Select Extracts for

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

TEMPERANCE MEETING

The following beautiful ode, written by Rev. John Pierpont, was sung at the Old South Church, Boston, at the simultaneous celebration on the 24th February.

THE PLEDGE.

Thou sparkl'ng bowl! thou sparkl'ng bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that sting!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye.
And, as from that there comes from thee
The voice, 'Thou shalt not surely die
I dare not lift thy liquid gem:—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
For Paul upon Melita's shore,
Thou'st been upon my guest bestowed;
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth, from thy heart, a viper crawls!

What though of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine!
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him;—for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite.
Looked up to that ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight,
So, the worm bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells?
Ye gems, from moss rocks that drip!
Springs, that from Earth's mysterious cells,
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look:—your largesse give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

AN INCIDENT AT ALGIERS,

During the Visit of Decatur's squadron in 1815.

The bay of Algiers is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The harbor is in a semi-circular form; at the further recess of which the city rises gently from the sea, and her white walls, flat roofs and terraces, from the narrowness of the streets, seem, from the seaside, joined together until they reach the surrounding hills—which are crowned with vineyards, and form altogether a striking and picturesque amphitheatire. On the western point of this harbor, a neck of land projects into the sea, and on its extremity is built one of the strongest castles for the protection of the place. It was from the guns of this castle, that in a few months after the period of which I am speaking, the ship commanded by Admiral Milne, in the gallant attack of Lord Exmouth, suffered so severely. Close in with this fort our boat were obliged to pass on their way from our ships to the landing

Delightful was the appearance of all this to the eye, yet from our early recollections of blood and crime connected with the history of the place we beheld it but as a "whitened sepulchre," and the intimation that we were soon to sail for the ulterior object of our expedition, was received, I believe, with general satisfaction.

A constant intercourse had been established between the squadron and the shore from the moment when our difficulties with the Dey had been adjusted, and the treaty had been signed "word for word" as it had been sent on shore." Crowds of officers were daily visiting the town, and among them the midshipmen of the different ships, were always to be seen dispersed over the place, seeking with a perfect unconcern, even in sacred and forbidden ground, for objects to gratify their curiosity; receiving the courtesy of those Algerines with whom, when they were our prisoners, they had become acquainted, with as sincere a good will as if they had never been enemies, or returning the haughty scowl of some stranger Turk with a smile of reckless indifference.

It was my good fortune, in addition to my ordinary visits on leave to the shore, to attend the commodore as one of his aids, in those which he made to the chief officers of the government, and I often had my feelings strongly excited by the humble looks and broken-hearted demeanor of the Christian slaves, by whom the lemonade and coffee were prepared and handed to us. Although habited in the loose petticoat drawers, and slippers of the Turk, they were easily distinguished by their long plaited hair, the absence of moustache and beard, and above all, by their dejected mien, from their lazy and overbearing masters. I had taken a deep interest in them, and had become familiar with many of their faces. Among them was a young Italian of about five and twenty, the melancholy expression, of whose handsome features had, upon my first seeing him, attracted my attention. There was something in his eye that spoke of prouder, happier days and the quiet and almost indignant manner with which he calmly received his master's bidding, indicated that his spirit was not yet quelled within him, and was strongly contrasted with the rediness which that bidding was obeyed when it addressed to our pleasure.

It was evident that from some cause his feelings towards us were those of confidence and friendship. It might be that he looked upon us as connected with him by our common faith, or perhaps he felt grateful to us as the victors, who had humbled those who enslaved him, and perhaps—and more truly as I afterwards thought—the hope of freedom was dawning on his spirit, and he regarded us as friends upon whom he might soon call, for aid and protection. But whatever were his feelings, ours had been so strongly interested in his favor, that several of us juniors were at some pains to learn his story; and through the kindness of Mr. P. of Virginia—who had been detained since the capture of his vessel, a parolled prisoner at Algiers, until released by our squadron—we were enabled to gratify our curiosity.—The tale of poor Angelo Salvini has often been told with darker additions but I thought it gloomy enough when I first heard it.

