o'clock on Thursday morning, till half past ten on Sunday morning: during this time witness did not sleep at all; of this she is certain. In order to keep awake she stood nearly the whole of Friday night, Saturday, Saturday night, only sitting down for half an hour to rest. Two other young persons dozed occasionally in a chair. Witness, who was then 29 was made very ill by this great exertion, and when on Sunday she went to bed she could not sleep.

Miss ——, in the establishment of first rate milliner, states—

'On special occasions, such as drawing rooms, general mourning and very frequently wedding orders, it is not at all uncommon to work all night, has herself worked twenty hours out of twenty-four for three months together, and this at a time when she was suffering from illness, and the medical attendant remonstrated against the treatment she received. He wished witness to remain in bed at least one day longer, which the employer objected to required her to get up and dismiss the surgeon.'

The girls who work at the great mourning establishments suffer much from impaired vision, and often become wholly and incurably blind. Mr. Tyrrel, the distinguished surgeon of the Ophthalic Hospital, in his evidence, relates the following melancholy examples of the injury produced by this branch of business.

'A fair and delicate girl, about 17 years of age, was brought to witness in consequence of total loss of vision. Recovery was hopeless. She had been an apprentice as a dress maker. The immediate cause of the disease in the eye was excessive and continual application to making mourning. She states that she had been compelled to remain without changing her dress for nine days and nights consecutively; that during this period she had been allowed only occasionally to rest on a mattress placed on the floor, for an hour or two at a time, and that her meals were placed by her side, cut up so that as little time as possible should be spent in their consumption.'

He states that he has often seen cases of total blindness from the same cause Mr. Dalrymple, of the Moorfields Opthalmic Hospital, gives similar evidence; and, in one instance, succeeded in rescuing a young victim from total blindness (who was then compelled to work eighteen hours a day only,) by a threat of an appeal to the Lord Mayor, to force her mistress to cancel the girl's indentures.

The portion of the work done in making mourning which is so peculiarly hurtful to the eyes, is embroidery on black. A court mourning is calculated to cause the loss of eyesight to at least thirty of these girls.

In the conclusion of its comment upon this report and the accompanying evidence, the London Athenæum observes: 'Such is the condition of 15 000 of the inhabitants of London; a body, moreover, so quickly mouldering away, that, during a span of ordinary life, full two generations have past through the course of the craft and perished in its service.'

This is a melancholy picture, and yet it is confined to but one sex, in a single city, and to those who are devoted to one class of labour. How many thousands of fair and fragile frames, tender girls and sickly boys' pass away annually in the single city of London? living in a state of wretchedness, hunger and want, and looking eagerly to the grave as their deliverer from a fate the bare contemplation of which maketh the heart sick.—*Boston Bee.*

The sad history of the noble but fatal efforts of Sir Walter Scott to pay off by the product of his glorious brain, the mercantile debt he had incurred as a partner with his publishers, though not new, is touchingly represented in a recent letter of Mr. Weed to the Albany Evening Journal:

Sir Walter labored with indomitable energy to extinguish a debt, from the coinage of his brain, of more than £300,000 for which he had become liable by his business relations with Constable & Co and Ballantyne & Co. But the labour was too severe even for his herculean mental and physical powers.—There were admonitions of the fate which awaited him as early as 1826, as may be seen by a note in his private Journal,

'March 14—What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the effects of it are sickening to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or is it the mind that inflicts the body?'

The result of Sir Walter's literary labors, from January 1826, to January 1828, was a dividend of six shillings sterling on the pound to his creditors amounting in the aggregate to £40 000 or $200,000! What other Author ever did or ever will realize such another sum from his intellectual labors? For this illustrious demonstration of genius, industry and integrity, the Creditors, as well they might, 'unanimously voted him their thanks.' After this dividend had been made, his private Journal says:—

'I see before me a long, tedious and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harness, as is very likely, I shall die with honor. If I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience.'

But human faculties, though with all the strength and tenacity of iron and steel, may be overtaxed, as were those with which nature endowed Sir Walter Scott.—Some of the rapacious creditors who made merchandize of his brain, to use his own burning figure, 'treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put a red hot cinder into the wheel alonghst with me.' And finally, the 'feather which breaks the camel's back' having been added to Sir Walter's burthen, he was struck down by paralysis, and after lingering a few months, was gathered to his fathers. How painfully sublime to the sorrowing friends who surrounded him, must have been the breaking of that athletic frame, the quenching of that towering spirit, the going out of that 'light which no Promethean spark can relume!'

