Tho. Cabrup

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL CILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON MARYLAND, TUESDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1840. VOL. VII—NO. 95

THE WHIG & ADVOCATE,
IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY MORNING
BY GEORGE W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

TERMS:—Two Dollars and fifty Cents per annum payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearage are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in the same proportion.

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BLANNERHASSET.

We have often heard the question asked what became of Blannerhasset, after the failure of Burr's project, his connection with which was so disastrous to his fortunes and his domestic happiness? The question is answered in the following biographical sketch, written by his son Joseph Lewis Blannerhasset, which we find in the Louisville Literary Register. Mr. J. L. Blannerhasset lives, it appears, at St. Johns, Newfounland.

Harman Blannerhasset was born in Hampshire in year 1767, his parents being then on a visit to England. Shortly after they returned to the family residence, Castle Conway, in the county of Kerry, Ireland. From the high standing and wealth of his father, who was at that time high sheriff, &c. no expense was spared to render him capable of holding that genteel station in society which his ancestors had held in England from the earliest times. After having received the various rudiments from private masters he went first to Eton School, near Windsor, and subsequently to Trinity College, Dublin, where he acquitted himself so well as to obtain in a very short time, two degrees, viz: Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Civil and Common Laws He was subsequently called to the Irish bar and created fellow of the Honorable Society of the King's Inns, Dublin. He passed his examination the same day with the late Thomas Addis Emmet, between whom and himself the greatest friendship ever existed. After making the tour of the Low Countries and France, where he was present at the destruction of the Bastile, &c. he returned to Ireland, where he practised as a barrister in 1797 and 1798, when, his father dying, he became possessed of the family estate and a large fortune.

Ireland at that period being destracted by the horrors of rebellion, he sold his estate to his cousin Lord Ventry, and went to England, where he became acquainted with and married a Miss Agnew, daughter of the Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man, and the granddaughter of Gen. Agnew, killed in the battle of Germantown, a young lady of high family connections, great beauty and accomplishment. Accompanied by his wife, he went to the United States and purchased the island in the Ohio river, known to this day by his name. After the Burr affair, he left the island, and went into the State of Mississippi, where by the advice of Gen. Adair of Kentuckey, he purchased a plantation from Mr. Brazil, a few miles from Gibsonport. When he had resided some years upon this plantation, having sold it, he went into Canada, where he practised at the bar, in Montreal. His commission appointing him to practice in the Province of Lower Canada, is dated 4th December 1819. After remaining some time in Canada, he went to England, under the impression of being made a judge, through the favor of the Duke of Richmond, then Governor of Lower Canada, who was very partial to him; but the untimely death of that nobleman marred his expectations. Ere he returned to Canada for the purpose of bringing his family to England, her sister, Miss Alice Blannerhasset, settled the bulk of her fortune upon himself and his family. After he had brought his family from Canada, he resided with his sister for some time near the city of Bath. As both his sister and himself were invalids, they went to the island of Jersey, on the coast of France, for the sake of enjoying a more genial climate; thence, after residing two years, he went to the island of Guernsey, where he died at his residence, Mount Durad, in the arms of the writer of this sketch, in the year 1831.

Harman Blannerhasset, in boldily sature, was rather above the general size. His manners were highly polished, and his address captivating and agreeable. From his youth he was ardently attached to literature and philosophy, seldom allowing himself (even in his old age) more than six or seven hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and two or three hours' exercise, the remainder of this time was employed either in acquiring or imparting knowledge on subjects connected with the general literature of the period, or investigating more abstruse subjects relating to the dead languages, the mathematics, natural philosophy, and the fine arts. His musical compositions have been performed by some of the finest bands, and have been much admired by connoisseurs: and his writings display great depth of learning in, and perception into, the various subjects on which they treat. He was endowed naturally, with a most retentive memory; so much so, that up to a short time prior to his death, he could repeat, in Greek, the whole of Homer's Illiad. I might dilate upon his moral virtues, and religious and domestic merits; but as there are those still alive who knew him, and as to those who did not know him, it might appear that I was adulating a deceased parent, I shall retrain.

WASHINGTON IN THE FIELD OF VICTORY & CHAMBER OF DEATH.

From Custis's Recollections of Washington, we copy the following, relating to the Seige of Yorktown and a domestic scene.