It was a beautiful night in the spring time season, and the breeze that floated along the coast of Calabria, though rife with a thousand sweets, was not more blithe in its gambols over tree and rock, and moon-tipped wave, than two young hearts which there swelled with rapture, as a bridal party danced upon the strand. An hour afterwards the scene was fearfully changed. There were marks of disorder in the adjacient thicket, as if a large body of men had rushed from them towards the shore, and there were traces upon the beach that could hardly be left by the light foot of a dancer—

"Steps stamped and dashed into the sand,
The print of many a struggling hand"—

and a silken scarf, or torn mantle, fluttered on the water's edge, or drifted before the rising wind, which now moaned around the headlands, as if willing to fill the lessening sail of the Corsair that was springing, with her prey, before it.

Poor Angelo! he knew not—and well he did not—what became of his bride. But like all exiles, who fondly think, that, can they but see their native land again they may recover all that made dear, his whole soul seemed bent upon seeing his Italian home once more, when somehow by the blessing of "our Lady," all would come right. He was never seen to smile, and there was that earnestness of expression in his face—that blending of manly resolution and winning gentleness, which had so struck and touched us at once—which, in a word, had interested all of us most deeply in his fate.

The incidents of that cruise were generally so novel and interresting, that the story of Angelo Salvini may have been forgotten by other officers, among themes of a gayer and more engaging character. But there are reasons why it can never be erased from my memory.

The arrival and vicinity of our squadron had caused an additional rigor in the treatment of the prisoners, and as a precaution against their escaping to any of our ships they were compelled to carry about with them a ball & chain, which in our country are only worn by the most desperate felons. Decatur, with that generosity which so distinguished him, did not hesitate at his interview with the Dey, strongly to remonstrate against this degrading sight, which he and his officers were compelled to witness. The Dey replied, that this severity was indispensable, while the Christian ships were in the offing; but that if Com. Decatur would pledge his word as an American, and his honor as an officer, that he would not countenance the escape of any of the captives, the rigorous treatment should be relaxed, and every indulgence short of liberty should be accorded them during the stay of the American vessels. The pledge was given for the captives' sake, and strict orders were issued that no prisioner was to be allowed under any circumstances to be brought off to the ships.

It was about noon, one day, when, after landing a superior officer on the mole, from the second cutter, we had shoved off, and letting fall our oars, were soon under rapid way. We were just doubling the castle which I have already described, but so near, that the musquetoon of the Turkish sentinel was perfectly perceptible as he paced up and down between the groups of cannoniers who were eyeing us through the embrasures of two large pieces of ordnance, that nearly ranged with the point towards which I was pulling from the shore. My attention was directed to them and the water was a little rough, which prevented me from seeing any object floating near the boat; suddenly, I saw the head of a man dart above the gunwale holding with his teeth a knife, while his hands grasped eagerly at the blades of the oars, as the headway of the boat appeared to be carrying it past him before he could make good his hold.

His hands were on the quarter before my order had saved him from more than one blow with the looms of the oars. I seized the struggling swimmer by the shoulder, and with the aid of my stout coxswain he was quickly placed beside me in the stern sheets, but what was my horror upon discovering, while the man yet clung to the gunwale, that it was a Christian captive—that it was Angelo Salvini. The instant commotion among the people collected on the mole, told me that it was impossible to screen him for a moment.—To carry him off to the ship, in the teeth of the orders I had received, would have been madness Yet, how could I deliver him up to the hellhounds that were even now opening upon their prey! There was a discordant cry from the infuriated crowd upon the mole which although unintelligible to me, yet its dreadful import to poor Angelo could not be mistaken; and in a moment the cannoniers hurried along the walls of the fortress, while a dozen caiques shot from beneath its battlements.

The eyes of my gallant crew, that but now melted with pity, flashed defiance, as they beheld this movement around the bristling cannon. But when they saw boats hurrying in pursuit, they curled their lips in scorn, and griping their oars with a nerve that made them quiver in their row-locks, they glanced at me so imploringly for the captive, & so triumphantly for themselves, that pity and pride almost obtained the mastery over duty, in my bosom. A single word from my lips, and the destruction threatened by the Infidels would not have prevented my noble fellows from sweeping beyond the reach of the Corsair boat men. A single word, and if we escaped the fire of the Moorish battery, which, from past experience no one dreaded, the hapless Angelo would have been at least in temporary safety beneath the Stars and Stripes.

