John Caley Jr

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. I.---No. 51.

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POETRY.

(From the Plymouth Memorial.)

ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.—Almost every one is acquainted with the circumstances of the taking of General Prescott, the then commanding officer of the British forces on Rhode Island, by Captain Barton of Providence. He was exchanged for General Lee, who was previously captured by the British.

Shortly after his exchange he returned to Rhode Island, and was invited to dine on board the Admiral's ship, with many other officers of the highest grade. General Prescott was naturally a haughty, imperious man, and as a commander, was very unpopular with his officers, and soldiers, and with the citizens of Newport, but was a brave and skilful officer.

It was often that boys as well as men were sent from the town on board the Admiral's ship for any offence, and confined there for some time, by the arbitrary authority of those in power. Martial law was the law of the place. A small lad about 13 years of age was placed in this situation, previous to General Prescott's return, and was on board, with many others, at the time the General dined there. He did not know General Prescott.

After dinner the wine circulated freely, and a toast and song were repeatedly called for. In the course of the evening the first Lieutenant observed to the Admiral, who was a really jolly son of Neptune, "that there was a Yankee lad on board who would shame all the singing." "Bring him up here," says Prescott. The boy was accordingly brought into the cabin. The Admiral called on him to give them a song. The little fellow being some what intimidated by gold laced coats, epaulettes, &c., replied, "I can't sing any songs but Yankee songs." The Admiral perceiving that he was embarrassed, ordered the steward to give him a glass of wine, saying, "come, my little fellow, don't be frightened, give us one of your Yankee songs." General Prescott spoke in his usual haughty imperious manner, "you d—d young rebel, give us a song or I'll give you a dozen." The Admiral interfered and assured the lad that he should be set at liberty the next day, "if he would give them a song, any one he could recollect."

The following doggerel, written by a sailor of Newport, was then given, to the great amusement of the company:

"'Twas on a dark and stormy night
The wind and waves did roar,
Bold Barton with twenty men
Went down unto the shore.

And in a whale-boat they set off
'To Rhodes' Island fair,
To catch a red-coat General
Who then resided there.

Through British fleets, and guard-boats strong,
They held their dangerous way,
Till they arrived unto their port;
And then did not delay.

A tawny son of Afric's race
Them through the ravin* led,
And entering then the Overing-house,†
They found him in his bed.

But to get in they had no means,
Except poor Cuffee's head,
Who beat the door down then rushed in,
And seized him in his bed.

Stop let me put my breeches on,
The Gen'ral then did pray:
Your breeches, Massa, I will take,
For dress we cannot stay.

Then through rye-stubble him they led,
With shoes and breeches none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

Soon the alarm was sounded loud,
The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him they've carried home.

The drums were beat, sky-rockets flew,
The soldiers shouldered arms
And march'd around the grounds they knew,
Fill'd with the most din alarms.

But through the fleet with muffled oars,
They held their devious way,
And landed him on Gansett shore,‡
Where Britain held no sway.

When unto land they came,
Where rescue there was none,
"A d—d bold push," the Gen'ral cried,
"Of pris'ners I am one."

There was a general shout of all the company, during the whole song, and at the close, one who was a prisoner on board at the time, observed, he "thought the deck would come through with the stamping and cheering."

General Prescott joined most heartily in the merriment. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy a guinea, saying "here, you young dog, is a guinea for you." The boy was set at liberty the next morning.

This anecdote is often related by an aged gentleman living in Newport. ******

*There is a deep ravine leading from the shore to the house which was occupied by General Prescott.

†Mr. Overing was a Tory, and owned the house in which General Prescott resided.

‡He was landed on the Narragansett shore, near Warwick.

WOMEN ARE FICKLE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

It was about ten o'clock, of a fine bright morning that the Countess of Salignac awoke. With her lovely white hand she pushed aside the curtains of her bed, and rang for her maid, who leisurely made her appearance.

"You are somewhat tardy, Margurite," said her mistress.

"My lady, I was receiving a visiter, the Viscount Charles d'Atry."

"What, before twelve o'clock. For a country beau, that is being in a hurry indeed. For my part, I am not at all anxious to see him.—I am going to write a letter."

"But the Viscount is waiting, my lady."

"Let him wait, Marguerite."

