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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1835. WHOLE NO. 597.

TERMS.

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AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

A few days since, I stopped at the public house in Colram, and while my horse was eating, I sat down in the bar room, and heard a sensible old man relate the substance of the enclosed account:

"During the revolutionary war, there was a point of land on the Jersey side of the Hudson, and not far distant from New York, which was the scene of a bloody conflict. There were about three hundred acres next to the river, from which the wood and timber had been cleared off; back of this, was a heavy forest. On this cleared point, a large number of fat cattle, destined to supply the American army, were placed. Four or five miles distant, in New Jersey, there were three thousand light infantry, under the command of Lafayette. I was one of that detachment. Our business was to see that the cattle were not taken from the point by the enemy. One morning, intelligence was brought into camp, that several vessels had approached the point, and that a large number of British soldiers were landing. My regiment was ordered to march immediately for the point. Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the old General, was our Colonel. He was well stocked with Putnam mettle. He was a brave officer. I could never discern that he was not just as cool and self possessed when going into battle as when sitting in his tent.

We made a hurried march, and upon approaching the edge of the woods, the Colonel ordered the Adjutant to go forward and see where the troops were, and what was their number. The Adjutant soon returned, and reported they were forming upon the shore in three columns, containing about one thousand each. 'Then,' said the Colonel, 'ride back to the camp as quickly as possible, and tell Lafayette to come on.' When the Adjutant had gone, Col. Putnam rode on up to my Captain, who was Daniel Shays, of insurrection memory, and, said he, 'Well, Captain Shays, shall we be playing with them until the General comes?' 'That must be as *you* please, replied Capt. Shays. Orders were soon given to advance to the open land upon the point. We now stood face to face with our foes. Firing very soon commenced. Cannon from the shipping in the river poured forth their volleys, and small arms did fatal execution. Col. Putnam rode back and forth in front of the regiment, as calm as a man at home, though the balls were whistling past in every direction. We worked very fast, and for *one* regiment made a great noise. The corporal at my right hand received a ball through the body and fell dying. I was young, and a dying man at my feet, bleeding and gasping, might perhaps cause my color to fade a little.—Captain Shays stepped forward: 'George,' said he, 'never mind it; I will take his place; and he was as good as his word: he took the corporal's gun and used it. Shays was the best Captain I ever served under. He was bold and kind. I will give him his due, though he has done unworthily since;—we stood shoulder to shoulder in that day of peril.

I was loading my gun the twenty-second time, when General Lafayette, with the main body of the light infantry, issued from the wood. Never shall I forget the feeling of that moment. Wellington was hardly more pleased to see Blucher in the battle of Waterloo, than we were to see our brothers in arms. The main body formed at once, upon our left. Lafayette rode forwaid, (an elegant officer—and never did he fill my eyes so entirely as at that moment;) though a stripling in appearance, in action he was a man—and had Cornwallis seen him as we then saw him, he would not have called him 'the boy.' As he approached, 'Colonel Putnam,' said he, 'how dared you fire before I arrived?' 'Oh,' said the Colonel, 'I thought I would be playing with them a little.' Lafayette at that moment seemed full of energy and fire—turning towards the line, and with a loud and distinct voice, marked by his French accent, said he—'*We fire no more—the whole line—charge bayonet—rush onward and drive them where the devil drove the hogs.*' The effect of his presence and his words was astonishing; every heart beat quick and full. We did rush on, and such a scene of carnage my eyes never saw. At first the British force charged to meet us, but they could not stand against us, and fled from the shore; we followed them, and drove them into the water; of the three thousand, about fifteen hundred got aboard the vessels. The rest were slain, and most of them at the point of the bayonet.

I have described to you the most painfully interesting and horrid scene which I had ever witnessed. I never enjoyed killing men. I fought because I thought it to be my duty."—*Greenfield Mercury.*

FIRST SIGHT OF VENICE.