But I knew my commander too well to tamper with an order, that had been so imperious as that in relation to the captives. His honor as an officer, and his duty as a disciplinarian, would alike have insured the surrender of Angelo, and the punishment of myself; an aggravation of misery to the one, and the disgrace attending so gross a breach of orders to the other, would have been the certain consequences of my pursuing a different course of conduct from what I did. Yet, I shall ever remember it as one of the most painful moments of my life, when, as the barge of a Turkish officer hauled alongside of me, I determined to surrender the fugitive. I turned for a moment to look, before the act was done, at Angelo,—there was a resolved fixedness in the expression of his face, as he eyed the exulting look of those who claimed him, that revealed the purpose he had formed. Freedom had been almost within his grasp, and yet not a murmur, not an imploring word escaped his lips—they moved, but I thought it was in prayer to that cross, the bright symbol of his faith, and before which he felt the crescent had often paled.

But when I gave him up, and they were dragging him somewhat roughly into their boats, he turned and gave me one parting look, while his eye rapidly moved from my button to my face, as if he almost expected to see my countenance bear witness to what he deemed the tarnished badge of our service. That look, I never can forget. It was a mingled look of contemptuous scorn, and disappointed confidence. And yet, I could not, & I did not blame him. He knew not that I, as well as himself was, the victim of my orders. He knew not that the pledge given by as chivalric a sailor as ever stepped a ship's deck, was given for the captives' comfort and must be fulfilled for our honor—but that look, and the appealing murmurs of my men, almost shook my purpose; and, boy as I was, I so far forgot myself as almost involuntarily to seize my dirk, and to threaten, in my own language, as I leaned over the quarter, my impotent vengeance against the officer, in case he harmed the Italian. "The malignant and turban'd Turk" only answered with a scowl, as he turned round after getting a boat's length from me.

The rapidity, with which the succession of incidents had occurred, prevented me from observing what had become of the knife, which, when I first saw the poor captive in the water had attracted my attention, and I presumed that in lifting him on board, it had dropped into the sea.

My feelings had been wrought up to such a thrilling pitch of excitment, that ordering my men to drop the boat astern, in order to gain a more distinct view of the landing, we laid upon our oars watching his reception on the shore. A yell of delight told that they had touched the strand with their prisoner. There was an excited movement in the crowd—a rush and a struggle along the mole. My boat's crew sprung to their feet involuntarily,—and the tall bowman swore that he saw the knife of the Italian red with the blood of at least one Moslem, before a dozen attaghans had cut him to pieces.

Poor Salvinri To avoid the horrible fate that he knew awaited him in being bastinadoed to death, he had stabbed the Turkish officer, and had fallen an immediate victim to the vengeance of his men. O.

From Silliman's Journal of Science.

NOTICE OF BALL'S CAVE, SCHOHARIE, (N. Y.)

The first intimation of the existence of the cave was derived from Mr. Ball, upon whose land it occurs. He had observed a conical depression in the soil to the depth of twelve feet, which terminated in an irregular, perpendicular fissure in the lime rock, ten feet in length and six in breadth. In September, 1831, Mr. John Gebbard, a gentlemen to whom the taste for Minerology and Geology in his neighborhood appears to be principally due, in company with Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Branch, made arrangements for ascertaining the extent of the cavern. The two latter gentlemen were lowered by ropes down a perpendicular descent to the distance of 75 feet, where the opening assumed an oblique direction to the south, although it still continued somewhat precipitous. Having disengaged themselves from the ropes, and prepared the necessary lights, they descended about fifty five feet, through a passage varying in width from four to ten feet. Here the descent became perpendicular for fifteen feet, after which they proceeded, as before, about thirty feet, when they reached the bottom. The cavern here is only about ten feet in width, but of great height, on one side of which is a small stream of pure and limpid water, running in a southerly direction. Passing under an arch so low as scarcely to enable them to stand upright they followed the stream about twenty feet when they penetrated by an opening just large enough to admit a man of ordinary size, into an apartment twenty feet in diameter, and above one hundred, in height. Its sides were covered by crystalline masses of Calcareous Spar and the roof by stalactites, dripping with water The effect of the torches upon this apartment is described as being very brilliant. The skeleton of a fox (as it is supposed) was subsequently found in this place; it must have fallen through the opening above, and found its way here, where it perished from hunger. Leaving this apartment, they pursued the course of the steam for about 28 feet, through an opening from eight to ten feet in width, when their progress was checked by a considerable body of water, into which the brook emptied. These adventurers were now compelled to return to the surface.