"The weather during the siege of Yorktown was propitious in the extreme, being, with the exception of the squall on the night of the 16th ult, the fine autumnal weather of the South, commonly called the Indian summer, which greatly facilitated the military operations. Washington's head quarters were under canvass the whole time.

The situation of Yorktown, after the surrender was pestilential. Numbers of wretched negroes who had either been taken from their plantations, or had of themselves followed the fortunes of the British Army, had died of the small-pox, which, with the camp-fever, was raging in the place, and remained unburied in the streets. When all hope of escape was given up, the horses of the British Legion were led to the margin of the river, shot, and then thrown into the stream; the carcasses, floating with the tide, lodged on the adjacent shores and flats, producing an effluvia that effected the atmosphere for miles around. Indeed it was many months before Yorktown and its environs became sufficiently purified to be habitable with any degree of comfort.

A domestic affliction threw a shade over Washington's happiness, while his camp still rang with shouts of triumph for the surrender of Yorktown His stepson, to whom he had been a parent and protector, and to whom he was fondly attached, whom he had accompanied him to camp at Cambridge, and was among the first of his aids in the dawn of the Revolution, sickened while on duty as extra aid to the Commander in Chief in the trenches before Yorktown. Aware that his disease (the camp-fever) would be mortal, the sufferer had yet one last lingering wish to be gratified, and he would die content. It was to behold the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis. He was supported to the ground, and witnessed the admired spectacle, and was then removed to Eltham a distance of thirty miles from camp.

An express from Dr. Craik announced that there was no longer hope, when Washington, attended by a single officer, and a groom, left the head-quarters at midnight, and rode with all speed for Eltham.

The anxious watchers by the couch of the dying were, in the gray of the twilight, aroused by a trampling of a horse, and, looking out, discovered the Commander-in-chief alighting from a jaded charger in the court-yard. He immediately summoned Dr. Craik, and to the eager inquiry,—Is there any hope? Craik mournfully shaking his head, the General retired to a room to indulge his grief, requested to be left alone. In a little while the poor sufferer expired. Washington, tenderly embracing the bereaved wife and mother, observed to the weeping group around the remains of him he so dearly loved, 'From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own.' Absorbed in grief, he then waved with his hand a melancholy adieu, and fresh horses being ready without rest or refreshment, he re-mounted and returned to the camp.

For a great distance around Yorktown the earth trembled under the cannonade, while many an anxious and midnight watcher ascended to the house tops to listen to the sound, and to look upon the horizon, lighted up by the blaze of the batteries, the explosions of the shells, and the flames from the burning vessels in the harbor.

At length, on the morning of the 17th, the thundering ceased, hour after hour passed away, and the most attentive ear could not catch another sound. What had happened? Can he have escaped? To suppose he had fallen, was almost too much to hope for. And now an anxious anxiety prevailed, every eye is turned towards the great Southern road, and the express! the express is upon every lip. Each hamlet and homestead pours forth its inmates. Age is seen leaning on his staff, women with infants at their breast, children with wondering eyes and tiny hands outstretched, all, all, with breathless hopes and fears, await the courier's coming. Ay, and the courier rode with a red spur that day, but had he been mounted on the wings of the wind, he could scarcely have kept pace with the general anxiety.

At length there is a cry—He comes! he comes! and merging from a cloud of dust, a horseman is seen at headlong speed. He plies the latch and spur; covered with foam, with throbbing flank, and nostril dilated to catch the breeze, the generous horse devours the road, while ever and anon the rider waves his cap, and shouts to the eager groups that crowd his way, Counwallis is taken.

And now arouse a joyous cry that made the very welkin tremble The tories, amazed, confounded, shrunk away to their holes and hiding places, while the patriotic Whigs rushed into each other's arms, and wept for gladness. And ho! in that day of general thanksgiving and praise, how many an inspiration ascended to the Most High imploring blessings on him whom all Time will consecrate as the Father of his Country.

The prediction of Cornwallis in the tent of Washington was verified. The 19th of October, 1781, was indeed the crowning glory of the war of the Revolution; hostilities languished thereafter, while Independence and Empire dawned upon the destinies of America from the surrender of Yorktown.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady of high rank and accomplishment, residing in Philadelphia, to a British officer living in Boston. It was sent to him soon after the Battle of Bunker Hill, & circulated at the time throughout the colonies, in the Revolutionary newspapers, from which the extract is copied.