Marguerite wisely left the room, and the capricious beauty indited the following epistle:—

"DEAREST MATILDA,—

"You are a happy woman, not to inhabit this hateful city. I am almost ready to grumble at you for leaving me here so long. I am in the midst of a racket which will certainly kill me. I am deprived of sleep even during those hours usually devoted to that purpose.—Pity me, my lovely friend. Pleasure dwells in Paris and happiness in the country; and trust me, yours is the better lot. But, I, too, shall soon share your happiness, if the Hermitage, whither we contemplate retiring is nearly finished. I send you the last opera, which would be prettier if it were less fatiguing. Do you not know, dearest, that our retreat will be much talked of. Six pretty widows, with each twenty-five thousand francs a year, and neither of them twenty-five years of age, leaving Satan and the world, and its pomps and vanities, starting off one fine morning to live in a desert, to pray & weep, without rhyme or reason, like St Francis or St. Jerome, will I flatter myself, produce some sensation in Paris. When I say pray and weep, I yield my pen to the guidance of my head, as my old fool of a lover, the academican said, when he laid his heart and laurels at my feet, of which precious treasures I have no idea of depriving my sex. Do not be alarmed, Matilda, you dearest, alone know whom I love.

"Do not be alarmed, I know that men only love well in novels, and Werter has ruined me for any lovers, it is utterly impossible to love in Paris; one has no time for that sort of thing. I have such a capital theory on that subject, that I brave all dangers, and set defiance the mob of dandies that beseige me. But pray, let the Hermitage be got ready. The very streets of Paris, oppress, distress me. I am dying to roam about the fields with you, to gather violets and daises and drink milk. I am more than ever convinced, dearest, that true happiness can only be enjoyed as M. Lamartine so beautifully says, while sitting under a far spreading oak, and looking at peasants dancing on the green.

"To think of love when one has a friend, what a perfect horror. Matilda, I await your order. Let me have but a line from you, and I set off instantly to join you at our sweet, sweet Hermitage, for which we must select a sweet, sweet name. Ah, I had almost forgotten: you must examine our garden, and a little shady, retired nook where I can erect a pretty little temple dedicated to friendship. My architect has procured me the design of the temple at Turin, which I assure you is the ninth wonder of the world. You shall see it. I have wasted so much money lately, that it is quite time now to think of something useful. Farewell, my only, only love, we shall soon be in each other's arms; until which happy hour, I send you as many kisses as there are miles between us.

"HENRIETTA DE SALIGNAC."

This important letter sealed and despatched, the Countess bethought herself of her visiter.

"My lady," said Marguerite quietly, the Viscount is still down stairs. He would not go away. There he stands, with his letter from your uncle in his hand. He says he is your cousin."

"First or second cousin, Margurite."

"That I do not know, my lady, but he certainly looks like you. He has beautiful dark eyes, and black hair, and a famous pair of Mustachios. He is very young, very tall, and very handsome; but for all that I do not admire his mustachios."

"Who asked you tell me all this nonsense," said the Countess.

"Ah, my lady, my lady, he was standing gazing in perfect extacy at your picture."

"Ah, another victim, sighed forth the beauty."

Madame de Salignac found her early visiter as Marguerite had described, with folden arms, and eyes and heart so rivetted on the beautiful portrait, that he did not notice the entrance of the lovelier original. It is true that the Countess' pretty little feet touched the ground as lightly and noiselessly as the falling snow.—The interview was a short one. The Viscount presented his letter, and owing either to the intercession of an uncle, all powerful with Henrietta, or to the title of cousin, or to the graceful reserve of his own manners, Charles received permission to call whenever it suited him. One week's time saw him enlisted among the most ardent of the Countess' lovers. His friends saw it with pity and regret. In vain they asked him—"why will you devote yourself to a coquette who laughs at your affection, and is talking of secluding herself from the world? Why will you swell the number of those whose flame she feeds with smiles and contempt? Do you expect to change her nature, and soften that heart of iron? Charles gazed upon and admired the Countess as you would one of Raphael's lovely Madonnas; but if you want a wife, chose her from among those who do not pique themselves upon abjuring love, Madame de Salignac's kingdom is not of this world."

