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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1835. WHOLE NO. 569.

TERMS.

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From the London New Monthly Magazine.

"ALL HEART."

When I first knew Tom Richards at school, he was a thoughtless, idle, dirty, naughty boy; he cared for nobody, and it was evident that nobody cared for him. He was a snarer of birds, a killer of cats, a tormentor of dogs: the dread of all little boys, and the scout of all big ones. From this let no one imagine that Tom wanted feeling: snaring birds, killing cats, tying kettles to the tails of dogs, and frightening little boys out of their wits, were all matters of mere amusement. But if you talked to Tom in an angry tone, or above all, if you rapped Tom's knuckles, Tom's eyes filled with tears, and it was evident that Tom's feelings were hurt.

Tom's tears, in fact, lay near his eyes, and on a small occasion would blubber like a girl. This was by no means supposed to indicate deep feeling, and certain it is, that prevalent opinion was that Tom had a *very good heart*.

Now I must confess that I thought but little about Tom at the time, but had I been asked to give an opinion, I should have said, that if you wished to trace his tears to their source, his heart was the very last place you should have thought of; bodily pain or wounded vanity, the loss of a plaything or the confiscation of a tart, would make his eyes twinkle. But little as I could then pretend to penetrate into the motives or actions of men or boys, I should have said that though Tom certainly gave no evidence of possessing a *bad* heart, he had never so far blubbered himself into my good graces, as to make me believe that he had a particularly *good* one. Tom Richards and I, in fact, knew but little of each other; we sat on different forms, played at different games, and whether he or I first quitted the school was a matter (I should imagine) little noted by either, whichever may have been the one left behind.

He was the son of a very rich mercantile man; I, one among many descended from a younger brother, a colonel in the army, who had very early in life united himself to a charming young lady without a penny.

I was therefore left to carve out my own destiny: and for many years after I quitted school, I was far away in a foreign clime diligently toiling for independence. I was absent twenty years, and then came home, with a face quite as yellow as the gold which I had contrived to scrape together, and though by no means a nabob, I possessed sufficient to insure my future comfort. I confess I think I was wiser to come back and settle down contented with my little competency, than to go on toiling as many do, amassing wealth, and sacrificing health: digging out dollars for other people, and graves for themselves. On my return to England after so long an absence, I felt a lonely being; and after sojourning in London sufficiently long to become very sick of the Oriental Club, I resolved to settle in Cheltenham, partly because I thought the waters would (like Rowland's Kaldor) be beneficial to a faded complexion; but principally because many excellent families, formerly well known to me in India, had made that pretty town their home. With them I passed my time pleasantly enough, and could curry and mullagataney have made me insensible to the chill breezes of Gloucestershire, I might still have imagined myself a native of Calcutta or Bombay. At an evening party, I one night encountered a fat, good humored little man, who was my partner in a rubber of whist: little passed between us beyond the usual interchange of civilities common among strangers so circumstanced: I was aware that his name was Richards, a common name enough, and after paying him the few shillings which were his due as victor of the green cloth, I wished him good evening.

The next day, soon after the removal, to my morning meal, to my very great surprise, Mr. Richards was announced, and he immediately entered the room in a state of hurry and agitation, for which it was impossible for me to account. He came forward rapidly, grasped my hand, looked at me with a pair of wet, twinkling eyes, and wiping them with a pocket-handkerchief, sank into an arm-chair.

"The poor man," thought I, "is periodically a lunatic, and now the fit is upon him! —how shall I get him out of my house?"

I stood upon my own hearth-rug, irresolute what step to take; the servant had left the room, and if I were to ring the bell, I thought my new acquaintance might be irritated; I looked at him in silence.

Mr. Richards, with his eyes still wet, gave me a sort of April smile, and familiarly articulated "Jones"—but my name is Jones: a name familiar to the ear as Richards, perhaps more so: but the more common your name, the more necessary is it that it should be treated with becoming respect. There were not three men in the wide world who had ever hailed me as plain "Jones" before, and here was an acquaintance of twelve hours familiarly omitting the "Mister."

