EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1839. VOL. VI-NO. 38.

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

Sale of Valuable Property
IN TALBOT COUNTY.

THE subscriber will offer for sale, by public auction, on the premises, on THURSDAY, the 10th day of October next, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, all that tract of LAND, situate in the Chapel District, in Talbot county, which was formerly the estate of Edward Roberts, Esq. decd. containing,

537 1-2 ACRES.

The farm contains a large quantity of fine meadow, and in the tract is a body of VALUABLE TIMBER, (far exceeding what is requisite to the farm,) conveniently situated for sale and transportation, either by Wye River or Tuckahoe Creek, or for disposal at the new Steam Saw Mill, lately put into operation, in the immediate neighborhood. Perhaps some lots of the timber land may be laid off and sold in parcels, on the day above assigned for the sale. The terms of sale will be as follows:—One fourth of the purchase money shall be paid at the time of sale, or within sixty days thereafter; and, if not paid down on the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and the resi due with interest from the day of sale, by instalments in one and two years from the day of sale, bonds with security to be approved by the subscriber being given.

The subscriber will also dispose of by private sale, on the most accommodating credit, THE STEAM GRIST & SAW MILL, situate in the town of St. Michael's, on the margin of St. Michael's River, in Talbot county, and all the machinery, apparatus and fixtures thereto belonging, with a fee simple title in the lot of ground and wharf, heretofore commonly used with the same. The mill is of a ten horse power. All the buildings are of the most durable materials and of the best workmanship.

Any person disposed to purchase such property will of course previously inspect it and have the advice of competent judges The subscriber now invites proposals for a private sale, and, if that be not soon effected, a public sale will be notified and made.

JOHN LEEDS KERR, Ex'rs of Saml. Harrison, decd.

Easton, Sept 17—ts

FOR SALE.

I THE SUBSCRIBER will offer at public sale at the Court-House door in Easton, on TUESDAY, 1st OF OCTOBER ensuing, a FARM adjoining the late residence of Richard Denny, decd. lying on the south side of the road leading out of Yafford or Deep Neck, and comprising the several tracts or parts of tracts of land, called 'Denny's Purchase,' 'Lamberton and Lamberton's Addition,' containing about

136 1-2 ACRES.

This farm is beautifully situated on Irish creek which bounds in all the luxuries of the water—Oysters, Fish and Fowls, &c. in their season, and in a rich and flourshing neighborhood, not less remarkable for its peculiar healthfulness

There is a dwelling and other out houses upon it, and it is HEAVILY TIMBERED with *OAK AND PINE*, suitable for ship building, &c.

A more particular description of this property is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed any person wishing to purchase it will take occasion to view it. The terms will be liberal, and made known on the day of sale. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M, and attendance given by

Sept. 7—ts W. K. LAMBDIN, Agent

CITY MAMMOTH LOTTERY.

STATE OF MARYLAND GRANT;
TO ERECT A TOWN HALL
And other Public Buildings in the city of Baltimore.

CAPITAL PRIZE,
100,000 DOLLARS,

To be positively drawn in the city of Baltimore
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th,
Under the superintendance of Commissioners.
75 NUMBERS—12 DRAWN BALLOTS.

BRILLIANT SCHEME

1 Grand prize of	$100,000
1 splendid prize of	25,000
1 prize of	10,000
1 prize of	8,000
1 prize of	6,095
1 prize of	6,000
1 prize of	5,000
1 prize of	4,000
10 prizes of	3,000
20 prizes of	2,000
20 prizes of	4,500
50 prizes of	1,000
50 prizes of	500
12 prizes of	400
63 prizes of	200
63 prizes of	150
63 prizes of	140
63 prizes of	120
126 prizes of	100
126 prizes of	80
3654 prizes of	40
9436 prizes of	20

Tickets $20, Halves 10, Quarters 5, Eights 2,50.

☞ All purchasers of packages liberally dealt with

☞ Old, safe, and most fortunate address
CLARK,
sep 17 Museum Building, Balt.

CATTLE SHOW.

The following persons have been appointed agents to obtain and collect subscriptions for the Cattle Show, to be held at Easton, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of October next.