In October, the investigation was renewed by Mr. Gebbard, Dr. Foster and Mr. Bonny, who had prepared a boat to navigate the water which had checked the progress of the first expedition. Fixing a light upon the prow, they commenced their voyage by passing through an arched passage in the rock so low as not to admit of their standing erect in the boat. Having proceeded about fifty feet in a southerly direction, they altered their course to the left around an angle in the rocky passage, and found themselves in water about thirty feet in depth, and so limped that the smallest object might be seen at the bottom. The course of the water was varied by the projections of the passage, and gradually expanded to twenty feet in width, being a height sometimes not discoverable, and at others only sufficient to enable them to pursue their way. They thus proceeded about three hundred feet, when they arrived at a rugged shelving ascent, on the right shore of the lake and beneath which its waters disappeared. Leaving the boat, they landed on this sloping ascent, and advancing twenty feet they entered an aperture in the rock resembling a door, when they found themselves in an amphitheatre, perfectly regular and circular in form. Its diameter is one hundred feet, and its height supposed to be still greater. The floor descends on all sides gradually to its centre, while the roof is apparently horizontal. Its walls are described as rich in stalactitic decorations.—Great numbers of bats disturbed by the intrusion of the adventurers, were seen flying about the cavern.

Subsequent visits led to the discovery of five additional apartments, communicating with the amphitheatre, all of which however are small and none remarkable excepting one in which the circulation of currents of air or of water, or probably of both, produces sounds like the Æolian harp.

Returning to the lake, where the adventurers landed, it was noticed upon the north side of the perpendicular entrance to the amphitheater, there existed a low and narrow aperture, through which a small stream issued. The opening above the surface of the water was only fourteen inches high, but its dimensions were seen to be greater within. A boat was constructed to suit this opening through which it was pushed containing a single person in a recumbent posture. After a few feet, the passage enlarged enough to allow the navigator to assume an upright position; and he proceeded to the distance of a quarter of a mile the width of the passage varying from five to twenty feet. Here the water was thirty feet in depth, and losing sight of the light he had left at the commencement of his voyage, in consequence of a turn in the passage, he advanced in a new direction for about sixty feet, when he encountered a semicircular dam of calcareous tufa, over which the water broke with a slight ripple. Drawing his boat over the obstruction, he proceeded as before, when he soon met a similar barrier. In this manner he passed fourteen of those dams, which varied in height from 2 to 12 inches above the surface of the water. The obstructions being passed he soon reached the extremity of the water, where quitting the boat, he entered a low narrow passage, which soon became connected with a spacious room, at least 50 feet square, the rock is represented as here passing into a kind of greywacke, in consequence of which few incrustations were visible in this apartment. The floor was covered with large masses of rocks which had been apparently precipitated from the roof; and the sound of a distant waterfall was heard from this place.

The foregoing sketch describes the extent of this interesting cavern so far as yet known. The apartment have been subjected to an examination agreeably to the method of Dr. Buckland, leading to any discoveries similar to those of the Kirkdale cavern. In addition to the columnar and stalactitic varieties of Calcareous Spar, Arragonite is said to have been found in some parts of the cave.

From the London Court Journal.

ROYAL MILLIONARIES.

Byron styled the age in which we live "the Age of Bronze;" but with due deference to the cynicism of the noble poet, 'the Golden' would have been a more felicitous illustration; for in no former generation of mankind was the *auri sacri fames* so powerfully developed as in the present. In fact, the destinies of empires are now no longer decided by grave deliberations at congresses of crowned heads; by the astute combinations of a Richelieu or an Alberoni, or the profound strategy of a Marlborough or a Turenne. The financier has, now a days, usurped the *role* of all these, and makes and unmakes dynasties at pleasure. To the Bourse of Dublon, South America owes her independence, and Donna Maria da Gloria her constitutional throne. Rothschilde's gold in 1821 overthrew the constitutional systems in Italy and Spain and in the year 1823 purchased the Russian Czar the keys of Varna, and in the following opened and at once to Diebitsch the passes of the Balkan and the gates of Adrianople. Thus the studies of those men, whose public spirit or ambition devotes them to the service of their country, have been diverted, from the intrigues of cabinets and details of the diplomatic code, to the mysteries and the manœuvres of stock jobbing,—of that science which has become the serious occupation of ministers of state, while kings themselves have not disdained to imitate their examples, or to take a share in their speculations. Accordingly measures are brought forward in the legislative chambers, or the telegraph is set at work, to enable a minister by his operations on the funds which he has previously calculated, to invest himself, or to gratify some expensive taste of his mistress, by the ruin of thousands. Strange that, while the material condition of most countries in Europe in deteriorating by the pressure of taxation, that their rulers have been accumulating millions. To commence with the present ruler of France, Louis Phillippe, whose life has been a political romance—who has passed from absolute destitution to the throne of the finest kingdom of the universe—Louis Phillippe is unquestionably at this moment the richest man in the world; to hazard even an approximate calculation of the amount of his wealth, the result at once of rigid economy and successful stock-jobbing would be impossible. Every telegraphic dispatch adds to this store, and in the public funds of almost every state in Europe he has invested sums, which enable him to raise or depress them at will. Louis Phillippe, with the telegraphs of France at his disposal, has more than once out manœuvred Rothschilde himself.