The gentlemanly man, whom you prefer,
Will know you for a year, and call you Sir:
The vulgar being, whom you never seek,
Will slap your back, and Jones you in a week!

Nay, here was actually a fat man of the name of Richards, calling me "Jones" at our second meeting, and holding out the bare paw of familiarity! I drew instinctly back, and ejaculated "Sir!"

Mr. Richards started up, put his arm upon my shoulder, and cried, with a flutter of sensibility, "You do not remember me."

"Pardon me," I replied, "indeed I do not."

"No, and I did not remember you last night; and I dare say I am somewhat changed since you knew me as a boy," said the very fat man, with a sentimental sigh.

"Possibly, sir," said I; "I certainly do not recollect you."

"My dear Jones," he replied, grasping both my hands, and affectionately squeezing them, I am Tom Richards, your old schoolfellow: what a meeting after the lapse of so many years!" and while I was endeavoring to bring to my recollection a person for whom I had never felt interested, and who had never professed nor evinced any interest for me, he was indulging in a fit of sensibility, from which he was suddenly moved by a knock at the door.

"A visitor!" he exclaimed: "how provoking that such a meeting should be interrupted: I am unfit to meet any one;—adieu, friend of my early days! I trust we shall often meet."

Saying this, he hurried out of the room, and I was fortunately spared the necessity of evincing that I had but a very indistinct recollection of Master Tom Richards, and felt no grat ification whatever at being made acquainted with the fatness and the sentimentality of the middle-aged gentleman into whom he was now transformed. To my new visitor I laughingly described the scene, and found that he was well acquainted with the actor who had just precipitately quitted the stage. "It is so like Mr. Richards," said he; "he is all heart; when next you meet, receive him kindly, for he feels all that he professes, or fancies that he feels it, which amounts to much the same thing: his feelings are skin deep: they are aroused by any thing or nothing, and never last long—but still, poor man! he has the best heart in the world."

I soon had frequent meetings with my quondam schoolfellow; and what I saw of the man very soon recalled vividly to my recollection the boy whom I had so entirely forgotten. His father's wealth had insured him independence without the necessity of choosing a profession; but to increase his income he had very recently taken a step which had nearly reduced him to beggary. He had advanced a very large sum to an individual on usurious and most exorbitant interest; the borrower had absconded, and the illegality of the transaction had left the lender without a chance of redress. His constant topic was the ingratitude of his friend, not one word was said about the pecuniary advantage which he himself was to have derived from the transaction; the tale he told was one of disinterested friendship on the one side, and of calculating cruelty on the other; of money generously advanced, and the repayment fraudulently evaded; and then the disappointed usurer would twinkle his wet eyes, and people, who knew nothing about the real state of the case, pitied the poor Pylades, who had been so ungenerously treated by a runaway Orestes.

He had a wife and several children, of whom he always spoke with conjugal and parental fondness; he would, even on the commonest occasions, and with the most uninterested acquaintance, talk himself into a paroxysm of uxorious tenderness, and cry about nothing. To me it seemed an anomaly that the same man should thoughtlessly at the card table, and elsewhere, lavish the money which might have rendered Mrs. Richards and the little ones comfortable; and often did they experience the most distressing privations, and encounter difficulties brought upon them solely by his want of thought. At the time of his wife's confinement, she has seen him hurried off to a prison, and after her recovery the whole family have for months inhabited a garret, Mrs. Richards perforce enacting the part of maid of all work: and not once only did all this happen; once it might really have been the result of want of thought; but it occurred again and again, and to me the conduct of Mr. Richards appeared utterly unfeeling and heartless.

"Heartless!" said somebody to whom I had ventured to express this opinion;—"Heartless! oh, you wrong him, poor fellow! he is *all heart*."