We followed Sir Walter from Abbotsford, the theatre of his glorious achievements, to Dryburgh, whose ruined Abbey is hallowed by his dust. How appropriately chosen for the final repose of such precious remains? What monument so fitting and expressive as the crumbling walls, and lofty, but *silent* towers of an ancient Scottish Abbey! Dust to Dust! Ashes to Ashes! Ruin to Ruin!

The copy right of the Waverly Novels has extinguished much of the debt since the Authors death, and will, should Parliament extend the laws protecting this species of property, ultimately wipe out the entire amount.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP

ACADIA.

11 DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The steamship Acadia Capt. Ryrie, arrived at her wharf in East Boston at half past five o'clock, Tuesday morning, Oct. 3d, bringing fifteen days later from England.

Lieut. Winslow, of the U. S. steamship Missouri, which was lost in the Bay of Gibralter, came passenger in the Acadia, with special despatches from Mr. Cushing, our Minister to China.

Among the passengers in the Acadia from Liverpool are Rev. Mr. Hague and Rev. Mr. Neale.

The Overland mail from India and China had not arrived when the steamer left.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT'S RETURN FROM FRANCE.

Last Thursday week, the Queen and Prince Albert accompanied by the Prince de Joinville embarked on board the royal yacht at Trepont, on her return to England after nearly a week's residence at the Chateau d'Eu. The royal yacht escorted by the Pluton, Archimede, and Napoleon war steamers, and a British squadron of ships of war, arrived at Brighton on the same day, after a passage of a little more than six hours. Her Majesty and the prince remained at Brighton till the following Tuesday, when they re-embarked with the intention of paying a visit to the king of the Belgians at Ostend. Having passed the night off Walmer Castle (the residence of the Duke of Wellington as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports) the royal squadron stood out to sea early the next morning and the illustrious voyagers, after a rough passage arrived in good health and spirits at Ostend, where king Leopold, accompanied by his queen awaited their arrival. The royal party is to visit Bruges Ghent, Brussels, and other famous cities of the Netherlands all equally rich in historical recollections, and is not expected to return to England till towards the end of the present week.

LOSS OF THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE MISSOURI.

We regret to have to announce the total destruction, by fire, of the splendid American steam frigate Missouri, while at anchor in Gibraltar bay, on September 9th. She had the Hon. Mr. Cushing on board proceeding to Alexandria, *en route* for China, as minister.

The alarm was first given at eight o'clock precisely, and was immediately followed by such a burst of flame from the engineer's store-room as to lead to the belief that it originated among the oil and spirits. Every exertion was made to subdue it, and the large pumps were instantly in operation, but the progress of the flames was so rapid, that it became necessary to flood the two magazines, which was done so effectually that it was not until twenty minutes after 3, A. M., that any explosion took place, and then not to an extent to endanger the shipping in the bay, the nearest of which had already been removed by the exertions of the acting captain of the port.

Assistance was promptly sent from the Malabar, under the personal superintendence of Sir George Sartonus; and the Locust got up her steam and ran alongside the Missouri, with the view of towing her into deeper water, or rendering any other aid; but unfortunately, she had already grounded, which rendered it impossible to scuttle her.

As soon as the fire broke out, the Governor ordered the Waterport gate to be opened, and proceeded himself to the wharf, from whence he despatched two engines under charge of the artillery and sappers; but in spite of the united efforts of the crew of the Missouri and her friendly auxiliaries, the progress of the flames, which at one time appeared to be got under, was such, that at length Capt. Newton was forced to abandon his ship, after summoning a council of his officers and those British officers about him, who unanimously decided there was no hope of saving the ship.

The order was then given by Capt Newton for all to quit the ship, which was done immediately by the crew taking the water, and receiving the ready assistance of the boats sent, in anticipation of the exigency, from the Malabar, and from the vessels in the harbour.—Such was the state of the ship, when the officers and crew left her that they saved nothing but what they had on.—Capt. Newton did not quit the ship until all had left her, about quarter past 11 o'clock. We are happy to add, that the officers and crew are believed to be all saved.

