ew-York Express.

w-York Express is a Daily and dly Newspaper, lately establish- City of New-York, by JAMES f Portland, Maine, and ROBERT of Hudson's News Rooms. The e daily is ten dollars, and of the kly, four dollars in advance, and paid within the year.

bers not known to the proprietors ted to give references in New ess the money accompanies their he proprietors know full well that nagement of a daily newspaper ork, the editors must neither sleep er upon their posts, and while s of their fellow citizens are in their is the time for them to be at their they are prepared for this exertion. ve the health, spirits and the age n encounter and are ready for it full as they do, the activity of heir contemporaries and their in- le exertions never to be outdone.— rtheless, they think there is room

New York is increasing with a hat defies calculation and mocks cy—marching onwards even with at threaten a close approximation npire city of the commercial world sea: and sure in all this vigorous vellous growth, a new Journal *may* where others have, when New- s, as it were, but in her swathing and not the giant she now is—with sand arms stretching over both the l and new. In such a great city heart of our vast land, and the veen that land and Europe—where upon paper, no stamps, no restric- on the Press, encumber and over- business of Journalizing, there is ope and range enough for us and ontemporaries too.

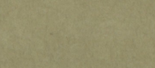
reat and primary object of the pro- s to create a commercial Newspa- t is just as impossible to live in this cal world of ours without ming- olitics, as to go into the fire without rnt. True, when the Whigs aver and two make four, and the friends Van Buren aver that two and two ree and a half, they could take the f neutrality, aver as loudly as ei- t two and two make three & three but there is a right and a wrong very question, and one must in a like this be on one side or other.— s right political side, we are quite it is that of the Whigs, but were rise, we should be puzzled enough h a Commercial Journal, when ce and Whig principles are identi- with another. Already we have xion with "Hudson's News Room," s of a newspaper establishment, a rrent, Shipping List, and excellent nents for all news, Foreign and A- but not satisfied with this we shall tely push our arrangements to the t point for the procuring of news.— e Messrs. Hudsons is about to sail pool, and go from thence to London, d Paris, for the purpose of devi- most expeditious and surest means ing commercial intelligence from The rapid arrangements that we n compelled to make for the pub- f the "Express," have of course of our power to have a new Press, ordered one of the first quality, a linder, which will be done by the September, and then the 'Express' e *largest Daily Newspaper to the*

rangements of our office, though ly completed, are rapidly advan- We have established, at a great ex- Correspondence with every impor- on of our country, and as soon as ve intend to do the same with ev- esting part of the world. Our sub- list has increased and is still in- beyond the highest expectations. ure of ultimate success and it will be our pride to deserve it. With ngements as these, we hope to ir share of public patronage, to de- ich, we shall assuredly do all that power.

BROOKS & HUDSON,
k City, corner of Wall & Water-sts
0, 1837

or Baltimore.

E STEAM-BOAT



MARYLAND

, leave Cambridge every Wednes- y and Saturday morning, at nine r the above place, touching at An- h her way to Baltimore; and leaves every Tuesday and Friday at 7 r Annapolis, Cambridge and Eas-

baggage at the owner's risk.
L. G. TAYLOR.
11, 1837.

Wm. W. Laird,
ORNEY AT LAW,
RS his professional services to the ic. His office is the one lately y Judge Goldsborough.
5mos.

To be Leased,
the ensuing year, the Store use, in Cambridge, at present oc- Mr. Francis J. Henry, at the Market & Poplar sts. the most nd in Cambidge.
JOSEPH E. MUSE.
3, 1837.

to Newspaper Publishers.
Editor of the "The Delawarean," shed at Wilmington, Delaware publish a *Newspaper Directory*, re asks as a favor, that each paper n the United States, will forward il, one copy of their paper. He arrange them by States, giving es, &c. For this favor, each editor paper, shall receive one copy of ry, as soon as made ready. The of a sheet of this kind to publish- apparent to all.
rs will please copy the above once ordor to give it circulation.

ob-Printing,
EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Y AND EXPEDITIOUSLY
uted at the Chronicle office,
AT MODERATE PRICES.

