N. Hammond

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, NOVEMBER 29, 1828. NO. 45.

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.

THE SMUGGLER.

The life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick,—Edited by his friend Henry Vernon. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1828.—Ridgway.

This volume of tales is of the Crayon school, and dedicated to Geoffrey, the first of that name.

We should prefer quoting the haunted Mill, but as it is rather too long for us, we must adopt the Smuggler as our sample story. The author describes himself as having entered Elmouth, a small fishing town, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon; and he proceeds thus:—

"The mad house, being in tolerable repair, was decidedly the most cheerful looking edifice in the village, and I was only at a loss to conceive why so melancholy a situation should have been chosen as suitable to the purpose of the asylum. At the back of the building was a high wall, which appeared to encircle a garden of pleasure ground for the benefit of the patients; and I walked round it, in the hope of finding some aperture or grating whence I might obtain a view of the interior. Unsuccessful, however, in this attempt, I turned to leave the spot, when my steps were suddenly arrested by the sound of voices within the enclosure; and as the speakers drew nearer to the place which I occupied, I could clearly distinguish their words. One voice was too truly that of some poor female maniac,—the other, that of her keeper. "Rest assured," said the latter, "all will be well. Your husband loves your brother both for your sake and his own; and in due time (though you must summon up all your patience) he will discover him, 'wherever he may be hidden. 'Hidden!' exclaimed the female, 'why should my brother hide himself?' 'Doubtless,' answered her keeper, 'to escape the cruelty of the pirates.' 'And if the pirates have him?' Your husband still shall effect his rescue.' 'If he do not,' said the female, with that mirthless laugh peculiar to insanity, 'if he do not—his blood—' The keeper emphatically interrupted her threat. 'Nay,' she cried, in a tone almost amounting to a shriek—'your blood, too,—yours ..' 'Silence, madam!' exclaimed the former sternly:' 'treat your regent with more respect.' Suddenly she became quiet, speaking, in a sweetly subdued tone, but in a manner so irrelative that for some minutes I could scarcely divine any meaning. At length she desired her companion to play upon his flute.—He did so. The air was cheerful and plaintive by turns. 'O!' said she, 'that it could speak—speak thus:—saying this she bade her keeper's attention, and sung as follows:—

"Poor hapless maiden, desolate and lone—
Come hither—hither—sleep upon a breast
Which never yet felt sorrow of its own,
But which can still feel thine & give thee rest.

Come! at my smile thy many griefs shall fly—
I'll yield thee joy, or share in thy distress;—
I'll lull thee with the sighs of sympathy,
And thou shalt wake again to happiness.

For I'm so rich in comfort, nothing more—
Can soften waking thoughts or sweeten sleep!
This only now remains t'increase my store—
The bliss of weeping oft with those who weep.'

