PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY GRAHAM & JOHNSON. J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

TERMS. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

# THE 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. XXXVI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853. No. 13.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Not exceeding one square (14 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly Advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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## A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this—"I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never teaches
To human hearts a better love
Than this short sentence teaches.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forgive its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter—
We take the cup of life, and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night,
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the Gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

[*Saturday Gazette.*

## A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

In New York, in 1796, my store was in Maiden Lane, within three doors of the store of John Mowatt, an extensive dealer in shoes. His foreman was John Pelsue, who sat behind the counter stitching shoes and waiting on customers as they stepped in. One day a corpse was found in the dock at the foot of the street. The coroner took the jurymen from the neighborhood, and among them John Mowatt, and his foreman, John Pelsue. The corpse lay on a table in the centre of the room. Some of the jurymen remarked that as soon as John Pelsue looked on the corpse he started, turned pale, and looked as if going to faint. He rallied, however—but his subsequent movements occasioned some curious remarks. The jury having rendered a verdict of death by drowning, were discharged. Mowatt turned around to look for his foreman but behold, he was not there. He stepped out of doors, and saw him high up the street, on a half run when he quickly turned a corner. All sorts of inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. This, with his turning pale at the view of the corpse occasioned some strange surmises among the jurors for many days afterwards. John Mowatt was a bachelor of thirty-five, and Pelsue had seen thirty summers.

On a certain day, about one month thereafter, a lady in deep mourning stepped in to Mowatt's store, and asked for a pair of shoes. While John was trying how the shoe fitted, the lady inquired:—

'You had a man in your store, John Pelsue by name—what has become of him?'

'Yes,' said Mowatt, 'but what has become of him I would give a good deal to learn.' He then related the story as above stated.

'Strange,' replied the lady. 'And you have not seen him since?'

'No,' replied Mowatt, 'I have not seen him since.'

'Yes, you have seen him,' replied the lady.

'I certainly,' said Mowatt, 'would not contradict a lady of your appearance; but I have not seen him to my knowledge.'

'Well, then,' says she, 'I am John Pelsue, and that subject on whom we held the inquest was the corpse of my husband.—My family name is Randall. I was born in Philadelphia. I married (against the wishes of my parents) John Connor, a sober, industrious man, by trade a shoemaker. He took to drinking; neglected his business, and once struck me while in liquor. We had no family; so I resolved, while we were stitching shoes together, to learn his trade and leave him. I soon made a passable shoe, when I assumed the male attire, came to New York, and you gave me work as a journeyman. The rest you know.'

John told the present narrator, some days after, that, on hearing this he was dumb-founded.

'Well, madam,' says John, 'what are your plans for the future!'

'I have not formed any plans.'

'Well,' says John, 'I liked you as a journeyman, and when foreman I was pleased; suppose we go into partnership for life?'

In forty-eight hours thereafter they were married. She was a fine looking woman, and might have passed for twenty five.

This, perhaps is the first instance on record of a woman's sitting as a coroner's juryman on the corpse of her husband—The above is a simple tale of truth. I was a witness to all these facts.

GRANT THORBURN.

## NAPOLEON'S BRIDE.

A correspondent of the "*Couier des Etats Unis*," relates of this lady the following incident which lately happened in Paris. We translate:

The other day, M'lle. Montijo had with her a lady who has acquired some reputation in letters, when her *femme de chambre* entered.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to Milady," said she.

"Who is he?"

"Mister X."

"I do not know him."

"It is true; but the gentleman pretends that what he has got to say to Milady is very important, and insists in coming in."

"Let him come in."

[Two minutes after, a gentleman appeared, dressed with a coat which had once been black, but was now greyish, with a at too shining to be new, and with a black colored cravat. The lady pointed out a seat to him.]

"You wish to speak to me sir?" said she.

"Madam," answered the stranger, "I am commissioned to write biographical articles for a work—the first edition of which has already appeared; and I was coming in order to get at their very source the information which I need, in order to write your life."

"O, sir, my story is very simple; I am nothing."

"Pardon, Madam, your place is well known in contemporary letters, and celebrity is now your property."

"Well, sir, famous or not, what do you wish to know of me?"

"The most minute details of your life."

"That is to say, the precise date of my birth, which is very indiscreet; the place in which I was born—and the brief list of my works."

"All that, and as much more, if you please."

"Well, I will prepare a short notice, since you insist upon it, and I will send it to you."

"Thank ye, Madam—and now I have something else to ask?"

"What more?"

"To how many copies of the book which we are publishing, does your Ladyship wish to subscribe?"

"How is that?" answered the lady, whose finely pencilled eye-brows slightly frowned.