The unfortunate young lover always assented to the truth of these observations, yet every day he grew pale and thinner, and every evening found him at his post; every evening, like a slave, he found himself fast bound in the fetters which in the morning, he flattered himself he had burst forever. Struggling without subduing such affection was only feeding its flame. Exhausted at length by his inward struggles, maddened by the sneers and jokes of his friends and dreading the approaching departure of Henrietta, Charles determined to seal his fate one way or another. He swore that if she was not his wife, within a fortnight all Paris should ring with the tale of a young nobleman blowing out his brains at the very feet of his cruel mistress. This resolution somewhat restored his peace of mind; he could not believe that his fair cousin would willingly cause his death, and soothed and flattered by his own ideas, his cheek regained its bloom, and his eye its fire. One morning he dressed himself with extreme care, ordered at a fashionable store a rich and beautiful *Corbille de Mariage*, and bought an admirable pair of pistols, which having loaded, he repaired to the house of Madame de Salignac.

It was about eleven o'clock, and the Countess was in her boudoir, surrounded by twenty mantumakers, who were busy displaying loads of hats, capes, blonde, silks and flowers. For a woman on the point of giving up the world, one might have censured the admiring, envying glances she bestowed on all these vanities.

There is a devil which no daughter of Eve can ever resist, and that devil is love of dress.

The Coquettish Countess first held up to view a blonde scarf, then a delicate rose colored silk, and with heart and hand intent upon the finery, artfully set before her eyes, testified by broken and involuntary sentences, her admiration and delight. In the midst of her pre-occupation the door suddenly flew open, and in rushed the Viscount.

"Henrietta," he said, coming up to her and speaking in a low agitated tone, "I have come to know my fate. Either you or death must be my bride."

"Of these two very similar brides," replied Henrietta coolly, "I am sadly afraid, my handsome cousin, that you will have to choose the latter. But only look at this cape, is it not a perfect love! Charles was there ever such exquisite work?"

"We will talk of capes some other time, Countess, my answer, my answer.

"Why, what are we talking about now Charles?"

"I am talking about myself, Henrietta, of my life, my happiness, my passionate love. Hear me:—grant me your hand, or witness my death. Answer me seriously, Henrietta, life or death?"

"To be frank and serious, Charles, I would very much like this cape."

"No, no it is my death you seek. You shall be gratified madame. Go on—buy capes—do not think of me. How could I suppose myself of more importance in your eyes than a cape, a new cape. I must have been mad."

"Somewhat so, I admit, Charles. Upon the whole I should prefer this pretty dress, I mean to go to the opera to-morrow evening, and I have nothing to wear. It is a perfect love—the color, the make, every thing lovely—Come, Charles, do not look so gloomy. When a woman is full of business, you should not come and talk to her about love and suicide.—Well, I have quite made up my mind I will buy this sweet dress."

Though Charles felt that his very existence depended upon this frivolous, careless creature yet could he hardly restrain a smile at her passion for gewgaws. He quietly and silently listened to a long discussion about thread and needles, and though almost chocked by contending emotion, appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed. What a contrast was their between the quiet, graceful manner of the Countess, and the few friendly words she now and then, as if from politeness addressed to him, and her enthusiasm about a piece of lace, her screams of delight at a feather, her perfect ecstacy at the sight of a wreath of roses; between the attention she bestowed upon all this nonsense, and the perfect neglect with which she treated the devoted, overwhelming passion of the young Viscount. This manner struck Charles to the very heart. At last, to his great relief, the mantumakers departed, the room was cleared, and Charles exclaimed—

"What an hour of agony have I passed. Was it done purposely, Henrietta? Do you only live to torment me."

"Why, my dear friend"—

Here the door again opened, and a servant announced the Baron and Baroness de Menvall and Gen Derville. Charles, disappointed and enraged, flew out of the house. One day had he lost, and one step had he come nearer to his grave. The rest of this miserable day he spent in gazing at the rain which fell in torrents, writing letters, and loading and unloading his pistols.

