EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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☞All communications to insure attention sholud be *post paid*

POETRY.

OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION IT.

Oh! no, we never mention it,
  It's name is never heard—
Of specie we're forbid to speak—
  That once familar word!
Shin-plasters they would offer me,
  To banish my regret—
And though I never see the coin,
  They think that I forget!

They bid me find in dollar-notes
  The charms that others see;
But when I would a-shopping go,
  No change is there for me!
'Tis true that I behold no more
  The gold which I regret,
Not even silver can I see,
  But how can I forget!

For oh! there are so many things
  Recal the spe-ci-e!
The broker's windows show it yet
  Although in scar-ci-ty!
Sam. Swartwout fingers nothing else—
  A happy man as yet—
But' oh! the act of congress passed,
  Van Buren won't forget.

They tell me Wall-street's happy now,
  The gayest of the gay—
They hint that credit's just as good—
  I heed not what they say.
Like me, perhaps, they struggle on!
  Or waddle off in debt;
But were they dunned as I am dunned,
  They never would forget!

N. Y. Mirror.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

One of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The thrilling subject of American Independence is ever welcome to the patriot and philanthropist. The annual celebration of the event is calculated to perpetuate a kindar feeling and a kindred love of liberty The time may arrive when the *day* may not be celebr ted, but, to the end of time, the *event*, and the names of those who achieved it, will be handed down on the historic page, with pride and veneration. The names of the signers of the Declaration, like those of the twelve Apostles, are surrounded by a wreath of glory, unfading and untarnished. Among them, we find that of Edward Rutledge, who was born in Charleston, S. C. in Nov. 1749. His father, Dr. John Rutledge, was a native of Ireland, who married Sarah Hert, a lady of high accomplishments, piety, and good sense. Edward lost his father at an early age, and, like a majority of great and good men, his mind was moulded by his mother. After passing through the usual routine of an education, he commenced the study of law with an elder brother, who stood high at the Charleston bar. Whilst he stored his mind with Coke and Bacon, he paid great attention to elocution. In 1769, he went to England; became a student at the Temple; made himself familiar with the practice of courts; with the rules of parliament; with the policy, designs, and feelings of the British ministry; and cultivated an acquaintance with the celebrated orators and statesmen, Chatham, Mansfield, and others. In 1773, he returned, richly laden with stock for future use. He commenced a successful practice, uniting an expressive countenance, a good voice, a rich imagination, elegance of action, an honourable mind, and a good heart, with strong native talent, improved by superior advantages, and untiring industry.

He soon acquired a merited eminence as a bold, discreet, and able advocate. He was peculiarly happy in his exertions excited by the spur of the moment, a talent always useful to a lawyer, and eminently useful to a statesman during a revolutionary struggle. His lamp was always trimmed and burning, and with true Irish zeal and eloquence, he was always ready to enter the arena where duty called him. He had a warm heart for the weak and oppressed.

It was self evident that talents like his were well calculated to promote the cause of emancipation, and Mr. Rutledge was among the first selected members to the Continental Congress in 1774. This alone was sufficient to place him on the list of imperishable fame; for none but men of superior merit, known fortitude, and of pure patriotism, were selected to represent their country's rights, and repel a monarch's wrongs. Such a man was Edward Rutledge. With the ardour of an Emmet, he united great prudence and discretion. By his open frankness of expression, he incurred the displeasure of the crown adherents, but imparted the holy flame of patriotism to the friends of liberty in a pre-eminent degree.