Easton District, Jos. B. HARRINGTON,
Chapel do JAMES ARRINGDALE,
St. Michaels do PHIL. HAMBLETON,
Trappe do SOLOMON TROY.

Those who are desirous to promote the success of the Show are requested to come forward and subscribe promptly; as funds are now wanted for the purchase of premiums, which are necessary to be made.

T. TILGHMAN, Sec'ry.
to the Board of Trustees.

Sep. 24, 1839

POETRY.

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

It is not on the battle field that I would wish to die,
It is not on the broken shield I'd breathe my latest sigh,
And though a soldier knows not how to dread a soldier's doom,
I ask no laurel for my brow, no trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath a soldier proudly wears;
It is not that I fear the death a soldier bravedares;
When slaughtered comrades round me die,
I'd be the last to yield,
But—yet I do not wish to die upon the battle field.

When faint and bleeding in the fray, oh! let me still retain
Enough of life to crawl away to this sweet vale again,
For like the wounded, weary dove, that flutters o'er its nest,
I fain would reach my own dear love, and die upon her breast.

From the Bay State Democrat.

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man *more comely* than liberty."—MILTON.

When the dance of the shadows
At day break is done,
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the Sun;
When he sinks in his glory
At eve from the view,
And calls up the planet
To blaze in the blue—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend
Of the bow is above,
Like a circle of light
On the bosom of love;
When the moon in her mildness
Is floating on high,
Like a banner of silver
Hung out in the sky
There is beauty But earth has no beauty to see
More proud than the front of a Nation when free.

In the depth of the darkness
Unvaried in hue,
When shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue;
When the voice of the tempest
At midnight is still,
And the spirit of solitude
Sleeps on the hill—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the broad beaming brow of a Nation when free?

In the breath of the morning,
When nature awakes,
And calls up the chorus.
To chant in the brakes;
In the voice of the echo
Unbound in the woods,
In the warbling of streams
And the foaming of floods—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the thrice hallowed sight of a Nation when free?

When the striving of surges
Is mad on the main,
Like the charge of a column
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up
From its cloud cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The paths of the deep—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the sun brilliant brow of a Nation when free?

From the Baltimore American.

JACK SHEPPARD.

THE MANIAC.

Ainsworth, the author of Jack Sheppard, is not a man of genius—and he has unfortunately chosen a subject, requiring a master mind to unfold and invest with any high degree of interest. A description of vulgar or profligate life may be made to attract attention for the hour in which it is read; even when the author possesses very moderate powers. We are daily pained, by witnessing such scenes, in some form or other, in our journey through life, but when pages describing them are read, the work and the author are alike forgotten. It requires genius of a very high order to describe human nature in its lowest grades, and, at the same time, excite those sympathies of our character which connect the outcasts of our race with the great human family—to portray man corrupted from childhood by profligate association, and debased by sensual indulgence; yet having a spark within him, which might be kindled into a burning light, and which, as the feeblest pulsation shows the presence of life, proves that the soul within him came down from Heaven. It is then we feel that God is our common Father; and man—even when debased—is still our brotner.

The author of Jack Sheppard has evidently been induced to undertake the work, by the success of Dickens, and has chosen Oliver Twist for his model. It is not singular that this, the most popular author of the day, should have imitators There is something so easy, so natural in the productions of genius; which tends to excite the conviction that it would not be difficult to equal them:—And the imitator shares the fate of *Icarus*, who rashly attempted with his wings of wax to follow the course of the eagle, in his flight towards the regions of the sun.

Oliver and Fagin, with his associates, are painted by one who is a profound master of human nature; and our interest, in every circumstance connected with the "Parish Boy's Progress," is maintained to the close of the story. Not so with Jack Sheppard.