This appeared to be every body's opinion, and I began to be persuaded that what every body said must be true; particularly as Mr. Richards sought me out with persevering assiduity, and was perpetually doing deeds that certainly carried the appearance of extraordinary good-nature.

He was in a state of nervous excitement until he had teased me into employing all his own tradespeople; he appeared to be quite as intimate with his baker and his baker's wife as he was, or as he affected to be, with me; and had his butcher been, like myself, his schoolfellow, he could not have evinced a warmer interest in his welfare. Now all this anxiety to bring custom to the shops of particular tradespeople was called good nature, the emanation of his particularly good heart; I must confess that when I met with bad joints, and tough morsels, and fared infinitely worse than I had done before I changed butchers, I could not but suspect that a desire to render himself of importance, and the fidgetiness of a busybody, were the real sources of his apparently benevolent actions. The man who has nothing to do is ever sure to make much ado about nothing; and thus it was that Tom Richards spent his life in legislating for other people's establishments, calculating the consumption in their kitchens, and maintaining the virtues and vices of their domestics.

For my own part, however, though I could not endure his invariably calling me "Dicky Jones" in all society, and in the loudest key, I began to think more favorably of him; and having lived so long in a distant country where the habits of life are so dissimilar to those of England, an assistant overseer of my weekly bills was not so disadvantageous as it might have been to others; I therefore became Mr. Richards' play-thing; and how he could have passed his time before my arrival, is more than I can guess.

He one day found me grumbling over a very ill-dressed curry which my cook, who certainly, take her for all, in all, was not a bad one, had sent me up for my tiffin. What odd names do people give to their mid-day meal! English word luncheon is bad enough; the French word *goute* is infinitely worse; and as for the Indian tiffin, I never could endure it.

"If you are going to part with your cook," said my visitor, "I can recommend you a perfect treasure—such a servant—I would take her myself only mine is a treasure too; but I know that the one who is going to leave her place is the best creature in the world."

Hearing these words while I was masticating an unpalatable mouthful, I was instigated to the immediate discharge of my really very tolerable cook; and that very evening a respectable looking young girl was installed in her place. Words cannot describe the dinners which were set before me; soup, fish, flesh, and fowl were alike detestable; and at the end of a week, I summoned before me the offender. After briefly enumerating her delinquences, I paused for a reply, and to my astonishment, the girl answered,—

"Law, Sir, I never professes to be no cook."

"No cook!" said I, "in what capacity did you live with your late master?"

"As nursery maid, if you please, Sir."

"Nursery maid!" said I, "were you never a cook before?"

"No, Sir, never;" she answered with a curtsey, "except once that I helped in the kitchen when Dorothy scalded her foot."

"Then what on earth made you come to me?"

"Why, sir," said the girl, "Mr. Rickards, you knows, is such a kind gentleman, and has such a good heart, and hearing I was out of place, he came and said I could but try."

"Try!" said I in a fury, "it's well you did'nt poison me;" and the poor experimentalist was immediately sent about her business. Mr. Richards, I am sure, thought me a brute, when I very unceremoniously upbraided him for the inconvenience which he had caused me.

"My heart," said he, with a moistened eye, "always impels me to do a kind action those who coldly calculate are more fit for this world."

"A kind action!" I exclaimed, and to whom was your kindness shown? To the cook who lost her place principally at your instigation? To the nursery maid who is now just where I found her, out of place? or to me,—to me who have lost a very tolerable cook and who am now without a servant?"

Mr. Richards pressed my hand, and said he would immediately send me a paragon of culinary talent; I coldly thanked him and said, that for the present I would dispense with his services, and I am sure he left me congratulating himself that, at all events, his heart was infinitely warmer and better than mine.

Here the exceeding warmth of our intimacy ended; but he by no means learnt wisdom from the failure of his experiment on me. To one neighbor he shortly afterwards recommended a footman out of place as a person qualified to take care of horses; and the "groom of the chambers" being utterly unfit to act as "master of the horse," the gentleman's stud suffered materially.

