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, JULY 19, 1828. NO. 26.

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.

TALES OF THE REVOLUTION

The events of the Revolution pass before us like the bright vision of a dream; some are clothed in the gay dress of imagination, & others with the gloomy garb of fact, yet whether real or imaginary, they are alike interesting and ever calculated to please the general reader: I have selected some few events, and intend with your permission, to intrude them on the public. As this is the commencement of a series I make no further preface, than that which every unassuming writer is bound to make to his readers, who he trusts peruse his Tales, as the hasty productions of youth, and not crush his aspiring ambition by a just, though often ungenerous criticism. One thing I beg leave to observe, and that is the subject of this and future Tales, will be founded on facts, which occurred in the dark days of the Revolution.

"In the winter of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans, who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing, subject to the every day insults of cruel and oppressive foes. Bound to pay obedience to the laws predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander, it can be better pictured than described. To obtain the common necessaries of life, particularly flour, they had to go as far as Bristol, a distance of 18 or 20 miles; and even this indulgence was not granted them until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine street, extending from Delaware to Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier; beyond these through the woods extending as far as Frankfort, were stationed the piquet guards—thus rendering it in a manner impossible to reach the Bristol Mills, unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander in chief of the American forces, was then encamped at the Valley Forge. Suffering from the cold, hunger and the inclemency of the season, the British rolled in plenty spent their days in feastings, their nights in balls, riots, and dissipation; thus resting in supposed security, while the American chieftain was plann ng a mode for their fi al extirpation. A poor woman, with six small children, whose husband was at the Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass. Engagements rendered it impossible for her cruel tormentor to give one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone without a pass, and by good luck, eluded the guards and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living, that six brothers by the name of Doale or Dowell about this time committed many acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of marauders than soldiers. They were men f ll six feet high, stout and active; a fearless intrepidity characterised their deeds, in a way peculiar to themselves, and they always succeeded in making their escape. A marked partiality to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British, and always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured her flour in a pillow case, holding about twenty pounds, was returning with light heart, to her anxious & lonely babes. She had passed the picquet guard at Frankford, and was just entering a wood a little this side, when a tall, stout man, stept from behind a tree, and putting a letter in her hand; requested her to read it.—She grasped with eager joy the letters, bearing the characters of her husband's hand writing.—After a pause he said: "your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say that in a short time he will be with you: money is a scarce article amongst us—I mean among them: but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banker' So saying, he handed her a purse of money.—"my means madam are adequate, or I would not be thus lavish, seeing she was about to refuse it.

'You said sir, my husband would see me shortly; how do you know that which seems so impossible, and how did you know me who never' —— 'Hush madam, we are now approaching the British guard; suffice it to say the American commander has that in his head, which like an earthquake will shake the whole of the American continent, and expunge these miscreants, but hark ———— take that road to the left, farewell.' So saying he departed.—She gave one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he had stood. With slow and cautious steps she approached Vine st.—Already hopes sprung into her heart, already her fire burned beneath her bread when the awful word, halt—struck terror to her soul. She started and found herself in the custody of a British sentinel. 'Your pass woman'—'I have none sir, my children' ——

'D——n the rebel crew, why do you breed enemies to your King—let them starve—this flour is mine, off woman and die with your babes.' A groan was her only answer. The ruffian was about departing, when the former messenger appeared—his whole demeanor was changed—humble simplicity marked his gait—he approached the guard with a seeming fearfulness, and begged him in suppliant voice to give the poor woman her flour. 'Fool, idiot, exclaimed the guard, who are you; see yonder guard house, if you interfere here, thou shalt soon be its inmate.' May be so, sir; but wont you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family, one week longer; recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of the bag, and recollect'——

'Hell and fury, sirrah! why bid me recollect, you plead in vain; begone, or I'll sicze you as a spy.'

'You wont give this poor woman her flour?'

'No.'