DORCHESTER

HOUSE.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally that he has taken that well-known

Tavern House

THE TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE, lately occupied by Mr. John Bradshaw, (which will in future be styled the "DORCHESTER HOUSE,") where he designs keeping a first rate establishment for the accommodation of all, and every person, who may favor him with their patronage. His TABLE will at all times be furnished with the best the market will afford. His BAR is now, and will continue to be, stocked with pure and unadulterated Liquors, of every variety; to attend in which he has procured the valuable services of Mr. *Thomas Smith*, who will always be ready to administer to the comforts of visiters. To attend his STABLES, he has careful and experienced Ostlers, which, together with his personal knowledge of the character and habits of that most valuable of animals, will, he flatters himself, afford ample assurance that all horses left in his charge will be well attended to. The House, in the course of the ensuing summer, will undergo a thorough repair, and be very considerably enlarged.

The advantages of its location must be acknowledged by all who visit it; for, while it is in the middle of the village, it is yet retired and quiet, it stands on a fine airy situation, about equi-distant from either end of the town.

The undersigned pledges himself to his patrons that his efforts to render their sojourn with him agreeable, shall be unremitting, and that nothing shall be left undone to accomplish that object; he, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of the patronage of an enlightened public.

The public's obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. YATES.
Cambridge, Jan. 21 6m A

☞P. S. BOARDERS taken by the day, week, month or year. Horses received on livery.

**Conveyances to any part of the peninsula furnished at the shortest notice. All on the most accommodating terms.
W. H. Y.

The New-Yorker.

QUARTO EDITION.

THE publishers of the "New-Yorker," encouraged by the generous and steadily increasing patronage which has hitherto rewarded their exertions, propose to issue from the commencement of their third volume, on the 26th of March ensuing, a new Double Quarto Edition of their journal, not instead of, but in addition to, the one now published. Advertisements, except possibly a few of a strictly literary character, will be entirely excluded; and, in addition to all the matter presented in the folio New-Yorker the quarto will contain a page of popular music, &c. &c., and be accompanied by a handsome title-page and comprehensive index at the close of the volume.

The general features of the New-Yorker will remain essentially as they have heretofore been. Its columns will contain—

I. *General Literature.* Original Tales, Essays, Reviews, Poems, &c., with corresponding selections from the Quarterlies, Monthlies, and all the best class of periodicals, foreign and American, with choice extracts from new works of substantial excellence. The Editor acknowledges with pride and gratitude his obligation to his regular contributors—and among them are some whose names have shed lustre on the cause of American literature—for the steadfast support hitherto afforded him, and the confidence with which he is now enabled to assure the public that it will not soon be withdrawn. He takes pleasure in recalling the fact, that, since the establishment of the New Yorker, no other journal has afforded an equal extent and variety, of the productions of all eminent American writers of whatever section or class—a characteristic which he hopes it may still preserve; while his selections from the best foreign works have been exceeded—in quantity at least—by those of but three or four among the myriad of the cis-Atlantic periodicals.

II. *National Politics.* It has been the aim of the Editor to present a full and fair exhibit of the aspects, movements and struggles of parties in our country, including the meeting of Conventions, nomination of candidates for State and National offices, and all other significant manifestations of political feeling, with the general results of elections as fast as ascertained, and the official canvass in each instance, as soon as it shall have reached us. This course is believed to be in many respects original with this journal, and it is considered that we have just cause of felicitation in the fact, that, pursued as it has been through two years of unremitting political warfare, the fairness and general accuracy of our statements and returns have very rarely, if ever, been questioned. The Editor reserves to himself the right of remarking, as circumstances may seem to require and justice to dictate, on the less exciting political topics of the day, as on all others, with calmness, deference and moderation; but he will strive—i e trusts not less successfully than hitherto—to exclude from the columns of the New-Yorker every observation, reflection, or even argument, which may wantonly do violence to the sincere convictions of any well-informed reader, of whatever principle or party.