To a friend who wanted to purchase a four-wheeled carriage, he strongly recommended one which another friend, for the best of all possible reasons, wished to get rid of, and, at the end of a month, the purchaser lay extended in the mud on the king's highway, the half rotten phaeton having fallen to pieces.

Though I cannot pretend to possess a heart at all to be compared to Tom Richards', still I am not of an unforgiving disposition; and after a time we began to renew our former intercourse. There was one circumstance, indeed, which induced me to seek his house much oftener than I should otherwise have done: a young lady was now domesticated with him, a lady of very great beauty, and very fascinating manners. The lady's face was full of expression, and there was at times a sort of something (which I believe a poet would have called *lightning*) in her eyes, which almost startled me: but, at other times a pensive melancholy pervaded her countenance; and, as she condescended to seem particularly partial to my society, no one could feel surprised that a middle aged batchelor, like myself, should lose his heart. We daily met, and it began to be an understood thing in Cheltenham, that Mr. Richards' friend, Miss Mildew, was shortly to become Mrs. Richard Jones.

Tom Richards was eloquent in his praises of the lady, and I began to think myself an uncommonly happy man.

Fortunately for me, my *happiness*, such as it was, was prematurely nipped in the bud, by the arrival of one of my oldest friends, who happened to have met Miss Mildew before, and who knew her history.

I will briefly state, that the poor young lady had eloped from a boarding-school some years before, and had resided for some months with an unprincipled man, who had subsequently deserted without marrying her.—But I must add in her defence, that she had always been the victim of hereditary madness, and was obliged, periodically, to submit to strict confinement, and the severest discipline. Here was a pretty piece of business! My breaking off my proposed connexion with this unfortunate woman would inevitably bring on a fit of insanity, and very probably an aggravated one! yet, what was I to do? An unpardonable concealment had been practised towards me; and now that the discovery was made, our marriage was not to be thought of. I made immediate preparations for leaving the place, and then sent for Mr. Richards, who I was quite convinced had been aware of every circumstance, while he had permitted me to commit myself with his most unfortunate guest.

The moment the culprit entered the room and saw my corded trunks, the truth flashing upon his mind, and not knowing exactly what to say, he burst into a fit of (to him) ever ready tears, and hid his face (as well he might) in his pocket hankerchief.

"Poor girl," sobbed he, "my feelings would not allow me to betray her; and, besides, you might never have found out—and you might both have been so happy; oh, what a cold hearted world it is! What gossipping person could have told you?"

"Silence, sir!" said I, in a voice that made him start; "the friend who told me only did a friend's duty,—I leave you the task of revealing to the lady the disappointment and mortification in which *you* have involved her."

"Oh," said Tom Richards, "you little know *me*, I am all heart!"

"A good heart," I replied, "is a good thing, but pray, bear this in mind,—those who act from impulse, may, at the moment, appear to do very good natured things, yet disagreeable results may afterwards prove that a little cool deliberation would have been better: however good your *heart* may be, be assured that it requires a *good judgment* to guide it." T. H. B.

GREAT FEAT.

How will the following performance, related in a recent English paper, compare with that not long ago witnessed on the Union Course, of running ten miles within the hour? It is a question for those better versed than we are in gymnastic undertakings.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Herculean Task.—R. Coates, pedestrian, undertook to perform the following extraordinary feat, at Goole, on Monday last, for a subscription purse, viz: to walk forward one mile; wheel a batrow one mile; run one mile; walk backwards half a mile; draw a one-horse gig half a mile; run a pair of wheels half a mile; hop one hundred yards; jump over twenty bundles of sticks, of an equal height, each five yards apart; and pick up fifty stones, one yard apart, in a straight line, and put each single into a basket; being nine various feats, all within one hour. The match took place upon a half mile piece of ground, near the Banks' Arms Hotel, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and he accomplished the whole of this extraordinary feat in fifty-nine minutes, being one minute within the given time.