"I will tell you what I have done. My only brother I have sent to the camp, with my prayers and blessings; I hope he will not disgrace me: I am confident he will behave with honor, and emulate the great example he has before him. Had I twenty brothers and sons, they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drank since last Christmas; nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and (what I never did before) I have learned to knit; with this new acquirement, I am now making stockings of American wool for my servants. In this way do I throw in my mite for the public good. I know this, that as free, I can die but once; but as a slave, I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you, that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed balls, assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea drinking, and finery, to the great spirit of liberty that actuates all ranks and degrees of people throughout this extensive continent"

MY FIRST LOVE.

"How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath the fragant shade
I clasped her to my bosom"
[*Highland Mary.*

"Will you go with me, Laura, down by the brook?" said I, as the merry-hearted girl came in singing gaily, after watering her flowers, doubly beautiful from her exercise.

"Go—oh! yes."

"But you'll put on your bonnet surely."

"What that hateful one with the very, *very* large case—I thought you didn't like it."

"Pshaw! Laura—only put it on—the sun is still an hour high."

"Well then, since I must"—and tripping gaily in, she re-appeared directly with the huge bonnet overshadowing her face, and covering with its enormous cape her snowy shoulders. In another instant she was bounding like a fairy over the grassy knoll.

Laura was just seventeen, with raven curls, a dark, hazel eye, and a form of exquisite symmetry. She was the only child of my guardian, and we had spent our childhood together. Even then I had a boyish fancy for her, climbing the trees to pluck her fruits or nuts, making rail bridges for her across the little streams in our walks, and gathering the sweetest flowers for her, when she happened one spring to be ill for a fortnight. But with my removal to school new feelings arose; accident had prevented our meeting for years; and I came at last to look back upon that period as a happy but half remembered dream. but this summer after graduating I met her again; and we had not been together a week before all my old sentiments returned. But it was no longer a boyish fancy; it was the deep, ardent passion of a first love—that holy feeling, which visits us but once, and which amid the woe and misery of this world seems like a sunbeam from the blest. Alas! that we never love again as we did in the holiness of our first affction.—The passion is there, but its purty is gone.

I found Laura impossible to read. To me she was all frankness; but did not this prove that she thought of me only as a brother? But I remembered that she always lived a secluded life, and that she freely confided all her little secrets to me. She was sometimes so tauntingly merry at my expense that I would vow she loved me not. But then she did a hundred things which could have been done only to please me. That every bonnet had been almost discarded, because one day I laughed at its enormous cape. She read my books, patted my dog, and I half suspected her of filling the vase in my bed room with flowers every morning. It was delicious; but I would have given worlds had she been more reserved.

If she used to be merry at my expense, I took my revenge by calling her jocularly a country girl. She was too affectionate to get angry, but she only half liked it. But though I plagued her about her rural education, it was in reality her sweetest charm. She had never been contaminated by the society of cities, and like the lily of her own valley, was purity itself. Her voice carolling a song as she tended her flowers, gushed forth with a music to my fancey almost divine. She was the idol of my young heart; the theme of daily reveries and nightly dreams. I still turn to that summer of my young existence, like the traveller to the cool fountain sparkling in the desert.

"Let us go over the upper bridge," said she, pausing at the top of the knoll, and flinging her dark curls back from her forehead, as she looked up to the cliff from which the airy structure sprung.

"What!—is it ever used? said I, in some surprise: for the frail planks rocked at a dizzy height above us—"I had no idea it was safe."

"Had'nt you?—oh! then I'll prove it,—that is," said she, smiling archly, "if you're not afraid to follow a wild country girl."

"Pshaw! Laura."

"Well—come."

"Stop—Laura—"

"Oh indeed it's safe, but if you're really afraid, I'll come back," for she was already high on the cliff above, her white dress fluttering and her ringlets waving in the breeze.

"Afraid!—only of yourself," and I sprang up the ascent after the laughing girl. She waited till I came up, and then for an instant stood pointing out the scenery.