The next in order of wealth comes William Van Nassau, King of Holland. If the pen of impartial history awards to Louis Phillippe the proud title of the first stock-jobber of the age, with equal justice will it confer on the Royal William that of the first merchant, even in defiance of the claims of his Highness the Pacha of Egypt, which we acknowledge are very great. Nothing can equal, much less surpass, the talent of money-making possessed by this sovereign, who, ever since the cry of Orange Boven in 1814 resounded through the marshes of Holland, has been, with each succeeding year, securing millions. He sagaciously discovered that, in developing the resources of his kingdom, he rapidly increased his own; thus not a canal was cut, or a joint company formed, which was not projected by the monarch himself, who of course became deeply interested in all their success by the large sums he had invested in them.—Accordingly, when he lost Belgium, when the lustre of his kingly crown was dimmed by the absence of its brightest jewel, his Majesty's privy purse increased prodigiously in weight from the influence of this great political event in raising the value of certain shares in which he had embarked a large capital. Neither does William Van Nassau think it below his kingly dignity to enact the banker; and we could name more than one officer in the Dutch service, who on application, obtained from his sovereign a loan at the usual rate of interest. Now if we extend our researches across the Rhine, we shall discover that, however centre distinguished from each other by some marked peculiarity or mania are the sovereigns of Germany in their thirst for gold, there exists the most perfect identity of character in them all. Between Francais of Austria and Frederick William of Prussia, between the Imperial pigeon breeder and the kingly improvisator of military uniforms, *eadem est mens* on this point.

In the cellars beneath the Royal Chateau at Berlin the enormous sum of six hundred millions of francs are buried. How the sovereign of a comparatively poor kingdom like Prussia became possessed of so prodigious a sum, will probably set the conjectures of our readers at defiance.

First, then to solve this problem; we must tell them that the whole of Prussia's share of the seven hundred millions of contributions imposed upon France by the allied powers, in 1815, found their way into the royal coffers of Frederick William. Again, from this Civil List, which is very large, from the revenues of the domains, and from shares in the Maritime Company, and other speculations, he has been enabled to lay aside every year between 6 and 7 millions.

From the same source as the King of Prussia has derived the major part of his enormous wealth,—viz. from the contributions imposed upon France, his Imperial Majesty Francis of Austria, has been enabled to replenish his coffers, which the expenses of the disastrous wars he waged with Napoleon had sadly impoverished. And when to this source is added the productions of the gold mines of Hungary, amounting to twelve millions of ducats annually, and the whole of which find their way into them, some idea may be formed of the wealth of him who wields the destines of the Austrian empire.

On debouching from Bohemia we enter Saxony, whose sovereign possesses jewels to an enormous amount, and which may be seen in the Royal Museum at Dresden. Some of the brilliants are of large size, and of the finest water; but though of immense value, and that during the late continental war they were pawned to some Jews at Leipsig for a large sum, they are not to be compared to the collection of the late King of Portugal, the major part of which, in spite of restitutions and confiscations, are still in the possession of his son, Don Miguel, and will furnish him with the means of making a crusade against the existing order of things in Portugal, whenever the favorable moment for its execution shall have arrived.

Next in the list of German royal millionaries come the elector of Hesse Cassel, who still possesses, undiminished, the two hundred millions of Florins saved from the grasp of the French Republicans by the elder Rothschilde, detailed in one of our late numbers.

In Italy, the sovereigns of Naples and Tuscan, are possessed of collosal fortunes; the amount of the latter has been estimated at three hundred millions, the fruits of government monopolies.