Forty years ago, the place on which Cincinnati stands was sold for $49.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE CORRUPT JUDGE.

Towards the middle of the last century, a daring murder was committed in a coffee-house in Valetta, (Malta,) by a young man, the son of people in respectable circumstances, who, having words with another, on a very slight provocation, drew out a knife and stabbed him mortally; he then made his escape, but was captured next day by the officers of the police. Notwithstanding the testimony of several witnesses to the fact, and other convincing circumstantial evidence against him, the prisoner persisted (indeed his only feasible defence) in denying his having been the person who had inflicted the wound; he even underwent the torture of the cavalletto, which I have elsewhere described, without coming to a confession. Notwithstanding this pertinacity, the presiding judge, satisfied by the evidence brought forward, condemned him to death. Petitions and supplications were made to no purpose to the judge for his intercession with the Grand Master, and to that prince himself, for pardon. The time allotted being expired, the criminal, as is the custom in Malta, was removed three days previous to execution into the condemned chapel, where, with a spiritual adviser, people in that unhappy situation pass the few sad minutes remaining to them in the offices of religion, preparing themselves, by compunction and prayer, for that pardon in the next world, from which human policy excludes them in this. Two of these trying days had passed, when the father of the criminal, persuading himself that even yet a pardon might be obtained for his son, could he but succeed in engaging the influence of the judge who had condemned him, in his favor, on the evening preceding the day on which the sentence was to be carried into execution, presented himself, just as it darkened, at the door of the functionary. Admittance was at first refused; but a douceur to the servant soon opened both the door and the ear of the judge to the supplicant. An abrupt negative had already been given in terms the most unequivocal, when the distressed parent, taking from under his cloak a bag containing one thousand Maltese crowns, a large sum for the time and place, put it on the table, giving the judge to understand that double that amount should be forthcoming in the event of a pardon being granted to his unhappy son. The judge remained for several minutes silent and absorbed in thought; at length he told the father in a low voice, but plain terms, that late as it now was, and difficult from that and other circumstances, he would still, though the result was far from certain, do his best to avert the cruel doom impending over the young man. After a little further consideration, he dismissed him, with an order of admission to the prison, where, under the pretext of taking a last leave of his child, he was to devise some plan for getting the priest out of the way, and detaining him as long as possible, in order to leave the judge sufficient time and freer scope for putting into execution a design which he had already conceived. Somewhat consoled, and relying on the judge's ingenuity, the father retired.—Complying with the directions given him, he saw his son, engaged the priest to accompany him home, and kept him occupied in discourse until he supposed the judge had found time to carry his plan, whatever it might be, into effect.