All that my fancy imagined of Venice fell far short of the reality. Its buildings of Grecian and Roman architectural splendour, which are mingled with infusions of the Saracenic and Gothic styles, its churches and palaces apparently floating on the bosom of the ocean, are indescribably striking, when viewed for the first time, tinged with the sparkling colors of the setting sun. Imagine to yourself one of Claude's cities at sunset, with the sun's rays kissing the waves and throwing vistas of palaces into a glowing light and shade, and you may form some distinct idea of my first near view of Venice. When the sun sank below the horizon, the blue masses of building rising from the sea, and gradually merging into black, with a galaxy of sparkling stars in the serene sky, forming a striking contrast to the past glories of the day. The midnight hour tolled from all the church clocks, as we reached the canal which leads to the post office. A dead silence reigned throughout the watery windings leading to our destination, save the occasional stir of a passing gondola on the canal. Glimmering lights were distinguishable from the windows of some of the palaces, and from the gondolas, lashed to poles, under their marble terraces. We looked in vain for a lover serenading his mistress; not even the tinkling of a guitar was to be heard on land or sea. Every stranger, during his first perambulations, must be forcibly impressed with many features of a singular and novel description. The streets have a remarkable air of quietude, in consequence of the absence of horses and carriages. No ratling wheels of heavy wagons, no trampling of spirited horses, offers any annoyance to the pedestrian, as he treads his way through the narrow streets. He finds himself constantly moving over bridges; sometimes obliged to step into a gondola to gain some square, church, or street, or for the sake of cutting off angles to save time. Venice presents a number of crowded buildings, erected on no less than seventy-two islets, or raised on piles; and some of these might pass for separate towns, were it not for the connecting bridges or ferries. Most of the palaces, and many of the churches, are built from the water's edge; and one must become a sort of amphibious animal to be enabled to examine the architecture with any satisfaction. A facade or terrace seems frequently floating upon the sea, and it must be viewed from the cushioned gondola. If you wish to see it from other points, a landing will, perhaps, be necessary for a short time. At other times, you may repose for hours in your water carriage, in the enjoyment of that extraordinary variety of architectural beauties, strange combinations, which no other city can boast of. Churches, palaces and shops are jumbled together; and, here and there, some trees are planted. Whole streets are going rapidly to decay: and some of the deserted palaces are converted into work-shops on the basement stories, while those above are used by laundresses for drying linen, who are accustomed to hang shirts, petticoats, &c., over balconies, or on the shoulders of marble statues. In the still higher stories, pigeons and swallows are seen flying to and fro, in undisturbed security.——*Thompson's Journeys through Italy, &c.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I rose and prepared to leave the Abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which led into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended a small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, where warriors, prelates, courtiers and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect on the beholder. Here was the type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness! to show it, even in the moments of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude! For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things, and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead, the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated, some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk; and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres, but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.

Character of the Karpian (Arabs.)—They are such consummate thieves and rogues, that, according to an ancient tradition still current among them, they once tricked the devil himself. The story is as follows:—The devil had acquired a right to their fields, on which they agreed with him, that when their crops were ripe, they should retain the upper part and the devil should have the lower: they sowed all their lands with wheat, and the devil of course had nothing but the straw for his share. Next year the old gentleman, fully determined not to be again so bamboozled, stipulated that the upper part should belong to him and the lower to the Karpians; but then they sowed all their grounds with beets, turnips, and other esculent roots, and so the devil got nothing but the green tops for his portion.—*Memoirs of Artemi.*

"Give that Lion to a Lion."
Alexander the Great.

Those who have read of the perilous situation of Daniel in the Lion's den, associated with all the perilous reflections with which that event is detailed, have ever felt the thrilling interest for the fate of the great prophet and his divine protection from a dreadful death, and in more modern times throwing a culprit in the spoliarum, there to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, was deemed the highest and surest punishment for guilt among the Romans. Facts in our time have convinced us that animals the most ferocious by nature may be so tamed and made so subservient to the power of man, that all danger vanishes and they are transformed into crouching, if not affectionate beasts, humble, prostrate and subdued. We doubt whether on earth at this time, there is an exhibition equal in daring adventure and deep interest to the feat performed by Mr. Vamburgh, at the Zoological Institute, of entering the cages of Lions, Tigers and Leopards; not animals that he has tamed and is accustomed to, but some who are strangers to him, but whom he controls by the magic of his voice in a manner most extraordinary and unaccountable.