III. *General Intelligence.* In this department we can only promise the most unwearied industry and patience in the collection, condensation, and arrangement of the news, foreign and domestic, which may be gathered from the weekly reception of four hundred journals, including some choice European periodicals, and which may be afforded us by the attention of our friends abroad.

Literary Notices, Statistics, brief notices of works of Art, Amusements, the Drama, &c. &c., will from time to time be given. As a general rule, however, it will be the aim of the Editor to embody such article whether original or selected, as r all at least combine instruction with amusement.

Mr. Editor—you are authorised to announce through the columns of your paper, our well tried and most worthy friend,

HIRAM W. WOOLFORD,

as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of Dorchester County, who will be strongly supported by

NUMEROUS VORERS.
May 13, 1837 tf.

DORCHESTER AURORA.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN BY THEIR PRINCIPLES."

VOL. 3. **CAMBRIDGE, MD.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1837.** **NO. 10.**

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EDITED AND PRINTED BY
WM. H. BARROW.

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Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1 00; each after insertion 25 cents—when larger, in proportion.

Advertisements continued until instructed to omit them, and charged accordingly.

Communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.

POETRY.

From the Baltimore Transcript.

ON THE DEATH OF A PEDAGOGUE.

Death in a fitful mood one day,
For he's sometimes contrary,
(Few can be always brisk and gay,)
So death in a vagary,

To seize a learned Professor went,
And let him know in turn,
Tho' he his days in TEACHING spent,
He yet had much to LEARN.

In vain he prayed a Latin pray'r,
And made a Greek petition,
Death knew no language; all his care
Was centred in ADDITION.

Alas! his fate was quickly told—
Death being a reformer,
He took him from this world so cold,
And sent him to a WARMER.

So fell this prince of learning deep,
And to his subjects brings
A holiday whereon to weep,
As subjects weep for Kings.

Each Grammar grave, and Lexicon,
Exults to find him dead,
Since he so oft hath seized upon
And buried them in LEAD.

Each quill rejoiceth merrily,
At this their glad release,
They oft had grieved their fate should be
Forever serving GEESE;

None mourned except his faithful desk,
Which thus to part was loath,
For of the notion 'twas possessed
One block had formed them BOTH.

If so, then Death has acted right,
And proved his zeal for learning,
A block that boasteth wisdom's light
Should be forever BURNING.

How he within his grave was laid
Would any fain be asking,
His coffin was of school books made,
And well 'twas lined with CALF-SKIN.

Thus he within his grave was laid,
And hence it will be found,
The spot whereon that grave was made
Is turned to CLASSIC GROUND.

ZELIA.

From the U. S. Gazette.

THE HUSBAND'S GRAY HAIR.

Time's hand is even there, sweet Kate,
Yet let the sign remain.—
It gives me no regretful throb,
Nor should it yield thee pain:
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray,
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning gray?

Four lustres, Kate, have ta'en their flight
Since thou and I first met,
And darken'd morns have oped since then,
And murky suns have set,
Yet light from that warm heart of thine
Has been around my way,
And with so dear a guide and friend
I would again turn gray.

The wife may view, with unconcern,
Time's signet on the brow,
Who ne'er gave to the wearer's heart
A single throb of woe:
And if angelic worth, sweet Kate,
Might keep the churl at bay,
Time ne'er had placed in triumph there,
His banneret of gray.

Then let the stranger live, dear Kate,
Amid its neighbors dark,
Until they too in turn shall pale
Beneath the spoiler's mark:
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray,
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning gray?

