EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown." RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XI. EASTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 14, 1828. NO. 22.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM,

At TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

LIVING INHUMATION.

From the unpublished diary of C. Hodgson, Esq. lately deceased, formerly of Bristol, (Eng.)

I had been subject to epileptic fits from my youth upwards, which, though they did not deprive me of animation in the sight of those about me, completely annihilated my own consciousness. I used to be attacked at all times and seasons, but most commonly about the full of the moon. I generally had a warning of a peculiar nature when these attacks were coming on, that it would be difficult to describe; it was a sensation that to be known must be experienced. My excellent wife Martha, (I mean my first wife who has been dead now for the best part of forty years) used to say, that she always observed an unusual paleness over my complexion, otherwise ruddy, for a day or two before the fit came upon me. Bless her soul! she never let me be one moment out of her sight, from the instant she had a suspicion of my approaching malady. This benevolent caution on her part, was a great means of enabling her to subdue the violence of the fit when it came for which purpose her experience had pointed out to her several useful applications I married again after her decease, because I was oppressed beyond bearing, by my loneliness, which none but persons in such a situation—I mean a widower's —can tell. My second wife, whom I have also buried, was not so penetrating in the faculty of observation. She was a woman of an admirable thrift; and to her economy it was that under God, I owe my preservation, in the terrible event I am about to detail. Had I been interred in lead, it would have been all over with me!

Our family burying-place in Bristol, is in —— Church, where there is a general vault, in which all persons who can fee the officials high enough may be interred, until their friends forget them; which, for that matter, in a trading town is not usually a very long time: but this is only granted provided they are buried in lead. I suppose they are turned out of their metal coffins in the end, as they are in London and other places, that the old lead may buy a carousal for the church-wardens and sexton, and make room for new tenants to be served in the same manner. But to my story—to my excellent wife's thrift I owe my preservation. Willing to save as much money as possible at my funeral, she had my body, with all the usual and proper grief attendant on the ceremony, put into a stout fir coffin, the weight of which was increased by a couple of old hundred weights placed one at my head, the other at my feet. Thus the thing passed off very well, and money was saved to my heirs.—I hereby cast no reflection upon my dear departed wife's regard for me. I was convinced, as I told her, that her motive was good; and well did it turn out for me that she was so thrifty and considerate. She was a true Bristol woman, and as the good citizens generally are there, pretty keen and close-fingered; but it is error on the right side. She was called Susannah, the daughter of an opulent and ancient common councilman, and I got my freedom of the city by marrying her; she was plain in her person, as all Bristol born women formerly were—but I wander again from my story.

I had made a most excellent dinner—of this I have a perfect recollection. Of more than this I can recollect nothing, until on coming out of my fit, as I suppose—(for I quickly imagined, feeling the usual sensations, that I was recovering from one of them)—I say, that on coming to myself, I was surprised to feel pinioned and in utter darkness. I had no space to stir, if I would, as I soon found, while I struggled to loosen a sheet, or some such thing, in which I was scantily enveloped. My hand would not reach my head, when I attempted to make it do so, by reason of my elbow touching the bottom, & my hand the top of the enclosure around me. It was the attemping to do this, and finding myself naked, except with the aforesaid covering, that struck me I had been entombed alive. The thought rushed suddenly upon me. My first sensations were those of simple surprise. I was like a child aroused out of a deep sleep, and not sufficiently awake to recognise its attendants.

When the real truth flashed upon me in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me! It was as if a bullet had perforated my heart, and all the blood in my body gushed through the wound! Never never, can hell be more terrible than the sensations of that moment! I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a clammy dampness burst forth from every pore of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable; and so strong at length became this impression—so bereft of hope appeared my situation—that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge into the depths of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation to my fate followed. I began to think of death coolly, and to calculate how long I might survive before famine closed the hour of my existence. I prayed to God that I might have fortitude to die without repining, calmly as I then felt. I tried if I could remember how long men could exist without food. Thus the tranquility of my despair made me comparitively easy, if contrasted with the situation in which I felt myself afterwards, when home began to glimmer upon me. My days must in the end be numbered—I must die at last—I was only perishing a little sooner than I otherwise must have done. Even from this thought I derived consolation; and I now think life might have closed calmly upon me, if the pangs of hunger had been at all bearable; and I have been told they are much more so than is commonly believed.

