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. XXX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1847. NO. 14.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY

George C. Graham.

TERMS.

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.

For the Easton Gazette.

TO ——

Like the glittering sheen of the silvery moon,
As it takes its course in the night's still noon;
Like ten thousand stars o'er a waveless sea
Is thine eye of brightness, dear girl, to me.

Like the plumage pure of the spotless swan,
As over the river it moveth on;
Like the fairest snow on the mountain height,
To me, dear girl, is thy brow of light.

Like the roseate tint of the fading sun,
In the western sky when his race is run;
Like the deepest blush of the north at night,
Is thy blooming cheek to my gazing sight.

Like the sweetest tones of the woodland rill,
As it gently slips from the caverned hill;
Like the finest notes of the fairest birds
To me, dear girl, are thy witching words.

GLYCUS.

THE PRINCE'S DAUGHTER,

OR THE

BATTLE OF FADDERSHEIM.

The city of Treves, which greets the eye of the traveller who wends his way up the charming Moselle, has its legends as well as other places, great or small in Germany; and one of the most striking is that which we are about to relate.

The elector of Treves, a prince of great valor but of lofty and proud notions, was a widower and possesed one child——a daughter. Editha was about eighteen at the time when the war of the peasants broke out——that terrible insurrection which shook Germany to its very centre, and was contemporaneous with the Reformation. The young damsel was fashioned in one of nature's most charming moulds and the fame of her loveliness had been, wafted to every court in the German empire. Many princes made overtures to the elector for her hand—princes with whom an alliance, considering the comparative insignificance of the elector's dominions and the revenues, was to be eagerly courted. But a rumor had reached the elector, that Frederick, the Archduke of Austria had seen his daughter's potrait and had become enamored with the fair original. The Archduke was very young, and report declared him to be handsome and amiable; the elector therefore entertained high hopes, and accordingly returned evasive answers to the numerous suitors for his daughter's hand.

But no proposal came from the archduke; time wore on; Editha was now eighteen; and the elector feared that he had dallied too long with those princely suitors in the hopes of obtaining overtures from the heir to the crown of the German empire. The 'Peasant's Insurrection' broke out, and the imperial forces were levied for its suppression. The princes of Germany flocked to Treves, with their contingent auxilaries, to join the army, and dukes and margraves, superior in rank and fortune to the elector, willingly admitted him as their chief in consequence of his known courage and tried experience. Among those princes were the suitors for the fair hand of Editha; and, on the eve of the march of the army for the seat of the civil contention, the elector now despairing of receiving any overtures from the archduke, declared aloud, in the presence of the assembled chiefs, that of all his daughter's suitors, he who conducted himself best in the approaching conflict should receive her hand.

Editha heard this, and turned pale; and tears bedimmed the eye which cast a glance of tenderness on a young page who stood behind the Elector of Treves. The handsome countenance of the page was animated with a flush of pride as he returned the affectionate look of the princess—perhaps he was proud of having won the heart which so many lords and sovereign potentates had striven in vain to possess.

Rudolph, the young page, had been three or four months in the service of the elector, who had listened to a tale of woe and orphan sorrow which the youth had narrated to him, when he applied to be admitted into his services—a tale that had gained no object. From the very first moment that Rudolph set foot within the princely dwelling at Treves, he had won all hearts by his amiability, and talents and his beauty; and Editha had not remained insensible to his merits. The young couple loved; and their vows were plighted in secret.

But strange to say; Rudolph's eyes were scarcely moistened with a tear, when on the eve the army marched, he took leave of Editha, in a stolen interview on the terrace of the palace. He kissed her hand, and spoke words of hope, while she wept bitterly.

"Why do you weep, my Editha?" he exclaimed gazing fondly on her beauteous countenance.

"Dost thou ask me why I weep, Rudolph," asked the princess, reproachfully, "when thou thyself didst hear the pledge which my father gave this evening to the princes who have collected beneath his banner?"

"I heard all!" said Rudolph.

"You heard all—and it caused you no emotion?" murmured Editha.

"None; for I have even hope still," answered the page.