Thus the wealth of several of the reigning sovereigns of Europe is so enormous, that it would go far to pay off the national debts of their respective states, and consequently, if so laudibly applied, diffuse comfort and happiness throughout the industrious classes of their subjects, whose energies are paralysed, and their material comforts diminished, by the goading pressure of taxation.

THE LOST SADDLE.

The following is an extract from the "Cruise of the Midge," as published in the February number of Blackwood.

'Saunders,' quoth the oldest man in the sanctum, "hae ye coonted the saydels?"

"Yes, uncle, twice over, and there is still one missing."

"Vara extraordinar," rejoined the small husky voice from the dark corner—"Vara extraordinar."—Then after a pause—"Hae ye closed aw the accounts, Saunders?

"No, sir."

"Whilk o' them are open yet?"

"Mr. Wanderson's."

"Yim," said the voice.

"Jolliffe and Blackhouse."

"Twa."

"Skinflint and Peasemeal.

"Three."

"His honor the Custos."

"Four.

"And Gabriel Juniper.

"Ay, there's five o' them. Weel-a-weel, Saunders we maunna lose the value of the saydel at no rate—sae just clap in 'item *one* saydel' to ilk ane o' the 5 ye hae read aff the new sermon-tim—the'll no aw objeck—ane we will surely stick—maybe mair."

I was a good deal amused with this, and while the others were inspecting some sets of harness, and the quality of several open boxes of soap, I could not resist drawing nearer, under the lee of the partition, to enjoy the fun of the thing. Presently Twig joined me.

The conscience of the younger of the two invisibles seemed to rebel somewhat at this unusual, but characteristic method of balancing an account, and making gain of the loss of a saddle.

"Really, oncle, *none* of these parties got the saddle, I am positively certain of that."

"It's no my fawt if they didna—we canna lose the saydel; Saunders, by no mainer of means."

"O, but sir," persisted the other, "Mr. Wanderson, for instance, a person yon always speak so highly of!"

"Haud your tongue sir, and do as I bid ye—it'll no be charged again *yere* conscience, and yere no the keeper o' mine."

I was amazingly tickled at this.—After a pause, "Hae ye charged the saydels yet, Saunders?"

"Yes sir," said the clerk, doggedly; "yes, all charged, and I'm just closing the account."

"Close nane o' the accounts—devil's in the lad wi' his hurry, close nane o' the accounts, sir—so noo charge twa, three o'ld things till each o' the five, just to smoor the saydel, ye ken—what are ye glowering at—lo ye no understaun yere mither tongue—to mak the charge less noticeable, ye gawmarel."

"Really, sir," said the younger of the two, "I have not the courage to do so unjust an action of myself."

"Haud yere tongue, and write what I dictate, then sir—what's first? Ay Mr. Wanderson. Let me see an I L hinge and a negro lock and bottle of blister flies to Mr. Wanderson. He's always giving poor people help and medicine, he'll neer notice them. Whas neist?"

"The Custos, sir"

"Ay, the Cutos," said the voice; "a jovial chield is his honor—so, so—just clap doun, item, twa corkscrews. He's no very muckel gien to payin,' but ne'er mind—I'll *screw* it out o'him in rum and plaintains." And here the creature laughed an "eldritch laugh," sounding more like keck, keck, keck, than any common cachination. "Wha's neist?"

"Jolliffee and Blackhouse."

"Ay, braw English lads are they baith, leberal chields and fond o' guid eating—clap a round o' Jew beef on the tap o' their saydel,"—Keck, keck, keck.—"Wha's neist?".

"Skinflint and Peasemeat, sir."

"Bah—nasty Scotch bodies," (and what may you be thought I;) "and weel I wot I would be glad to saydel them"—keck, keck—"but they'll no be fitted that gate, I trow—they are owre gleg; sell them a loose, and if he wanted a leg or the fud—my certie, let abee finding' it oot, they wad plea it afore they payed it—sae pass them ower. But wait awee—I am loath to let Skinflint escape after aw. Hoo many grunstanes did their cart ca' for the other day?"

"Two dozen, sir."

"Twa dizzen grunstanes did ye say?—heard ony mortal the like o' that—four-and-twenty grunstanes! What can they do wi' sae many? they maun surely mack soup o' them, or feed their nigers wi' them or may be they grind their noses on them"—keck, keck—"Did you send an invoice wi' the cart Saunders?"