'Then by my country's faith, and hopes of freedom, you shall;' and with a powerful arm, he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground. 'Run madam, run, see the guard house is alive, seize your flour, pass Vine st. and you are safe.' 'It was done. The guard made an attempt to rise, when the stranger drew out a pistol and shot him dead. The report of the pistol immediately alarmed a whole line of guards, the unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity. There was but one way of escape, and that was through the wood. Seizing the dead man's musket he started like a deer pursued by the hounds. 'Shoot him down—down with him' was echoed from one line to another. The desperado was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced; the object of their pursuit, in the mean time flew like lightning, the main guard was left behind; but the whole picquet line would soon be alarmed; one course alone presented itself and that was to mount his horse, which was concealed in the bushes, and gallop down the Delaware; a boat was always ready there for him. The thought was no sooner suggested than it was put into execution. He mounted his horse, and eluding the alarmed guards, had nearly reached the Delaware, (on the very spot where stands the extensive glassworks of our enterprising citizen, Dr. Dyott.) Here he found himself headed, his boat taken possession of, and himself hemmed in by at least fifty exasperated soldiers—one sprung from behind a tree, and demanded his immediate surrender.—'Tis useless to prevaricate, rebel, you are now our prisoner, and your boat, which before excited suspicion, is now in our possession.' 'S n of a slave slave to a king, how dare you address a freeman—surrender yourself—a Doale never surrendered himself to any man, far less to a blinded paltroon; away or you die;' and he attempted to pass. The guard leveled his gun; but himself was leveled to his native dust; the ball of Doale's pistol had been swifter than his own. His case was now truly desperate: behind him was the whole line of guards—on the north of him the Frankford picquets, and on the left the city of Philadelphia, filled with British troops. One and only one way presented itself and that was to cross the river. He knew his horse; he plunged in; a shout succeeded it, and ere he reached half the distance, twenty armed boats were in swift pursuit. His noble horse dashed through the Delaware, his master spurred him on with double interest, while the balls whistled around him. The tide was running down, and when he reached the Jersey shore he found himself immediately opposite the old slip at Market st. On reaching the shore, he turned around, took out a pistol, and with steady & determined aim, fired at the first boat—a man fell over the side, and sunk to rise no more, he then disappeared in the wood. The angry, harrassed and disappointed pursuers, gave one look, one curse, and went to the Pennsylvania shore, fully believing that, if he was not the devil, he was at least one of his principle agents.

The exploits of these men were so frequently of a like nature, that the expressions made use of by the disappointed pursuers towards this one, are in no wise to be censured—personal danger seemed to be no part of their character—plunder, but only from British, seemed their sole aim, with an ambition, however futile, of creating in the minds of their enemies the belief. At one time they were in Philadelphia, dressed in the British costume—at another they were relieving the distresses of their friends, at the Valley Forge.

Many instances of heroic valor are on record, and I am pleased to think that many remembered their actions, who will add to my feeble effort, living testimony of their truth. A remembrance of things past connected with events out of which sprung liberty, cannot be otherwise than pleasing.

NEW MIRROR FOR TRAVELLERS.

This is one of the pleasantest bagatelles we have met for some time. It is published by G. & C. Carvill, New York, and bears internal evidence of the humour of the writer for *Salmagundi*. A portion, not *inconsiderably small*, of the first part of the work is entirely occupied with a description of our sister city, New York—which is the point from which all travellers start wherever and for whatever they mean to travel, and until they arrived at which, the author very correctly remarks, "all is lost time." After telling his readers that New York is situated at the confluence of two noble waters—that it is a very honest and well intentioned city as times go (with the exception of Wall-street which labors under a sort of a shadow of suspicion)—that it is the greatest city of the New World—that it contains one university, two medical colleges, twenty-two banks (good, bad, and indifferent,) forty-three insurance companies (solvent and insolvent,) one public library—one hundred churches—the same number of lottery offices—an academy of arts—an atheneum, and sundry other establishments for the encouragement of literature, the arts and sciences,—six theatres, &c. &c. the author gives us the following account of what he supposes to be the grand attraction.—*Boston. Courier.*

Besides these attractions & ten thousand more New York abounds beyond all other places in the universe, not excepting Paris, in consummate institutions for cultivating the noble science of gastronomy. The soul of Heliogabalus presides in the kitchens of our hotels and boarding houses and inspires the genius of a thousand cooks—not sent by the d—l, as the old proverb infamously asserts, but by some special dispensation.—There too will be found canvass backs from the Susquehanna; venison from Jersey, Long Island and Catskill; grouse from Hempstead Plains; snipe from the Newark meadows; & partridges from Bull Hill; which if the gourmand hath never eaten, let him despair. Then as for fish!—O for a mouth to eat or to utter the names of the fish that flutter in the markets of New York silently awaiting their customers like so many pupils of Pythagoras