With all his ardour and zeal, he was a friend to order, and opposed to mobocracy. He acted from enlightened and liberal principles, aiming to build every superstructure on the firm basis of reason and justice. To this no bleness of design, conceived and adhered to by a majority of the signers of the declaration, may be attributed the lofty dignity that pervaded that august body. Revolution is a tornado where prudence seldom enters to neutralize its baneful effects But, when such men as those who constituted the first American Congress in Philadelphia combine; men who could command the whirlwind of passion, and conduct the lightning of revenge by the silken cords of reason and the steel rods of unbending patriotism, to a desired and useful destination, revolution is stripped of its bane, and is crowned with unfading glory; such were the signers of the declaration, such was the American Revolution. We find Mr. Rutledge associated with several important committees of the continental congress, and among them he was appointed with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, to meet Lord How, when he came clothed with popish authority to offer humiliating terms of peace. No three men could have been selected, whose combined talents were better calculated to inspire awe and respect They were received and treated with marked attention by his lordship, who became convinced that under the direction of such spirits as these, the rebels would conquer or die. They detested his offers of pardon, for who had they injured? They disclaimed all right of the crown to their allegiance; it had been sacrificed at the shrine of an ambitious ministry. Freedom was their motto, Liberty their watchword, and their terms *Independence* or *death*. They had resolved "to do or die."

As a sound, judicious, and able statesman, Rutledge stood high; his brow was also decked by laurels in the field. He had long commanded a company in the ancient battalion of artillery. When the British landed at Port Royal in 1779, he led his company to the attack with the skill and courage of a veteran. At no battle during the revolution was more personal bravery displayed than at this, nor was the enemy at any time more chagrined at a total defeat by raw militia. It was a mystery to them, to find in the same man, the statesman, the soldier, and the hero. He was at a subsequent period, elected colonel. During the investment of Charleston by the enemy, in 1780, he was again in the field, but was unfortunately taken prisoner, sent to St. Augustine, and not exchanged for nearly a year. Before his return, the dark clouds began to recede, and the horizon of liberty was slowly illuminated by the rays of hope.

He returned to his native state and aided in restoring the civil government, that had been paralyzed by the cruel conquering arm of the crown. He was a member of the enraged assembly who met at Jacksonborough in 1782, and, with his recent injuries and those of his friends bleeding fresh before him, he sanctioned the bill of pains and penalties, that, under other circumstances, would not have received his sanction, and which, during the time it remained in force, he used every exertion to meliorate.

Among those who had been tortured by persecution, [illegible] had been taken from her peaceful home in the country, and confined in Charleston, then occupied by the British, a high compliment to her talents and patriotism, placing her on the list of fame with the matrons of Greece and Rome.

During the whole of the doubtful and protracted struggle of the revolution, Mr. Rutledge remained its steady and zealous advocate, and gave his best exertions in its behalf. After its termination, he again returned to the bosom of his friends, and the labours of his profession. His private worth took deep root in the affections of the community, and he had the confidence and esteem of a large circle of acquaintances.

In organizing the new government of his native state, he acted a useful and consistent part. Many difficulties were to be overcome, many clashing local interests to be reconciled, and many measures and laws adopted, to restore an equilibrium in private and public concerns. A great commotion existed between debtors and creditors, specie was out of the question, the paper currency was nearly annihilated, and many, who had felt that they had shaken off the British yoke, were about to fall into the hands of relentless creditors, who when prompted by avarice, are as destitute of mercy, as the pirate is of compassion. Instances are on record in our own country, (I blush as I write,) where some of those very veterans who bled for our bosted freedom, have been incarcerated in a prison by the cold inquisitorial creditor, for sums so trifling, that shame would hide its face to name them.

In this dilemma, Mr. Rutledge was among those who proposed and passed a law, making property a lawful tender for debts; a law purely republican, but so obnoxious to avarice, that most men, who are aristocrats just in proportion to the amount of wealth they acquire above the wants of life, oppose it.

He also favored the instalment law, and used his best exertions to meliorate the condition of the poor as well as the rich by the enactment of laws based upon humanity and justice. He took an active part in most of the legislative action of the state, and when the federal constitution was presented for consideration, he was, taking it as a whole, its warm and zealous advocate. Purely republican in principle, he was always opposed to slavery, deeming it a national curse. He was untiring in his labour, emphatically a working man Dr. Ramsay remarks of him, "For the good obtained and the evils prevented, his memory will be long respected by his countrymen."