"Ah!" said a respectable member of the bar to another in court, 'if I had only a part of your brass, I should succeed in the profession.' 'Indeed!' replied the gentleman thus addressed, 'if you had my gold you would require no brass.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS PARDOE'S CITY OF THE SULTAN.

Miss Pardoe will rank, justly rank, among the most popular of travellers, she seems to have had the art of making acquaintances in no ordinary degree, and of rendering herself so far a favorite among all, as to ensure a pleasent footing and a frankness of communication and intercourse seldom enjoyed. We proceed to set before our readers one or two further samples of the spirit of her volumes. The first relates to a peculiar kind of peril in which she was placed. Among the many dangers which all lady travelers must run, surely the one described in the following is by far the most fearful.—Phila. Courier.

"Having at length reached a spacions saloon, whose cool looking, white sofas occupied recesses, in each of which a window afforded the hope of a little air, I not only threw np the sash but the jealousies also, to the great terror of a couple of slaves who were looking on. Seeing their alarm, I explained to them that they were not compelled to approach the forbidden opening, but they still continued in such a state of anxiety that I begged them to explain what troubled them; whereupon the elder of the two, a plain, clumsy-looking woman of five or six and thirty, and as unattractive a person as can be imagined, told me that, as the Buyuk Hanoum loved me so much, she could not bear to se me commit so heinous a sin. I requested to know in what my transgression consisted, when she exclaimed with great energy:—'Suppose a Turk passing under the window should look up and love you, would you become a Mussleman, and marry him?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'Imagine then the sin for which you will be accountable if you continue seated in front of that open casement. Some unhappy True Believer will look upon you—he will desire to have you for his wife—and when you continue deaf to his passion, he will grow sick, keep his bed and probably die; and how will you be able to appear in Paradise with such a sin upon your soul?'

"I have related this little anecdote, because it proves two distinct facts; first that the Turkish woman thoroughly believe that a happy immortality awaits them, if they do not forfeit it by their own misdeeds; and that they are moreover tolerant enough to consider it sure that even the Giaours, who have no share in the mysteries of Mahomet, have nevertheless the same hope."

Among the numerous passages set down for extract is the interesting half-hinted history of the fine-eyed Greek girl, Mariaritza, especially as her song will serve to give the reader a sample of Miss Pardoe's easy and flowing verse.

"Another breath! and down came the darkness, above and about me. The stern mountains were faintly pencilled against the horizon—the breeze sighed through the blossom-laden branches, as though it mourned the loss of the day-light; and conjured as it seemed by that soft sound, up sprang a single star into the Heavens—clear, full, and glittering as though it had been formed of one pure and perfect diamond: and was reflected back from the calm bosom of the Bosphorus, in bright but tempered brilliancy.

"It was a moment of enchantment! And as my eye became accustomed to the sudden gloom, the whole horizon appeared changed. It was not blackness that veiled the sky; night wore no sables; but a far spreading vestment of deep dense blue, without a vapour to dim its intensity—And slowly, beautifully, into this empurpled vault, rose the soft moon, whose silver circle was almost perfect; casting, as she clombe her mysterious path, a long line of light across the channal which glittered like libuid gems.

"I was still gazing on this glorious spectacle, motionless, and almost breathless, when I was startled by a deep sigh so near me that I involuntarily started back a pace or two; but recovering myself on the instant, I looked earnestly in the direction whence it had appeared to come; and, detecting amid the branches, the glimmer of a white drapery, I approached the spot, and found myself standing beside a dark-eyed girl, who, seated on a broken column, under the overarching boughs of a magnificent cedar tree, was plucking to pieces a branch of orange-blosom which she had torn from her brow. She was dressed in deep mourning, but over her head she had flung the long loose veil of soft white muslin common to her countrywomen—for Mariaritza was a Greek—I scarcely know how to describe her, and I quite despair of making my portrait a likeness, for her's was not a face that words can mirror faithfully. I had heard much of her before we met—much which had excited alike my curiosity and my interest and, although since our acquaintance had commenced, that interest had grown almost into affection, my curiosity still remained ungratified. She must have been about two and twenty; her stature was low, and her complexion swarthy; she was limbed like an Antelope; and her coal-black hair was braided smoothly across a brow as haughty as that of an Empress. I am not quite sure that she had a good feature in her face, except her eyes; although there have been moments when I thought her not only handsome, but even radiently beautiful—and her eyes—they can be described like those of no other person; you could not look into them for a moment without feeling that you were thralled. They were as black as midnight; long, and peculiarly shaped, set deeply into the head, and somewhat closer together than is usual.