"Hope!" cried Editha, frantically; remember that my father is stern and inexorable in his determination."

So long as thou lovest me, dearest Editha, I fear nothing. Wouldst thou wed another?"

"Oh no—returned the lovely girl; are not our vows plighted? and dost thou think I will violate mine? Sooner will I devote my life to thee, humble as thou art, than either of those princes, powerful though they be?"

"Then Providence will not desert us, Editha" exclaimed Rudolph, rapturously kissing her hand. "Farewell—farewell; when we meet again we shall meet to be happy!"

The page darted away from the princess, and was soon out of sight. The maiden returned to her own apartments; where she wept and prayed—and prayed and wept by turns, until the dawn of morning glistened on the points of the spears and the bright helmets of the warriors, as they defiled forth from the wall of the town.

Several days passed, and the army, under the command of the elector of Treves, pursued its march. At length it encountered the rebellious peasants in the memorable field of Feddersheim. The battle was terrible, the insurgents were broken and defeated, and fled in all directions; and the elector dismounted from his horse, leant upon his sword contemplating the field of victory. Behind him was his own faithful page, Rudolph, who had fought unflinchingly by his side. They unlaced their helmets; and threw them on a green bank which was unstained by blood.—Their countenances sought the fresh breeze of evening, which was now springing, up after the arduous toils of conflict that had lasted from sunrise.

The elector and his page were far away from the other warriors; the ardor of the contest had separated them from their companions. Suddenly hasty footsteps were heard near; and five or six of the scattered peasants, returning to the field for the sake of plunder, approached our hero and his youthful attendant. Not a moment was to be lost. The elector placed himself on his guard; but his sword broke in twain with the very first blow which he dealt upon his assailants. To start back and seize a curtail axe which lay upon the ground, and which had dropped from the hand of a warrior slaughtered in the day's conflict, was with the elector the work of a moment, but ere he could wield it, the sword of an infatuated rebel was at his breast. In another instant the elector of Treves would have been no more; but swift as lightning, the young page rushed forward and cut the peasant to the ground. The elector and Rudolph still continued to fight with unvarying advantage, and the other peasants soon lay dead at their feet.

Thus did Rudolph save the life of the father of her he loved! The battle was soon won by the elector's army; the peasants were soon dispersed in all directions, and this blow put an end to the civil war.

Animated with triumph, and joyous with victory, the army set out on its march homeward on the following day, and in due time the troops were once more encamped beneath the walls of Treves.—They were to receive guerdon due to their valor; and thence would the various divisions branch off to their own districts, under their respective princes

The day after their return, their elector held a grand levee, in the great hall of the palace. The princes and chiefs of the army were assembled around.

"Highnesses and lords," said the elector, "the hour has now arrived when my pledge must be redeemed. The hand of my daughter Editha shall reward him whom the conclave pronounces to have demeaned himself most nobly in the fight.—My lord of Stein, and you, my lord of Helfenstein who advance no claim to the prize, seeing that you are already wed, will adjudge the hand of the fair Princess to the most worthy.

The elector made a sign and the door of the vast hall was thrown open. The Princess attended by her ladies, entered the hall. Her countenance was deadly pale, and a deep melancholy sat upon her brow; and she smiled not as her eyes met the glance of the young page, who stood half concealed by the elector's throne.

Several princes and chiefs then stepped forward, and each asserted his claims to the hand of the Princess Editha.

"Are there any more claimants?" demanded the lord of Stein, when each had recapitulated his services in the field.

"Yes—I" exclaimed the page, standing forth.

"You," said the elector. "Insolent boy, what means this folly?"

"My lord," said the youth, while his handsome countenance was flushed with a glow of pride, and his eyes, usually mild and soft, flashed fire, "I saved the life of his highness, the elector—upon that I found my claim."

"And have I not promised thee knighthood, rash boy?" cried the elector.

"I demand a higher reward—I claim the hand of the Princess Editha!"

"Knowest thou not," said Helfenstein, proud boy, that the competition is between lords and nobles of high degrees, and is not open to such as thou?"

"And were I a Prince?" said Rudolph proudly.