But I do not design to give an extended criticism of this work, which is yet unfinished. My object is to present to the reader a scene from the work, in the August number of Bentley's Miscellany; and which will be considered as true to nature, by every one acquainted with the character of a maniac. The interest in Mrs. Sheppard has always been maintained. Her nature is truly feminine, and there is that quiet, meek submission to accumulated misery, which so truly belongs to the character of woman. Stern man, like the mountain oak, is uprooted and cast down by the violence of the storm:—but woman—lovely, delicate woman—gives way for it, like the osier bough, and rises again. Her husband had died ignominiously—she was steeped in poverty—temptation, in that form more repulsive than death to virtuous woman, has assailed her—and, as if to make the cup of misery overflow, and present its very dregs to her lips, her son was outcast and outlawed. The cords of that delicate instrument—the human mind—snapped asunder, and she was a raving maniac. Jack goes to visit her in Bedlam. The illustration of that interview by Cruikshank, is admirable:

"Jack ascended the steps, and was admitted by another iron gate, into the Hospital. Here he was almost stunned by the deafening clamour, resounding on all sides. Some of the lunatics were rattling their chains; some shrieking; some singing; some beating with frantic violence against the doors; altogether it was the most dreadful noise he had ever heard. Here was a poor half naked creature, with a straw crown on his head, and a wooden sceptre in his hand, seated on the ground with all the dignity of a monarch on his throne. Here was a terrific figure gnashing his teeth, and howling like a wild beast—there a lover, with hands clasped together, and eyes turned passionately upwards. In that cell was the most melancholy of all, the grinning, gibbering lunatic, the realization of moody madness, laughing wild." "Don't be frighten'd," says the matron "she is chained, and can't reach you."

Jack entered his mother's cell Cowering in a corner, upon a heap of straw, sat his unfortunate mother, the complete wreck of what she had been. Her eyes glistened in the darkness—for light was only admitted through a small grated window—like flames, and, as she fixed them on him, their glances seemed to penetrate his very soul. A piece of old blanket was fastened across her shoulders, and she had no other clothing except a petticoat. Her arms and feet were uncovered, and of almost skeleton thinness. Her features were meagre and ghastly ity. Her head had been shaved, and around it was swathed a piece of rag, in which a few straws were stuck. Her thin fingers were armed with nails as long as the talons of a bird. A chain, riveted to an iron belt encircling her waist, bound her to the wall. The cell in which she was confined was about six feet long and four wide

When Jack entered the cell, she was talking to herself in the muttering unconnected way peculiar to her distracted condition; but after her eye rested on him some time, the fixed expression of her features relaxed, and a smile crossed them. This smile was more harrowing even than her former frigid look.

"You are an angel," she cried, with a look beaming with delight.

"Rather a devil," groaned her son, "to have done this"

"You are an angel, I say," continued the poor mrniac; "and my Jack would have been like you, if he had lived. But he died when he was a child—long ago—long ago—long ago."

"Would he had done so!" cried Jack.

"Old Van told me if he grew up he would be hanged. He showed me a black mark under his ear where the noose would be tied. And so I'll tell you what I did—"

And she burst into a laugh that froze Jack's blood in his veins.

"What did you do?" he asked in a broken voice

"I strangled him—ha! ha! ha!—strangled him while he was at my breast—ha! ha! ha!" And then, with a sudden and fearful change of look, she added, "That's what has driven me mad. I killed my child to save him from the gallows—oh! oh! One man hanged in a family is enough. If I'd not gone mad, they would have hanged me."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated her son.

"Mother!" cried Jack, unable to endure this agonizing scene longer. "Don't you know me, mother?"

"Ah!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard. "What's that?—Jack's voice!"

"It is," replied her son.

"The ceiling is breaking! the floor is opening?—He is a coming to me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"He stands before you," rejoined her son.

"Where?" she cried. "I can't see him. Where is he?"

"Here," answered Jack.

"Are you his ghost, then?"

"No—no," answered Jack. "I am your most unhappy son.

"Let me touch you, then; let me feel if you are really flesh and blood," cried the poor maniac, creeping towards him on all fours.

Jack did not advance to meet her. He could not move; but stood like one stupified, with his hands clasped together, and eyes almost starting out of their sockets, fixed upon his unfortunate parent.

"Come to me!" cried the poor maniac, who had crawled as far as the chain would permit her—"come to me!" she cried, extending her thin arm towards him.