"But all this is commonplace. It was not the form and fashion of Mariaritza's eyes which made them so singular—it was their extraordinary and contradictory expression—I have seen them soft and liquid as those of infancy; and, an instant afterwards, almost fierce in their blinding brightness

"As I reached her side she looked up, and the flash of blended ire aud bitterness was in those dark wild eyes, as she exclaimed, without changing her position: 'Ha! Is it indeed you who are cheating yourself into a belief that you can love the silent night better than the laughter and the flatteries of yonder empty-hearted fools?' and she jerked her veiled head impatiently in the direction of the Palace: 'You, the courted and the caressed—whom they idolize and worship because you can record them and their's, and make them subject for song and story in your own far-off land? Go, go—The night air may chill you—It is not for such as you to be abroad when the dew is on the earth.'

"I saw that the dark mood was on her. I had known her thus more than once; and I only answered by drawing part of her veil over my own head, and sitting down on the earth beside her.

"'Nay, if you will really forsake them awhile for *my* companionship,' she murmured,' while the moonlight that streamed upon her face was not more soft than the gaze which met mine as I looked up at her; 'let us free ourselves for a while from all risk of intrusion—I have been in the lime-avenue, but I had well nigh intruded on a love-tale; and when I would fain have taken refuge in the ruined temple, and found it tenanted by a Saraf and his pipe bearer——'

"And I—and as I spoke I raised her hand playfully to my lips; I am to chase you hence?'

"You shall, if you so will it;' said Mariaritza; 'and if you will trust yourself with me for a couple of hours——'

"Any where—every where——'

"The young Greek answered only by rising, and moving hastily towards the house. In a moment I heard the clapping of her hands; and in five minutes more her caique awaited us at the turrace-gate which opened on the channel.

"'The sternmost caiquejhe is deaf;' whispered Mariaritza, as we established ourselves on the yielding cushions at the bottom of the arrow-like boat, and wrapped the furred pelisses with which it was profusely supplied carefully about us—'we have but to converse in a low voice, and we shall be safe, even although we should whisper treason of Mahmoud himself!'

"I answered with a similar jest; and we darted out into the centre of the channel, and on until we glided beneath the Asian shore. No! I shall never forget that night—and could I impart to my readers the tale to which I listened from that passionate Greek girl, in a flood of moonlight, and to the music of the myriad nightingales, as we crept along under the shadows of the mighty hills, I might spare the asseveration. That night I heard all her secret; and from that hour I loved her!

"Mariaritza was an Athenian; proud of her unsullied descent, and of the loved land of her birth. She was on a visit to a rich relative at Constantinople; but she sighed for Greece as the captive sighs for liberty; and the rather that a wealthy suitor had presented himself, whom her friends persecuted her to receive.

"Did they know what is hidden *here!*' she exclaimed, as she alluded to this new lover, pressing her small hand over her heart while she spoke; 'Could they guess the tale which I have confided to no ear save your's—But you are weeping—your tears are bright in the moonlight—God forgive me! but I did not think that you knew how to weep.'

"Mariaritza!' I whitpered reproachfully.

"Pardon! pardon!' murmured the wayward girl, winding her arm about my neck; 'Our Lady have mercy on me! It is my fate ever to pain those I love. But I will talk of myself no more—Let us speak of Greece—my own beautiful Greece!—or, listen—I will sing you a song that I ought long to have forgotten, for *he* wrote it—Did I tell you that he too, was an Athenian?"