"Then should we award to thee the prize, said lord Stein, "but as thou art a youth of obscure name—"

"Obscure name," interrupted Rudolph, with contemptuous smile, cannot the noble assume the disguise of a peasant?—Cannot the noble descend to a lowly state in order to test the heart of one whose personal charms have captivated him? My lords, I yield the hand of the Princess Editha only to him who can assert claim of birth and rank superior to that of the Archduke of Austria.

As the page spoke, his form assumed a commanding aspect, and his countenance inspired respect and awe. But, when he proclaimed his sovereign rank, every crested head bowed, every knee bent, and the Elector of Treves descended from his throne, to do honor to the imperial sovereign.

We need not say more, except to add that Editha now comprehended full well, as she raised her blushing countenance with smiles of joy to her lover's fond glance, why his imperial highness had bade her hope, on the eve of his departure for the war.

THREE MINUTES BY THE WATCH.

Blunders by Irish waiters, of the most curious and laughable character, are as common as bricks; but the most laughable one we have heard of since the waiter scooped out the inside of the watermelon and served up the beautiful green rind, is a little *misunderstandin'* that occurred at one of our principal hotels a few days since to a very particular English "gent" with a very short tailed coat, a large number of plaids on his pants, a considerable amount of drab cloth gaiters a remarkable small cane and particularly yellow gloves. He had just arrived from the great commercial emporium of Great Britain and Ireland, *via*, Boston, New York, and a number of other small town and villages. He approached the breakfast table, prepared to make a decided impression upon the American public and give them a pretty fair idea of *un Anglais en voyage*, and after selecting the most desirable situation possible for the accomplishment of his purpose, beckoned a waiter to him and stuck his eyeglass in his eye—not the waiters eye but his own individual organ. After surveying him for a moment, he addressed him with—"Are-a there-a any English waiters 'e-re?"

"Which, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"English waiters, don't you 'ear me?"

"Oh yis, sir; of coorse, I do. Plinty of 'em, sir. What 'ud ye plaze to take for b eckfast sir"

"You're not an English water, sir!" replied the "gent."

"Oh yis, sir; I don't spake divil word besides English; exceptin' Irish; but I'm a lawful subject of Queen Victory."

"Well then, if I can't get an English servant to wait on me; I must take an Irish one."

"Yis, sir," said the lawful subject of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

"Well then, get me a couple of eggs and boil them precisely three minutes, not a bubble more, and a cup of coffee—beefsteak, very rare and some toast."

"Yis, sir," said the waiter, and started off.

"And recollect, three minutes for the eggs," said the gent calling him back.

"Yis sir," said the waiter.

The gent disposed himself to the best advantage, and waited the arrival of the eggs. Upon cracking the shell they were as hard as a lapstone and with the utmost indignation he turned upon the waiter and inquired of him if he had not directed him to cook them just three minutes.

"Yes, sir." replied the waiter—"I did, sir; I counted 'em meself."

"What! didn't you look at the clock?" exclaimed the gent, with as much surprise as if he had just heard that Louis Philippe had suggested the propriety of divorcing Albert from Victoria, and marrying her to one of his own sons.

"Divil a once, sir," said the Irishman—"divil a one to look at! What 'ud I be afther lookin' at the clock for all the time?"

"Oh, this is too much, positively!" said the gent. "Here, you stupid fellow, take my watch and go into the kitchen, and boil me a couple of eggs just three minutes with it."

"Yis, sir," said the waiter, taking the watch.

"Do you understand me now, sir?" inquired the gent.

"Of coorse, sir," was the reply, and off he started.

At the expiration of three minutes appeared the waiter with the breakfast, and on the plate with the eggs the watch was deposited. As the gent was about to take up the watch the waiter stopped him by exclaiming—"Take care sir; you'll burn your fingers—it's hot, sir!"

"What's hot inquired the gent.

"The watch sir!"

"The watch!" echoed the gent.

"*Yis sir, sure didn't ye tell me to bile the egg with it three minutes, and didn't I do it!*"

"What!" said the horror stricken gent, starting up—"boiled the watch!"