As I have before remarked, he was a friend to order and law, and when any measure was consummated by legislative action, or by any public functionary duly authorised to act, he delighted in seeing it fulfilled to the letter. Although he was in feeling with the French when difficulties arose between them and England, he reprobated strongly, the conduct of M. Genet and the French Directory. Although he considered our treaty of 1776, too advantageous to the British nation, he was not a party man, but was always actuated by a sense of duty, and a pure desire for the prosperity of his country. Mr. Sanderson has remarked of him—"Had he been an actor in the French revolution, he would have been one of the earliest victims of the Jacobin Club." His was the stern, unflinching moderation, calculated to awe a mob, paralyze a faction, and preserve, pure and undefiled, that lofty patriotism which commands esteem and respect.

In 1798, he was elected governor of his native state, notwithstanding disease had fastened its relentless hands upon him, and handed him over to the king of terrors in the mid career of his term. During the legislative session of 1800, his illness increased so rapidly, that he felt an assurance that his dissolution was rapidly approaching and was desirous of returning to Charleston, that he might yield up his breath where he first inhaled the atmosphere. The constitution, required the presence of the governor during the sitting of the Legislature, and so scrupulous was he to fulfill its letter that he determined to remain unless both branches passed a resolution sanctioning his absence. The subject was submitted, but on some debate arising from the partizan feeling then prevalent, the application was immediately withdrawn, and he remained untill the legislature adjourned. He was barely able to reach his home, when he laid down upon the bed of death, yielded to the only tyrant that could conquer his patriotic spirit, on the 23d of January, 1800. The same fortitude that had characterized his whole life, was strongly exhibited during his last illness, and did not forsake him in his dying hours. His loss was severely felt and deeply lamented by his mourning fellow citizens In the death of this good man, his native state lost one of its brightest ornaments, one of its noblest sons.

Mr. Rutledge stood high as an orator. He appears to have understood well the machinery of human nature, and knew well when to address the *judgment*, and when the *passions* of his audience. In exciting the sympathy of a jury, he had no equal at the Charleston bar. He also knew, how, where, and when to be logical, and, what is all important in every man, either in the public or private walks of life; he knew *how*, *when*, and *where* to speak, and *what* to say. His private worth and public services were highly honorable to himself, consoling to his friends, and beneficial to his country. His usefulness only ended with his life; his fame is untarnished with error; his examples are worthy of imitation; and his life without a blank.

By his first wife, Harriet, daughter of Henry Middleton, one of his colleagues in congress, he had a son and daughter, the latter of whom remained in Charleston, the former, Major Henry M. Rutledge, became one of the pioneers of Tennessee. God grant that he may imitate the virtues of his venerable father, and fill the blank our country experienced in the death of the wise, the judicious, the benevolent, the philanthropic, the patriotic, and the high minded Edward Rutledge.—*Phil. Messenger.*

AFFCTING INSTANCE OF FEMALE DEVOTEDNESS.

About twelve months ago we saw at the bar of a police office an ill looking, powerful young fellow, who was undergoing an examination on a very common charge of having, on the previous night ill treated a woman, with whom he lived in some court hard by. Several witnesses [illegible] the greatest brutality; and a certificate was read from the house surgeon of a neighboring hospital, describing the nature of the injuries the woman had received and intimating that her recovery was extremely doubtful. Some question appeared to have been raised about the identity of the prisoner; for when it was agreed that the two magistrates should visit the hospital at 8 o'clock that evening, to take her deposition, it was settled that the man should be taken there also He turned deadly pale at this, and we saw him clench the bar very hard when the order was given.—He was removed directly afterwards and he spoke not a word. We felt an irrespressible curiosity to witness this interview, although it is hard to tell why, at this instant, for we knew it must be a painful one. It was no very difficult matter for us to gain permission, and we obtained it. The prisoner and the officer who had him in custody, were already at the hospital when we reached it, and waiting the arival of the magistrates in a small room below stairs.—The man was handcuffed, and his hat was pulled forward over his eyes. It was easy to see, though by the livid whiteness of his countenance, and the constant twitching of the muscles of his face, that he dreaded what was to come. After a short interval we were conducted to the "causalty ward," in which she was lying. She was a fine young woman, of about two or three and twenty. Her long black hair had been hastily cut from the wounds on her head, and streamed over the pillow in jagged and matted locks. Her face bore frightful marks of the ill usage she had received Her hand was pressed upon her side as if her chief pain was there. Her breathing was short and heavy, and it was plain to see that she was dying fast.