His excellency the American Minister after securing his papers of importance returned to the ship, and zealously united his exertions to those of her officers

The line wall was crowded until a very late hour with spectators, anxiously watching the fate of that noble ship.—The sight was awfully grand, until the masts at length fell overboard, the tracery of her spars and shrouds standing out in bright relief against the dark sky, was beautiful. The whole rock was as light as day; and probably such a sight has not been witnessed in the bay since the conflagration of the floating batteries in the memorable siege.

We trust it will not be considered presumptuous to refer to the discipline on board this ill fated vessel; but as persons, employed alongside during the progress of the calamity, and on whose veracity we can place the utmost reliance, have been desirous of bearing undeniable testimony on this most important subject, we beg to inform our readers that they describe the discipline and order on board as most admirable: the several orders were given and obeyed as if the vessel had been in perfect safety, and nothing had occurred to excite alarm or confusion.—Gibraltar Chronicle.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

From the New Orleans Courier, Sept. 22

By the arrival of the steamer Buckeye, we have been put in posession of a Louisiana Chronicle Extra, of Wednesday last, giving the annexed particulars of the explosion on the Clipper.

The number of deaths, as far as ascertained, are 14; missing 10, wounded 9 uninjured 16

It has become our mournful duty to record one of the most terrible catastrophes which has ever happened on the Mississppi. Yesterday, at about a quarter past 10 o'clock, as the steamer Clipper No. 1 was backing out from her moorings at our landing, she blew up with an explosion that shook earth, air and heaven, as though the walls of the world were tumbling to pieces about our ears. All the boilers bursting simultaneously—machinery, vast fragments of the boilers, huge beams of timber, furniture and human beings in every degree of mutilation were alike shot up perpendicularly many hundred fathoms in the air.

On reaching the greatest height, the various bodies diverged like the jets of a fountain in all directions falling to the earth and upon roofs of houses in some instances as much as two hundred and fifty yards from the scene of destruction The hapless victims were scalded, crushed, torn, mangled and scattered in every possible direction—many into the river some in the streets, some on the other side of the Bayou, nearly 300 yards—some torn assunder by coming in contact with pickets and posts, and others shot like cannon balls through the solid walls of houses at a great distance from the boat. All in front of the wheel houses appears as though swept by a whirlwind. —But any thing like an adequate description of the scene of wreck and ruin is utterly out of the question.

On reaching the spot under whip and spur, we immediately bent our steps towards the temporary hospital hastily prepared for the reception of such as might be found to retain a spark of life —The scene was such as we hope never to look upon again.

The floors of two large warerooms were literally strewn with the dead and dying, and others pouring in as fast as it was possible to convey them—praying groaning howling and writhing in every possible contortion of physical agony.—In the midst of this confusing din, up to their arm-pits in oil and cotton and bandages, we found our praiseworthy physicians—like good Samaritans doing good—quietly and silently, but with the energy and activity apparently of fifty pair of hands—now washing a burn, now dressing a wound, and anon splintering a fractured limb. Indeed our citizens generally, every man and mother's son, appeared only anxious as to how they might render most service to the poor sufferers—white and black, without distinction.

The following are the most important particulars, as far as we have been able to gather them:

Passengers—L. Thomas* missing; J. B. Mohtamat, commission merchant, New Orleans, and one small boy, wounded. *Deck Passengers* 1 wounded, 2 not hurt.

Capt. Laurent escaped unhurt; Mr. Bessy, chief clerk, missing, and the second clerk killed, John Tyson, chief engineer, badly wounded; Wm. Sumter, 2d engineer, thrown 150 or 200 yards through the roof and gable end of a house into the back yard against the fence—one arm was torn off and the fragments of his carcass scattered over the trees; Wm. Nelson, 3d engineer, free man of color killed, Arnault J. Lavaud, pilot, missing, William Wall, pilot, killed; John Peterson, mate badly scalded, though likely to recover; Gabriel Pool, carpenter, missing; watchman killed; chambermaid saved unhurt; stewards all killed or missing; two of the cooks killed and one wounded; eight firemen killed or missing; four deck hands killed or missing.

It may be well enough here to state, that all those we have put down as missing are doubtless dead, as every search has been made in the vicinity to recover their bodies but in vain. They have doubtless found a watery grave.