It is a pleasure to keep Lent here. It is impossible to enumerate them all; but we should consider ourselves the most ungrateful of mankind were we to omit making honorable mention of the inimitable trout from the Fire Place, whose pure waters are alone worthy the gambols of these sportive Undinæ; or the amiable sheep's head, whose teeth projects out of his mouth as if to indicate that he longs to be eaten up himself; or the blackfish, which offers a convincing proof that nature knows no distinction of colors, and has made the black skin equal to the white—at least among fishes; or the delicious bass—the toothsome shad—and the majestic cod from the bank of Newfoundland, doubly remarkable, as being almost the only good that ever came of banks. All these together with countless varieties of smaller fry, offer themselves spontaneously to the experienced connoisseur, a new delicacy for every day in the year. We invoke them all! Thee, sea green lobster of the Sound, best beloved of southern invalids, a supper of whom is a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; thee, luscious soft crab, the discovery of whose inimitable excellence has made the city of Baltimore immortal; cat fish and flounder, slippery eel, and rough shelled muscle; elephant clam, which the mischievous boys of the Sound call by a more inglorious name; we invoke ye all! And if we forget thee, O most puissant and imperial oyster, whether of Blue Point, York River, Chingoteague or Chingarora, may our palate forget its cunning, and lose the best gift of heaven—the faculty of distinguishing between six different Madeira wines, with our eyes shut!—All these and more may be seen of a morning at Fulton and Washington Markets and the traveller, who shall go away without visiting them has travelled in vain.

Then for cooking these various and transcendent excellencies these precious bounties—Thee we invoke—thee of the *Bank Coffee House*, who excellest equally in the sublime science of procuring and serving up these immortal dishes, and hast no equal among men, but the great STEES, with whom thou didst erewhile divide the empire of the world. But *Eheu fugaces Postume* too! the smoke of his kitchen which bore up incense worthy of the gods is now gone out—he himself is like a shadow long departed, and, nothing is left of him but the recollection of his suppers and his debts. Neither must we commit the crying sin of passing unnoticed and unhonored the utterly famous gastronomium of the great DROZE, master of the twelve sciences that go to the composition of a consummate cook; nor the crying injustice of omitting to point the nose of the curious traveller to *Him of the New Masonic Hall*, great in terrapin soup—greater in fricasees and fricandeaux—greatest of all in a calf's head! Neither would we pass over the modest merits of *Him of the Goose and Gridiron*, who like the skilful logician can make the worse appear the better reason, and convert by the magic of his art, the most ordinary material into dishes worthy the palates of the most erudite members of the Turtle Club, whose soup and whose jests are the delight of the universe.—But we should never have done, were we to pass in review an hundred, yea a thousand illustrious worthies to be found in every street and lane of this eating city, who tickle the cunning palate in all the varieties of purse and taste, from a slice of roast beef and a glass of beer, at a shilling, to grouse and canvass backs, and Bingham wine at just as much as the landlord pleases. Suffice it to say that if, as the best practical philosophers do maintain, the business of man's life is eating there is no place in the universe where he can live to such exquisite purpose as the renowned city of New York.

A GHOST.

The good people in the neighbourhood of Mount Tom, in the north part of West Springfield are in sore tribulation on account of a babbling ghost that has been attempting to prove the old adage, that "murder will out."—The long and short of the story as gathered by our informant, during the mixing of a glass of cooling lemonade, from the fixtures of a bar room in that vicinity is this: It seems that a party of men are employed in digging limestone from the south side of Mount Tom, which is burnt for the purpose of making a cement for the H. & H Canal. Some of those who had tended the kiln in the night, which they do by turns, had heard dives appalling and unearthly sounds, accompanied with visions to correspond. They had seen

