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POETRY.

Speak not to him a bitter word.

Wouldst thou a wanderer recline
A wild and restless spirit tame,
Check the war of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's woe be stirred—
Speak not to him a bitter word—
Speak not—that bitter word may be,
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess hath marked his way;
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware,
Reform must come with kindly care;
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
Save in the tones of gentle love;
Though sadly his young heart erred,
Speak not to him the bitter word.
The lowest of him will not hear,
The venomed childings will not bear;
The ardent spirit will not brook
The sting of tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou would'st not grieve the restless steed,
To calm his fire or check his speed;
Then let not angry tones be heard—
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him—make him feel,
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his wildly deviant way.
So shall thou win him—all his back
From pleasure's smooth seductive track,
And warning thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"There is but a very minute portion of the creation
that we can turn into clothes and food, and gratification
for the body; but the whole creation may be used to
minister to the sense of beauty."—*Dr. Channing.*

The beautiful the beautiful
Where do we find it not?
It is an all pervading power,
And lights every spot.

It sparkles on the ocean wave;
It glitters in the dew;
We see it in the glorious sky,
And in the flower's hue.

On mountain top, in valley deep,
We find its presence there,
The beautiful the beautiful
It lives every where.

The glories of the noon tide day,
The still and solemn night,
The changing seasons, all can bring
Their tribute of delight.

There's beauty in the child's first smile,
And in that look of faith—
The Christian's last on earth, before
His eyes are closed in death.

And in the beings that we love,
Who have our tenderest care—
The beautiful the beautiful
'Tis sweet to trace it there.

'Twas in the glance that God threw o'er
The young created earth;
When he proclaimed it "very good,"
The beautiful had birth.

Then who shall say this world is dull,
And all to sadness given,
While yet there glows on every side,
The smile that came from heaven?

If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our earthly home,
How beautiful how beautiful
Will be the world to come!

THE FARMER'S CREED.

Let this be e'er the farmer's creed—
Of stock, seek out the choicest breed;
In peace and plenty let them feed—
Your land sow with the best of seed—
Let it not dung or dressing need—
Enclose and dress it with all speed—
And you will soon be rich indeed.

Fruit Trees.—All kinds of fruit trees put out a great
many young sprouts from the limbs and roots, called
suckers. Take these, cut the butt end into a wedge,
take the root of any wood the same size, split it and run
the sucker into that split, and they will unite, and the
root will support the shoot till new roots can be put out.
Let it stand till it shall attain the size desired and then
transplant it.

Fleecing Anxiety.—Poor Mr. Smith has fallen
down dead of an apoplexy," said a gentleman on the
election ground. "Has he voted?" involuntarily ex-
claimed one of the candidates.

"John, what is geography?"
"Geography is the history of every thing on earth,
except the sun, moon, and stars, and the steam boiler."
"That's right; go to the head."

From the Salem Observer. THE DAIRYMAN'S BILL.

A dark and stormy evening in February is not a time
when any one, who has freedom of choice, will leave
a warm fireside for a walk in the shelterless streets.—
Put, with the worthy man to whom we are about to
introduce our readers, there was no alternative. Sandy
Patterson was a dairyman in the suburbs of Edinburg,
who maintained his little family by the sale of the pro-
duce of two cows. His wife and their only child, a
comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household;
and every member of it took a share of the labor which
supplied their few and humble wants. Their small
cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates
themselves, though their countenances, on the rainy
February night in question, betokened depressed and
sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed thee, goodman!"
said the wife, as Sandy Patterson threw his plaid about
his shoulders, and prepared to encounter the blasts
without. "Heaven speed yet or else we shall be har-
ried and ruined creatures the morn. What a night too,
to gang o' floors in! Hap yourself up, Sandy, and put
the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough
to tear the coat off your back. But the trial morn be
made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his
grey and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and after
speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse
and daughter alone in their lovely tenement.