The next day at one o'clock, he rang at Madame de Salignac's door; she was dressing to ride in the *Bois de Boulogne*. The next day he tried two o'clock; the lady was parking. The third day at 3 o'clock—the Countess was shopping. Charles had not foreseen all these engagements. His only comfort was loading and unloading his pistols. A few days now remained. "I will try every day," he said; "and yet when, when shall I find her alone, disengaged." The unhappy youth would tear his hair, then dress himself and hurry to the house, just in time to see her covered with jewels and japonicas, glowing with beauty, step into her carriage and drive off, to delight other eyes, gladden other hearts. One day he took it into his head to go there in the afternoon.

He hoped to find his capricious love just returned from the *Bois de Boulogne*, where, having been flattered into good humour by the compliments of her numerous admirers, and her heart perhaps softened by the sight of some tender lovers enjoying *tete-a-tetes* amidst the verdant alleys, he hoped to find her more disposed to favour his suit. He congratulated himself upon this happy idea. "Five o'clock," he cried, "that is the fated hour. At six I shall return home an accepted lover," and he fired off one of his pistols. Some lurking presentiment induced him to allow the other to remain loaded. At six o'clock he came back, pale, haggard, wretched. He had found the Countess stretched out on a sofa, either reading or pretending to read. He painted his love, and wretched state of suspense, in the most touching terms. The Countess laughed, turned her back, and wondered why dinner was so long coming, and when he urged her to make him happy, she in return urged him to hasten his repast. Charles rushed out of the room in a fit of desperation.

The next day was his last, and Henrietta had invited him to attend her to the opera, on condition of being perfectly silent respecting his love. He made an attempt at eight o'clock in the evening to see her, but she was dressing for the opera. Charles, having seen his pistol properly loaded, and having left it on his table, followed his capricious but lovely mistress to the last scene of amusement he expected to visit on earth.

But once seated by her side in the brilliant opera the Viscount became completely absorbed by the music. He forgot his love and his pistol, and intent only on the heroine of the piece, with her he shed tears and with her rejoiced, till all recollection of his own misfortunes was merged in his delighted admiration of the pageant before him.

When Henrietta perceived by his burning cheeks and kindling eyes, that even her charms for the present were disregarded, she took the alarm and even her flinty nature began to melt. The opera-house had never looked so brilliant, the ladies never so lovely, so beautifully dressed, the music never before sounded so sweetly, the dancers had never displayed such grace, all was enchantment, and the theme of every tongue was love.

The opera out, Charles escorted his fair cousin home. As he took her hand at the door, he felt it slightly trembled, and in her sweetest tones, she said—"Charles why are you in such a hurry to say good night, will you not come in!"

"It is near midnight, Henrietta, and that is a fated hour."

"Why so my young cousin? Come, walk in, and tell me why it is you dislike the pretty sentimental hour of midnight.

As she finished this sentence, Charles found himself by her side on the sofa of her drawing room.

"Midnight, fair Countess," he said, "is the hour of crime. People steal at midnight, fight duels, commit suicides at midnight. Do not all poets call midnight the hour of spectres, of crime, of error, and were they not correct in doing so?"

"No Charles, they were wrong. For poet, read liar. Tell me, then grave Mentor, at what hour you young men leave the opera or the theatre; at what time you go to the balls and concerts, at what time you fly to the round table, and empty bottles of Champaigne? Is not that the hour of midnight? And yet midnight, say the poets, is the hour of crimes and hobgoblins. Fie, fie, Charles, I bet you are only in such a hurry to get rid of me this evening to go to some supper party."

"You are right, madam, I *am* going to a supper party."

"And you dare acknowledge it? and you dare admit to my very face, that you prefer a supper-party to my company. Ah, then, for the future, I too shall hate the hour of midnight. But how I would bless, how I would cherish the hour when, abandoning for my sake the follies and vanities of a world, for which you were never made, bidding farewell to the frivolous dissipated companions of your lighter hours, you would cast yourself at my feet, and as in days of yore shed tears on my hand, vow that I was your world, and that death, instant death, should be your portion unless I smiled upon your love. That hour I would indeed bless and cherish, Charles; that, to me, would be the hour of unutterable happiness."

"Henrietta, dearest loveliest, forgive me. I knew not what I said. Midnight is in truth a happy, a joyful hour. I must have been mad, more than mad. What? dream of the morning, the afternoon, when midnight, dear midnight, was before me? What? hope to woo you—win you, in the very midst of your adorers, your never-ceasing engagements? I was indeed mad. Withdraw not thy hand my own bright eyed love. This very night, Henrietta, did I mean to terminate my wretched existence. Even now my pistols are loaded they await me.