If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper me, that if I had been buried, and the earth closed around my coffin, I should not be able to respire, which I could do with ease. I did not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that, after all, I was not carried forth for interment, but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated inevitably. Such is the inconsistency of the human mind, that I, who had just now resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more formidable. The idea that I was not yet interred increased my anxiety to make myself heard from without. I called aloud and struck the sides and lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued; but all in vain. A deathly silence reigned around me amid my unbroken darkness. I was now steeped in fearful agony. I shrieked with horror: I plunged my nails into my thighs, and wounded them; the coffin was soaked in my blood; and by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore the nails to the quick, soon becoming motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name, I prayed, and I fear I blasphemed, for I knew not what I said; and I thus continued until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought replenishment from temporary insensibility. At this time I had a vision of a most indefinable character, if it was one, and not a glance (as I am induced sometimes to think it was,) between the portals of death and the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless. Images of men and women, often numberless, in a sort of shadowy outline, came before and round me. They seemed as if limbless from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital, in figure like bodies, which I have seen drawn from burned dwellings, each being rather a hideous misshapen mass than a human semblance. Thick darkness and silence succeeded; the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality. If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awake again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation.

Fresh but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with no great difficulty I could turn on my side, and then over on my belly. I tried by lifting my back and by a violent strain to burst open the coffin-lid; but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should otherwise have made to bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonizing repose from my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them. While thus at rest, if inactive torture could be denominated rest, I wept like a child when I thought of the sunshine, and blue skies, and fresh air which I should never more enjoy; how living beings thronged the streets & thousands around me were joyous or busy, while I was doomed to perish in tortures! Why was my fate so differently marked out to that of others? I had no monstrous crime to repent of, yet hundreds of criminal men were in the full revelry of life! I fancied I heard the toll of a bell; breathless I listened; it was a clock striking the hour! The sound was new life to me. "I am not inhumed at least, but perhaps am unwatched;" such were my thoughts; interment will take place; my coffin will be moved; I shall easily make myself heard THEN." This was balm to me; I shouted anew, struck my prison boards with all the power left me, and ceased only when exertion was no longer possible.

Men may fancy how they would find themselves under similar circumstances, and on the like trying occasions, but it is seldom a correct judgment can be previously formed on such matters. It was only at intervals that I was fearfully maddened by my dreadful situation, as to lose the power of rational reflection, or so overcome as to be debarred the faculty of memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover of the coffin, so that this slight shift of position brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept began at length to drive me well nigh into real madness. I was fevered, my temples burned and throbbed, my tongue became dry, light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled round. I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, & which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter one more irremediable horror. Who could depict the frenzy, the unspeakable anguish of my situation! I thought my eyes would start from my head; burning tears flowed down my cheeks; my heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position. In my mental anguish, at times, however, I forgot my motionless bodily suffering, my rack of immovable agony.

How many hours I lay in this my state of active and passive torture, I cannot tell. My thirst, however, soon became intolerable. My mouth seemed full of hot ashes. I heard again the hollow sound of a clock-bell, of no small magnitude, judging from its deep intonation. No cranny which I had hitherto observed in my prison let in light, though I well knew there must be some fissure or fresh air, for the continuance of life could not have been admitted: how else had I existed? It was night perhaps, when I first came to myself in my prison of "six dark boards." I groped in vain over every part of their wooden surface which I could reach; I could find no chink; could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, and again, still in my state of agony. Oh! what were my feelings!