"I need only comment on the peculiar qualities of insanity, which frequently endows its victims with a store of fancy, whence they derive a much greater consciousness of wealth, power or happiness, than the mines of reality ever yield even to the most fortunate among the children of reason. But, alas! in the joys of a maniac we experience nothing reciprocal; and look upon her imaginary happiness as upon the phosphorescent gleam of decay, visible only when all around is gloom:—shining, perhaps brilliantly, but dispensing no light. The reason of this poor girl had evidently been crushed beneath the ruin which involved either a husband's or a brother's fate; and the words of her song—so expressive of entire and perfect happiness—were, most probably an extreme contradiction of all that would have been elicited by sanity and truth. The last words of her song fell indistinctly upon my ear as she retired towards the house. I waited a few moments to discover whether she would again pass by; but all was silence, save the turret clock, which sounding the hour of nine, reminded me that the distance of a league and a half separated me from my bedchamber. Determining to revisit this place at another and more seasonable time, for the purpose of making some inquiry into the history of one who had so deeply interested me, I directed my steps homeward. It was a lovely night; and the moon nearly in the full, shown with more than usual splendour. Every now and then a light cloud passed like a thin veil over her disk, bore rapidly on by the rising breeze, which had already curled the wave, and set the breakers in commotion. I walked forward with divided attention; now gazing with admiration upon the noble cliffs which reared their darkened profiles against the deep blue sky; and then, recurring with melancholy reflection to the subject of the poor maniac. I had proceeded a considerable distance, when I suddenly espied a man in the dress of an officer of the preventive service, who, at a more moderate pace than mine, was walking the same way; and being of a somewhat sociable turn (particularly when I take late walks in lonely situations, I quickened my steps, and soon came up with him. 'Hallo!' said he, turning short round as he heard my steps, 'friend or foe?' 'Certainly no *foe*,' I replied,' 'but willing to be your companion to Elmouth, if you be going that way.' Which I am,' said he and shall be happy in your society,' 'pray how far may we be' I inquired, from the place of our destination?' 'Why,' said he, pointing towards the summit of the cliff, 'that gibbet is the half way mark between Elmouth and ———:' the extremes of my ramble. I looked up, and perceived the gibbett to which my companion had pointed. It bore the skeleton of a man, which swung to and fro in the wind and creaked loudly with every motion. On passing the spot previously, this frightful warning of justice had escaped my observation; but it now appeared doubly conspicuous, suspended as it was in dark relief against the light of the moon. 'Ah' said my companion, 'that's been the way with Dick Darwell for many a year, during a seafaring life of daring and danger. For fifteen years he acknowledged no ruler but the winds, and since his death (nearly half that time) he has been keeping up the game upon the gibbet.' 'And what is his history?' 'I will inform you briefly, replied the narrator, who thus proceeded:—'It is pretty generally known, I believe that old Darwell—the father of yon hanging carcase—was an old brute, whose temper was such as to render home the least desirable place in the world to his children consisting of a boy and girl. The latter waa fortunate enough to escape his tyranny in some measure by an early marriage with a Capt. Hardy—one of MY craft; an officer in the preventive service, commanding the Dragon cutter: but poor Dick remained to suffer under a double share of wanton austerity, while his sister, who loved him dearly, feared even to commisserate much more to defend him. Dick, however was not unable to fight his own battles; on the contrary, he partook of his fathers violence, though he never evinced it except in retaliation. He saw people on all sides ready to defend him; but was loath to embroil any one in his disputes; and perhaps knew too well the impregnability of his father's heart which would rather acquire rancour from being opposed than permit the intrusions of humanity. Many and violent had been their quarrels: at length the son, unable any longer either to bear his father's impetuosity or to curb his own, ran away; and old Darwell, when, it was too late, became more inclined to think and feel as a parent should have done. The loss and uncertain fate of her brother greatly embittered the days of Mrs. Hardy, who had otherwise lived happily in the society of her husband. Yet, even here, she had much to agitate her. The occasional dangers to which Capt. Hardy was subject in the fulfilment of his duties excited her constant apprehension; while his frequent absence from home contributed to her uneasiness. Many were the sighs which followed her brother's self-banishment; and neither the sight nor mention of her father was calculated to enliven her reflections. Had death been the separator, time might have restored to the affectionate sister her comfort and peace of mind; but it was *doubt* which worried her; and the melancholy probability of her brother having committed suicide would occasionally force itself upon her thoughts, and make her doubly miserable.—Captain Hardy had only just recovered from a severe wound received in the chase of a smuggler, when secret information was given him concerning the re-appearance of the same vessel within two leagues of his station. Foiled in his previous attempt, though with no loss of honor, he determined this time on more efficatious exertion; and, tearing himself away from the arms of his disconsolate wife (who now, more than ever, despaired of seeing him return in safety,) he once again took the command of his service-tried cutter. It was night when they put off, and blowing stiffly from the shore so that they had much ado to keep within the bearing of a headland, which, as they were led to understand, covered the position of the smuggler. They were not mistaken in their course; but on doubling the promontary, the object of their search was no where visible.—Apprised of their situation, the smugglers had taken advantage of the wind and put out to sea. Disappointed but yet not hopeless of success, Hardy, striking a random course, continued the pursuit; and at break of day, to his great joy, came in sight of the enemy. At noon he arrived within shot and received immediate proof of the smuggler's intention to risk an engagement. Every thing, indeed, had been favorable for necessary preparation on the part of the latter, and a well-directed ball from her stern chaser brought down a sailor from the rigging of the Dragon Hardy had the courage of a lion, but not, perhaps, the coolness fitting a commander; and bearing onward beneath a heavy fire, he soon came alongside the smuggler—fixed the grappling iron with his own hand—and was the first to board her. The Captains met hand to hand; but after a short conflict, were separated in the confusion of the fray. Hardy's sword however fell with mortal force upon two of his antagonists and in the course of ten minutes the smuggler's deck was in the possession of our officers! Among the vanquished dead which lay around the chief smuggler and several of his crew were not to be discovered; and the conquerors had scarcely time to range the deck, when a shot from the Dragon struck Hardy, and the fight was renewed on board his own vessel. The contest however, was too unequal to be of long duration and the lawless, captain, after a furious resistance, was secured a prisoner Seeing the impossibility of making any stand on board his own ship, he had taken advantage of the smoke and confusion, leaped into a boat at her unengaged side, and together with three of his desperate comrades, had moved round to the stern of the Dragon, and ascended her deck unobserved. Hardy fell to rise no more, but ere he breathed his last, the exulting shout of victory blest his ears, and he now only desired to part from life upon the deck of the Dragon. Having invoked the aid of heaven in behalf of his beloved, he would have gazed upon the captive author of her widowhood, but death prevented it; and he closed his eyes forever, unknowing that he had been instrumental to the seizure of one, whom, only a few years back, he had deeply loved, and whose memory he had ever fondly cherished. I need scarcely add that he had fallen by the hand of his brother-in-law—the self abandoned Darwell! Mrs. Hardy was among the first who saw the victorious Dragon towing its prize into port. But what, alas! was victory to her? and where was she to find consolation for the loss with which it had been purchased? Death would most likely have relieved her from a prolongation of her misery, if the last sad horror which awaited her had not been sufficient to deprive her of reason. The sight of her husband's murderer effected this: but she is now ignorant that the gibbeted bones of a British smuggler are those of her onee beloved brother! You have seen ONE sad object;—if you enter the private madhouse at ———, you may behold the other!