"Yis, sir—three minutes!"

The gent, like the watch, was completely *done* and seizing his gold lever, he made a speedy exit, uttering curses loud and deep, and tossing his watch from hand to hand as a boy does a hot potato, to cool it.—*Picayune.*

From the Boston Chronotype.

HORACE GREELEY.

BY NOGGS.

Who is there that does not know Horace Greeley—either personally or by reputation? and who that ever saw any body that began to be just like him? Many there be that have the same apparent physical conformation, he being a middle-sized man, decently tall, with the usual complement of limbs and features—yet Horace Greeley is Horace Greeley, and nobody else. To see him at his editorial table, at work—for he's a great worker, Horace Greeley is—you would be apt to exclaim, in a tone of surprise, "Is *that* Horace Greeley that does up things in the Tribune in such style?" Yes, friend, that white-haired, bald-headed, near-sighted, seemingly "little old man" *is* Horace Greeley, the editor of one of the ablest papers in America "He looks verdant," does he? Well, my friend, it can't be denied, he has a verdant look withal at times, but you can't always tell how far a toad may jump by the length of his tail. And, if you insist upon it that Horace Greeley is 'green,' you will, I'm very sure, find that you have been most egregiously taken in. No, no, my friend, Horace Greeley is not green.—He is not, in fact, what he seems,—not that the editor is deceitful; no, no, a plain, blunt, honest man is Horace Greeley—but his looks will lie, at times, not the editor, mind. To see the *real* Horace Greeley, in a state of developement, you must see him speaking, when deeply interested in some great subject; then it is "he appears," as it were, from behind the curtain, with all the gas let on; and you look as vainly for anything green about him as did my uncle Toby to find any thing in the widow Wadman's eye. At such times, that baldness, so suggestive, at other times, of senility, becomes all at once a part of one of the most expressive countenances ever attached to a mere human, and the few remaining hairs so redolent, as it were, of the same fact, suddenly become endued, "each particular hair," with wisdom, power and truth; and then those teeth of his—whiter than the whitest you ever saw, evidently all unknown to the vile Virginia weed—give a beauty to his expression, such as ladies call "altogether lovely."

As a public speaker, Horace Greeley is not so "*comme il faut*" as many who hold the public ear; being near sighted he holds his notes close to his nose, and makes use of no jestures, or any of the tricks of oratory, to captivate the fancy, but goes on, in a plain, straight-forward manner, to the point—which, to those to whom manner is every thing, is shocking; but to those who prefer the substance to the shadow of things, he is one of the most interesting of speakers, commanding the serenest attention of the audience, even on the driest of subjects. As a writer and an editor, few surpass him. And the influence of his pen on the public morals, &c., &c., is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Horace Greeley is known as an independent Whig—his paper being devoted to the dissemination of "Whig principles;" but the great substratum of his nature, which underlies all else, and which is constantly welling up in him, and spreading forth, fertilizing and improving the hearts of his friends and fellow beings, is the great doctrine of *Association*—which, when rightly understood and practiced, will swallow up all mere party-isms, and unite the world in one great family of God-and-man-loving beings, seeking not who shall be greatest, but who shall be kindest.

In short, Horace Greeley, though at times a "wee bit uncouth," especially when walking in the streets, encased in that venerable whitish surtout of his, with his trousers half way up his legs—a world too amall—shuffling along, as he does, when in deep meditation, with his body bent to an angle of forty-five degrees, and a "shocking bad hat" on, withal—is a gentleman and a scholar, a friend of his race, a man of genius undisputed, and, above all, a most faithful laborer in the vineyard of humanity. Long may he live and remain undamned by the scoffs and sneers of knaves and fools—the good and the wise will ever appreciate him.

'Class in grammer may come on the floor. Now, John, you may commence. All the world is in debt. Parse world.' 'World is a general noun, common metre, objective case, and governed by Miller.' 'Very well. Sam, parse debt.' 'Debt is a common noun, oppressive mood, and dreadful case.' 'That'll do. Read the next sentence. 'Boys and girls have their play.' 'Phillips, parse boys.' 'Boys am a particular noun, single number, uncertain mood, laughable case, and agrees with girls.' 'The next.' 'Boys is a musical noun, inferior number, conjunctive mood, and belongs to the girls, with which it agrees. 'School is dismissed.'