For a long time after this I lay steeped in my suffering, or, at least, for a long time as it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over; my limbs were excessively sore, the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling; my eyes aching with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side, (I had never before turned but on my left,) when I felt under me a hard substance which I had not before perceived. I grasped it with some difficulty, and soon found it was a knot from the coffin plank which had been forced inwards, in all probability after I was placed there. I saw also a dim light through a hole about as large as a half-crown piece, just below where my chin came. I put my hand to it, and found it covered with coarse cloth, which I easily imagined was the lining to my coffin. I soon contrived to force my finger through this cloth, tho' not without considerable difficulty. Faint enough was the light it revealed, but it was a noonday sun of joy to me. By an uneasy strain of my neck I could see obliquely through the opening, but every thing was confused in my brain. My sight was clouded, heavy, and thick. I at first could only perceive there was a light, but could distinguish no object. My senses, however, seemed to sharpen as new hopes arose. I closed my eyes for a minute together, and then opened them, to restore their almost worn out power of vision. At length I could distinguish that immediately opposite to me there was a small window, crossed by massy iron bars, thro' which the light I saw streamed in upon me like joy into the soul of misery. I now cried with delight. I thought I was among men again, for the pitchy darkness around me was dispersed. I forgot for a moment my sufferings: even the fearful question how I should get free from my durance before famine destroyed me, was for a long time absent from my mind, and did not recur until I could look through the fissure no longer, from the giddiness caused by a too earnest fixedness of gaze.

I soon concluded, from the massy stones on each side of the opening and the strength of the bars, that I was in a church vault, and this was confirmed when I came to distinguish the ends of two or three coffins which partly interposed between me and the light. I watched the window until the light began to grow dim, with feelings no language can describe: no tongue tell.—As the gloom of night approached, my heart began to beat fainter, and my former agonies returned with tenfold weight, notwithstanding which I imagine I must have slept some time. I was sensible of noise, like the grating of a heavy door upon its hinges, when I revived or awoke, I cannot say which, and I saw the light of a candle stream across the fissure in my coffin, I called out "For the love of your own soul release me; I am buried alive!" The light vanished in a moment; fear seemed to have palsied the hand that held it, for I heard a rough voice desire the holder of it to return. "If there be any one here, he's soldered up! Tom, hand me the light, the dead never speak; Jim the snatcher is not to be scared by rotten flesh!" Again I called as loud as I could, "I am buried alive; save me!" "Tom! the axe," cried the undaunted body snatcher; "the voice come from this box. The undertakers made too great haste, I suppose." In a few minutes I was sitting upright in my coffin.

[Here, after detailing his reception at home, and the surprise of his friends, Mr. Hodgson says he had public thanks for his deliverance returned in his parish church, and that afterwards he cherished a strong regard for resurrection men, who never craved a guinea of him in vain.]

A TRAVELLER'S REMEMBRANCES.

The Sultan Mahmoud—Turkish Review—The White and Red Guards.

While resident at Constantinople a few years since, I was greatly delighted with a review that took place of the Janissaries and guards of the Sultan; the day was also celebrated by throwing of the djerid. The field, or extensive area, in which this took place, was a beautiful valley, into which the hills sloped gently down; innumerable spectators were there. The turbaned heads covered with shawls of all colors, wedged in a dense and immovable mass, looked as if the assembly of the faithful were called before the prophet for judgement—so still was their attitude. The Sultan arrived about mid-day, mounted on a beautiful Arabian charger and encompassed by a mass of splendidly dressed officers, bashees, capidgi bashees, eunuchs, &c —Handsome as many of these men were, the Sultan was eminently the handsomest man in the whole group; and probably in the whole assembled multitude, there would scarcely be found another to compare with him in personal advantages, notwithstanding that the Turks are in general fine looking. His countenance has precisely the character of the Grecian blended with Turkish features; the long straight nose, the full, large melancholy eye, the Oriental lips and chin. There was much of mind in the face of reflection as well as decision; his hair was not visible beneath the folds of his superb turban but his beard was of raven black. Except the turban in front of which was a magnificent aigraffe of diamonds, no other part of his dress had any splendor, & yielded in this respect to the habiliments of many of his chief officers. He did not keep his look full in front with imperturbable dignity, as is said to be the practice of the Sultans, but turned it often from right to left, as any object or individual in the crowd attracted his curiosity. We composed a party of several Europeans, all English: at one moment we caught his glance, and it was bent on us with a very peculiar expression of scorn and Turkish pride, without, however, there being any "hatred or malice" in it. Had he then foreseen the fatal defeat that has since been given him by these Franks at Navarin, his gaze had, perhaps, been of a more deadly character.