The dairyman was too much inclined to exposure, at
all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleet
rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he
proceeded along the causeway side, towards the centre
of the city. Few passengers were in the streets that
night; the many closed shutters showed that all who
could remain within doors were enjoying themselves in
their parlors. Poor Sandy walked on, scarcely con-
scious of the storm, having in his mind which rendered
him heedless of any personal inconvenience.—He
reached at last one of the most fashionable streets
in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of
a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of
those around it, was not closed and shut up. On the
contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the
windows, and the sound of music and mirth were aud-
ible even in the street. Sandy Patterson was the last
cavender of mortals; still he could not forbear sighing as
he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted
the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be,
and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer
followed his gentle pull; the sound was perhaps drowned
in the revelry within. Sandy pulled again, and
with a very little additional energy. A maidservant, in
plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question,
"What do you want?" Patterson replied, "I am sorry
to give you trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have
been once or twice of late, about the bit account for the
milk, that the family had forgotten; and though it's an
unpleasant business, I would be greatly obliged if it could
be settled the night. I would have been loath to trouble
ye, but I am in sair want on't." The servant, who
had been listening to this speech with the door open to
the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit
the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the
lobby, while he should mention the matter to his master.
Sandy with many scrabbings of his feet, did as he
was required; and took a chair pointed out to him.—
Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was
not long tried. The man having gone up stairs, re-
turned in a minute or two, with the answer, "It was
not convenient to settle the account at present; this was
an extraordinary time to come in of money; he
must call again in a day or two—on Saturday, perhaps
Monday."

The answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dair-
man, which was owing by this family to him a
mounted to about five pounds; but that sum was of the
greatest importance to him. He had called for pay-
ment nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly
mentioned but once or twice, and sad necessity alone
had pressed him to renew his claim on the present oc-
casion. When he procured the sum he was in quest of,
his cattle and his furniture—his all, in short—would
be seized on the morrow, by legal execution, and brought
to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted,
in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to
make the footman aware of the state of things; but seeing
that his words made not the slightest impression,
he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from
the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Patterson well nigh
gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing
a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his
look the frustration of his hopes. "So they have just
served you as usual, Sandy," said his wife at last.
"Just the old story—call again—not convenient,"
was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be
done now, Nanny?" continued the poor man, rising and
striding in agitation up and down the floor, "what is
to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. Not
even the means left to us o' winning our morsel o'
meat. And you too, Peggy, pair thing," stopping and
laying his hand on his daughter's head, "this disgrace
may gar some folks to slight you, and that wad be sair
for you to bide."

"Nae fear o' that, father," said the daughter, "if
William—if any body," continued she, correcting her-
self, "woud be slight us for misfortunes which we could
na help, their scorn woudna vex me, sair. Who can
blame you for handing out a helping hand to your ain
brother? He may not be to blame neither, pair man;
but, if a fault can be laid at any body's door, it's to his
and not to yours, father, and the creditors that may take
at you have the morn, are he, and not yours."

"Troth, and that's true, Peggy," said Sandy, sitting
down with something like composure; "there's no dis-
grace in't, at best, and that's a great consolation."
The poor family, though divested of all hope of ac-
quiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in
search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs.
Twenty pounds was to be seized. Of this they had
mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the
account which had been sought that night, arose fro

a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings,
and allow more time, if fifteen pounds were paid. In
this their hopes had been disappointed, as we have
seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them
it is to be feared, enjoyed that night, Sandy Patterson
and his family knelt down as usual, and thanked their
Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time
strength to submit to his will. The performance of
this little act of devotion was not without its effect in
composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it
brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that
whatever might happen to them on this earth, there
was one whose protection man could not deprive them
of.

We would now ask the reader's company, while we
return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the
door of which Sandy Patterson had turned away in
sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his
visit, the door of that house once more opened, not to
admit him, but to permit the gay and fashionable to
pass out after their entertainment was over. It is not
with them we have to do, however; therefore let us
walk up stairs, and enter a room now emptied of its
visitors, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants
of the mansion. Davidson—for such was the name of
the host—then remained alone in the drawing-room,
with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and
somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be
affected by general impulses. The income which he
derived from his profession was amply, and it was rather
from a want of system in the management of his
household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had
remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself lazily
on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the in-
cidents of the party, and, among other circumstances
to which he alluded, was the ludicrous application of a
dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had
been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discus-
sion on the merits of Hertz's quadrilles. At this discus-
sion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, appro-
ached, and with a tear in her eye, said, "All but papa,
the poor man was obliged to come to-night, for his
cows are to be sold to-morrow for his own debts. I
heard him tell John so, as I was crossing the lobby.—
Poor man, he cried as he went away."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken
debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his
late application, which I only laughed at? Can any
one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew
more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south
side of the town. They did not know even his second
name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson; and in spite of
his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the
weather, and accompanied by a servant, set out through
the rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search,
but in so populous a district, with so imperfect a knowl-
edge of the individual he was in quest of, it was wonder-
ful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length,
from an old woman that kept a small shop
in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned e-
nough to give him the strongest hopes of having dis-
covered the man he sought. The residence of this man
however, was at so great a distance from the spot in
which he was, that Mr. Davidson saw the necessity of
returning home for the time to relieve his wife's anxi-
ety. At an early hour he was resolved to resume his
inquiries in the quarter to which he had been directed.
Mrs. Davidson and her husband slept but little in the
few hours that now intervened between night and
morning, so deep was the impression which the little
incident we have related made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed fortunately to the right
quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy
Patterson's humble abode; they refused his request for
a little time in consequence of his inability to produce
fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting
in a corner hopeless, and soon to be to all appearances
seized on the morrow, by legal execution, and brought
to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted,
in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to
make the footman aware of the state of things; but seeing
that his words made not the slightest impression,
he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from
the scene of his disappointment.