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

If, as some have asserted, the most excellent poetry is that which produces the greatest effect upon its readers, no productions of our times can stand in competition with those of Byron. If his egotism is too conspicuous throughout all his writings, if he can never separate himself from his subject, or create a hero, but in his own likeness, still, it must be confessed that he expands, and magnifies, and brightens whatever he touches. His misanthrophy, which, in others, would dwarf itself into effeminate weakness, with him rises into gigantic vastness, and is rendered not only tolerable but attractive, by its earnestness and passion. On this account it it is especially pernicious. When Byron prostituted the sacred dignity of poetry to the purposes of vice, he threw around his pictures such a profusion of dazzling light and gorgeous hues as to render them like fallen spirits, "the excess of glory obscured."—Morning, with its dews and fragrance, its sunlight and song; mid-day, with its splendors; evening, with its soft lights, its purdle hues, its golden clouds; and night, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;" the sky, the earth, the ocean, all nature become obedient to his power, and ministered to the delirium of his song. Force, energy, compression, perspicuity are the characteristics of his style. In this respect we have no hesitation in placing Byron in the first rank among those who follow Homer and Dante, Shakspeare and Milton. Contemporary with this great poet was one who, following no model but the restless movement of an unbridled will, marred the powers of his dazzling genius in striving after perfection which, upon his own schem , was utterly unattainable. The immaginative powers of Shelley were of a higher order than those of Byron; but, from an improper choice of subjects on which to exert them, were less effective. By breaking away like the mad coursers of the sun, from the beaten track, the common highway of literature, as he unwisely deemed it, he ran contrary to the principles of his art; since poetry, to engage sympathy, must, however elevated, be still akin to humanity. Nor does this, by any means, exclude originality. The "idea," when developed in the soul of the great poet, whether in a Homer, a Virgil, a Tasso, or a Milton, is still the same. In each it is the creative faculty; in each it exerts a vigorous vitality, and like a beautiful tree, in whatever soil it may be planted, under whatever skies it may flourish, it adapts the materials which surround it to its growth and expansion.—*British Quarterly.*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Mr. Disraeli gained his return for Maidstone in 1837, and his Tory friends entertained the highest hopes for him. He had been supported in his election by Lord Lynhurst and the Carlton Club, and gold had been profusely dispersed to secure his return. Disraeli now threatened to demolish Mr. O'Connell, and immediately people began to pity the great Hibernian Liberator, thinking how the collossal Goliah fell by the sling of the little Jew. The memorable night arrived—the Commons were all assembled, and much strife of words had already arisen, when Mr. Disraeli stood forth. Hushed was every breath—rooted to the ground was every foot—the Speaker pocketed his Snuff-box—the clerks left off mending pens—the strangers in the galery stretched forth their necks—the Parliamentary reporters alone smiled significantly together. Disraeli open his mouth: but, astonishing! O'Connell did not tremble! Loud and rapid were the reports—terrible was the battle of sonorous phrases which rushed forth tumultuously, filling the mighty building with the tremendous din. The spectators, after the first moment of surprise, began to look out for the effects of these shots, and for the vacant place of the Liberator. Lo! there sat O'Connell, as scathless and as cozy as he ever sat in his own arm chair at Derrynane. The truth was out. It was a mountebank trick after all. Disraeli was firing blank cartridges, offending men's ears with horrid sounds, and doing no mischief at all What was more extraordinary, the poor orator could not be convinced of the fact; he fully believed he was banging away grape and cannister; he got into a tremendous fury—fiercely glanced upon two or three grinners more contumacious that the rest; threatened to turn his guns upon other victims—and sat down, exclaiming, "Though I yield now, the time may come when you *shall* hear me."