"Yes, madam; the articles which we shall have the honor to write on your Ladyship, somewhat depends upon the amount of her subscription; impartial, Madam wishes to take out four copies; it will be favorable, if Madam will take a greater number; and it will be worth the subscription, if Madam will take a great many."

"And if I didn't take any?"

"Then truth—cold, naked truth!"

"Well, said the Countess, smiling, "then it is *my purse or my life* that you ask!—Take my life, and go out."

Her gesture recalled that of Roxana; the gentleman needed no other warning. He went out.

## YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac River was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr B——, a young gentleman skilful as a engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privileges carefully, and to make inquiry as to the prices of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun and fishing tackle, and obtained board in a farmer's house, a Mr. F; and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the canal, and the river and the grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him, 'that he liked the place very well, and thought he should be pleased to come and live there.' The man said 'he should be pleased to have him.'

'Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?'

'Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move.'

'Well, what do you say it is worth, Mr. F?'

'Why, it is worth $1,500, and I won't sell it for less than $3,000.'

'That is too much,' says B, 'I can't give that.'

'Very well you need not.' Here the conversation ended. Mr. B continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days renewed his task with Mr. F., 'I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3,000.

'Why, as to that, Mr. B, you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it for anything less than $6,000.'

'You are joking, Mr. F.'

'Not so Mr. B, I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than twenty-four hours.'

B. finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6,000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards, Mr. B asked the farmer what reason he had in the course of a few days to double the price for his farm and insist upon it. 'Why, Mr. B, I will tell you; a day or two after I offered you the farm for $3,000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac River, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and one went up the river, and the other down, and after some time they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away—I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I was determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double price.

Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.

*From the Cambridge Chronicle.*

## THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SPOILS

Agreeably to the published call for a meeting of the Granite Club of Dorchester county, that august body assembled in force at the Town Hall, in Cambridge, on Saturday night last. The meeting was well attended; better even than in the days of the late campaign, when political feeling was the only inducement to turn out, and the influence of the loaves and fishes had hardly begun to make itself manifest.

The object of the meeting was a good one, viz: to heal the breach in the Democratic ranks, consequent upon the ardent desire of each one of *several* persons to become postmaster of this town. Prior to the assembling of the Granite Club a great show of magnanimity was made. It was declared (by outside democrats,) that all those who had aspired to the post at the outset would surrender their claims, for the party good, in behalf of some worthy individual, not before spoken of, and that the method of doing this was to be by a vote of the Club, which vote was to form a sort of patent safety anti belligerent stepping stone, whereby the post office might be safely entered, without party detriment.

Moved by a very laudable spirit of curiosity to see how things would work, we went to the meeting. There we found a state of affairs not, we must admit, wholly unexpected, but still totally at variance with the pre-expressed intentions of the democracy. Instead of harmonising matters, the action of the body was one continued scene of "noise and confusion" at once absurd and ridiculous. As a prelude to the evening's entertainment, the President gravely announced that, during the recent campaign the club had become indebted to the amount of ten or twelve dollars, and that said debt had not yet been liquidated. It was immediately suggested by some one that the person who should receive the highest number of votes for post master, in the meeting, should foot the bill. A vote was had and the affirmative declared with stamping and applause of all descriptions. Then it was voted upon and decided affirmatively that all persons whose names should be before the Club, at the time of balloting, should abide the decision of the body. This done, the President called for nominations.

A long list was handed in by the Editor of the Democrat, and the names were read aloud by the Secretary. About this time, however, and before a vote could be taken, it was discovered by the rest of the applicants that Mr Solomon Robinson, the one who *was* to have been the recipient of their combined influence, for the sake of party weal, was actually about to obtain a majority of ballots. The reality staggered them. Instantaneously ensued a regular *stampede* of the whole *corps*. They withdrew their names and vanished. Applicants and backers sloped incontinently, and in a few minutes Mr. Robinson and some thirty of his supporters, with a few Whigs who were enjoying the sport, were the sole occupants of the arena. The subsequent work was short. A vote was taken, and Mr. Robinson declared *the man* who, as far as the meeting was concerned, was to receive the post office and its emoluments, *minus the ten dollars* for the debt of the Granite Club.

But the worst was not yet! Mr. Robinson had been nominated, but the public did not know it. It must come out in print,—and so a full account of the proceedings was drawn up and sent to the Editor of the Democrat for publication. Of all the steps taken, this was the most unfortunate.—That worthy functionary had imbibed the spirit of indignation, and was one of those who had indulged in the *stampede*. The writer of the proceedings was politely informed that there was not money enough in the County to pay for the publication. That was the finisher—the mortal stroke,—and its application was the signal for gyrations extraordinary. Some were for starting a new paper,—some for this thing, others for that,—but all wanted the *Post Office*

So the matter stands, "confusion worse confounded." The envoy in Mr. Robinson's behalf has gone on to Washington, and the proceedings have gone to Baltimore to be published. We await the denouement with considerable curiosity.