"Let them wait, Charles, let them wait. Do you think I would abet murder?"

And Charles staid, and swiftly did the hours glide away, while the Viscount listened to the blushing confessions of Henrietta's love, and heard of Matilda's censure.

When Marguerite sought her lady in the morning, she found the lovers still *tete-a-tete* on the sofa, busied framing a letter of excuse to the Countess' fellow hermit. Her waiting-maid held a letter in her hand, which she presented to her mistress, who crimsoned to the very temples when she recognized the handwriting of Matilda.

But alas, alas! we live in a world of dreams and illusions; we live in a world where truth is but a tranient guest, where man lingers but an instant, and where every day offers but a contradiction to its predecessor. The first page of Matilda's letter was filled with dark philosophical reflections; the next was wet with tears; & in the third page she implored the Countess' pardon, but assured her the plan of the Hermitage was a perfect absurdity, and could not be carried into execution; because on the very next Sunday, a young and intelligent lawyer in their neighborhood, was to lead her to the hymenial altar. Alas, alas! women were, are, will be fickle.—*Am. Mag.*

THE APPROACHING COMET.

The Edinburgh Review, No. 123, for May, contains an elaborate and scientific article on "The Approaching Comet," from which the following paragraphs are extracted:

It may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will become visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August or beginning of September next; that is to say, rather more than two months before its arrival at the point where it will be nearest the sun. Its situation also will be favorable to the splendor of its appearance. It will most probably be distinguished by the naked eye, like a star of the first magnitude, but with a duller light than that of a planet, and surrounded with a pale nebolosity, which will slightly impair its splendor. On the night of the 3d of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of about 30 degrees, and will be a little above a line joining the bright star called Castor, with the star called *a* in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament, and will cross the meridian near the zenith of London about sunrise. On the night of the 7th, the comet will approach the well known constellation of Ursa Major; and between that and the 11th it will pass directly through the seven conspicuous stars of that constellation. In our latitude this constellation never sets, and consequently the comet may be looked for at any hour of the night. But the time most favorable for its appearance will be on the 7th, before the commencement of the morning twilight; on the 9th, at any time in the absence of twilight, when it will pass during the night from the northwest to the northeast, its latitude not however exceeding 35 degrees, and on the 11th, after the close of the evening twilight, when it will be seen approaching the constellation of the Crown in a direction a little north of west, and at an altitude of about 30 degrees.

Towards the end of November the comet will plunge among the rays of the sun, and disappear, and will not issue from them on the other side until the end of December. On its departure from the sun, it is doubtful whether it will be visible at all; but, under any circumstances, it cannot remain long apparent.

Such are the principal circumstances which, so far as we may conjecture with high probability, will attend the coming appearace of this comet. We must not expect to be revisited by that body of portentous aspect and gigantic magnitude which spread terror among the people of the fifteenth century. Happily the light of science has dissipated these vain superstitions. Since astronomy has passed from the hands of priests and historians into those of geometers, nature, immutable in her laws, and grand in her simplicity, seems to have obeyed, in the succession of her phenomena, an habitual order, from which she never departs. That passion, in the excitement of which mankind so much delights, will still be stimulated—not, however, as formerly, accompanied by vain terrors raised by a physical prodigy, but accompanied by sentiments of the highest admiration at those powers of thought, by the exercise of which the day is appointed at which a star shall return to us from such enormous distances, that for three-fourths of a century, it has transcended the limits of our system. It is doubtless not one of the miracles of science least to be admired, nor one of the proofs of the progress of the human mind least striking, to behold this comet, formerly the terror of mankind, now waited for with impatience by the learned, as a sure witness to the truth of their sublime theories. And in these times, when information is so widely diffused, we may hope, perchance that, men of the world themselves may partake in these high sentiments; and that relying upon the assurances of the learned, they may seize the opportunity which thus presents itself, to judge, by the evidence of their own eyes, of the actual state of astronomical science, and of the high degree of perfection to which it has attained.