She murmured a few words in reply to the magistrate's inquiry whether she was in great pain; and having been raised on the pillow by the nurse, looked anxiously into the strange countenances that surrounded her bed. The magistrate nodded to the officer to bring the man forward. He did so, and stationed him at the bed side. The girl looked up with a wild and troubled expression of face; but her sight was dim, and she did not know him. 'Take off his hat,' said the magistrate. The officer did as he was desired, and the man's features were fully disclosed. The girl started up, with an energy quite preternatural. The fire gleamed in her heavy eyes, and the blood rushed to her pale and sunken cheeks. It was a convulsive effort. She fell back upon her pillow, and covered her scarred and bruised face with her hands, and burst into tears. The man cast an anxious look towards her but otherwise appeared wholly unmoved. After a brief pause, the nature of their errand was explained, the oath tendered. 'Oh, no gentlemen!' said the girl raising herself once more, and folding her hands together. 'No, no, gentlemen! I did it myself. It was nobody's fault—it was an accident. He did not hurt me—he wouldn't for the world! dear Jack, you know you wouldn't.

Her sight was fast failing her, and her hand groped over the bed clothes in search of his is vain.—Brute as the man was, he was not prepaired for this. He turned his face from the bed and sobbed aloud. The girl's color changed, and her breathing grew more difficult. She was evidently dying. 'We respect the feelings which prompt you to this,' said the gentleman who had spoken first; 'but let me warn you not to persist in what you know to be untrue, until it is too late. It cannot save him.'—'Jack,' murmured the girl, laying her hand upon his arm, 'they shall not persuade me to swear your life away. He didn't do it gentlemen—he never hurt me.' She grasped his arm tightly, and added, in a broken whisper, 'I hope God Almighty will forgive me all the wrong I have done, and the life I have led—God bless you, Jack. Some kind gentleman take my love to my poor old father. Five years ago he said he wished I had died a child. Oh, I wish I had! I wish I had!' The nurse bent over the girl a few seconds, and then drew the sheet over her face. It covered a corpse!

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

Franklin, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal and affectionate wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing her first piece of luxury. "We have an English proverb that says,

"He that would thrive,
  Must ask his wife;"

it was lucky for me that I had one as much inclined to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper maker, &c. We kept no idle servant; our table was plain and simple; our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea) and I ate out of a two penny earthen porrenger, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families and make progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but she thought *her husband deserved* a silver spoon and china bowl, as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value."

THE DADE MASSACRE.

The Boston Post publishes the following interesting account of the massacre of Major Dade's detachment in Florida, in December, 1835, taken from the lips of Ransom Clark, the sole survivor of that dreadful action, who is now in Boston:

"Our detachment, consisting of 117 men, under command of Major Dade, started from Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay, on the 23d of December, and arrived at the scene of action about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 28th. It was on the edge of a pond; three miles from the spot where we had bivouaked on the night previous. The pond was surrounded by tall grass, bush, and small trees. A moment before we were surprised Major Dade said to us 'We have now got through all. King, I'll bet you a dime we fare to a pan', or tray, on the border of the pond; and the first notice that we received of the enemy, was the discharge of a rifle by their chief, as a signal to commence the attack. The pond was on our right, and the Indians were scattered round in a semicircle, on our left, in the rear, and in advance—reaching at the two latter points to the edge of the pond; but leaving an opening for our entrance on the opposite extremity for the egress of our advanced guard, which was permitted to pass through without being fired on, and of course unconscious of the ambuscade through which they had marched. At the time of the attack this guard was about a quarter of a mile in advance, the main body following in column, two deep. The Chief's rifle was followed by a general discharge from his men, and Major Dade, Captain Frazier, and Lieut. Mudge, together with several non commissioned officers and privates, were brought down by the first volley. Our rear guard had a six pounder, which as soon as possible, was hauled up, and brought to bear upon the ground occupied by the unseen enemy, secreted among the grass, bush, and trees. The discharge of the cannon checked, and made them fall back for about half an hour. About twelve of us advanced, and brought in our wounded and the arms, leaving the dead. Among the wounded was Lieut. Mudge, who was speechless. We set him up against a tree, and he was found there two months after, when General Gaines sent a detachment to bury the bodies of our soldiers—All hands then commenced throwing up a small triangular breastwork of logs; but just as we had raised it about two feet the Indians returned, and renewed the engagement. A part of our troops fought within the breastwork, and a part outside. I remained outside till I received a ball in my right arm, and another near my right temple, which came out at the top of my head. I next received a shot in my thigh, which brought me down on my side, and I then got into the breastwork. We gave them forty nine discharges from the cannon; and, while loading for the fiftieth, the last shot, we had, our match went out. The Indians chiefly levelled at the men who worked the cannon. In the mean time the main body of our troops kept up a general fire with musketry.