The watchman, a white man, was thrown alive, 100 yards, through the solid wall of Baker's Hotel, into a bed.—He retained his senses perfectly for some time after, but the poor fellow expired during the evening.

The cabin boy was thrown about 200 yards through the roof of a shed, and was picked up in a mangled condition.

From the Bayou Sara Ledger of Wednesday, we add the following particulars:

Eight dead bodies have been found among whom are the second clerk, the carpenter, Mr. Pool, the second engineer Mr. Sumpter, Mr. Wall, pilot, and four negroes.

Of the wounded there are Mr. Montemat, a merchant of New Orleans, Mr Tyson, chief engineer, Mr. Pierson mate, and five negroes—all dangerously—several others were slightly injured.

Every service which could be rendered to suffering humanity was cheerfully yielded by our citizens.

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*Mr. Thomas, a grocer of Bayou Sara, had but just taken leave of his wife and family and stepped on board when the explosion occurred. His wife and child and another lady and child who happened to be with her, hearing the uproar ran immediately to the front windows to ascertain the cause. They had scarcely done so, when, with a deafening crash—driving in a third of the entire roof in its descent—lay a vast fragment of the boiler in the very spot they had quitted!

LATER.—The Picayune of the 24th ult. learns that Mr. Mountemat, of New Orleans, was not expected to recover—one arm had been amputated. Mr. Peterson, the mate it was thought would recover from his injuries. Mr. Tyson, chief engineer, had both legs amputated—his life despaired of. Of the recovery of the other persons injured, little hope was entertained.

The relative personal popularity of prominent public men, has rarely been tested more truly than at the late Agricultural Fair at Rochester.

There were gathered what Mr. Jefferson, and after him Gen. Jackson, was wont to call the real aristocracy of the land—the hard handed, hard headed, industrious and intelligent farmers—men who look never to politics as a living, and who are accustomed to judge for themselves concerning both men and measures.

Before this vast assemblage were thrown casually four prominent public men—Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Webster, Mr. Seward, late Governor and Mr Bouck the present Governor, of New York; and how they were respectively received, the annexed extract from the Tribune this morning, written by an eye-witness, will tell:

We cannot avoid mentioning a fact which no one present could fail to observe,—the utter lack of all enthusiasm in favor of Van Buren. His attendance was promised long in advance, and announced in handbills and newspaper paragraphs, and an attempt was made to give him a reception which should wear the semblance of a welcome. But it was found to be absolutely impossible: his arrival awakend not a single hearty cheer from the thousands who surrounded the cars, nor at any time during his stay was his appearance marked by the least popular applause. Gov. Bouck was in a plight still worse. He made no speech and received no attention. Ex-Gov. Seward was repeatedly cheered, and being called out, made several neat and effective speeches, and the very appearance of Daniel Webster at any time and on any part of the grounds, awoke the loudest and most heartfelt applause.

Of Mr. Van Buren, more than any public man we have known, who ever attained such high station, may it be truly said, that of himself and by himself he is nothing—and that all he is, or has been, or may be, he owes to party.

On the county at large he has no hold, and to the country has rendered no service. He has gone through all grades of public employment without leaving his mark in any one, or identifying himself with any great original measure of public policy; while to him alone belongs the bad eminence of having degraded the nation, by pleading in a foreign court its party differences at home—in order to obtain as a favor, belonged to us as a right.

What literary society, what patriotic association, what assemblage of citizens, as distinct from partizans, ever thought of inviting Mr. Van Buren to deliver an address before them; or, who remembers, or, except again as partizan, ever quotes any sentiment uttered by this gentleman? How different with John Q. Adams, or Daniel Webster, or Henry Clay, or J. C. Calhoun, or Preston! When they speak the nation listens and remembers.

So too of Gov. Bouck—farmer though he be, or claim to be, and, therefore, appealing to the *esprit de corps* of the vast meeting at Rochester—that intelligent class of men could not do such injustice to themselves as to count as a compliment, or to shout out hurrahs for, the elevation to the first office of the State, of a man of such tame mediocrity as Mr. Bouck. They knew him to be unfit for the station, and he proved himself, even among farmers, at an agricultural gathering, to be incapable of publicly discoursing to his peers on matters pertaining to their common pursuits.