We have only to add, that there are several little poetical productions, scattered through these pages, similar to the piece above quoted.

A SCHOOL-MASTER BOARDING ROUND.

Extract from the Journal of a Vermont School-master published in a Vermont paper.

MONDAY—Went to board at Mr. B———'s, had a baked goose for dinner; supposed from its size, the thickness of the skin, and other venerable appearances, to have been one of the first settlers of Vermont; made a slight impression on the patriarch's breast. SUPPER—cold goose and potatoes; family consisting of the man, good wife, daughter Peggy, four boys, Pompey, the dog, and a brace of cats—fire built in the square room about nine o'clock, and a pile of wood lay by the fire place, saw Peggy scratch her fingers, and could'nt take the hint—felt squeamish about the stomach and talked about going to bed, Peggy looked sullen, and put out the fire in the square room; went to bed, and dreamed of having eaten a quantity of stone wall.

TUESDAY—Cold gander for breakfast; swamp tea and some nut-cakes; the latter some consolation—DINNER—The legs, &c. of the gander done up warm—one nearly despatched. SUPPER—the other leg, &c cold; went to bed as Peggy was carrying the fire to the square room—dreamed I was a mud turtle and got on my back and could not get over again.

WEDNESDAY—Cold gander for breakfast; complained of sickness and could eat nothing.—DINNER—Wings, &c. of the gander warmed up; did my best to destroy them for fear they should be left for supper; did not succeed dreaded supper all the afternoon—SUPPER—Hot Indian Jonny cakes, and no goose; felt greatly relieved, thought I had got clear of the gander, and went to bed for a good night's rest; disappointed; very cold night, & could'nt keep warm in bed; got up, and stopped the broken window with my coat and vest; no use; froze the tip of my nose before morning.

THURSDAY—Breakfast; cold gander again; felt very much discouraged to see the gander not half gone; went a visiting for dinner and supper; slept abroad and had pleasant dreams.