One of the circumstances, not the least surprising, connected with this comet, is the magnitude of its orbit. It is a very oblong oval, the total length of which is about 36 times the earth's distance from the sun; and the greatest breadth about ten times that distance. The nearer extremity of the oval is, at a distance from the sun, equal to about half the earth's distance; and the more remote extremity at a distance equal to thirty-five and a half times the earth's distance from the sun. The earth's distance from the sun is, in round numbers, one hundred millions of miles; the comet's least distance, then, will be fifty millions of miles; and its greatest distance three thousand five hundred and fifty millions of miles. Also, since the heat and light supplied by the sun to bodies which surround it diminish in the same proportion as the square of the distance increases, it follows, that at the nearest distance of the comet, the heat and light at the earth, and at the greatest distance, they will be about twelve hundred times less. Also the heat and light at the more remote extremity of the orbit will be nearly five thousand times less than at the nearer extremity; so that while the sun seen from the comet will appear four times as large as it appears at the earth at the nearer extremity, it will be reduced to the magnitude of a star at the more remote extremity. The vicissitudes of temperature, not to mention those of light, consequent upon this change of position, will be sufficiently obvious. If the earth were transported to the more remote extremity of the comet's orbit, every liquid substance would become solid by congelation; and it is extremely probable that atmospheric air and other permanent gasses might become liquids. If the earth was, on the other hand, transferred to the nearer extremity of the comet's orbit, all the liquids upon it would be converted into vapour, would form permanent gasses, and would either by their mixture, constitute atmospheric air, or would arrange themselves in strata one above the other, according to their specific gravities. All the less refractory solids would be fused, and would form in the cavities of the nucleus oceans of liquid metal.

THE HEIRESS

A sprightly, rosy cheeked, flaxen haired little girl used to sit, in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales in a sweet voice and with an air of simplicity that charmed me many a time. She was an orphan, and commonly reported to be rich Often and often have I sat after a day of toil and vexation and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my own bosom. Such a being was Eliza Hadley when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I had left the city, walking alone one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was at my side, pulled my elbow, "Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived together in the city?" I did remember—it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romance—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the circle of life under the auspices of guardians: it was said by some that she was rich, very rich, but the amount of her wealth was not a matter of publicity; however, the current and, as was generally believed, well founded report was sufficient to draw around her many admirers, and among the number not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlit parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed she soon recoverd, and as a waggish humour happened to have the ascendency, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but there was one matter which she wished well understood before by, giving a reply, she bound him to his promise. "Perhaps you may have thought me wealthy, I would not for the world, have you labour under a mistake on that point; I am worth eighteen hundred dollars!"

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified; "eighteen hundred dollars!" he repeated in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; 'Yes ma'am' said he awkwardly, "I did understand you was worth a great deal more—but—"

"No, sir," she replied, "no excuse or apologies; think about what I have told you; you are embarassed now; answer me another time;" and arising, she bade him good night.

She had just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardian to enquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after and this too came from one who had succeeded to a large portion of her esteem, but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He, too, left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She some time after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune in whose approaches she discovered more of the timorous diffidence of love than she had witnessed before.

She did not check him in his hopes and in process of time he too made an offer.—

But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; "it is to virtue worth and beauty," said he "that I pay my court, but not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is of more worth than gold." She was agreeably disappointed. They were married; and after the union was solemnized she thus addressed her husband; "I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars, but I have never said how much more; and I hope never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel at this moment when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

It was actually so, but still her happy husband often tells her that he possesses a far more noble fortune than the gold she brought him.

ON THE EXTERNAL USE OF TOBACCO IN CROUP.

BY JOHN D. GODMAN, M. D.

During my residence in New York, where my children were very frequently attacked with severe and dangerous fits of croup, to which they had always been particularly liable, I was informed by my friend, Dr. F. Vanderburg, of a very simple & efficacious method of arresting at once, all the symptoms of this distressing and frequently fatal disease. Whenever children are threatened with an attack of cynanche treachealis, he directs a plaster of dry Scotch snuff, varying in size according to the age of the patient, to be applied directly across the top of the thorax, and retained there until all the symtoms disappear. He stated that he found the remedy to be always effectual when applied in the first or second stages of the malady.