"You've been here for a month, I declare and never was on this rock before. I really believe," she continued, looking archly at me, "you were half afraid to attempt the ascent. But we country girls don't mind it. Look here, through at Chester Hill, rising dark and gloomy on the northern horizon, and away there, like a far off cloud are the blue hills of your own State. Now that is our house, almost at our feet, see I can throw this stone upon the roof; and there is the lake, and the mill-dam, and yonder is New port, and down, down there," and she led me gaily to the edge of the ravine, "is the little streamlet murmuring and babbling alone. See, the bridge is swinging in the wind. And now, valiant knight, across with me," and springing laughingly away—for I had made an attempt to grasp her arm; she was the next minute rocking on the frail structure, a hundred feet and more from the streamlet.

"Take care—take care," she laughed tantalizingly, as I followed, "it may not bear you—or your foot might slip—it's two feet across, do—*do* go back now!" and the high spirited girl stood perfectly secure, upon a height that almost made me dizzy. But I answered gaily, and was soon by her side.

"And now I'll take you to the brook by *my* path—you'er not afraid, are you?" and breaking from me again in the exuberant gaiety of a young and happy heart, she began to descend one of those steep paths which may be found on the side of almost every ravine, now springing lightly over some narrow chasm, and then swinging herself boldly around the corner of the rock by the trees that grew in the clefts. I followed with some difficulty, amazed at her skill and lightness, and trembling least a false step should precipitate her down the giddy steep. While every moment or two she would pause for me to overtake her, laughing merrily at my fears of her safety. —When we reached the foot of the cliff she flung herself panting upon the sod, gaily motioning me to a seat upon the turf beside her. With her eyes sparkling, her cheek flushed with exercise, and her snowy bosom heaving under her boddice, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful before; and with carelessly throwing off her bonnet, she permitted the breeze to wanton over her cheek, tossing the dark curls from her forehead, I almost fancied I looked upon some mountain nymph, such as the old Greek poet loved to sing of. The spot too, we were in, favored the motion; for the dark cliff overhung it on all sides, and the glass stream lay like a mirror at our feet. To complete the magic of the scene, the rays of the setting sun, glimmering through the leaves down the ravine, flooded the spot with a mellow, golden, subdued, almost dreamy light.

"This is my *boudoir*," said Laura gaily, "and you must think it quite a compliment to be admitted here. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is—but, Laura, do you always approach it by that dizzy path?"

"Oh! no, only when I wish to give it *eclat*, and then, you know, it appears the prettier just in proportion to its difficulty of access. But, I declare, I never thought you'd look half so frightened," continued she laughingly, "I shall not venture to take you back that way—we must cross the brook before us, "over the water and over the sea,"—and she finished her sentence by humming that delightful old Jacobite air.

"Are you serious?"

"Serious—to be sure, Mr. Impertinence."

"Well, then," said I, "Laura, I will go back the way we came."

"Oh! no—you mus't think of it—it's really, positively dangerous to ascend—beside I wish to shew you my path across the streamlet."

"If it is dangerous to ascend I am decided.—And yonder," I continued, pointing to a steep and apparently impracticable gully upon the perpendicular side of the ravine, "is a more difficult road still wait here till I come back, and then you shall shew me your path."

"Oh! no—indeed you shall do no such thing," and she laid her hand earnestly upon my arm.

"But, Laura, you said you were serious——"

"No—no, it was only jest," said she eagerly, looking into my very soul with her melting eyes.

"But only for a minute or two—you've dared me to the trial—there is no danger," and I would have gently removed her arm as I made a step or two towards the ascent.

"Indeed, indeed I was only in jest—you'll fall, indeed you will—take, at least, the path we came—now, Harry, *don't go*," said she, with that low, thrilling entreaty, and that imploring look which makes every nerve tingle.

"Why don't you wish me to go, Laura?" I wispered softly.

"Because I am afraid," she scarcely murmured.

"*Why* are you afraid for me Laura?"

"Because—because"—and, dropping her eyes to the ground, beneath my gaze, while the crimson tide rushed down to her bosom, and dyed even the fingers that lay upon my arm, she was all at once unaccountably silent. My heart beat with wild emotion.

"Say, Laura, I whispered, as my arm stole around her delicate waist, "would *you* weep for me if any thing should happen?"

I could feel her light form trembling as I proceeded—but she made no reply. There was a minute's silence, and then came a deep, long drawn sigh.

"And—Laura! will *you* love me too?"

Her bosom heaved wildly, and she breathed quick; but she neither answered nor raised her eyes from the ground. She was picking a flower to pieces. I ventured to draw her toward my bosom as I whispered.