He rode with much grace, at a slow pace, while a number of his inferior officers ran along on each side of his horse. His favorite bodyguard, that gathered closely round him when he took his station in the valley, was the celebrated white guard, so called from the entire of their dress, from head to foot, being of that color. They were remarkably fine men, all of them very tall, and rather slender and elegantly than robustly formed. Their shilouah, or trowsers, the tunic, the robe, the turban, & sandals, were all white as snow, and gave to this superb body of men, as they circled round their imperial master, a very peculiar and imposing appearance —It was a cloudless and very sultry day, and their splendid arms, that glittered in the sun, contrasted strongly with the spotless hue of their dresses. Each of these men seemed to have been selected for their beauty, and they were certainly to the eye, noble fellows, though in a close or desperate charge, the ruder Delhis would probably have beat them for they were not muscular or sinewy, but their full and fleshy figures bore too much the character of the indolent and monotonous life of the Orientals.

The Sultan Mahmoud, on horseback, in the midst of these men, was a striking object: the high pay they receive and the peculiar marks of favor their master often bestows on them, render them peculiarly devoted to his person. They, as well as the red guards, have had no part in the late revolt, but assisted with zeal in the destruction of their refractory comrades. It was a singular thing to see on this field so many of these men, the haughty Janizaries, who were not long after doomed to perish Of the many thousands on the ground very few probably escaped. However cruel and despotic the measures that was meted them, their cup was certainly full and overflowing. The history of these lawless troops would present as dark, fierce, and bloody a picture, as that of the Prætorian guards of Rome, whom they so closely resemble.—Should they meet in the gardens of the Prophet wither they are ultimately sent by the hetacombs the many sultans they have dethroned and put to death the many viziers whose heads have been thrown at their feet, merely at their call, reminding them of the countless tumults & slaughter they have made in the empire—the eternal groves and rushing rivers, and lovely houris, will hardly avoid becoming a scene of uproar instead of luxury and love.

Not far from the white guards stood a body of men, little inferior to them in appearance, but less splendidly accoutred—the red guard. The entire of their habiliments, turban, &c. were of this colour. They were not, however, so favorite a body of men, or so much trusted around the Royal person, as the former. Not a war-worn or veteran countenance was to be seen in their body. The music now sounded, & fierce and wild cries rung through the field, which are always raised during the progress of this game of the djerid; the display of horsemanship was beautiful. The Sultan at last dismounted, and went into a small kiosque, or summer house, built of light materials for the occasion, and open in front; here he reclined on a splendid divan, with two or three only of his favourite officers, and beheld, perfectly at his ease, the array of troops, and the progress of the game. He was here shaded from the sultry rays of the sun, which fell intensely on all the rest of the field. We felt them extremely oppressive, but the host of Orientals, who stood or sat on the ground, seemed to care very little about the heat. The whole scene was a mere mimicry of war, a childish pageant; the magnificent guards, with all their splendour and accoutrements, looked not like men fit for the horrid front of war, or who would stand a stern contest with determined troops. Their smooth handsome countenances (for they were mostly young men,) and spotless dresses, would have better graced an ancient procession of Grecian youths and maidens to the hill of the Acropolis, than a hot and carnage covered field.

The form of their weapons, and even the weapons themselves are not terrible; the long atighan is a kind of half sabre, that would be annihilated by a cut of a dragoon's sword; the rich kandgar or dagger is of little use in battle, and the bayonet they will not have recourse to. Their master, probably, thinks them an invincible body; but the numerous Janizaries, who have been since slaughtered, were, in point of bodily strength and ferocity, the flower of the Turkish troops; unruly and ungovernable they were, but their slaughter and dispersion is an irreparable loss to the empire. Often have I paused to admire their noble figures, the symmetry of their limbs, the arm bare to the shoulder, the naked noble chest, the fearless though lawless look—these too, were veterans, at least a large portion of them—men who would fight to the last in the field, and had a rooted jealousy for the honor of the Ottoman arms. But they are gone —and long will it be ere the Sultan can raise a body of men to supply their loss. Could these men have submitted to the discipline, and adopted the European tactics, the result would have been tremendous.