"The loss of the enemy must have been very great, because we never fired until we fixed on our men; but the cannon was necessarily fired at random, as only two or three Indians appeared together. When the firing commenced, the advanced guard wheeled, and in returning to the main body, were entirely cut up. The battle lasted till about four in the afternoon, and I was about the last one who loaded a gun, while lying on my side. At the close, I received a shot in my right shoulder, which passed into my lungs; the blood gushed out of my mouth in a stream, and, dropping my musket, I rolled over on my face. The Indians then entered the breastwork, but found not one man standing to defend it. They secured the arms, ammunition, and the cannon and despatched such of our fallen soldiers as they supposed still to be alive. Their negroes then came in to strip the dead. I had by this time somewhat revived, and a negro observed that I was not dead, took up a musket and shot me in the top of the shoulder, and the ball came out at my back. After firing, he said, "There, d—n, you, take that.' He then stripped me of every thing but my shirt.

"The enemy then disappeared to the left of the pond, and, through weakness and apprehension, I remained still, till about nine o'clock at night. I then commenced crawling on my knees and left hand. As I was crawling over the dead, I put my hand on one man, who felt different from the rest—he was warm and limber, I roused him up, and found it was De Courcy, an Englishman, and the son of a British officer, resident in Canada. I told him that it was best for us to attempt to travel, as the danger appeared to be over, and we might fall in with some assistance. As he was only wounded in the side and arm, he could walk a little. We get along as well as we could that night, continued on till next noon, when, on a rising ground, we observed an Indian ahead, on horseback, loading his rifle. We agreed that he should go on one side of the road and I on the other. The Indian took after De Courcy, and I heard the discharge of his rifle. This gave me time to crawl into a hammock and hide away. The Indian soon returned, with his arms and legs covered with blood, having, no doubt, according to custom, cut De Courcy to pieces, after bringing him down with his rifle. The Indian came riding through the brush in pursuit of me, and approached within ten feet, but gave up the search I then resumed my route back to Fort Brooke, crawled, and limped through the nights and forenoons, and slept in the brush during the middle of the day, with no other nourishment than cold-water. I got to Fort Brooke on the evening of the fifth; and in five months afterwards was discharged as a pensioner; at eight dollars per month. The doctor attributes my not dying of my wounds to the circumstance that I bled a good deal, and did not partake of any solid food during the first five days.

"Two other soldiers by the names of Thomas and Sweat [illegible] me in afterwards: Although badly [illegible] they ascended a tree, and thus escaped the enemy on the evening of the battle. They joined another expedition, two months after, but before their wounds were healed, and they soon died of them."