—o—

What we call duties—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can.

Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can.

Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can.

Every represeniative in congress and in legislatures, ought to inform their constituents what they are about—if they can.

Every man should do his work to please his customers—if he can.

Every man should please his wife—if he can.

Every wife should rule her husband—if she can.

Every woman should some times hold her tongue—if she can.

Every lawyer should tell the truth—if he can.

Every preacher of the Gospel should be a christian—if he can.

Every reader should add something to the above—if he can.—Petersburg Constellation.

The N. O Picayune is a smart little paper, and tells a good story now and then, and now and then, we tell a better one, as we sre about to do at this present writing.

The 'Pic' says, that a loafer was seen to decide between a shave and a julep, by toss of a bit the other day on the levee. Heads a shave—tails a julep. The bit was too prudent and came 'heads' half a dozen times, the loafer every toss crying out that 'it wasn't fair;' at last tails came up,—'that's fair' said the loafer; 'hurra for a julep—d—n the shave' —and his beard is still growing, as he has not seen a bit since. Now that will do for the 'Pic.'

We have one *almost* as good. Time was when 'hacking' was a much more profitable business than it is now, and at that time an old gentleman whom we shall name Hartman for the want of a better, was the proprietor of an extensive establishment at the corner of two streets in this city. His hackmen were sent out with the coaches, and one day, Dick, an honest old 'whip' had returned after a good day's work, flush—and upon counting his receipts on the oat-chest found the amount to be twenty-one dollars.—'D—n it' says Dick—honest Dick, 'there's ten a piece, ten for Hartman' laying them aside, 'and ten for me,' putting them in his pocket. There was a dollar left. Now it would have been down right roguery to have made the appropriation to himself, without giving Hartman a fair chance, so he concluded to toss up the odd dollar 'and if it comes heads' said Dick 'tis mine—fair; and if it comes tails—why—then I spose—its Hartmans.'

Dick spit on the dollar for luck, and shied it aloft—it came tails. 'I think it touched the ceiling that time,' said Dick looking up to see if it had left any mark; and then spinning it again in the air, it fell tails again. 'Well' said Dick, with an impatient chuckle, 'there must have been something wrong that time,' and picking up the coin, he found that it had fallen on an oat-grain. 'Oh that wasn't fair no how, it didn't fall flat, and if it had it might have come heads, very likely indeed.' And so the dollar went up, and came down, till at last 'heads' was up 'Well, said Dick, 'I thought I should win it at last,' and was putting the dollar in his pocket, when out stepped old Hartman from behind the stable door, where he had stationed himself to witness *fair play*,—'Kome, Kome, Master Dick,' said the old gentleman very coolly 'I tink dat odder tholler pelongs to me, seeing as how, I finds hause feed. Ont the last time you tossed him up, Dick, I dinks he tousht your foot as he rolled, when he kome down.'

'Why, yes, sir, I believe the dollar did a sort a' touch my foot' said Dick pulling out the whole amount, 'but I *tried* to get my foot out of the way.'

'Oh did ye Dick, vell then you shall have dat tholler, ont so kiff me de oder ten!'

Dick forked over very quietly.

'Next time, Dick' added the old gentleman as he left the stable, thusht kiff me a kall when you are reaty to tivide, and I'll fling him up for myself.'—*Transcript.*