On the other hand, Wm. H. Seward, no longer in power, and withal of a class it is deemed so popular to decry, the men of the law—the quick discerners, and resolute opponents in all time of oppression and wrong—was greeted with cheers wherever he went, and at every call, was found ready to say what was fitting to his fellow-citizens.

The different reception thus given to intellect and acquirement—for after all it is this combination of talent and knowledge that distinguishes Mr. Webster and Mr. Seward from Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Bouck—as it was not concerted, so it cannot be counterfeited nor commanded It is a spontaneous homage, honorable to the discernment of those awarding it and conclusive as to the popular estimate of those to whom it is awarded.—New York American.

POTATO CROP.

The Westchester *Record* says:

'The potatoe crop is not full; and we are informed in many fields the crop is rotted, and the smell is so fœtid, that the farmers have been obliged to desist from gathering from sickness. The excessive moisture of the season is assigned as the cause In some fields, we have heard one half or three fourths of the crop is lost.'

After the above was prepared for the press, a friend called on us with a sample of the rotten potatoes from his own field, near Germantown. He says that more than a quarter of his crop is ruined by rot, and his neighbors are in the same situation. The potatoe which is touched by the disease, is as offensive as decayed meat. Our friend imputes the evil to the effect of the continuance of the very warm weather, after the tops of the potatoes were dead. The complaint we hear is general.—(U. S. Gazette.

EASTON GAZETTE.

EASTON, MD.

Saturday Morning, Oct. 7.

FOR PRESIDENT
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.

ELECTION RETURNS FOR TALBOT COUNTY.

Delegates. L. F.					
Districts.	No. 1	2	3	4	Total
Thomas,	203	229	136	143	711
Arringdale,	207	223	133	156	719
B. M. Bowdle,	204	224	154	148	730
Commissioners.					
D. Leonard,	205	215	133	148	701
T. H. Leonard,	201	219	136	147	703
Delegates. Whig.					
C. H. Bowdle,	156	244	186	80	666
Loockerman,	156	247	178	81	660
Harper,	155	250	174	77	656
Commissioners.					
Townsend,	156	260	185	83	684
Clark	156	246	182	82	666
Magistrates Court.					
Ag'st the Court,	361	326	161	69	920
For the Court.	125	68	117	138	448

TRAPPE DISTRICT.

Though our reliance upon this District was very great yet when the news reached us that there was a majority for the Whigs of *forty two*, we were rejoiced that she was on her feet again,—nobly done! capital result!!

We argue from this radical change that another election there, will give the whigs such a majority as will make them think the good old times have come back again.

ONCE MORE, ALL HAIL!! to this thorough going Whig district!!

KENT ELECTION.

Whig Delegates.

Tilden 655 Hollyday 616 Spencer 161

Van Buren Delegates.

Carr 506 Thomas 511 Gooding 485

Whig Levy Court.

Gale 639 Wallis 638

Van Buren Levy Court.

Harris 509 Lassell 48

Average Whig Maj. 143½

ELECTION RETURNS.

	Whigs.	Loco.
Baltimore City	4	1
Last year all Locos!		
Balt county		5
Cecil		4
Kent	3	
Harford	3	1
Montgomery	4	Last year 2 & 2
Carroll	1	3
Whig gain of one.		
Anne Arundel	2	3
Last year all Locos!		
Washington		5 no opposition.

Allegany far as heard from Loco vote 902, Whig vote 855—four districts yet to be heard from, probably the result will be two and two.

Prince Georges County—The whole Whig Ticket is elected.

Frederick County—Four Whigs and 1 Loco Foco.

The Baltimore Sun of yesterday says, "the result thus far heard from gives the Whigs 25 and the Democrats 23—Being, if we calculate right, a Whig gain of 11."

The above account is sufficient to make it clear beyond a question that the State is ours, securing to us a Whig U. S. Senator!—and all the measures and policy of the Whigs.

It will now be seen when the Legislature gets together whether the Whig party are "for taxing the people to death or relieving them."

We rejoice that Locofocoism will not have the ascendency in the Lower House to give them the power to carry out their principles which are in direct violation of all that is patriotic and good!!

We annex additional accounts from Queen Ann's which give the Whigs two and the Loco Focos one.

The Whigs have also carried the three delegates in Charles county.