THE HORRORS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

'At my first arrest resumed Gerardi, 'I was transported to a dungeon in the citadel of Turin: so famed as to render communication impossible even with my gaoler. My food was conveyed to me by a turning box inserted in the wall, and during a whole month, not the slightest sound interrupted the stillness of my solitude. It needs to have undergone all I then experienced, fully to comprehend the fallacy of that savage philosophy which denied society to be the natural condition of the human specie. The wretch condemned to isolation from his kind is a wretch indeed! To hear no human voice—to meet no human eye—to be denied the pressure of a human hand—to find only cold and inanimate objects on which to rest one's brow—one's heart—is a privation to which the strongest might fall a victim! The month I thus endured weighed like years upon my nature; and when every second day, I discerned the foot-steps of my gaoler in the corridor, coming to renew my to leap within me. While the lock was turning round I used to stray my eyes in hopes to catch at the crevice, the slightest glimpse of his face, his hand, his very dress,—and my disappointment drove me to despair. Could I have discerned a humane face, even bearing the characters of cruelty or wickedness I should have thought it full of beauty; and had the man extended his arms towards me in kindness have blessed him for the concession! But the sight of a human face was denied me till the day of my translation to Fenestrella; and my only resource consisted in feeding the reptiles which shared my captivity, and in meditating upon my absent child! At length a favourable change befel me even in my dungeon. I discovered by means of a struggling ray of light, a crevice produced by the insertion of an iron cross by way of support into the walls of my dungeon; which, though it enabled me to obtain an oblique glimpse of the opposite wall, became a source of exquisite enjoyment. My cell happened to be situated under the keep of the citadel; and one bleessed day, I noticed for the first time the shadow of a man distinctly reflected upon the opposite wall. A sentinel had doubtless been posted on the platform over my head; for the shadow went and came, and I could distinguish the form of the man's uniform, the epaulet the knapsack, the point of his bayonet—the very vacillation of his feather! Till evening extinguished my resource, I remained at my post, and how shall I describe the thrill of joy with whitch I acknowledge so unexpected a consolation? I was no longer alone;—I had once more a living companion! Next day and days succeeding, the shadow of another soldier appeared, the sentinels were ever-changing, but my enjoyment was the same. It was always a man—always a fellow creature I knew to be near me:—a living, breathing fellow creature—whose movements I could watch, and whose disposition conjecture. When the moment came for relieving guard, I welcomed the new comer, and bade good bye to his predecessor. I knew the corporal by sight, I (dare I avow such a weakness) some among them were the objects of my predilection. The attitude of their persons, or comparitive vivacity of their movements, became so may indications of character, from which their age and sentiments might be infered. One paced gaily along, turning lightly on his heel, balancing his musket in sport, or waving his head in cadence to the air he was whistling; he was doubtless young and gay, cheered by visions of happiness and love: Another paced along, with his brow inclining, pausing often, and leaning with his arms crossed upon his musket, meditaing mournfully, perhaps, upon his distant village, his absent mother, his childhood's friends. He passed his hand rapidly over his eyes—perhaps to dash away the tears gathered by these tender retrospections! For many of these shadows I felt a lively interest, an inexplicable compassion; and the balm thus called into existence within my bosom shed its soothing influence over my fate. Trust me, my good young friend the truest happiness we derive is from our sympathy with our fellow creatures.'—*Picola, or Captivity*

BEER IN OLD TIMES.—In the reign of Queen Mary, 1553, a barrel of beer, with the cask, cost only sixpence, and four large loaves of bread were sold for a penny.

The Executive of North Carolina have decided against calling an extra session of the Legislature.

A SERPENT-TONGUED INFANT.

TIVERTON, (R. I.) May 22, 1837.

I embrace the earliest opportunity to make you acquainted with such of the facts as have come to my knowledge relative to the "serpent tongued infant" of which we had casually heard, just previous to my departure for Block Island. Quite unexpectedly, day before yesterday, I found myself in the very neighborhood of this strange and wayward production of nature. My curiosity, as you may well suppose, was greatly excited, and I confess I felt an intense anxiety to examine for myself an object which began to excite so much interest in the neighborhood of its occurrence. Mr. T———, a worthy old gentleman in the vicinity, a former acquaintance of mine, with whom I accidentally met, kindly offered to accompany me to Mr. W's, the father of the unfortunate child. We reached there about 9 o'clock this morning and were received very courteously by Mr. W———and his interesting young wife. After an agreeable introduction, my aged friend stated the object of our visit, and the desire I had manifested to see their unfortunate little child of whom I had just heard. Mr. W———informed us that for several weeks he had, in almost every instance, declined admitting strangers, as he thought their presence had an unfavorable effect upon the child, but as I had come a considerable distance out of my way, he was disposed to gratify my wish, the more especially as he thought I might give him some advice in relation to the course he ought in future to pursue.