Jack fell on his knees beside her.

"Who are you?" inquired Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hands over his face, and gazing at him with a look that made him shudder.

"Your son," replied Jack,—"your miserable, repentant son."

"It is false," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "You are not. Jack was not half your age when he died. They buried him in Willesden churchyard after the robbery."

"Oh, God!" cried Jack, "she does not know me. Mother—dear mother!" he added, clasping her in his arms, "look at me again."

"Off!" she exclaimed, breaking from his embrace with a scream. "Don't touch me I'll be quiet. I'll not speak of Jack or Jonathan. I won't dig their graves with my nails. Don't strip me quite. Leave me my blanket! I'm very cold at night. Or, if you must take off my clothes, don't dash cold water on my head. It throbs cruelly."

"Horror!" cried Jack.

"Don't scourge me," she cried, trying to hide herself in the farthest corner of the cell. "The lashes cut to the bone. I can't bear it. Spare me and I'll be quiet—quiet—quiet!"

"Mother!" said Jack, advancing towards her.

"Off!" she cried, with a prolonged and piercing shriek. And she buried herself beneath the straw, which she tossed above her head with the wildest gesture.

"I shall kill her if I stay longer," muttered her son, completely terrified.

While he was considering what it would be best to do, the poor maniac, over whose bewildered brain another change had come, raised her head from under the straw, and peeping round the room, asked in a low voice "If they were gone"

"Who?" inquired Jack.

"The nurses," she answered.

"Do they treat you ill?" asked her son.

"Hush!" she said, putting her lean fingers to her lips. "Hush!—come hither, and I'll tell you."

Jack approached her.

"Sit beside me," continued Mrs. Sheppard. "And now I'll tell you what they do. Stop! we must shut the door, or they'll catch us. Feel" she added, tearing off the rag from her head.—"I had beautiful black hair once. But they cut it all off."

"I shall go mad myself if I listen to her any longer," said Jack, attempting to rise. "I must go."

'Don't stir, or they'll chain you to the wall,' said his mother, detaining him. 'Now tell me why they brought you here?'

'I came to see you, dear mother!' answered Jack 'why do you call me by that name'

'Because you are my mother.'

'What?' she exclaimed, staring eagerly in his face. Are you my son? Are you Jack?'

'I am,' replied Jack. 'Heaven be praised she knows me at last."

'O Jack!' cried his mother, falling upon his neck, and covering him with kisses.

'Mother—dear mother!' said Jack, bursting into tears.

'You will never leave me,' said the poor woman, straining him to her breast.

'Never—never!'

The words were scarcely pronounced, when the door was violently thrown open, and two men appeared at it. They were Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold.

This picture may harrow the feelings—but is it not too highly colored. Human character is never so far debased as to have lost all the sympathies which connects us with our race: and even this reprobate son, when standing in the presence of the mother whose life he had embittered, feels the inextinguishable impulses of his nature swell within his bosom. A fountain may long be concealed from the view, and its existence unknown—remove the obstruction and it gushes forth, and imparts its living waters to the weary traveller.

One out of every eight or nine hundred of the population of our country, suffers affliction similar to that described in this extract. We are all in the hands of the Great Being who made us—and whose power is equalled by his mercy—and we may well be content to leave the apportionment of our sorrows with him. Yet if I may be allowed to supplicate I would say. Spare me in my reason—let me possess the ennobling attribute of my nature while I live—and when I am called to die, let me be taken, like Rousseau, where I can behold the setting sun, with all the attendant glories.—Not that, like him I may be guilty of Persian idolatry, and worship Nature as a deity; but that, having my mind occupied with the contemplation of her indescribable wonders I may in my expiring hour, admire, and love, and worship God, her Creator.

From the Bangor Courier.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country, seat. But before retiring, he wished to take leave of his friends and connexions, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house.

The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on entering the eating room, to see there a large oaken table, hardly covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. The extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company; but out of respect to his old age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare, and some of them even complimented him upon the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke farther, but at a given signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the brown one, and some pewter plates succeeded the woolen ones. Instead of rye bread, herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service when they saw a butler, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third. A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered colth, replaced the old oaken one. A sideboard was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the sight of profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drank, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus:

"I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time I should retire myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design that I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak clearly what he thinks, I must say, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you may have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration."