——'spectres glide,
Gibbering and pointing as they pass,

fitly dressed in the proper habiliment of uneasy spirits that "revisit the glimpses of the moon." And in the course of a few nights the alarm became so great among the workmen, and their ghostly attendants growing continually more assiduous in their unwelcome civilities that not one dare to maintain his post at the fire, and the work seemed likely to cease for the want of some one with hardihood enough to oversee it. At this juncture a stranger happened along, reporting himself to be from the west of New York, who on hearing the direful tale laughed their fear to scorn; and boldly offered to take a tour of duty upon the haunted spot, promising if any thing appeared; whether it were a "spirit of health or goblin damned, he'd speak to it." The proposition was greedily accepted, and the man took his station on one of the nights of last week. The night was an anxious and a sleepless one to those in the neighborhood; and when the dawn at length brought the unbelieving watchman again among them, his report spread horror and consternation. He had seen, he said the usual sight, and heard the strange uncouth sounds; but his hardier nerves had conjured them into shape and meaning, and he had held a familiar conversation with the spirit of the place. A human form (bating the head which it had none) had appeared to him and after due ceremonies of introduction, informed him (where the ghost's tongue was located we are not informed, as it had no head,) that what stood before him was the spiritual remains of one Timothy Felt—that he was murdered some three years ago, & that his mortal remains, or so much thereof as the worm had not tasted, were now concealed in a particular fissure of a particular rock not far distant, which was described with great minuteness—that search must be made in that spot, and bones would be found which would give "confirmation strong as holy writ' of the truth of the account—and that if upon the discovery of the bones the murderers would not confess their guilt, their names should be revealed

Such is the substance of the tale. It got wind and currency. Some honestly believed it—others had not the boldness to deny it, and all agreed that an examination must be made.—Money was raised—volunteers enlisted, and on Saturday last a strong exploring party proceeded to the spot, which they were enabled to find by the accurate description of the ghost. They found the precise rock contained the precise fissure, but up to Sunday night had discovered no bones. The whole neighborhood is in commotion, and the fact that Timothy Felt is the name of a man who did actually disappear in an unaccountable manner about three years since, tends to increase the excitement, and gives a credit to the story.

We wish the good people much success in their explorations but would venture to suggest that if instead of upturning Mount Tom in pursuit of the marrowless bones of Timothy Felt's ghost, they would delve and dig for the rich treasures that are well known to be deposited beneath the surface of the West Springfield farms, they would be likely to find rather more solid satisfaction in the results.

[*Springfield Republican.*

Singular Whim—Some time ago a Mr. Thrope of Cornwall, advertised a reward of an annuity of 60*l.* a year, for life, to any one who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human, and to let his hair and beard grow during the whole time.—Apartments were prepared under ground very commodious, with as many books as the occupier pleased, & provision served from Mr. Thrope's own table; whenever the recluse wanted convenience he was to ring a bell, and it was to be provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and is now in the second year of his probation. He is a laboring man, and has a wife and a large family.

Magistrate's Blanks
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

We copy below from the Lancaster Gazette, an account of a species of deception, of a character quite novel in this country, and one which could hardly be thought of by any other than an adept in roguery:—

[From the Lancaster Gazette, July 1.]

We have heard of stories being circulated through the county unfavorable to the manner in which the corps of Engineers employed in locating the route for the rail road conduct their operations. It has been stated that fences have been thrown down, grain wantonly injured, &c. On the one hand we were perfectly satisfied that the gentlemen belonging to the corps were incapable of the conduct attributed to them, & on the other that our citizens could not have originated such complaints without some foundation. It is now proved that we were right in both opinions—a man named Walker well known as an occasional occupant of our jail made his escape some months since from confinement but with a hardihood not uncommon with those who are lost to all sense of shame, took up his quarters within a few miles of the city and with the aid of two vagabonds like himself, formed an independent corps of engineers furnished themselves with a few poles, and a line, and commenced running a route of their own, making it a point to arrive near a good farm house a little before breakfast or dinner, fix up their poles on one side of the garden or orchard or barn-yard and a second at a distance on the other side; as soon as this was done, a great bawling and noise was made by one of these levellers who would cry out—*lower—a little lower—higher &c.* until the bellowing brought out the whole family—when lo! there were the engineers, laying out a road in the very track that would do the most injury. The alarmed farmer expostulates—wonders if they could'nt go a little way round to save his garden—his orchard—his spring-house, or his barn-yard—inquires if they had breakfasted—or dined—or would drink something—the weather was parching hot. The gentlemen when well treated, were willing to accommodate, & would try another course; but if the farmer was grumbish, it was nothing but dash through the cabbage bed—down with the fences—thrash down the grain to let them see the mark upon the pole—*and higher! higher! a little lower!* was roared out as before, until the farmer obtained a suspension of hostilities by an invitation, treat or drink, and then the accommodating engineers moved off to make another exploration. Walker, the chief of this corps, has explored his way into the criminal apartment, and the chain carriers and target men are dismissed the service.