Europe has never seen, not even when the fierce Saracen issued forth from the interior of Asia, a more terrible or formidable body of men than these Janizaries (whose numbers was one hundred thousand) would have been. About two hours after noon, the review began to draw to a close; the Janizaries began to file off, not in silence, but talking loudly and tumultuously as they passed along, marching more like a body of Bedouins than disciplined troops. Many an insulting word some of them gave us as they passed along; this behaviour was confined, however, to a very few; in general they were contented with a look, sometimes a good natured and smiling, or a haughty and grave one, which is in general what they are pleased to adopt Poor fellows! I have received kindness from many of them, whose heads as well as the countless ones of their comrades, were not long after piled in heaps at their master's feet or thrown into the Bosphorus.

[From the New Monthly Magazine for March.]

The following is an impressive "Sketch from a Gambling House:"

"At the table sat an English Nobleman, who was not so absorbed in the play as to be insensible to what had passed; and he was too well acquainted with the vicissitudes of a gamester not to divine the real state of the case. It was the late Earl of Thanet. Perceiving B—— to be still lingering near the table, and conjecturing what was going on within him, he addressed him with great kindness. "You have been unlucky," said he. Here is a roleau.—Try your luck again with moderation. But give that French scoundrel his *conge*. The little Abbe understood him, and was seen no more. With this new capital B—— recommenced. In half an hour it was gone, and he had the additional mortification of having contracted a debt of honour to a perfect stranger, which he was unable to satisfy. He rushed out of the House in dreadful distraction, and wandered he knew not whither. I have heard from his own lips the adventures of that night; and I do think that when he left Frescati, it was with the thought of self-destruction. It was a dark, but serene night, he had strolled to the Quay, near the place where the Seine yields up its drowned bodies to be claimed by friends or relatives should the wretches that fly to its waters as their Lethe chance to have either. Fatigued with his long and wayward ramble, he leaned for a few minutes on a stone, and looking friendly upon the river, as its dull and melancholy stream glided along, ejaculated almost unconsciously—'There, too shall be my refuge!'

His exclamation caught the attention of a person who was lingering near the spot; in a state of mind equally desponding and life-weary. The idea, which had only on a sudden darted upon poor B——, had been long the fixed and cherished purpose of the other, though for the moment suspended by the accident of meeting a brother in wretchedness, who, to all appearance, was bent on the same mode of flying from it. Singular as it was they mutually recognized each other, for they had often met in the same pandæmonium of play. B—— told him, without reserve, his situation. "You have been unfortunate," said the other; "but abandon your dreadful resolve, I implore you. Live. You have the dearest, the tenderest of connections. There is one, whose identity is entwined with yours. I, too, come hither to escape the burden of disgrace, ruin, and want.

But there is none to await my coming:—no heart will quicken its throb at my return. Yet, if I can dissuade you from death, I will live on, at least, I shall have one satisfaction to live for I restore you to your family and home. Return to your hotel. To morrow I will see you, and we will try to reason ourselves into hope They shook hands; B—— being the more easily diverted from his rash determination, as it was the instantaneous suggestion, rather than the firm resolution of his despair. But he had scarcely walked thirty paces before he heard a sudden plunge into the water. It was his friend, who had only postponed his own fate for a moment. B—— rushed to the spot whence the sound came, but the body was not found till the next day. L——'s story is well known at Paris. He had formerly been in the Guards, married a beautiful woman, and fixed his residence at Paris. For a while conjugal affection, and the sweetness of domestic enjoyments, prevailed over the natural levity of his heart; but it was a transient triumph. The master-vice that destroys the holiest pacts of the heart, rendered him by degrees a fiend-like being—cold and harsh to the being by whom he was adored. He played on—was ruined; and she sank under the double misfortune of unkindness and ruin.