FRIDAY—Breakfast abroad—Dinner at Mr. B———'s; cold gander and hot potatoes; last very good; eat three, and went to school quite contented. SUPPER—Cold gander, and no potatoes; bread heavy and dry; had the head ache, and could'nt eat; Peggy much concerned; had a fire built in the square room, and thought she and I had better sit there out of the noise; went to bed early; Peggy thought too much sleep bad for the head ache.

SATURDAY—Breakfast; cold gander and hot Indian Jonny cakes; did very well; glad to come off so. DINNER; Cold gander again; did'nt keep school this afternoon; weighed, and found I had lost 6 pounds the past week; grew alarmed; had a talk with Mr. B. and concluded I had boarded out his share.

CARRIAGES AND STEAM-BOATS.

It appears from Bockman's History of Inventions, vol. 1. p. 114, that covered carriages were known in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but they were only used by women of the first rank, for men thought it unbecoming to ride in them. During the sixteenth century the French Monarchs rode commonly on horses, & the servants of the Court on mules or asses. In Anderson's History of Commerce, vol. iv. p. 180, we are informed that coaches were first known in England about the year fifteen hundred and eighty, and were introduced from Germany by Fitz-Allen, Earl of Arundel. Arnot, in his history of Edinburgh, p. 596, mentions, that in 1598, when the English Ambassador came to Scotland, he had a coach with him: but Anderson places the period when coaches began to be in common use about the year 1605. The celebrated Duke of Buckingham was the first person who rode in a coach with six horses; this took place in 1619. To ridicule this new pomp the Earl of Northumberland put eight horses in his carriage.

According to Anderson, vol. v. pp 6, 162, 187, 326, 347, "coaches to be let for hire were first established in London in 1625. At that time there were only twenty. They did not stand on the streets, but at the principal inns. Ten years after this they become so numerous that King Charles I, issued an order for limiting their number, and for keeping only two horses for each coach. In 1635 there were in London and Westminster, fifty hackney coaches, in 1652, the number had increased to two hundred;—in 1654, to three hundred; in 1694 they were limited to seven hundred; in 1775, to eight hundred." In 1826 the number was twelve hundred, besides, I believe, about three hundred other hackney carriages were introduced a few years ago.

Stage coaches were first established in Scotland in 1678. On the 6th of August in that year, Provost Campbell and the other Magistrates of Glasgow entered into an agreement with Wm. Hume, a merchant in Edinburgh, to the effect that he should run a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The indenture was as follows:—At Glasgow, the Saxt day of August, 1678:—The foresaid parties finally agree that the said William Hume shall, will all dilligence, have in readiness ane sufficient strong coach to run betwixt Edinbro and Glasgow, to be drawn by sax able horses, to leave Edinbro ilk Monday morning and return again (God willing) ilk Saturday night, the passengers to have the liberty of taking a cloak bag for receiving their clothes, linens, and siclike, the "burgesse of Glasgow" always to have a preference to the coach; the fare from the first of September, which is considered simmer weather, is to be *l4* 16s. Scots (8s. sterling;) during the other months, considered winter weather, the fare is to be *l5* 8s. Scots. As the undertaking is arduous, and cannot be accomplished without assistance, the said Magistrates agree to give the said William Hume two hundred merks a year for five years, the latter agreeing to run the coach for that period whether passengers apply or not, in consideration of his having actually received "two years premium in advance." (*l22*, 4s. 5 1-3 sterling.)

It does not appear how long Hume's coach kept the road. We find from Creech's Fugitive Pieces, that in 1763, with the exception of two coaches which ran between Edinburgh & Leith, there, there was only one Stage-coach in Scotland. It set out once a month from Edinburgh to London, and was from 12 to 16 days upon the road. About this time a heavy coach drawn by four horses in good weather, and by six in bad, commenced running betwixt Edinburgh & Glasgow three times a week. In a short time it ran every day, and was from 11 to 12 hours on the road. At the time this carriage was started there was no other public conveyance from Glasgow. Having run about 30 years, it was succeeded by diligences or chaises with two horses and a postillion.—These vehicles were between seven and eight hours on the road.