Greek Jurisprudence.—In the year 1828, Mr. Haine was governor of Grabusa, a little fort upon an island adjoining Candia. He was in fact, governor, judge, and every thing else. The parents of a Greek girl came to him one day, and said that their daughter had been taken by the Turks when she was an infant, and that within the last year they had contrived to get her back again. (She was now sixteen.) The parents and her relatives stated that the young lady, while among the Turks, had contracted the habit of wearing trowsers, like the Turkish ladies. This the Greeks very much disliked, and they had used every means they could think of to make her desist from wearing them; but to no effect; and they had determined to have recourse to his excellency's power to compel her to take them off. "I was so much amused with the oddity of the demand," said Haine, 'that I burst out a laughing; but the parents, nevertheless, maintained the utmost gravity of deportment.' Haine then asked the young lady why she would not comply with the wishes of her parents, and the custom of her country. She replied (woman like) that she liked to wear trowsers, and she would not leave them off. Haine then had recourse to an expedient which he thought would rid him of the affair. He said to the parents, 'you apply to me, then, to force your daughter to leave off her trowsers?' They replied, 'yes.'—'I will agree,' said he, 'to make use of the power that I have; but I have no authority to depute that power to any one else, so I must pull off the young lady's trowsers myself.' The parents, the girl, and the bystanders, burst out into a laugh; and the young lady left the court with her trowsers on.—*Wanderings in Greece.*

Old King Cole, a jolly old soul, is no fictitious character. He flourished, according to tradition, 300 years before Christ, and was one of the petty chiefs, or kings, in Britain.

Ayrshire has enjoyed, undisputed, the honor of containing the cementery of King Cole, or Coil, and the names of localities in the vicinity of his reputed burial place strengthen the tradition. In Coilsfield is a mound, planted with oak and other trees, and encircled with a hedge. Tho large stones on its summit were said to mark the grave, and some curious gentleman recently excavated and examined it. At the debth of four feet came on a flag stone of circular form, about three feet in diameter. This stone was lifted up, and under it was found a quantity of dry, yellow, sandy clay; then a small flag stone laid horizontally, covering the mouth of an urn filled with what were beleived to be the ashes of the illustrious dead. The trollers of the old catch may now put on a heavier vocal power than ever; for since it is certain that there was an Old King Cole, imagination will not have so hard a task in supplying his pipe and his bowl, and his triplet of musicians, as if we had to draw on faith for a master for them, too.—New York Sun.

Johnson, the Lexicographer, once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish market and put a Billingsgate woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. We do not happen to have the original version of the anecdote by us, and shall therefore tell the story in our own way. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose, that her fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactories could endure their flavor. The Billingsgate lady made a verbal attack common in vulgar parlance, which impuned the classification in natural history, of the doctor's mother. The doctor answered—'You are an article, madam.' 'No more an article than yourself, you bloody, misbegotten villian!' 'You are a noun, woman!' You—you—you' stammered the woman choaking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand. 'You are a pronoun!' The beldame shook her fist in speechless rage. 'You are a verb—an adverb—an adjective—a conjunct'on—a preposition—an interjection!' solemnly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she dumbed herself down in the mud, crying with rage at being thus 'blackguarded' in a set of unknown terms, which not understanding, she could not answer.—Ib.

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LOAFERS.—The loafer kind may be divided into several species There is the independent loafer—the one who sleeps in the market, drinks old Monongahela, and dines on a chrust. Then there is the dependent loafer—who lounges about the coffee-houses, waiting for suckers, from whom he may get a treat, and a lunch at the bar. Then there is the ragged loafer, and the loafer who wears his friends clothes—the involuntary loafer, who can't get employment; and the voluntary loafer who is too lazy to work. Then there is the literary loafer, who wears out his elbows on the counters of a bookstore, annoys the editor in his sanctum, and the workman in the printing office, (for his species we have a holy abhorence;) and the aristocratic loafer, who is some forty second cousin of a bank director, and must needs be a gentleman; and the democratic loafer, who never did, and never will, make any pretentions to gentility.

The above striking clasification of the loafer species, was intended for the the meridian of New Orleans, but with a trifling allowance for difference of latitude and longitude may be made to answer for this or any other city —Balt. Transcript.