EFFECT OF SPIRIT RAPPINGS.—A respectable farmer of Long Island, N. Y, a believer in spiritual rappings, it is said has given all his property, valued at $13,000 to a female medium, and he is now in the lunatic asylum. A case of lunacy, growing out of these rappings, is now pending before court in New York. It appears a respectable man, whose friends desire to send him to the lunatic asylum, is under the impression that he is about to be appointed Postmaster General, and he has already promised a number of persons to appoint them deputy postmasters.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The following extracts of letters in the New York Herald, show the pressure for office at Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 9.

All sorts of rumors are afloat as to appointments, but they are nothing more than guesses.

It is understood that the removal of clerks in the departments will not take place till after the important appointments are made, when a thorough overhauling will be had.

Virginia is putting in her claims for two full missions, and has designated Chile and France, with Mr. Mead, for the former, and Mr. Wise for the latter.

It seems to be conceded outside that Mr. Buchanan is to go to England, Mr. Dickinson to Russia, and whether the President is of the same opinion has not transpired.

Mr. Dix is also warmly-spoken of for a mission.

Mr Dickinson's name appears in some of the papers in connection with the New York Custom House; but it is known that he is in favor of Mr. Schell for that office; and Mr. Dickinson's friends indignantly repudiate the idea that he should be offered such an appointment.

A contest is going on for the District Attorneyship of the Southern District of New York, between Hon. Josiah Sutherland and Lorenzo B. Shepard.

Cabinet meetings are held nightly.

Mr. Peaslee, to whom the appointment of Collector of Boston has been given, did not seek the office. It was tendered to him, and it is said he was rather reluctant to accept it. He is a hard shell hunker, and a personal friend of General Pierce.

The New York delegation met this morning for a few minutes, and broke up without doing anything. Mr Cutting and others were disinclined to come to any resolution, on the ground that it would be dictation to the President when he did not seek their advice. This evening Mr. Cutting and Mr. John Wheeler left for New York. The latter being the youngest member of Congress.

A great force of soft shells arrived here to-day from Albany, including Erastus Corning and Peter Cagger.

Another posse of Captain Rynders' friends have arrived from New York.

Some of the Webster men are in expectations of being retained in office, and it is said that General Pierce, at Baltimore, expressed himself in favor of the Websterites. But this seems to be inconsistent with the Baltimore platform, and the platform laid down in the inaugural address.

The New York appointments will not be made in a hurry. Gen. Pierce, it is said, is not at all satisfied with the position taken by the members of Congress, who are holding caucuses, farming out the patronage of the whole country, and presenting him with appointments cut and dried, to save him the trouble of exercising his own judgment, and he is not going to submit to it.

Mike Walsh is playing all sorts of practical jokes on the office seekers.

Lorenzo B. Shepard is here from your city, as is also Mr. R. J. Dillon

The extreme wing of young America is sullen in reference to Gov. Marcy. The platform does not go far enough for it, and there is evident dissatisfaction in that quarter.

The foreign appointments it is said will be in the spirit of the inaugural. It is not true that Mr. Field is a candidate for the Consulate at Leghorn.

There was a tremendous pressure of office seekers at the White House to-day.—All were received in a lump.

Charles Lanman, Mr. Webster's Private Secretary, and Ben Perley Poor, took tea with the President last night—an evidence of his having respect for Mr. Webster's memory.

The New York delegation of new Congressmen had a caucus to-day for the division of the spoils accruing to N. York State, but did nothing, and will sit again.

There are reports in circulation of gathering clouds over the Cabinet. Perhaps the wish is father of the thought, but there is a good deal of talk that way.

The following, from the Baltimore correspondent of the Washington Republic, shows the progress of office seeking in Baltimore:

Governor Lowe, with a goodly number of office seekers from Baltimore, returned this morning in the cars from Washington, having found the immense throng at the Departments overwhelming to all prospects of speedy action or present progress. The new secretaries are already beginning to bow their visitors out with summary haste, and are surrounded by piles of letters and recommendations that would require a year's labor to examine. The Hon. Robert McLane, the Presidential elector for this city, will, it is understood, be called to consult on Baltimore appointments, and he will take care to dispose of them in such a manner as to advance his prospects for the gubernatorial nomination next fall, and his subsequent election.