"No, sir; the man went away without it."

"Very weel."

"The cart upset on the way home, sir, and broke several of the stones, I hear."

"Better & better—mak the *twa dizzen three*, Saunders; surely they'll no piece the broken anes the gither to check the tally—the extra dizzen will aboot balance a saydel, Saunders. So, if we canna fit them wi' a saydel, we'll tak a ride aff them bare-backed."—Keck, keck keck. "Wha's neist?"

"Gabriel Juniper, sir,"

"Fashions, drucken, neer do well—wash his saydel down wi' a gallon o' gin and twa o' brandy. He'll no be able to threep wi' me, or he's amaist aye drunk noo—syne he couldna keep his ain saydle the last time I saw him on horseback, it's but richt he should pay for the lost ane"—Keck, keck, keck. "Noo, Saunders, yere a decent lad, sea satisfy yere conscience, and mind ye gie up in shape o' discount, at the settlement, the amounr o' aw the fictitious items, *barring* the saydels and the grunstanes, though—mind that—barring the saydels and the grunstanes. Noo, soom up and close, ye deevil—soom up and close."

A Paris Robbery.—The following is from a late number of Gallignani's Messenger:

"A few days ago a lady hired a glass-coach to go to an evening party with a footman to attend her. On coming out again, she entered what she supposed to be her temporary carriage, without observing that the lacquey who had opened the door was not the same who came, or perceiving that there was another person couched in a corner on the front seat.—After passing through many streets she discovered that she was not alone, and immediately inquired whether she had not made a mistake. The unknown answered that it was no mistake and in peremptory terms, which admitted of no resistance, insisted upon her silence, or he would order the coachman to drive to a solitary spot beyond the barrier but promised that if she delivered up to him all her diamonds and other jewelry, she should be taken safely to her own door. Her fears induced her to comply, and she divested herself of all her valuables, and delivered them over to her importunate companion. After making several divergences the coach stopped at her gate, and she was made to alight; but before her porter, who perhaps was drowsy, had pulled the cordon, the coach was out of sight. The lady made the next morning a statement to the Prefect of Police of her night's adventure. She was informed that an information had been received at the office from a liveryman in the Rue de l'Universite, that one of his carriages had been run away with on the preceding evening, but whether it was the one used for the purpose of robbing the lady, or whether the audacious rogues are thereby or otherwise to be detected, remains to be known."

No word in the English language is so universally and frequently misapplied as the verb *consider*. It is misused by correct and careful writers for *regard*, and words of a similar import, in phrases like this,—'I consider him a man of excellent abilities,' which is not good English. Even our Noah Webster,—who while deserving high praise, is authority for much that is unauthorized,—does not sanction this abuse, which has become so common as to be overlooked by the best English scholars.—Following Johnson, Webster gives as his first definition of it,—'to fix the mind on, with a view to a careful examination,'—the primitive signification of *consider*, from which its other applications ard derived. If one were to say, 'I consider the bargain a good one.' the misapplication of the word would be corrected in the following answer,—,consider it well, and you will cease to think it a good one.'—*Balt. Amer.*

The London Newspapers.—In Chambers' Edinburg Journal is a particular account of the expenses attending a London Daily Newspaper, from which it appears that the actual cost of a Morning Paper, such as the Times, for example, is, for 5000 copies, no less than *fifteen thousand pounds sterling*, equal to upwards of $70,000. The income, from the sale of the papers, after deducting the stamp duty, does not pay this amount, but leaves a deficiency of upwards of nine thousand pounds, equal to about $45,000, which is made up by advertisements, from which source, also, arises the profits of the proprietors, estimated in the case of the Times at twenty-five thousand pounds, upon a capital invested of one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

It appears from this statement that the principal editor of a London Daily Paper, receives a salary of a thousand guineas per annum, equal to upwards of $5000 and an assistant Editor half that sum, and that the cost of the paper is 60 shillings per ream, equal to more than $14, owing to the Excise.

A farm near Monmouth in New Jersey, which was purchased a few years ago for about two dollars an acre, recently sold for thirty. This extraordinary increase of value has been produced by the effect of marl upon the soil. From this, many of our fellow-citizens in the country can infer what treasures they possess, eitheron their own lands or within reach of them. Land owners throughout Maryland are greatly indebted to the Legislature for providing for a full geological examination of every county in it.—*Bal. Amer.*

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