EPIGRAM.—BREVIS ESSE LABORO,

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs;
Two phrases answer every part;
One *gained*, one breaks her husband's heart;
I *will*, she said when made a bride;—
I won't—through all her life beside.

Fox and the Methodists.—The following high compliment to Methodism by Mr. Fox, in his Finsbury lectures

"The first circumstance which I think operated to the amelioration of the poor of this country—England—was the rise of Methodism; and this was heart stiring influence—Whatever flaws a severe critic may find in the supposed aims or real proceedings of John Wesley; there can be no dought that he deserves to be classed among the most illustrious benefactors of this nation."

"*The hens have had a meeting too.*"—A countryman drove his cart up to a grocer's door and asked him what he gave for eggs—"only 17 cents," was the reply, "for the grocers have had a meeting and voted to give no more." Again the countryman came to market and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs—'only 12 cents,' said the grocer, 'for the grocers have had another meeting and voted not to give any more.' A third time the countryman came and made the same enquiry, and the grocer replied, that grocers had held a meeting again and voted to give only 10 cents. 'Have you any for sale,' continued the grocer—'No,' says the countryman, '*the hens have had a meeting too*, and voted not to trouble themselves to lay eggs for 10 cents a dozen.'—Boston Post.

The Kentucky Screamers.—Two hardy, good natured big fellows, came into our office yesterday, when one of them addressed us, 'Look here, Mister, we are *screamers*, and you are a *smasher*—now I want to subscribe to your paper—you must send it to Bowling Green post office, in old Kentuck.' A ten dollar bill on one of the New Orleans banks was thrown down, and the party left. These are the kind of 'screamers' we like.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Globe received on Saturday says 'HENRY S. FOX, Esq. was on Thursday presented by the Secretary of State to the President, to deliver a letter from his sovereign, announcing the demise of the late King, and her Majesty's accession to the British throne, and his new credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the present Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.'

"*As true as the Bank.*"—There was formerly a vulgar proverb, both in England and America, of this sort; "as sure as the bank," "as true as the bank." Late events have destroyed the aptness of this comparison, and it seems quite likely that "the bank" will soon be referred to as an illustration of falsehood. We may soon expect to hear of a man notorious for want of veracity, "*he lies like a bank note*," which promises to pay *on demand* but systematically breaks all its promises.—*Norfolk Argus.*

Brother Lovejoy and his Press.—There is a rumor abroad, that the populace of Alton—where this Rev. brother-labourer in the abolition vineyard, has been disseminating his mischievous doctrine, rather too freely of late—thought proper to check his further presuming.

Last night, therefore, they entered his office, and after *distributing* his *types*, and taking care of his *pi*, proceeded, sans ceremonie, to demolish his entire office, and did it so effectually as not to leave one stone upon another.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

The gale which swept along the southern coast on the 7th instant was felt in full force at Pensacola. Almost every vessel in the harbour, except the vessels of war, dragged her anchor and went ashore. On the following morning the shore is said to have presented a scene of wrecks and ruin never before witnessed. At the Navy Yard the cutter Jefferson and the receiving vessel were both driven aground.

The Storm is Coming.—Next Wednesday is the day which terminates the suspension of specie payments in Philadelphia, according to law, and we understand that suits will be commenced against every Bank that refuses to redeem their notes. We advise our friends to pass off their money on the city Banks as they "know not what a day may bring forth." We learn from the New York Era, that the North River Bank, in that city paid $65 in costs upon a suit brought against them, before the cause went to trial.—*Delaware Gazette.*

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What does this mean?—We understand that two of the Banks at Pittsburg have lately collected the notes of a bank in Cincinnati, to the amount of about Fifty thousand Dollars, and presented them for redemption in specie, and on refusal have claimed the penalty of 12 per cent, provided by the charter. The banks which made this demand, are among that list of wounded and missing, unusually called suspended banks, and are claiming a penalty of our institution for imitating their own example.—Kentucky & Ohio Journal.

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