The diligences were in their turn succeeded by carriages drawn by four horses. Mail coaches from London were established in various parts of England before they reached Scotland, and the experiment was made at Edinburgh a considerable time before Glasgow. Mr. Bain, one of the present contractors, who had an interest in the mail of 1790 says, that Mr. James Buchanan & the other contractors lost money by it; that for the want of passengers, the one half of the coach was frequently filled with goods. It was usual for the mail coach at that time to arrive at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the Saracen's head from London via Carlisle, round by Leeds, distance 406 miles, which is performed in forty four hours and a half.

On Thursday, 10th Jan. 1809, Mr. J. Gardiner of the Star Inn, Glasgow and partners, started the Royal Telegraph Coach between Glassgow and Edinburgh, with four horses; it performed the journey of 42 miles in six hours.—The example was soon followed by others, and on the 11th October, 1819, there were for various destinations eight stage coaches each drawn by four horses, and seven by two horses, which departed from and returned to Glasgow every lawful day, of these the Royal Mails every day: besides one coach with four horses and one with three, which departed from and returned to Glasgow three times a week.

According to Arnot's History, p. 598, hackney coaches were first established in Edinburgh in 1693. Their number was twenty; but as the situation of the city was unfavourable for carriages, it fell in 1752 to fourteen, and 1778, to nine.

STEAM-BOATS.—Since January, 1812—when Mr. Henry Bell launched the Comet on the Clyde, the first Steamboat which plied on any river in Europe, the transport of passengers by water has been very great. From July, 1827, to July 1828, fifty-nine steam-boats plied on the Clyde, and at a later period the Waverly and Sultan were in a state of forwardness, and are now plying on the river, some of the boats, which carry passengers and goods, are of large dimensions.—Tonnage of the 59 boats, carpenter's measurement, 8283; average, 140 33-95. The engines used in these boats are from 10 to 50 horses power. The largest boats have two engines. Farey in his recent work on the steam Engine, says:—"A horse's power is equal to the power of 1½ ordinary horses, for instance, the power of a 10 horse steam engine is equal to 15 horses acting together." That distinguished author further says "The power of a man may be assumed equal to that of raising 60 cubic feet of water (or a weight of 3750 pounds, avoirdupois) to the height of 1 foot in a minute; 114 horses power is equal therefore, to 1000 men." During the year ended 8th July, 1826, 64 steamboats plied on the Clyde, and consumed 18,543 wagons of coals—22,251 tons 12cwt. The average price in that year, taken monthly, was 13s. 11d per wagon, making the value of coals consum'd in steamboats plying from Glasgow amount to £12,902 16s. 9d.—[Glasgow Free Press.

"The last time I dined with Dean Swift, which was about three years before he fell into that distemper which totally deprived him of his understanding, I observed that he was affected by the wine which he drank, about a pint of claret. The next morning as we were walking in the garden, he complained much of his head, when I took the liberty to tell him (for I sincerely loved him) that I was afraid he drank too much wine. He was a little startled, and answered, "that as to his drinking he had always considered himself a very temperate man; for he never exceeded the quantity which his physician allowed and prescribed him. Now his physician never drank less than two bottles after his dinner."

[*King's Anecdotes.*

So it is:—ask a man who is fond of brandy what is most for your health, and he will refer you to *good old French brandy.* And when your body has become like a swill-tub and your face like a bladder, then the brandy doctor will tell you how healthy you are. Too many persuade themselves that nature requires artificial stimulants; and but very few awake from this delusion till it is too late to escape from the misery and wretchedness that is the certain portion of the drunkard. Dr King remarks, "a man who has contracted the pernicious habit of drinking drams, is conscious that he is taking a slow poison, and therefore he will never own it either to his friend or his physician, though it is visible to all his acquaintance"

In connection with this, he tells another anecdote at the expense of Pope. Dr. King says that he dined with Pope at Earl of Burlington's and that after the first course Pope grew sick and went out of the room. When dinner was ended and the cloth removed, the party went to see Pope, who had been throwing up and was very pale. King told him that he wanted a dram, at which he expressed great resentment, and said he would not taste any spirits; but a large glass being brought to him, he drank it all in less than half an hour. Dr. King says that his frame of body did not promise long life; but he certainly hastened his death by feeding on high seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits.

