths of plants. Thus the whole of the dead plant is transmuted into the living one. Hence soils, in which manures are undergoing decomposition, suffer least from drouth; hence moisture always apounds under a decomposing mass of straw; and hence I have raised upon a dry sandy soil, and during the last very dry and hot summer, a fine crop of melons, on a layer of eighteen inches of straw, deposited dry in a trench, and covered with six inches of earth. The straw became completely decomposed. We would apply these remarks to hoed crops, because long manure is apt to be prejudicial to all the small grain crops, by causing too rank a growth of straw; but it is peculiarly adapted to Indian corn, potatoes, ruta baga, and all the crops raised for the stalk or root. We would also admonish against using long manure, especially in a dry state in hills or in drills, for if the season is dry, decomposition does not take place. But spread, and ploughed under, it will take place in due time on the sandy, gravelly and loamy soils adapted to corn, ruta baga, &c.—*Cultivator.*

MARYLAND HOSPITAL.

Not many probably of the citizens of Maryland and very few beyond the limits of the State, are aware what an institution we have in our city in the "Maryland Hospital." The Hospital, after having been subjected to various changes in its government since the period of its foundation forty years ago, has at length been put upon a permanent footing. It is now under the direction and control of a perpetual corporation created by the State. One hundred and sixty thousand dollars, furnished at different periods by the State, the city of Baltimore and private individuals, have been expended on the building and grounds,—and a noble structure it is, solid, spacious, and commodious, placed upon one of the highest eminences in the environs of Baltimore, and in all respects adapted to the object for which it has been so munificently endowed.

The corporation elect their President, upon whom the general superintendence of the institution devolves. Six of the first physicians of the city attend alternately daily, each for two months of the year; and there is besides constantly present in the house a resident physician. Within the 12 months that the Corporation have had the control of the institution, repairs and improvements have been made in the building. The rooms occupied by patients are heated by flues by which the daily cost of fuel has been reduced from six dollars and a half to a little more than two. But the most important feature of the new administration of the Hospital is in the management and care of the patients,—what may be called the executive department of the institution,—which is confined to six Sisters of Charity. The perfect order and cleanliness that pervade the whole establishment, the neatness and signs of comfort in every room, the contentment of those patients who are permitted to go at large, the subjection of those who require to be confined, attest the peculiar adaptation of this admirable Sisterhood to manage,—under the superintendence of scientific medical men,—lunatic patients. The union of benovolence, tenderness and energy,—a union which is implied in each by the act of joining the association,—gives them an influence over the wildest maniac, which neither physical force nor male intellectual superiority, nor both combined, can obtain. Moving noiselessly through the galleries of the hospital, they seem to be endowed with a power derived from a higher source than the bustling efforts of ordinary human exertion.

The institution, though cheifly dedicated to funatic patients, is open to all others, being a general Hospital. The expense to an inmate varies from two dollars to ten per week, according to the accommodation afforded. Each one, however,—he who pays the least sum as well as he who pays the highest,—has the benefit of constant medical attendance, and the vigilant care of the Sisters. The sole support of the institution is derived from its patients, the whole of the before mentioned appropriations and donations having been applied in the erection of the building, outhouses, gardens, &c.—*Balt. American.*

THE GENTLEMAN.—THE CHRISTIAN.

Some twenty-eight years bygone, I first heard of the since far celebrated Lorenzo Dow. It was in the town of Wheeling, and the narrator was a gentleman from the vicinity of Nashville in Tennessee. An auditory of ten or a dozen, all as uninformed of Lorenzo Dow as myself, listened to him. He narrated some of Lorenzo's eccentricities, in personal appearance and manner, and he gave the heads of a discourse he had then recently heard from the preacher, in which he took, by way of text, *'the Gentleman and the Christian.'* I was then a young man, and forcibly impressed with much of what was narrated, though persuaded it was more the sentiments of the narrator than of the preacher.

About two months afterwards, journeying from Morgantown, Virginia, to Washington, Pennsylvania, I learned on the way that Lorenzo Dow was to preach on the evening of the day at Washington. I pushed my horse and made Washington at early candle light.—I was told preaching had commenced, and hastened to the court house. The instant the preacher's voice struck my ear, I perceived he was repeating his discourse upon the text of *'the Gentleman and the Christian."* The versimilitude could not be mistaken, for the heads of that discourse as narrated at Wheeling, had sunk deep into my mind. But the matter was tenfold more impressive coming from the lips of Lorenzo Dow himself.

He described the gentleman—he belonged to no class of society exclusively—he constituted one of no exclusive class—his characteristics were disregarded of self—respect and kindness for others—he was no pragmatic babler—not one whose mouth was always open, his ears always closed. He was a man whose first consideration was for the comfort of others—making himself secondary in every thing. He could not be selfish—he was intensely generous—he would do, and he would suffer—he never exacted—he never remembered he had done a service, for he never felt that his service was of value to be remembered. His humility was as conspicious as his kindness. But he was not all things to all men, though he was in all things and to all men a gentleman. He never submitted to base compliances, but he never avoided or refused civilities, that softened the prejudices or preconceived opinions of those with whom he was brought into contact. He maintained that men of this description were to be found in all classes, and through every grade of society, from the lowest to the most elevated. And this, he said was the true character of the christian.