"*Will you?*"

She looked up timidly, but oh! how trustingly into my eyes, and heaving a sigh as if her heart had broke, fell upon my breast. I pressed her sacredly to it, and in silence. It was a moment never to be forgot. One holy kiss I bestowed upon her brow, one long, passionate embrace, and then gently she disengaged herself from my arms. But her swimming eyes, from beneath their long, silken lashes, told of her first and only love.

It is many a long year since then, but Laura is still, to my eyes, as beautiful as ever. She is not so merry as she was that summer, though her voice more sweet. She has now a matronly look, and a smile of holier repose; but there is a little Laura on her knee with the self-same eye and girlish laugh, and her mother still blushes to the brow when she lisps out a request, at her father's laughing bidding, to hear the story about pa's FIRST LOVE.

BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES.

We question whether the celebrated Beau Brumwell, and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates, were not mere Quakers in their dress, compared with some of the distinguished dressers of the former. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl, in the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button—his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white—and buff shoes, with white ribbon. On great court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,600; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies and pearls. King James's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les Dames de la Cour*; for our Duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimm'd with great diamond buttons, hat bands, cockades, and earrings, yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made; the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, gold, and gems, could contribute—one of which was a white uncut velvet, set over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs. When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

The New York Herald, an independent Whig paper, has the following remarks on the recent Whig frauds:

For further developments in this most extraordinary system of fraud, we refer our readers to the additional evidence published to-day, which is even more curious and surprising than what we gave yesterday. Can there be any doubt about the truth of these allegations?

We do not see a loop on which to hang a doubt in the choice of facts now developed. The clear and unvarnished tale of Stevenson is corroborated in every point and in every fact by Glentworth, Havens, Swartwout, McArdle, Wetmore, Blatchford, and all those who are the known leaders, *par excellence*, of this Wall street *clique* of politicians. The position of Mr. Glentworth is lamentable. He has been known as an amiable, unoffending, harmless man; and no doubt he has been made the instrument of this *clique*, to subserve their own purposes, and to aid their own schemes to power and emolument, by securing the future distribution of the offices in this city. Swartwout, Blachford, Havens, Wetmore, have been prominent leaders of one of the Wall street *cliques*, which assumed to rule the Whig party of this city—which assumed to direct the Whig party of the State, thro' the columns of the "Express," and "Courier and Enquirer." Blachford, in his evidence, remembers nothing of what he said to Glentworth, "*non mi ricordo*," "Do you see any thing green in me sir?" It is very convenient to have a bad memory at times; but even his and the other's want of memory, only give remarkable confirmation to the direct statements of Stevenson and Young, and the admissions or forgetfulness of Glentworth. "Saw my leg off, boy!"

For the honor and reputation and honesty of the Whig party, we rejoice at the providential development of one of the Wall street *cliques*, previous to the great contest. It will relieve the honest yeomanry thro'out the land of a load which has been pressing upon their shoulders. For three years past, this identical *clique* in Wall street have been the principal recipients of all the money contributed for political uses. They held the purse strings, and used such chary men as Mr. Glentworth to do their dirty work. By the posssession of these funds, they also held the control over all the Wall street press. In the same period of time. they have attempted to put down and destroy all independent men and independent papers that dared to speak forth their minds in full. Three times, during the last three years, has "war to the knife" been declared against the Herald, because it would not bow to their behests. Last spring we were offered $1,000, by a prominent politician, if we would support this *clique*, of which Blatchford, Bowen, Wetmore, and others, now appear to be the leaders. We spurned the offer, and replied—"I can make as much money as ever I shall want by my regular business; and nothing can buy my liberty of thought and action which the Wall street *clique* possess." In a week after this refusal, the last "moral war" began on the Herald.

Thus it is—truth and honor will always triumph. It has only to bide its day. This *clique* had appointed themselves in advance to all the fat offices in New York in the event of General Harrison's election. One was to be the Collector—another Surveyor; another Naval Officer—another Postmaster, &c. What an escape the honest portion of the Whig party have had! If, under any circumstances, these Wall street *cliques* could have monopolized all the offices here, we should, before 1844 had passed away have had a repetition of the scene enacted by Swartwout in the Custom House, heightened and colored by the additional improvement in mechanism since his day.—*New York Herald.*

BANK OF MILLINGTON.