Longevity of the Russians—It must be admitted at the same time, that cases of longevity are not only much more common, but are also more extraordinary in respect to a greater duration, in Russia than in any other part of Europe. Thus, from the report of the Holy Synod, published in 1827, it appears that there were living in 1825, among those who professed the Greco-Russian religion throughout the empire, not fewer than 848 men who were a hundred and more years old; among whom; 32 had passed the age of 120, four were between 125 and 130; and 4 others between 131 and 135 years of age. The Gazette of the Royal Academy published, in the month of January of the present year, a statement of the progress of the population in Russia as far as it concerns those who profess the Greco-Russian religion, in the course of 1826. This document contains results still more extraordinary; for, out of 606,881 males who died that year, 2,785 had passed the age of 90 years; 1432 that of 95; and 818 that of 100. Among the latter, 38 were more than 115 years of age; 24 more than 120; seven more than 125; and one was 160 years old at his death.—*Dr. Granville's St Petersburgh.*

A curious, and rather interesting case, was brought before the tribunal of the Judges de Paix of the 8th arrondisement in Paris, on the 12th inst. It was an action for compensation by an old woman of 84 against M. Jeanty; whose cabriolet had run against her, and caused an injury which prevented her for some time, pursuing her ordinary labours. The counsel for the plaintiff, in addressing the court, said—'This woman whom you now see bending under the weight of age, poverty and infirmity served in the French armies in the uniform of a soldier, by the side of her husband, from 1773 to 1806. In that time she travelled over 27,000 leagues of ground, received eleven severe wounds, and in the year 1783, was taken by the English in the Ville de Paris Her pension, which formerly was 500 francs per annum, was reduced at the restoration to 166 francs, 60 centimes ' The counsel was proceeding with great feeling on behalf of his client, when the defendant, with considerable emotion, stepped forward and stopped the cause, by paying the whole amount of compensation sued for, and expenses.

ANECDOTE.—Professor D'Wolfe, in one of his recent Lectures on Chemistry, speaking of the pyramids of cotton cloth now piled up in our streets, contrasted the present state of manufactures with what they were not many years ago, when our New England fields presented a wide spread sheet of linen and tow cloth, put out by the industrious housewife to whiten, among which a strip of cotton was not to be found. As a further illustration of the total ignorance of the use of cotton that prevailed at that period, he related an anecdote of an old lady, who, before the revolution, received as a rare present from abroad, a parcel of tea and a bundle of cotton, the use of which had been carefully specified in labels attached to the packages. But unluckily, the directions for the cotton, were attached to the tea, and those for the tea to the cotton, so that the good lady carded the tea and boiled the cotton! The husband marvelled at the taste of a people who could make a palatable drink of cotton, and the dame was equally astonished at their ingenuity in making cloth out of such a material as tea.

R. I. Amer.

SINGULAR FACT.—The Georgia Messenger, in noticing the recent murder of a Mr. Early in Texas, by Isaac B. Desha, says:—It is supposed that Early was the son of Gov. Early, of Georgia, the same who about two years since murdered an individual in that state. He made his escape, and the fact of his murder is the first that has since been heard of him. It is singular that both Desha and Early should have been the sons of men filling the highest office in their respective States—that both should have committed murder—that both should have eluded justice—and that, meeting afterwards in a distant and comparatively unsettled country, one should fall by the hands of the other. It is a literal fulfilment of that passage of the Bible which declares, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." There is something, too, like retribution in one murderer's becoming the victim of another. It is "even-handed justice, returning the poison'd chalice" to the lips of one who had himself administered it to his fellow-being.—[Lynchburg Virginian.