At four in the afternoon and eight o'clock at night, the thousands that throng the spacious saloon and who are engaged in viewing the different animals, are suddenly aroused by the deep and solemn tone of the gong, a sound which brings the audience to a stand in breathless anxiety. The ponderous bolts of the upper cages fronting the grand entrance, are withdrawn and the intrepid adventurer enters, dressed in Roman costume, with bare arms. At this sight a chill is felt in almost every bosom, and intense interest and feelings of great excitement pervade the whole throng. Some turn away in evident alarm, while others tremble with apprehensions at the result. Instead of the ferocious animals springing on their victim, and fastening their frightful talons on his throat, they crouch in a corner, regarding his movements with a quick and flashing eye. He calls the majestic Lion to him in a commanding voice, and the King of Beasts sinks at his feet; he seizes him by his bushy mane, shakes him furiously, tears open his ponderous jaws, and thrusts his own head in his mouth—dashes the lion's head against the bars of the cage until he roars out loud and frightfully--prostrates himself on the floor with his head resting on the lion's neck, and embraces the crouching and fierce Tiger.

In this commanding and absolute manner, he passes through the cages of the leopards and tigers harmless; and the loud applause of the multitude testify their joy at his escape and their admiration of his heroism—It is in fact a wonderful exhibition; one that in the early stages of history would have been miraculous, and would have won a civic wreath in the best days of Imperial Rome.

Now, how is this phenomenon to be accounted for? We have read of animals who have recognized an early friend, from whom some acts of kindness had been received, and whose fury has been arrested by recognizing the person, but such instances are rare, and in many respects are considered fabulous; but we have nothing on record that even remotely approximates the daring feat which is daily exhibited at the Zoological Institute.—*N. Y. Star.*

A Mirror for Demagogues and those deluded by them.—It was the French revolution which gave the first instance, for a thousand years, of a nation undone by itself—inflicting vengeance with its own hands, and tearing out its own entrails with a fury that would have appalled its bitterest enemies. It was the first civil convulsion on record, which overthrew, not merely the throne or the constitution, but the nation. Its whole operation was *judicial.* It not simply immersed the nobility or priesthood in the common suffering, it tore them out of the land, and flung them wide and bleeding over the face of every other. From the terrible distinctness of the scourge laid upon every order of the nation in turn, we might almost draw a new argument for a providence. The priesthood were the first undone. The great depositaries of national morals and religion—the great betrayers of their trust in both—the great supporters of the superstition which extinguished both—the first place was allotted to them in that dark preparative for national massacre—the long and melancholy procession which France sent to the scaffold. They had earned vengeance by their disregard of the personal virtues and public duties of their station; profligate, presumptuous and infidel, exhausting their immense fortunes in systematic dissipation, and their still greater influence in discountenancing public purity; their time was come; and in the midst of their security, they were driven off to swell the procession. The men of science, the philosophers, the fancied regenerators of the state; the political theorists, the whole race of those cold-blooded hypocrites, who, with liberty on their lips, had only the love of power in their hearts; the plausible conspirators against every right of human nature, under pretence of vindicating human privileges, and the furious zealots of intolerance, with no feeling but of scorn for all forms of belief, and a determination to distinguish all that bore that name; they too were indulged with a short lived sense of victory. In the midst of their revel they were torn down by ruffians, more vigorous, but not more malignant than themselves, and sent to swell the funeral train. Then came those who sent them; the inflamers of the rabble, the asserters of the claim of every man to rapine and murder; the true naked champions of democracy; the brutal, gigantic, blood-covered despots of republicanism. All followed, as if controlled by an irresistible destiny to mingle their gore together on one scaffold. All were plunged into a common gaol, and when the whole wild ceremonial of angry justice was done, on that grave was erected a throne filled by a being, the natural inheritor of all, the representative and spirit of the persecuting priests; the haughty noble; the metaphysical infidel, and the ferocious robber. He too had his retribution. The foundations of his throne sunk with himself into the grave. The grave is open still; and it will be fortunate for the world, if victims, nobler than France could ever offer, are not still to be flung into its measureless corruption.—*Blackwood.*

To destroy Lice upon Cattle.—H. H. C., in the Farmers' Register, recommends "the use of a little flour of sulphur: it is given internally, once or twice a week, with salt, which is eaten kindly," and which, he says, he has practised with great success.