We have no official returns from Caroline. But it is known that Messrs. Potter and McKnett (Whigs) are elected. and Mr. Keene, (Loco)—We have also carried two of the Levy Court and possibly a third—There were five voted for.

In Dorchester the Loco have elected three of their Delegates and two Commissioners and the Whigs one of the Delegates

This is the rumour we have heard, but as this County has hitherto been decidedly with us, we know not how to give it our belief.

Nothing from Somerset or Worcester.

THE ELECTION.

TO THE WHIGS OF TALBOT!

The battle has been fought and the enemy have kept possession of the field. If they call it a victory, it was a dear bought victory. It is but the precursor of an entire overthrow in this county.—They have indeed carried their ticket by a meagre majority, but under the accidentally favorable circumstances to them and adverse to the Whigs, they have nothing to boast of. One of our candidates Mr. Loockerman a few days after the nomination was taken sick and confined to his bed throughout the entire canvass.—The other two candidates Messrs. Bowdle, and Harper, for the first time appeared before the people in that character, and owing to the short time allowed for the canvass, but little opportunity was afforded them of personal intercourse with the people, of this short time however it must be admitted, they made very good use—Under these circumstances there is no wonder that our ticket did not succeed. The only wonder is, with all these advantages on the side of the Loco Focos, with other appliances which shall be nameless, that they did not obtain a much larger majority. The great objects, however in organizing the Whig Ticket, has been fairly accomplished.—For the last two years the Whigs have not even ventured to offer a ticket The desired effect has been attained, to rally again the Whig forces, to rouse them from their depression, and to demonstrate to them, that under equal circumstances, they can certainly triumph.—This will be seen in the election of next fall, for which the canvass of this was but a preparation. Bear in mind then, Whigs of Talbot from this day to the day of the next election, that you can if you will, redeem your county from the bradden of Loco Focoism. Resolve to to it and you will do it.

☞We suppose Loco Foco Drums and other musical noises, will not for the future, parade through our otherwise quiet streets, in Laudation of the triumph of Locofocoism!!

☞Wonder if the Locofoco orators will make any more speeches about Johnsons horses &c upon the heels of the recent intelligence—Guess not.

Some of the good people of Talbot are in great wonder, how that the Whigs got whipped so badly last Wednesday, As an illustration of the locofoco *way of doing things*—just hark to this:

Scene at the Ballot Box—Easton.

Voter comes up and offers his ticket—his vote is disputed.

Loco.—That gentleman is entitled to a vote. I'll answer for him.

(A brother loco whispered in his ear that the voter was a Whig.)

Loco—I have just learned that, that person is not entitled to a vote.

Whig—Yes, you have just heard that he *is a Whig.*

Correspondence of the Nat'l Intelligencer.

New York Sept. 26. 1843

It is odd how fashion creeps from one country to another unaware. Has it occurred to you what a *bearded* nation we have become within the last year or two—imitating *la jeune France* in that and other accompanying particulars? My attention was called to it yesterday by a friend just returned from a long residence in Europe He was expressing very emphatically his annoyance at the loss of his *moustache* On coming in sight of land he had gone below and sacrificed it as a thing 'most tolerable and not to be endured' among the sober friends to whom he was returning—when lo, on landing every second man in a full suit of beard! His moustache and imperial chanced to be very becoming to him, and his mortification at being compelled to put them again into nascent stubble was unbounded.

Two schools of dress have prevailed in France for the last six or seven years, the Classic and the Romantic—the former with the Brutus head, short hair and apparel of severe simplicity; and the other with flowing locks, tasteful beard, and great sumptuousness of cravat and waistcoat. The 'Romantic' is the only one which has 'come over,' and it prevails at present in New York 'with a rush.' Almost every man below forty has tried his beard on, and most of the young men about town show their fancy in something beyond the mere toothbrush whisker of the military. The latter by the way, is the only beard 'let out' by the London men whom the packets bring over, and in England the synonyme is rigorous between 'moustache' and 'adventurer.' It seems to me, however, that the principles of taste which should affect the fashion of a beard are but little regarded among us; and I wonder that some ambitious barber has not set himself up as an authority to decide their shape by private consultation, according to feature and complexion. Perhaps I may feel a want of the era by putting down what I have gathered on the subject of beards by reading and travel.

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