This affair was no less an era in his honest family's
history, than it was in that of Mr. Davidson. This
night's experience taught him a lesson, that the whole
hopes of the family may be dependent on a sum al-
together unimportant to the individual who owes it, and
in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence is as
much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscien-
tiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he
and his family ever after that period, took in the Pat-
tersons, when we mention, that the little girl to whose ac-
cidental presence in her father's lobby, the happy issue
of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents
no long time afterwards, to dance at the wedding of
Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married a certain
William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have ob-
served, at an early part of this true story.

DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Tread softly with a solemn footstep, whisper your
words in a low voice, and let your breath be hushed;
for the air of the chamber is heavy with death, and the
faces of all you see are stamped with grief, and the
suppressed sob of the woman, and the deep death
groan of the strong man in mortal agony, mingle their
notes of woe, breaking on your ear like voices from the
grave, and all around is still and sad and fearful—for
the Hero is dying. His keen eye which a month ago
met the gaze of millions, hailing him in all the pomp
of civic triumph, their Leader and their Ruler, is now
glazing with the chill of death, and his soul is passing
from the Visible to the Awful Unseen.

He is dying; The light of the breaking day falls

dinly through the half closed shutters, and the lamp
burns with a sickly glare, and in the mingled light ap-
pears the faces of the watchers by the bedside of the dy-
ing, faces wan and ghastly with prolonged anxiety and
anguish.

He is dying—his face, turned towards the heavens,
is paled and wan, the cheeks are hollowed, the eyes
sunken, and the brow damp with the dews of death,
with the masses of grey hair falling back from its out-
line, stands out boldly to the light, speaking much of
the might of the Hero's mind, while the whitening lip,
the convulsive throbbing along the face, the heaving
chest and the throat straining with the death-rattle,
all announce the passage to the grave, and herald the
approach of the Skeleton God.

And around him gather the friends of his path, and
the sharers of his triumph—there was WEBSTER with
his towering brow and eagle eye, there was CRITTE-
NDEN and EWING and GRANGER, men of minds from all
parts of this wide union, and there, with a face stamped
with genius, and marked with a high honesty of
purpose, was GEORGE E. BAKER, the pride of North
Carolina, and all here gathered round the bedside, to
see the mighty man fight his last battle, and after hav-
ing battled with enemies more bitter than death,
with slanders, with falsehood, with low calumination,
the Hero was at last yielded to the final victory of all,
whose throne is on the skulls of nations and whose
sway is over the realms of Time.

He was dying! A month ago, his footsteps had top-
ped the highest rock in the steep pathway of human
ambition, a month ago, and his name had gone forth
to all the world, as the Ruler of the Great Land of New
World freedom, a month ago and he stood on the Cap-
itol, and his gaze had been met by the gaze of millions
and the earthquake shout of a free people had sounded
on his ear and filled the clear heavens above, and now
—the short space of a single moon had waned—the In-
signia of Power had scarce warmed in his grasp—the
Presidential Banquet had scarce grown cold—the last
shout of the people was yet sounding in his ear, and he
was summoned by a mightier than the kings, or the
people, to the throne of the Eternal God!

He was dying! And the scenes of the terrible night
of Tippecanoe were again around him, the dark and
fearful night, when the yell of the savage and the gleam
of the scalping knife were in his camp; again he led
his riflemen to the quick struggle of life for life; again
he shouldered the watch word of the charge, and a faint
smile stole over the lips of the dying man, as again he
beheld the banner of stars and stripes in triumph.