ANOTHER COMPANY STARTED.—Capt. Howard's company belonging to the new service of Voltigeurs, introduced into the U. States Army leave here this morning for Cumberland, *en route* for the seat of war. This corps numbered one hundred and two men, rank and file, and are a fine noble looking body of soldiers. Their officers are John Eager Howard, Captain; James H. Woolford 1st Lieut.; James A. Frost and James H. Smyth, 2d Lieutenants Success to them.

"How many genders are there?" asked a schoolmaster. "There, Sir," promptly replied little blueyes, "masculine, feminine, and neuter." "Pray, give me an example of each," said the master. "Why, you are masculine, because you are a man; and I am feminine, because I am a girl."—"Very well. Proceed." "I don't know," said the little girl, "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an old Bachelor.

A ROYAL BOWL OF PUNCH.

While in New York, recently, we were shown at Castle Garden a punch bowl, which, for capacity, appeared likely enough once to have accommodated the

"Three wise men of Gotham,
Who went to sea in a bowl,"

for it was indeed sufficiently large for three persons to sit comfortably in; but even this comparatively vast reservoir must dindle into insignificance when compared with that described in the following article which we extract from the London Gentleman's Magazine of August, 1772:

"On the 26th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russel's house, when he was Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediteranean sea. It was made in a fountain, in a garden in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with orange and lemon trees and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz: four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons, 20 gallons of lime juice, 1300 weight fine white Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and a pipe of dry Mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round fountain and filled the cups to the company; and in all probability, more than six thousand men drank thereof."

Saturday Courier

CARRIAGE HORSES IN OLDER TIMES.—In Custis' Recollections of Gen. Washington, he gives the following account of the Stable management, during the time of the Presidency of Gen. Washington.

Fond of horses, the stables of the President were always in the finest order, and his equipage excellent both in taste and quality. Indeed, so long ago as the days of the vice regal court of Lord Botetourt at Williamsburg, in Virginia, we find that there existed a rivalry between the equipages of Col. Byrd, a magnate of the old regime, and Col. Washington, the grays against the bays. Bishop the celebrated body servant of Braddock, was the master of Washington's stables. And there were what was termed *muslin* horses in those old days. At cock crow the stable boys were at work; at sunrise Bishop stalked into the stables; a muslin handkerchief in his hand which he applied to the coats of the animals, and if the slightest stain was perceptible upon the muslin, up went the luckless wights of the stable boys, and punishment was administered instanter; for to the veteran Bishop bred amid the iron discipline of European armies, mercy for anything like a breach of duty was altogether out of the question.

The President's stables in Philadelphia were under the direction of German John and the grooming of the white chargers will rather surprise the moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be rode they were covered entirely over with a paste of which whiting was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful glossy, and satin like appearance. The hoofs were then blacked and cleaned; and the leopard skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service Such was the grooming of ancient times.

FOREIGN OBITUARY.—The steamer Hibernia brings intelligence of the death of Sharon Turner, an eminent English historian, whose principal works are well known in this country. His Anglo Saxon, The Middle Ages, the Sacred History of the World, and a Modern History of England, are considered among his best productions. He died on the 13th of last month, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Macvey Napier, for twenty years an editor of the Edinburgh Review, a Professor of conveyancing in the University an editor of the second edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, died on the 11th of last month.

Captain Dillon, a celebrated French navigator, the discoverer of the Relics of La Peyrouse and his companions died a few weeks since.

SHIPMENT OF BREADSTUFF TO EUROPE.—There have left the port of New York, since January 1st, and to the 20th March, for ports in England, Ireland and Scotland, fifty-five ships, sixty-three barques, sixty eight brigs and five schooners, all freighted with flour, grain, meal, &c.; and from Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston during the same time more than one hundred and fifty square rigged vessels have left with like cargoes for Europe. There at the present time more than eighty large class vessels loading at the latter places with grain, &c. The London and Liverpool packet ships are not included in the above statement.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

☞"Bless me!" exclaimed an old lady, as she threw down the newspaper and wiped her spectacles, "here is John Doe and Richard Roe at law again. They've had a suit, reg'lar every year or so, for more'n thirty years, to my certain knowledge."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-1065.jpg