He pursued the parallel in the history of the Savior. His conformity to the formalities of the Jewish church—his associations with publicans and sinners—his controversies with the doctors of the temple—his association with poor fishermen—his humiliation and death. He continued the parallel in the character and conduct of St. Paul, and he concluded by an appeal to the auditory, if the true gentleman and the true christian were not of near kindred, if not one and the same character, the rule of life of both being, in the main, that of the Saviour's principal injunction, *"do unto others as you would they should do unto you."*—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE.

This may indeed be regarded as the age of ferocity, "blood and carnage."—The Louisiana Advertiser of the 4th inst says:—Yesterday morning, about the hour that the House of Representatives were to be called to order, the Speaker, Mr. Alcee Labranche, entered the hall, when he was assailed by John R. Grymes, Esq. who raised his cane to strike him. Mr. Labranche, to defend himself, drew a small pocket pistol, which he discharged at his assailant without effect. Mr. Grymes thereupon drew from his bosom a horse pistol, which he levelled at Mr. Labranche and fired. The pistol proved to have been loaded with a ball and buckshot. The ball passed between two members, grazed the forehead of Mr. C. Lavergne, a member, and entered the wall of the hall. Two of the buckshot took effect, and were lodged in the arm and hand of Mr. Labranche. It grew out of a former dispute.

"The House, with a proper spirit, appointed by a resolution a committee to report this day upon the steps to be taken to punish this scandalous breach of privilege after which they adjourned."

A Curious Fact.—It is represented as a singular fact that the present King of England is William I, William II, William III, and William IV. As king of Hanover he is William I; as King of Ireland he is William II; as King of Scotland he is William III; as King of England he is William IV.

A narrow escape from death by the gas of ignited charcoal is related in the Philadelphia Gazette:

Last week a lady, who was quilting in an upper room in her house, directed a charcoal fire to be kindled in a furnace in the room. Some time after the fire had ignited, she felt unwell; but hoisting the window and breathing the air soon recovered. She again resumed her occupation, when she suddenly fainted. She would probably have perished on the spot, had she not fallen on the furnace, by which she was most dreadfully burnt in the shoulder. The anguish of the burn recalled her suspended animation; and she succeeded in escaping from the room. She has recovered from the effects of the gas, but is still suffering from the dreadful injury inflicted by the fire.

CALHOUNISMS.

We have read Mr. Calhoun's Report on the Retrenchment of Executive Patronage—and shall lay it before our readers as soon as possible. It is written with his usual dexterity and art. It purports to be the public-spirited production of a Patriot—but it bears the evident marks of a party paper upon its face. It is smooth, polished, and brilliant, like a sheet of ice; but it is cold, slippery and "utterly unfit to stand upon."

We shall not analyse this Report at this time,—We shall neither point out its truths nor its sophistries. We shall wait for the Debate which is now going on in the Senate—a Debate, which is said to be as able as it has been animated and impassioned. It has brought Benton directly in collision with Calhoun and Webster—and as Cuthbert was next to take the floor, it has probably called forth the fiery and fearless spirit of the Georgian to increase the flame of contention. We shall publish every thing, which has passed or may pass in the Debate, that will be interesting to our readers—whether it relates to the merits of the subject or to the disputes of the Orators.—In the mean time, we may freely and fearlessy assure them, that we are prepared to go as far as any man in retrenching the unnecessary Patronage of the President—even though Mr. Calhoun be our leader—but when we recollect who that leader is, we shall be particularly cautious how he bewilders and misleads us into sloughs and quagmires.

We know of few men, for whose genius we have so much respect as Mr. C.'s—and few for whose views and principles we have so little. Take, for example, some of the points which are touched on in this very Report!

In 1817, Mr. Calhoun wished to appropriate the interest, which the U. S. might have in the new Bank he wished to create, to Internal Improvements—to be distributed among the several States, in the rato of representations.—He held, then, that this appropriation could be made without any amendment of the Constitution.

Again—In '30-31, when Gen. Jackson suggested as matter of comparative expediency, under certain guards and restrictions, to distribute the surplus Revenue among the States, in like manner, Mr. Calhoun denounced the proposition as one of the most flagitious which could be conceived—as calculated to bribe, not only the People, but the States.—These sentiments were uttered in the strongest terms in this city—with the view of rousing the Virginians against Gen. Jackson.

Again—In 1816, Mr. Calhoun was in favor of encouraging manufactures by a Tariff.

Again—In '33, he was for resisting the Tariff, at the hazard of dissolving the Union, by his scheme of nullification.

And now what is he at? He is for amending the Constitution, and for distributing the surplus revenue which he runs up to nine millions per annum, among the States, until the year '41—and for considering the compromise act of '33, as inviolable, although it brings in 9 millions a year more than is required by the wants of the Treasury:—That is to say, instead of reducing the Tariff, and relieving the people of the South in that proportion, he will keep on the Tariff at the present rate, though it be part of a system, for which he would have nullified the laws of the Union—and distributing the surplus of 9 millions among the States, than which there was no scheme so effectual and more flagitious, for bribing the People and the States. And all this, because he pretends to consider the act of '33 as an inviolable act of compromise. A Statesman could never have so considered it—and would not so consider it now. Humble as we were, we protested against considering it in that light at the time of its passage. We so consider it now—and we hold, that, instead of altering our Constitution, corrupting the States by *'giving them to taste* of the *flesh-pots of Egypt*, we ought to cut down the Tariff, if it yields a surplus, relieve the South from oppression, and take from the Treasury all these means of corruption.

Rich. Enq.

JOHN MCKIM, Jun. Esq. was yesterday elected President of the Branch Bank of the United States, in the place of *William Patterson*, Esq. deceased.—*Balt. Amer.*

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