After this discovery we need not expect to hear any complaints of the gentlemen belonging to Major Wilson's company who have always conducted themselves in a manner that has secured the most friendly and kind treatment from the inhabitants.

DORRILLITES.

The first time we have had an account of that singular denomination of christians called Dorrillites. Having never heard of them before, we will give a short notice of their origin and sudden dispersion. The founder of the sect whose name was Dorrill, was a refugee from the army of Gen. Burgoyne. He was a person of art and management, and his acquaintance with mankind induced him to set himself about some employment by which he might procure a subsistence without work. To this end he set up preaching, and such was his success that he soon gathered a large number of followers.—His religious notions were, as his pretensions to preternatural powers were, impious and profane. He assumed to himself the attributes of Deity, and proclaimed abroad that such was his condition, that no human power could injure his person, or take from him his life, and such was the effect wrought by his preaching, that great numbers flocked to his standard, and placed the most implicit belief in all his assumptions. He promised them, that by embracing his faith and living according to his system of belief, they, like him, should live forever and enjoy uninterrupted health, & be beyond the reach of accidents. He taught his adherents to abstain wholly from all food or clothing procured at the expense of animal life, and they accordingly threw off their leather shoes and substituted those made of wood or cloth in their place. He preached so effectually that his followers conformed to his notions in the smallest particulars, and to such extent did their doctrines of humanity lead them, that one, who was a blacksmith, laid aside his leather bellows as reprobate, and constructed a pair from cloth. Their principal food was milk and vegetables. He pretended to be governed wholly by the light of nature, and instructed his pupils to throw aside all revelation. He taught them to reject all laws except such as he should approve. Like all founders of a new sect, he was full of zeal and activity, and was incessant in his preaching. Frequent meetings were held, and their worship was composed of a singular combination of eating, drinking, dancing and lecturing.

Dorrill himself resided in Leyden, in this state, but his followers were composed of the inhabitants of that and some of the adjoining towns. Some of the most respectable persons became converts to his faith, and gave most liberal aid in the promotion of his scheme.—Although Dorrill had little or no property, he required of his followers that they turn a great portion of their worldly goods into common stock, and then remain to be formed or managed as Dorrill might direct. During the years of 1797 and '99, his hearers increased rapidly, and great numbers, some from motives of curiosity, others from the belief of his divine character, went to hear his preaching. It happened that at one of the meetings there was present a man by the name of Ezekiel Foster of Leyden. He was led by curiosity to see a man of Dorrill's singular character. He had heard much of his supernatural powers, and had courage finally of putting to the test the truth of his pretensions. He found Dorrill as usual addressing a large audience, and when he came to speak of his invulnerable qualities, among other things, he uttered in a very impressive tone, "no arm can hurt my flesh." Foster, who, besides having much good sense, was of a gigantic figure, requested the preacher to repeat the sentence, which he did, and no sooner had the words, 'no arm can hurt my flesh,' escaped his blasphemous lips, than Foster gave him a blow with his fist that brought the preacher to the floor.—Dorrill, dismayed and astonished, attempted to rise, but the incredulous Foster repeated the blows with such expedition and effect that Dorrill cried for mercy, and under a shower of kicks and thumps, renounced his doctrines and promised that he would never preach them more provided Foster would relieve him from further examination. In the midst of his people he acknowledged himself an impostor, and greatly to their confusion and mortification, confessed that his only object had been to see what fools he could make of men. Dorrill continued to reside in Leyden, and was, a few years ago, a pauper of that town.

Worcester Ægis.

A WEST INDIA HURRICANE.

Our small but beautiful ship of war lay becalmed, out of sight of land, in the regions of the West Indies. The day was sultry in the extreme, and the officers and crew, oppressed with the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun sought refuge under the awnings, beneath which a gentle air passed as the ship rose over the smooth undulating waves, which rolled on without one ripple upon their calm blue surface.