Hark—a faint murmur breaks from his lips—his
hands clutch nervously at the vacant air.

He is again beside the Thames. He is again with
JOHNSON & SHELLEY, he is again beside PRARY, and
again the blue smoke of the rifle winds up from among
the green woods, and the war whoop of the Indian
shrieks along the plain. Then the terrible contest, the
sweep of old Dick Johnson's mounted Riflemen in
their hurricane charge again passes before his eye, and
the old Hero, would shout with joy, but the death-rattle
is in his throat, and the death-dew on his brow.

He is dying! For his death, the bright eyes of wo-
men shall be dim with tears, and aged men shall weep,
and a nation will be sad, and gloom and civil corrup-
tion and legalized anarchy shall pass like a pall of
gloom over the land, and yet the fiat has gone forth,
God hath spoken it, and the Hero dies, ere yet the re-
joicings of the nation are lost to his ear.

And in that terrible moment, when his hands were
interlocked with the hands of death, when his mind
was armed to supernatural vigor, and the Past and
Future, mingled in his vision, then the thought of his
country arose in his mind, then the thought of the trust
placed in his hands by the people, burdened his soul,
and with the last struggle of life, he imagined a man of
noble heart and resolute standing before him, and he
imagined a successor of mind and intellect, and the
true principles of Government—I wish you to understand
the true principles of Government—I ask you to carry
them out—I ask nothing more!"

[Citizen Soldier.]

"A journeyman printer lately set out on foot for
the interior of Ohio, a distance of five hundred miles,
with an old *bonnet* and three dollars cash in his pocket.
He soon found himself in Pennsylvania, and being
weary, called at the inn of a Dutchman, who he found
quietly smoking his pipe, when the following dialogue
ensued:—

"Well, Mishter Valking Stutch, vot you vant?"
"Refreshment and repose."
"Supper and lodgings, I reckon?"
"Yes, sir, supper and lodgings."

"Do you a Yankee pedlar, mit chowery in your
pocket to cheat to gals?"
"No sir, no Yankee pedlar."
"A singing teacher, too lazy to work?"
"No, sir."

"A chanted shoemaker, vot stclays till Saturday
night, and laysh thrunk in de porch halter Sunday?"
"No, sir, or I should have mended my boots before
this. But I am not disposed longer to submit to this
outlandish inquisition. Can you give me supper and
lodgings?"

"Tockely. But vot be you, a book-keeper, taking
honest people's money for a little learnin' that only takes
em lazy?"
"Try again, your worship."

"A dentist, breaking to people's chaws, at a tollar a
schung, and running off mit old Shantock's daughter?"
"No, sir, no tooth puller."

"A Keronologs, den, feeling to young folks heds, like
so many cabbage, and charging 25 cents for telling
their fortunes, like a blaun'd Yankee?"
"No; no phrenologist, neither, your Excellency."

"Vell, den, vot de life are you? Choost tell, and
you shall have some of the best sassage for supper, and
stchay all night, free gratis, mitout charging you a cent
in a chill of whiskey to start on before prekast?"
"Very well, your honor. To terminate the colloquy
without further circumlocution, I am an humble disci-
ple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all

arts—a typographer, at your service!"
"Votsh dat?"
"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspa-
pers."

"A man vot prints newspapers! Oh! yaw! yaw!—
By Choopier—say! Datsch if a man vot prints
newspapers—yaw! yaw! Valk up, walk up, Mishter
Printer! Cheems, take de chendomin's pack off—
Chen, bring some junks to the fire. A man vot prints
newspapers. I wish I wad be chet if I did't think you
was a tailor."

METAPHYSICAL.—In one of Brownson's articles in
the Democratic Review, about the "Origin of Govern-
ment," the following passage occurs, in an attempted
definition of humanity:—

"We are to bear in mind that the genus humanity—
what we call human nature—is no logical abstraction,
but a real existence, and, in some sort, an existence in-
dependent of individuals. This is only saying that hu-
manity is humanity. This settled, we may proceed a
step further. Humanity, in this generic sense, is cau-
sative, active, creative. This is affirmed in affirming
that humanity is a reality. Our notion of reality is our
notion of being or subsistence, or something that is.—
But our notion of something that is—that is to say, of
being or substance—is precisely our notion of cause or
causative force."