A certain female, in one of the Atlantic cities, was prosecuted for keeping a 'disorderly house.' She engaged a professional gentleman to defend the suit;—but when the trial came on, she appeared in court, and possessing a termagant spirit, she commenced a "plea justificatory in propria persona."—The counsel whom she had retained for the occasion expostulated with her in vain. The opposing counsel, hoping she would commit herself, encouraged her to proceed, and begged her to "go on." Her lawyer, trembling for his cause, renewed his expostulations, when she appealed to the Judge. "Sir," said she, "have I not a right to be heard in my defence?" The judge who enjoyed the embarrassments of her lawyer, replied, "O certainly, pray proceed." She then went on.—"May it please your honor,—I am accused of keeping a disorderly house. Can that be a disorderly house which is frequented by such gentlemen as Mr. ———, and Mr. ———?" naming several eminent merchants, and adding at the same time, the names of a number of lawyers. The court was convulsed with laughter. Upon which her counsel, who could contain himself no longer, begged, in heaven's name, that she would sit down, "what" exclaimed the archly smiling Judge, "you are not afraid I hope, Mr ———?" 'No, may it please your honor,' he immediately replied, with inimitable self possession; "I have no fear for the bar, but I tremble for the bench."

FATAL SENSIBILITY.—For some time past, crowds of people had been in the habit of congregating round the doors and windows of a pastry-cook's shop, in Regent street, London, to gaze at a remarkably beautiful girl, about sventeen years of age, the daughter of the pastry-cook—a Swiss, of the name of Verrey—who served in the shop. Such was the conduct of the mob, on several evenings, that application to the police became necessary, but no exertions on their part were adequate to the suppression of the nuisance. Finding that keeping his daughter in the shop was the ruin of his business, access to the shop being only attainable by efforts and struggles thro' the mob which few customers would choose to undergo.—Verry came to the resolution, which he publicly announced of sending her home to Lausanne; but it not being convenient to carry that intention immediately into effect, in order remove her from the public gaze, he kept her under a very slight confinement in her room. This together with the accounts which appeared in the papers, preyed on her mind, which was very sensitive, and brought on her premature death at six o'clock last Monday evening. Up to the last moment of her existence, she was perfectly sensible, and continued to repeat, in broken French, 'Oh, could I see my mother before I die, I should be happy.' While uttering these words she expired. Upon her death being made known to her father he rushed into the room, tearing his hair and exclaiming, in the most frantic manner, against the cruelty practised towards his family, and no persuasion of his friends could induce him to remove himself from the sight of the corpse.

A poor simple Highlander, who last week made his appearance at Stirling store, and purchased a cart of lime, met with an adventure sufficiently untoward and provoking, but fortunately no-wise disastrous. Donald had no sooner got his cart well filled than he turned his own and his horse's head to his dear Highland hills. He had not, however, got far beyond Stirling Bridge, when a short shower of rain came on. The lime began to smoke. Donald, supposing it to be nothing more than a whiff of mountain mist, proceeded on his way, regardless of the descending torrent, ever and anon bestowing a smart whack on the bony posteriors of his Rosinante, to quicken her pace. At length Donald became enveloped in a cloud; and, no longer able to see his way before him, he bethought him it was time to cast a look behind, and was not a little amazed to discover that the whole cause of annoyance proceeded from his cart of lime. It was on fire—but how, was beyond his comprehension. He stopt his horse and stood still, in hopes that the rain would quench the intruding element. Remarking, to his own astonishment, that this was only adding fuel to the flame; he actually drove the cart to a stream at a short distance, and taking his spade, began busily to shovel the water on the smoking load. This speedily brought Donald's difficulties to a crisis: for his steed, unaccustomed to the heat, which threatened to divest him of his tail, began now to exhibit tokens of open rebellion. Besides, seeing his cart was in danger of being burnt to a cinder, and not knowing but the horse might take it into his head to commence burning too, he was resolved the bewitched load and "puir beast and braw bit cart," should instantly be disunited. He accordingly unyoked the impatient animal, and immediately hurled the smoking lime into the stream, triumphantly exclaiming as the hissing mass yielded to the overpowering element; "the de'il's in her, if she'll burn now."—[Stirling Advertiser.

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