From RAYNOR's Life of Jefferson.

THE LAST HOURS & DEATH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When the morning of that day came, he appeared to be thoroughly impressed, as if preternaturally, that he could not live through it, and only expressed a desire that he might survive until mid day. He seemed perfectly at ease, being willing to die. When the doctor entered his room, he said, "Well, doctor, you see I am here yet." His disorder being checked, a friend expressed a hope of amendment.—His reply was, that "the powers of nature were too much exhausted to be rallied." On a member of his family observing that he was better, and that the doctor thought so, he listened with evident impatience, and said, "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude for the result." He then calmly gave directions for his funeral, expressly forbidding all pomp and parade, when, being answered by a hope that it would be long ere the occasion would require their observance, he asked, with a smile, "Do you think I fear to die?" A few moments after, he called his family and friends around his bed side, and uttered distinctly the following sentence: "I have done for my country and for all mankind, all that I could do, and I now resign my soul without fear to my God, my daughter to my country." These were the last words he articulated—his last solemn declaration to the world—his dying will & testament, bequeathing his most precious gifts to his God and to his country. All that was heard from him afterwards, was a hurried repetition, in indistinct and scarcely audible accents, of his favorite ejaculation, *Nunc, Dimittas Domine*—Nunc, Dimittas, Domine. He sunk away imperceptibly, and breathed his last, without a struggle or a murmur, at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, on the great JUBILEE of American Liberty—the day, and *hour*, too, on which the Declaration of Independence received its finally reading, and the day and hour, on which he prayed to Heaven that he might be permitted to depart.

Astonishing coincidence! wonderful anthanasia! Was not the hand of God most affectingly displayed in this event, as if to add another, and a crowning one, to the multiplied proof of his especial superintendence over this happy country? On the anniversary of a day the most distinguished in the annals of mankind; on the fiftieth anniversary of that momentous day; on a day, too, which his own great work had rendered thus momentous—at the identical moment, when fifty years before he was engaged in repeating its sublime and eternal truths, for the final adoption of his country—and in merciful fulfilment of his last earthly prayer, he closed his eyes in patriot ecstacy, amidst the thunders of artillery, and the lightning of impassioned declamation flashing from every temple, and the hosannas of a congregated nation, uniting with one voice in proclaiming the assurance of his immortality! The like felicitous combination has never happened in the world—no, nor can it ever happen, may be almost said with certainty. Few of the miracles recorded in the sacred writings are more conspicuous or imposing. Mark again—what did not escape the wonder and the record of the anxious spectators of the scene—the extraordinary protraction of physical existence, manifested in the last moments of Mr. Jefferson, as if to render the coincidence more strikingly and beautifully complete. At 8 o'clock, P. M on the 3rd of July, his physician of whose enemies it is superfluous to speak, pronounced that he might be expected to cease to live every quarter of an hour from that time. Yet he lived seventeen hours longer, without any evident pain, or suffering or restlessness; without sensibility, consciousness and intelligence, for much more than twelve hours of the time; and at last gradually subsided into inanimation like a lamp which had shone throughout a long dark night, spreading far its beneficent rays, and had continued to burn enough to usher in broad day light upon mankind. His desire to see the noontide of the national jubilee was thus wonderfully fulfilled, contrary to the expectations of all those around him.—Surely a life so precious & illustrious, should, if possible, be rendered more estimable, more sacred in the contemplation of the incomprehensible felicity of his death.

QUALIFICATIONS OF VOTERS IN MARYLAND.

Every person to be entitled to vote, must be,—A free, white, male citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years or upwards;

Resident within the State one whole year, and

Resident in the County six months next previous to the election.

Resident in the District in which he offers to vote.

The qualifications of voters are the same for every description of office.

Every person offering to vote, if not known to the judges, or objected to, must prove.

That he is a citizen—if born in the United States, by his oath or affirmation, or the oath or affirmation of some credible person knowing the fact.