To which the Wilkesbarre Farmer adds the follow-
ing:—

"We are to bear in mind that the genus of humbug—
what we call natural humbug—is no logical abstrac-
tion, but a real existence, as much as a shad, and in
some sort independent of fobler and friends just after
being elected to a fit office, though never actually sepa-
rated from individuals before election. This is only
saying that humbug is still humbug any way you
choose to fix it. This part of the matter being settled,
we will venture a step or two further. Humbug, in
this generic sense, is extensive of much mischief, and
creative of promises and panicles. This is both sworn
to and affirmed in affirming that humbug is a member
of the regular army. Our notion of being a member of
the regular army is our faith in fictions—and faith is
the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things
not seen. But our notion of something that is, is our
notion of a jackass—for a jackass is—and not only is,
that is to say; but a jackass, physically considered,
conveys precisely our notion of cause, kicking, and cau-
sative force, and exists independent of individuals—so
does a meeting house."

TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in
a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home
can never be made happy without it. It is like the
flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and
cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied &
worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a
word dictated by a good disposition: It is sunshine fall-
ing upon his heart. He is happy and the cares of life
are forgotten. A sweet temper has soothing influence
over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found
in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love
predominating over the bad feelings of the natural heart.
Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children,
and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study
then to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more
valuable than gold; it evaporates more than beauty, and
to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.—Beautiful it is to see and un-
derstand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even
in this earth. The work an unknown good man has
done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under
ground green; it flows and flows, it boils itself with
other veins and veins; one day it will start forth as a
visible perennial well.—*Carlyle.*

The English and Mexican Quarrel.—We have already
noticed the difficulty between the English Minister,
at Mexico, and the Mexican Minister. The Picayune
from its correspondents at the capital gathers the fol-
lowing authentic particulars of the cause. It looks a
trifle squally:—

"On the 11th ult., a festival day, it being the anni-
versary of the victory gained by Santa Anna over the
Spaniards at Tampico, a ball was given at the palace in
the city of Mexico, and all the Foreign Ministers in-
vited. The ball-room was superbly ornamented, and
among other decorations were the trophies won by Mex-
ico from the Spaniards and Texas. These flags were
suspended at one end of the room. Upon the entrance
of Mr. Doyle, the *Charge d'Affaires*, he inquired the
meaning of them, and being answered that they were
trophies, he very naturally was led to a closer examina-
tion of them. Upon inspection he found that the 'Eng-
lish Jack' was stuck up among the flags taken from the
Texans. He immediately addressed himself to Mr.
Bocanegra, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was
present, and asked an explanation of the occurrence.
The Minister replied that the 'Jack' was taken from the
Texans, and that account alone had been placed a-
mong the trophies, and with no view of giving offence
to the British Government. Bocanegra consulted with
Santa Anna on the subject, and assured Mr. Doyle that
it should be taken down the next day. The next day
Mr. Doyle addressed a note to the Government, deman-
ding that the flag should be taken down, and, as a sat-
isfaction for the insult, should be hoisted in the public
square and saluted with twenty-one guns. To this no
satisfactory reply was given, and notes were exchanged
until the 27th, which is another national *fete*, and the
Salon de Reception being open that day, Mr. Doyle
was informed that the 'Jack' still remained in the
same place; upon which he immediately sent the British
Consul-General with two merchants, as witnesses,
to see if it was actually the case. Finding it to be so,
he addressed a note to the Government, saying that his
diplomatic relations with the government of Mexico
ceased from that moment until further orders from his
government. A circular was also passed to all the
British merchants, advising them that he had found
himself under the necessity of suspending all diplomatic
intercourse with the Mexican government until he
could communicate with his government. To this note
it appears that the Mexican government has replied in
a very insulting communication. Such is the state of
the case. Mr. Doyle's despatches have gone to Eng-
land in the steamer which sailed on the 1st inst; and
he had also despatched a man-of-war, which happened
to be at Vera Cruz, to Bermuda and Jamaica with des-
patches for the Admiral. Thus rests the affair, and the
citizens of Vera Cruz are apprehensive that the first
news they will have will be the arrival of an English
fleet. This of course gives great satisfaction to all en-
emies of the power of the Dictator, and to foreigners,
who are in hopes that he will now be brought to his
senses.

"John, are you a good boy?" "Yes, I spose I sone
of the good, as mother says there is two kinds, the good
for something and the good for nothing. I guess I
blongs to one if not to 'other."