This mode of treatment was from prejudice or scepticism neglected by me, and in one instance, in which, with very considerable difficulty, one of my children was rescued by the ordinary treatment. But on being again urged to make trial of the snuff plaster, I determined to make the experiment whenever opportunity presented. This was not long waiting, and when called to a child labouring under all the symptoms of the early stage of croup, such a plaster, (made by greasing a piece of linen, and covering it well with *Scotch* snuff,) was directed to be applied to the chest. The event was most happy; the symptoms of tracheal irritation and harsh crooping cough ceased; shortly after the child fell into a profound sleep with gentle perspiration, and by next morning was free from all distressing symptoms. The plaster was reapplied for a night or two following, and then discontinued, as the disease had entirely disappeared. Since that time my family have been saved from a great deal of anxiety and alarm, to which previously they were subject, as we were obliged to keep Coxe's hive syrup, tartar emetic, and all the other articles usually resorted to, constantly ready to meet the attacks of croup, which were very sudden and frequent in cold and wet seasons. Since then, we have found nothing necessary but the snuff plaster. If a child is heard to breathe hoarsely, or cough, with any thing of the dreaded ringing sound of croup, it is only necessary to apply the snuff plaster, and we feel no farther anxiety. Instead of being obliged to watch with the child all the rest of the night, when once the snuff is applied, we go to rest again, with a feeling of entire security, which we have never had the least cause to regret.

The intelligent physcian above named, is in the practice of deriving great advantage from the external use of tobacco in various cases, in which it is by no means generally employed, if its use be even thought of To allay the irritative cough arising from different diseased states of the lungs, in diseases accompanied with chronic spasm, and in the reduction of hernia, by direct application of tobacco to the hernial tumour, &c. Dr. Vanderburgh has used tobacco externally with very decided success.

In cases of croup the *Scotch Sauff*, (which I believe is prepared from tobacco stems,) is to be preferred. My friend, Dr. Pendleton, of New York, informs me, he has tried other snuff without attaining his end, while with the Scotch the effect was certain. I publish this note with the hope that other physcians will give the treatment a fair trial, and report their experience. It has the advantage over the tobacco smoke, mentioned in the interesting notice of Professor Chapman, recently published, that it may be kept always ready, and be applied in the dark, without loss of time. It has never caused vomiting, vertigo, or any other distressing symptom, in my experience, and this accords with the experience of both the physcians first mentioned in this note.

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I have used the snuff in several cases of the croup, and (with the aid of five grains of the powder of ipecac and fifteen of calomel, in commencement, for an emetic,) have in no case failed in performing a cure. It is mixed with goose oil or lard & spread on flannel sufficiently large to cover the neck and breast as low as the pit of the stomach.

S. A. SHURTLEFF M. D.

Boston, Jan. 1829.

An Expeditious Remedy for a Burn.—The Receipt is as follows. Take Litharge, Sweet Oil and good sharp Vinegar an equal measure, from a tea to a table spoonful or more, as may be required, stir and beat them well together, spread it on two pieces of brown paper the size of the sore, and apply one immediately or as soon as possible, and as soon as that gets dry and painful, take it off and apply the other, and let the first cool, and be spread again, and so on alternately until the fire is extraced which will depend upon the depth of the burn say from half an hour to an hour and a half, from the first application which will immediately allay the pain.

Yesterday, the 14th instant, the utility of the above application was sufficiently proved in the family of John Anderson, of Norriton township, this county, when two of his children, on the absence of their parents, were dreadfully burnt, by the explosion of a powder horn, containing about half a pound of powder while endeavoring to strike fire with a gun. The faces and hands of the two eldest sons were terribly burnt, the younger not so bad as the elder. Some of the neighbors being called, took Litharge, Sweet Oil and Vinegar, a tea-cup full of each, and applied it as above stated, cutting the papers shaping the plasters so as to cover their faces entirely except the eyes and mouth. The accident happened about 2 o'clock P. M. the first plasters were applied about 4 o'clock, when the pain was immediately assuaged, they rested and slept well last night, have no pain this morning, but much injured faces, particularly the elder, that will require some time to be healed, and perhaps a life time to remind them of their imprudence. We mention this as a warning to parents and to children, who ought to be very cautious how they meddle with that dangerous combustible.

By request of the unfortunate.

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