[BY REQUEST.]
From the Boston Atlas.

SCENE FROM AN UN-ACTED DRAMA.

Rives—My dear Matty, here 's success to intrigue; but seriously, to judge from present appearances, I am apprehensive that I shall never be a member of your cabinet.

Van B.—Do not despair, my dear ex ambassador—nil desperandum Teucro duce—don't tell any one, by the way, that you heard me quote Latin; it would ruin me with Jack Cade and my constituents; but I never had a fall yet, that I did not alight upon my feet.

Rives—And it must have been for some such good fortune, that De Witt Clinton described you as a political grimalkin purring over petty schemes; or was it on account of your habit of *ratting*, that he blackguarded you in that style.

Van B.—Hush! Clinton was a good democrat, and it will not do for me to say that he was in the wrong.

Rives—By the way, Van, what induced you to have Dick Johnson nominated for the Vice Presidency? He is ruining you by inches. I must confess that it made my Southern blood boil in my veins, when I heard of the nomination.

Van B.—He is good food for powder, as Falstaff used to say of his ragged troops, and is popular among the rag-tag-and-bobtails. It is not likely that he will bring his family to Washington. If he does, however, we must be civil to them. Have you seen my life by one Professor Holland, of Connecticut?

Rives—No; you don't say that you have enlisted a professor in your service? I thought that Pickle Emmons had done that business for you.

Van B.—Emmons's Life did well enough for the *canaille*, but this is written for the ruffled shirt and silverforked men. Hear what the professor says of me:—"As a politician, his course, though decided and unyielding, has always been liberal, open and honest."

Rives—Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Capital—capital, my dear Van—Ha, ha, ha—Haugh! Open and honest! (*Laughs incontinently.*)

Van B.—Is n't it capital?

Rives—The professor does n't stick at trifles, I see. He is a regular porker. You certainly have n't contracted with him for any thing less than a foreign embassy?

Van B.—He shall be provided for.

Rives—That is, in case *you* are provided for, Matty. If I have any skill in augury, Webster will carry the North in spite of you. Look at Pennsylvania.

Van B.—A word in your ear, Rives—I have laid a plan for defeating Webster in his own State. Prepare yourself for odd news from Massachusetts. I have bought the Bay State.

Rives—Impossible! O cunning little Isaac! O, incomparable magician—then you are safe.

Van B.—I have brought about a queer coalition in old Massachusetts, and my friends there, among whom are many potent, grave and reverend seignors, with one or two editors whom I have purchased "body and small-clothes"—my friends give me the most positive assurances that Massachusetts will follow the amiable example of New Hampshire and Connecticut, and be found enlisted upon the side of the democracy and the administration.

Rives—You must have made something of a hole in the Treasury, before you could have bought Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill. Some of the surplus millions must have gone for it.

Van B.—Mum 's the word on that point; but only think of my defeating Daniel in his own stronghold. What a triumph!—Eh?

Rives—A feat worthy of yourself, Van. But are you quite sure of success?

Van B.—Sure? Have n't I the most conclusive assurances? And who but I would have thought of playing so deep a game?

Rives—Very true—I did not think of that. But here comes Pompey with a letter.

Van B.—Mr. Pompey, I am your most devoted, humble servant.

Pompey—Tank you, sare. I always said Massa Van Buren knew how to treat um gemman. Shall I have de honor to deliver 'un the letter?

Rives—There, go now, you black rascal, before I kick you down stairs.