The judge, in the meantime, eager to insure the remainder of the sum promised, had formed his project; application so late to the prince he knew was not only useless, but might bring discredit and suspicion on himself, as he had reported the case from the commencement, as one altogether unworthy of mercy, and as calling for a severe and awful example. Sending for the gaoler, who kept a watch over the prisoner during the night, and was considered as a sufficient guard, from the latter being heavily ironed, and the chapel within the prison walls, where a single call would immediately bring effectual assistance, he pretended to have still some doubts respecting the guilt of the young man, and feigned himself anxious to know if he had yet made an open avowal of his crime; the disclosures made to his spiritual adviser being, as our readers are aware, under the sacred seal of confession, never in the most distant manner to be alluded do, much less divulged, without incurring the guilt of sacrilege. Having heard the man's reply, the judge, under pretence of retiring to his library to consult some authorities on the subject, left the room, directing him on no account to move from the spot before his return. This done, he lost not an instant in proceeding to the prison; entering the chapel, he told the young man, whom he found in a state of extreme mental agitation, brought on by the horrors of his situation, wavering between the fear of approaching death, and the hope, slight as it was, held out to him by his father, that there was still a chance of safety for him, provided he complied immediately and exactly with his directions. "I am now about," he said, "to release you from your fetters; but you must be aware, in an island so limited in extent as that of Malta, there is not a chance of your escaping the vigilance and research of the officers of justice, alert as they will naturally be the instant you are found missing from these walls; take, therefore, this dagger," and he drew one from under his vest, "proceed instantly to the coffee house in which you committed the murder—it is not too late, you will certainly find people there at this hour—enter boldly, take good care that you are seen and recognized by all present, then resolutely plunge the weapon into the body of the person nearest you, and immediately escape, leaving the stiletto in the wound; return hither with all possible speed and leave the rest to me; but recollect that every thing depends on your dexterity and despatch." The criminal, though just trembling on the verge of eternity, and fresh from the pious exhortations of a minister of that God whose laws he had already so heniously offended, readily consented at the suggestion of the wily judge, to cover himself from the consequences of one murder by the commission of another still more atrocious. He took the knife and left the chapel. His infernal adviser remained behind in a state of anxiety and agitation: a few minutes relieved him from his suspense, the coffee house was not far distant from the quarter in which the prison was situated. The young man returned confused and trembling, as persons recent from the commission of any dreadful offence are wont. Having ascertained the success of his abominable machinations, the judge carefully reconsigned the murderer to his fetters, and recommending secrecy and presence of mind, for his own sake, took his leave.

With hurried and irregular steps he had rushed into the coffee house, the scene of his former crime; his haggard countenance, his violent emotions, the wild glance of his unsettled eye, instantly drew the attention of all present, as he stood for a moment the object of their gaze. An exclamation of wonder ran round. It was surely the prisoner under sentence of death. No—that was impossible; yet how remarkable a likeness! The desperate man gave them but little time for question or conjecture, before turning rapidly round, he plunged his dagger into the bosom of an unhappy individual who was standing near the door, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning; his unfortunate victim fell immediately, uttering a feeble cry. Medical assistance was at hand, but so home was the thrust, that in a few minutes he was already a corpse. The unexpectedness and suddenness of the blow, the confusion and alarm of the beholders, who were fixed to the spot in terror and amazement, effectually precluded any attempt to arrest the assassin.

A murder so openly and daringly perpetrated soon threw the whole city of Valetta into consternation; thousands flocked to see the bleeding body. Many people beheld the deed and recognized the murderer; but though it appeared to them, the culprit lying at the time in the condemned chapel and awaiting his doom in the morning, they never for a moment entertained a suspicion of its being really so. Valetta was very populous, and contained many strangers; the murderer was therefore in the opinion of all, an unknown person, bearing a striking and remarkable resemblance to the prisoner, perhaps the very individual who had been guilty of the prior crime. The wonderful and strange tale soon reached the ears of the judge; that impartial magistrate at once perceived the strong probability that the identity of the prisoner under condemnation had been mistaken; his resolution in asserting his innocence, which had always appeared extraordinary, warranted this opinion. To satisfy, however, himself and the public, he immediately sent to the prison to ascertain if the criminal was really still in custody; being soon satisfied on this head he took upon himself to suspend the execution which was to have taken place soon after day-light, until these extraordinary circumstances should be satisfactorily investigated. In the morning having taken the deposition of the persons present at the murder, he proceeded to the palace of the Grand Master, to whom he submitted the whole case, now putting every thing in the most favorable light possible for the prisoner. A fact so superlatively atrocious as the real one was not likely to be suspected; the Grand Master, naturally loath in a case of so much doubt to take away the life of a fellow creature, at the instigation of the judge, first respited, and a few days afterwards granted a pardon to the young man, who was set at liberty. He soon after left the island, and it was not until many years afterwards, when the Grand Master, the judge, the gaoler, and the servant, had all ceased to exist, that the strange story transpired; the murderer, then an old man and in a foreign country, himself disclosing it.