If a naturalized citizen, by a certificate of *Naturalization*, under the Seal of some Court of the United States, or of some State Court.

Age may be proved by the oath or affirmation of the voter, that he believes himself to be twenty-one years of age, or may be proved by any credible person declaring on oath or affirmation that he knows the voter to be 21 years old.

Residence, should *always* be sworn or affirmed to by the voter himself if an objection is made.

OPINION.

The amendment to the constitution of this State made in the session of 1809 and 1810, declares every free white male citizen of this State having resided 12 months in the State and 6 months in the county next preceding the election, shall be entitled to vote. The right of suffrage depends upon the interpretation of this clause of the constitution.

By the adoption of this amendment the people of Maryland have in effect decided that the principle of universal suffrage is the best security for free institutions. The times of residence mentioned in this article are not to be regarded as restrictions on the right, but as safeguards against its abuse. It is required for the purpose of excluding those, who, in times of high excitement might otherwise be brought from another State or another county on the eve of an election, and take up a pretended residence, merely to obtain the privilege of voting.—But it is obviously the intention of the constitution to secure as far as practicable the right of voting to every citizen of Maryland, and to place the rich and the poor in the exercise of this right on terms of the most perfect equality.

This being the design of the people of Maryland in adopting this article of the constitution, it ought to be interpreted in the same spirit, and should be liberally construed in order to protect every citizen of Maryland in the enjoyment of this great right.

The questions about the right of suffrage always depend on the true meaning of the word residence.—The case of Baptiste, vs De Volbunbrun, decided in the Court of Appeals and reported in the 5 Har. & John 80, although it relates to a very different subject, yet turned on the legal meaning of the word residence.—And although Mrs. De Volbunbrun had continued sixteen years in Maryland, yet as it appeared that she had not intended to make it the place of permanent abode, and intended to return to St. Domingo whenever circumstances would permit her to do so with safety, the Court held that she was merely a sojourner in this State and not a resident according to the legal meaning of the word. And it is worthy of remark, that a part of the evidence on which the court relied to ascertain her intention to return to St. Domingo, was her own declarations made at different times during her stay in Maryland. In the case of De Fountaine vs De Fountaine 5 Har. and John. 99. the same principles are established.

If we adopt the just rule of interpreting the constitution herein before stated, and expound the word "RESIDENCE" according to the decisions of the Court of Appeals in the above cases; the following conclusions appear to be inevitable:—

1 That a person does not lose his residence in a county or city by a temporary absence for a temporary purpose, provided he intends to return to it, and continues to regard it as his place of permanent abode.

2. The intention gives the character, to the act of removal—and that intention may be gathered from the declarations of the party and from the kind of business in which he is engaged. His own testimony on oath is also clearly admissable, in order to enable the judges to ascertain the intention.

3 The circumstance that a party takes with him his family, cannot in my judgment alter the case. If he leaves his family behind him or keeps his house and furniture, these circumstances furnish sufficient evidence that he means to return and does not design to change his residence. Yet the leaving of his family behind him, or the keeping his house and furniture are nothing more than evidence of his intention to return and continue to reside in the same place—and this intention may be proved in any other manner, or by any other evidence that will satisfy the minds of the judges.

This opinion is perhaps drawn out at greater length than the occasion may be supposed to require. But as it is a time of much excitement, I have felt it due to myself not to express my opinion without at the same time stating the principles on which it has been founded.

R. B. TANEY.

October, 4 1828.

DR. WM. EVANS.—We lately went over the doctor's medical establishment in Chatham street, N. York. We found forty persons employed in the various departments of his manufactory. He paid out last year something more than fifty thousand dollars to newspaper publishers for advertising, and for the year ensuing has made his calculations to pay double that amount, intending to advertise in every paper in the Union. As a curiosity the doctor shewed us his bills for job-printing for one year, and we were truly astonished to find their amount exceeding seven thousand dollars. There is another thing about Dr. Evans worthy of remark—no man who has a bill against him is obliged to present it twice for his money.

It is said that the doctor in travelling from New York to New Orleans, had no occasion