As the sun went down, the atmosphere assumed a gloomy appearance; and though no breath of wind was yet stirring, and the ship lay listless and unmanageable on the heaving ocean, yet the topsails were reefed, and the courses close hauled up. During the first watch, the weather still looked more portentous, and there was but one ominous interruption to the darkness which had spread around it: it was

"A little glooming light, much like a shade,"

which hung over a dreary spot on the western horizon. A gentle breeze from that direction presently filled the sails, and the gallant ship began to breast the waves, and threw up their white fringes against her varnished bows.—'Haul on board the fore tack!' called the officer of the watch; and instantly the released sail fluttered in the increasing breeze; but scarcely was it set, when a sudden glare of lightning, broad and bright, illumined the whole concave arch of the heavens, and showed the ropes pencilled in gilded strings among the tall masts and gleaming sails. Then came a tremendous crash of thunder, and the rain fell fast and in large drops. "Luff?" cried the officer, as the ship began to feel her canvass; but no sooner was the order issued than there was a rush of wind upon the waters, and the ship heeled almost on her beam ends, trembling under the force of the gust, and roared among the tackling. "Let fly the topsail sheets!—up with the helm!—vociferated the same voice that had before called "Luff;" but the loud blast, howling amidst the gloom, drowned all less powerful sounds. Then came the tempest whirl, and took the sails back, the topmast went by the board, and the whelming brine rushed over the decks, sweeping the unprepared to a watery grave. One sudden flash of light showed them struggling with the stilling waves and then they were forever hidden by their curling tops, which sparkled in the deep obscurity of night.

The hurricane soon passed away, but left this late so beauteous an object, as this work of art, a wreck upon the troubled water.

Day-light came, and all was calm and still while the remainder of the harassed crew, so recently poised 'twixt life and death, were again at work, with cheerful voice, equipping their floating home.—[*Tales of the Sea.*

TAKING A MAN AT HIS WORD.

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man & a top wit of his court, made his addresses to Frances, Oliver's youngest daughter, who did not much discourage him. But the Protector being told of it, obliged his informant to be upon the watch; who hunting Jerry White, as he was called, to the lady's chamber, ran immediately to tell his master of it. Oliver, in a rage, hastening thither, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it, and asked him what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with much presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentle-woman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector turning to the young woman, said, "What's the meaning of this, hussy? Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman desiring nothing more, answered, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him."—"Say'st thou so," replied Cromwell, 'call Goodwin; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room.' Jerry being gone too far to go back, they were married, and the Protector gave the young woman £500 for her portion.

THE LIGHT OF THE BENCH.

At one of the recent English assizes, (courts) the following charge was delivered to the jury by a learned Judge, who is celebrated for exercising his attention on different subjects at the same time. The recollection of the tone of Liston's voice in some of his mock heroics, and his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" will fill up the sketch for the imagination of the reader:—"Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner at the bar is indicted for—(Hist—hist—pray don't—be silent)—horse stealing, that is, a black. This is a capital charge, gentlemen—which affects—(That man hammering below must stop)—his life—a—gentlemen—(I can't go on—I can't hear myself speak. Make way, I say, make way there, for Mr. ———.) You must take care, gentlemen, that in—a—deciding on this case, your conclusions are—a—drawn from the evidence that—(those dogs below ought really to be kept quiet)—the prisoner at the bar is the person, who—[Really, really, Mr. Under Sheriff]—was guilty of the offence he is charged with. You have it in evidence, that on the night of the 14th, the prisoner was seen near the premises of the prosecutor, and (This court is insufferably hot)—and the next morning he was found ten miles off—(Pull down that window, there, don't stand laughing at me like a great fool)—in possession of the black horse—mare I mean. Thus you see it is a case of recent possession, which, if you believe the witnesses leaves very little doubt of what your duty should be."—(Mr. Under Sheriff I'll fine you, if they let any more into that gallery—it is too full already.)

The following authentic anecdote may be read with interest at this day.

'Two young Americans on their travels in Europe, once met with Sir Peter Parker at a dinner party in London, and were particularly introduced to him, as coming from Charleston. The old admiral received them very cordially, and holding each by the hand said, "Gentlemen I ought to be happy to see you, for I never any where met with a *warmer reception* than I received from your countrymen at Charleston."

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11029-0742.jpg