We are informed that this bank, in addition to the large number of bills which it has in circulation, has issued a vast amount of post-notes, which have been put in circulation in the South. This bank made arrangements a few months since to have their notes redeemed at the Chesapeake bank in this city, but the amount deposited for their redemption has run out, and now they are not received at any of our banks, nor by the public generally. In short, they are in bad repute, and the public should be cautious how they handle them.

The Baltimore Sun, of Thursday last, from which we extract the foregoing, although generally prompt in its news, is behind the times in regard to the Millington Bank, and its caution is something like "locking the stable door after the steed is stolen." The Millington Bank failed on Tuesday last—all the officers, except the President, having absconded on the Sunday previous. The capital originally paid in, was only about 30,000, as we have been informed, and its stock has changed owners several times.

It has twice suspended business without loss to the community; after which the chief ownership of the Bank was acquired by a gentleman in Queen Ann's county, who made a very handsome speculation in the sale of the stock to some New York speculators, who have thus had the control of the Institution for a year past.

It is understood that they did not pursue a regular banking business—had no board of directors, and loaned very little money to the community amongst whom they were. Their chief object seems to have been to gain credit for the Bank by paying specie for their notes, and thus obtain a circulation *from home*, which, at a favorable moment they pushed to the utmost, and then Swartwouted with the avails. In other words the Millington Bank seems to have been a mere tool for swindlers. They succeeded some time since in making an arrangement with the Chesapeake Bank of Baltimore for redeeming their notes, which much facilitated their plans, as it gave confidence to the community, and paved the way for the fraudulent issue of their insolvent paper.

No hope that the charter will be annulled in due course of law, and that the officers, who have absconded, will be indicted, demanded of the state to which they have fled, and prosecuted with exemplary rigor. We must make an example of such offenders. Banks are of benefit to the country when honestly and skilfully managed, but the fraudulent abuse of their chartered powers, or the infidelity of their officers, should be punished with the severest rigour.

The bank stopped upon a demand of fifteen dollars, and so soon as it was known, the holders of notes in the vicinity, compelled the officer in charge of the Bank to open the doors and pay out the very last cent—and thus five hundred and seventy-five dollars were redeemed after the first stoppage. This, we hear, was all the funds in the vaults of the Bank.—*Kent News.*

A DESTRUCTIVE MACHINE.—A late London paper, in speaking of some newly invented, exploding machines, which are not described, says:

"In my opinion, the merits of these inventions are so extraordinary as to vest the absolute sovereignty of the seas in the hands of the first power that shall adopt them; for I am fully convinced that it is impossible for any thing that floats to resist them, either at close quarters or any given distance, even to a range of five or six miles. The strongest fortifications in Europe could not withstand these extraordinary powers for a single hour; in riversways and against stockades, as in India, the largest armies would be annihilated without a chance of escape: and the most difficult mountain passes would be utterly untenable against their operation. The country might by their application be rendered impregnable; for 100 sails of the line might be easily destroyed by a single small ship constructed on the principles I have had explained to me; and whenever it might be necessary to call this power into action, its effects would be attended at a trifling expense, and upon the shortest notice."

A BRUTAL SCENE IN A PRIZE RING.—A man named Thomas Draper, was beaten to death in a prize fight, at Saulsbury, England, a short time since, in the presence of a large concourse of persons. He fought for a period of two hours, with a man named Skinner. One of the witnesses testified that he was pretty well blind a long time before the last round. He was beaten and bruised so that he could scarcely stand. Yet in this condition, he was again and again presented to be knocked down. At length, adds the account, Skinner tripped him up, and fell upon him. Unable to rise, he was carried to his second's knee, again to be encouraged to continue the combat. "Time was called," but it was all over. He was beyond his second's care, he fell senseless to the ground, and was in a moment a corpse. The head and body of the unfortunate man were covered with bruises, and presented a shocking appearance.

NOT SO BAD.—A young lady being dreadfully frightened at a bull that had broken from his pasture, called to some men who were in the neighborhood to "drive away that *gentleman cow*."

DR. DUNCAN.—We see it stated in some of the Ohio papers, that Dr. Duncan intends to contest the election of Pendleton. That the Dr. has been defeated by the most stupendous fraud, cannot be doubted.