"There was a darker cloud yet in L——'s fate. He had lost all; he had exhausted the compassion of his friends; for such was his transformation of mind and feeling, that he could solicit & climb the stair cases of others (Dante's last of infamies,) and endure the frigid excuse, and surly denial. There was one who did not desert him; a being of the gentlest nature, with all the accomplishments of her sex, and with a deep share of feeling. She was a Frenchwoman, not affluent; and she had advanced him sums to an amount which prudence condemned. She opened her purse to him again. It contained a few Napoleons, of which she gave him two, for it was more than she could easily spare; and being called suddenly away, left it upon her table. The rest of L——'s fate was comprised in that one short moment of temptation. When she returned, he was gone, and the purse not to be found. No doubt remained on her mind as to the manner in which it had vanished; but so noble was her nature, that she would have buried it in the recesses of her own heart for ever. Nor was it ever known, till shame, remorse, and the consciousness of his ingratitude, drove him to self-destruction. He returned the purse and its full contents; and on the night of the same day, the interview with B—— took place."

DUNDAS AND THE BARBER.

Before Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was not very popular with the natives of that country; indeed the inhabitants of the good town of Edinboro' at one time, sought his life, and would have sacrificed him to their fury, for having been concerned in certain measures to which the general opinion was opposed.

In this state of the public mind, he made a visit to the Scottish capital, and being one day recognized walking on the north bridge or mound, he was surrounded by an immense mob, who hustled him in a very rude manner, and made preparations to throw him over the parapet. Luckily he happened to have a considerable quantity of money in his pocket, in the shape of notes and silver, which he had the presence of mind to throw, alternately, among them, so as to divert their attention, whilst he made all possible way for the mansion of the Lord Provost; where, after great difficulty, and having disposed of his last shilling, he arrived and found refuge and protection.

The mob increased, however, and surrounded the Chief Magistrate's house, crying vehemently, "Put out Dundas! put out Dundas!" and behaved otherwise in a very riotous manner. At length the provost fearing they would proceed to extremities, came out and addressed them on the duties of hospitality, & on the ancient and uniform character of the Scots for the exercise of that virtue: and concluded by saying, that he himself would prefer falling a victim to their fury, rather than eject any person who had sought the asylum of his roof." This was an appeal which no Scotchman could withstand, more particularly as it came from a man whose amenity of character and mild disposition had rendered him generally beloved. Having given the Provost three cheers, they quietly dispersed to their houses.

Whilst he remained in Edinburg on this occasion, Mr. Dundas, took care not to show himself again in the streets but soon took his departure for London.

Soon afterwards, being obliged to revisit his native country, and knowing the storm had blown over; he met with a very odd adventure, but one which terrified him equally, if not more so, than that on the North Bridge.—It seems that he had recently been accessary to some other obnoxious measure: not, however of such general importance as the former one: it was such as to keep alive the public feeling, though not sufficient to blow it into actual flame. In this state of things he arrrived at an hotel in Edinburg, and next morning sent for a barber to shave him.

The Tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr. Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation, he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice, "We are much obliged to you, Mr. Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What!" replied the Secretary, "you are a politician I find? I sent for a barber."

"Oh yes," returned the knight of the pewter basin, "I'll shave you directly," which he did until one half the beard was cleanly mowed; when, coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying "take that ye traitor!" and off he ran down stairs, into the street.

Whether Mr. Dundas had previously felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word, induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud guggling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered by the pantomimic gestures of Mr. Dundas, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the Faculty, of all degrees:—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution—it was found to be in a perfect whole state, there not being even a scar visible!

Though Mr. Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen:—which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself—for he would trust no more barbers —he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.—*Clubs of London.*

IRISH WIT.—The response of Sir Walter Scott in a late Gazette, is not perhaps superior to one made, as it is told to Surgeon Abernethy. In repairing the street in which he resides, it happened, lately, that the paving stone were accumulated near his door. The doctor, in anger, remonstrated with a paddy laborer on the occasion—and the following dialogue ensued—*Dr. A.* Why the d—l have you laid your rubbish opposite my door, where so many carriages are daily stopping? *Pat.* Fait, pon honour, it must be laid somewhere, till the strait is mended. *Dr.* It may be so, but it must not be laid here. *Pat.* Where can I put it then, your honour? (with a significant puzzler of a look.) *Dr.* Put it in h—ll, and be—&c. if you like! *Pat.* May be I'd better put it in heaven, your honour—it would be more out of your honour's way?

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11029-0722.jpg