We were then invited into an adjoining room, in one corner of which we beheld, tied in a small low chair a most horribly emaciated little child apparently about 2 years old. I am aware that I shall totally fail in giving you any thing like an idea of the miserable object before us. Imagine, if you can, an infant, or mere child, of about the age above supposed, reduced to a very skeleton, hairless, and covered with a parched and shrivelled skin, dark and unelastic as the corresponding structure in the withered octagenarian. Its little red, firey eyes, rolling restlessly, in the deep recesses of its fleshless sockets, sent forth horrid flashes of indignation when the door to its apartment was thrown open. The little sufferer opened his mouth, and in the place of its tongue, "and for a tongue, a serpent's" head and neck were thrust out, vibrating and "hissing" with an intensity peculiar to the more venomous varieties of that repulsive species of animated nature! I could not for several minutes, muster sufficient courage to approach the object of my curiosity. I was fixed to the spot which I at first occupied, while the serpent-headed tongue continued to dart forth and recede with the quickness of thought: "its little forked and fiery tongue at the same time playing about the lips and nostrils of the child, equalling in velocity the lightning's flash!"—Mr. W———, the father, gradually approached the child, all the time speaking very soothingly to it, and in a few minutes [illegible] exhibited the aspect only of extreme emaciation. But the moment I moved towards the child, even but a single step, the mouth would open, the head suddenly dart forth, and the same dreadful spectacle, I have already imperfectly described, would be again presented.

The father, however, beckoned me to approach, which I did, but never shall I forget the tremendous hissing, which came from the serpent-headed tongue of the little sufferer. It was several minutes before quietude could be produced, and even the slightest motion on my part would cause an instantaneous protrusion of the unsightly organ, more or less intense according to the fears of the child. I had several fair opportunities of seeing the strange member, and will endeavor to give you a description of it. Its color is a dark copper, shining, and in places inclining to streaks of green. Its eyes are a jet black, and when the lights strikes them favorably, no diamonds ever send forth more brilliant scintillations of light! A bright yellow ring encircles the neck, and really has much the appearance of gold. The mouth of this serpent-headed tongue is quite large, and was always slightly open when the head was protruded beyond the lips. Its little forked tongue, as I have already said, was incessantly in motion. We stayed in the room just 30 minutes, during the latter part of which time the child became very quiet, and took freely of milk, its usual food. The father told me he had known the tongue to bite several times, and once when it fastened upon one of his fingers, much swelling and soreness followed, indeed he was only relieved by a copious bleeding. He informed me also, that the child eat voraciously of milk, and sometimes other kinds of food, but that it preferred the former. The child is of the female sex. He stated further that several eminent physicians and surgeons had been to see the child, and that it had been recommended by one, the eminent Dr. W. that the tongue be extirpated. I coincided in this opinion, and advised that the Dr. be called upon to perform the operation.—The father, Mr. W———is about twenty-eight years old, and the mother, I should judge, about twenty-two. She is very beautiful, has been married about 5 years, and this is their first and only child. I have omitted names in this hasty sketch at the request of the parties concerned.—[Fall River Patriot.

'The shin plaster Party' in the third District seem to be ashamed of their favorite currency, paper, and try to evade the responsibility of it, by terming it Jackson money, Benton mint drops, &c. Yet scarcely a year has passed since they denounced a gold currency as a humbug, and spoke of paper as infinitely safer and more convenient. Their newspapers were eternally endeavouring to discredit gold by falsely asserting that counterfeit eagles, half eagle and quarter eagles were in circulation, and that prudent men would take paper in preference. These gentry must now attempt to shift their ground and profess to be bullionists, because the Benton mint drops, which they not long since abused so profusely, are worth ten per cent more than paper. They were then, and are now, the friends of an unlimited credit system, and must therefore be content to be known as the *'Shin Plaster Party'*—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Fredericksburg Arena states, on the authority of gentlemen just from North Carolina, that the wheat crop in the South Western part of the State is remarkably fine.

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