Van B.--Postmarked Boston! Now for news about the election. A black seal! what does it mean? (*Reads hurriedly*)

"*May it please your grace:*—The election has unexpectedly resulted against us. Your friends have been routed, horse, foot and dragoons. In spite of the coalition, which you proposed, and which we effected to a considerable extent, the Whigs have again triumphed. Believe me, we sincerely condole with you in your misfortunes; and we trust that should you, by some fortunate and unlooked-for contingency, yet arrive at the Presidency, you will not forget the services of myself and your other friends in this quarter, but will apportion to us a fair share of the loaves and fishes. We have worked hard for you; and trust that our want of success will not induce you to forget us. I believe that there is at this moment an immense surplus in the Treasury, and a few thousands even, would not be unacceptable at this time.

Very humbly and devotedly,
Your slaves, &c., &c."

The mercenaries! They can't miss the loaves and fishes. Well, Rives, this is more than I expected.

Rives—You look pale, Van. Take a little more wine. Cunning little Isaac! Ha, ha, ha!

Van B.—Do n't laugh, Rives. This is no joke.

Rives—You are disturbed. I do n't see but you will have to turn philosopher like me. Hear what Tacitus says: Cum vir——

Van B.—O, d——n Tacitus! Order my horses. I must be off, off, off. Now all must be staked upon Pennsylvania; and if I lose there, then all 's lost, lost, lost!

French and English Marriages.—In France, marriages are conducted on a very different plan from those in England. On this side of the channel, young ladies enjoy liberties which would be deemed excessive on the other. In the first place, French young ladies never choose for themselves, or if they do, their choice must be approved of by their parents or guardians, as the law absolutely prevents the possibility of any marriage without the written sanction of paternal authority. To marry without this, which cannot be done under the age of twenty-five years, requires legal proceedings and formalities, which are generally repugnant to a modest young lady: few are to be found who will sue their own father, and expose themselves to three months' public notice, calling thus every body to witness their impatience. I might here remark, that elopements, or as they may be termed in English, "Trips to Gretna Green," are out of the question in France, because the young lady, in consequence of the above mentioned provision of the law, would perpetually remain under the imputation of having offended public decency. It must, therefore, be well understood, that no marriage can take place without the express consent of the parents. It may happen, and probably sometimes does, that parents abuse the discretionary power which which the law has placed in their hands.

The editor of the New York Star, "a Hebrew of Hebrews," thus closes some remarks upon a recent public disputation, had in that city by a champion of Christianity, and a delegation from the Infidels:

"Disputations on the truth of any religious belief should always be avoided. They are not called for by the spirit of the times; and a religion may be firm and immutable, and yet have weak doctrinal points. It is the foundation and principles of Christianity, not its origin, doctrines and dogmas, its divisions and sub-divisions of controversial points, upon which the standard should be raised and firmly planted. It is treating religion with too much disrespect to make it the subject of wrangling with atheists and infidels. It throws around it the mantle of doubt and perplexity, when its preachers are willing to submit its truth to such an ordeal. These itinerant disputants have notoriety in view, more than achieving a victory, which was never doubtful and never in danger, and therefore should be every where discountenanced."

A singular Incident.—Dr. Flint, in his Lecture last week, on the Anatomy of the Brain, illustrated the astonishing influence which the nervous system exercises over the whole corporeal and mental functions, by a well authenticated anecdote, which is too remarkable to be lost. He stated that in Berlin, in Prussia, an individual, during a violent dispute with his wife, in the course of which both parties became much enraged, undertook to administer a little salutary chastisement. He struck her with his hand a light blow on the back of her neck. The woman instantly fell, and became apparently immediately deprived of all sensation—and after various methods were resorted to without success to re-animate her, she was pronounced to be dead,—grave clothes were provided, and some persons commenced stripping the body of its apparel, in order to array it preparatory to its interment. On removing a kerchief from her shoulders, the woman, to the great consternation of all present, started up, assumed a menacing attitude, and proceeded to finish an opprobrious term which she was applying to her husband when he struck her the blow that appeared to have produced such serious results.

It was ascertained on subsequent investigation that *a pin*, which confined a certain portion of her garments to her neck, was by the force of the blow, driven through the integuments and spine until it reached the spinal marrow, and was the cause of this instantaneous suspension of all the functions of the body or mind. She was restored to consciousness, and the full possession of all her faculties as soon as it was removed.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*