Governor Lowe's visit to Washington is understood to have been to further the applications of some of his personal friends, especially Judge LeGrand, for the Solicitorship of the Treasury; and it is understood that both the Governor and Mr. McLane will urge the appointment of Col. Jacob G. Davies to the collectorship of Baltimore, he being the first and only choice of the party here—as ex-Governor Thomas depends on the personal friendship of the President, and John Kettlewell on Congressional influence.

DISORDERLY PROCEEDINGS.—On Thursday last some excitement occurred amongst the men "on strike," in consequence of a report that hands were at work in the shops of Mr. Winans at the old rates. During the day a considerable assemblage took place in the vicinity of the works, and apprehensions were entertained by Mr. Winans and the men in the shops that an attack would be made. An application was accordingly directed to the mayor for a detachment of police, and Mr. Mitchell, the High Constable, accompanied by Mr. Wright, his deputy, and as many men as could be hastily collected, proceeded to the spot. By this time the assemblage had become quite formidable in numbers, but no other demonstration had been made.

Mr. Mitchell had an immediate interview with Mr. Winans, and then briefly addressed the crowd cautioning them against any improprieties of conduct, and warning them of the consequences. In compliance with the request of Mr. Winans, he remained on the spot until the whistle blew the signal to cease from work, and then employed his force in escorting the men from the shops, through the crowd, to their respective residences. As the men were brought out, they were successively received with hootings and yells, and were evidently much alarmed. They were all, however, conducted safely away, and without injury to any one of them.

Subsequently, during a temporary withdrawal of Mr. Mitchell to another part of the premises, an incident transpired which for a moment assumed a threatening aspect. One of the officers had previously drawn his pistol, and the high constable told him to put it up. But the command was probably unheeded, and for some reason not explained it was fired into the crowd, who now manifested some exasperation; missiles were then thrown, and several discharges of fire arms took place, but, as it appears, without much injury to anybody. One of the police officers was struck upon the head and considerably hurt. The police then withdrew, with the exception of Messrs. Mitchell and Wright, who remained a short time afterwards. As the crowd began to disperse, they got into their buggy wagon and drove off. Thus the affair ended, and nothing has since transpired; and so far as the proceedings of any of the party were disorderly and lawless, we have reason to believe they are discountenanced by ninety-nine hundreths of the "strikers" themselves.—*Balt. Sun.*

PHILADELPHIA, March 11.

*Horrible Murders.*—An affair of unparralled atrocity came to light this morning. Two women, named Hannah Shaw and Ellen Lynch, were discovered in the front parlor of their residence in Federal street, above 7th, weltering in their blood. Mrs. Lynch was in her night clothes, and her two little children, twins, only two weeks old, were found up stairs in bed crying—A part of the house was occupied by John Carroll and his wife, who had both been out all night to a ball. The murders were not discovered until Mrs. Carroll returned home at 7 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Lynch's husband is a marine, who was paid off here on Tuesday, and left the next day for New York, leaving with his wife seven or eight twenty dollar gold pieces. Her trunk was found broken open and the money gone. The locks had been forced open with a dirk knife, a piece of which was found near the trunk covered with blood. The deceased were sisters. Hannah Shaw had been married twice and was about 40 years of age. Ellen Lynch was about 36. The affair has created intense excitement. John Carroll, who is a colporteur or book agent, was arrested on suspicion; but, upon examination, was acquitted. A man named Spring has since been arrested on suspicion, and blood has been found upon his clothes.

*Second Despatch.*—Upon an examination of the bodies of the murdered women, forty-one stabs were found upon Mrs. Lynch, five entering the heart, and 17 wounds on Mrs. Shaw. An attempt was made to burn down the house after the murder; but the fire went out, after burning a hole in the kitchen floor. A number of arrests have been made on suspicion, including Arthur Spring, a Sing-Sing convict. No money or knife was found upon him.

ANOTHER AMERICAN CITIZEN ARRESTED AT BREMEN.—The Savannah Republican states that another case of arrest, similar to that of the editor of that paper, has occurred at Bremen, in the person of Conrad Schmidt, who went to Bremen some months ago on a visit to his relations in Hanover, with a regular passport from the State Department at Washington. On the 24th of January last, while yet in Bremen, he was arrested by the Bremen police on the requisition of a Hanoverian magistrate, for military service due Hanover in 1841, and thrown into prison. Our Consul at Bremen, Mr. King, being unable to procure his release, referred the matter to Mr. Bernard, our Minister at Berlin, who made a strong representation to the authorities of Bremen, and Schmidt was liberated.—What renders this arrest more provoking is, that Schmidt had witnesses to prove that he owed no service to Hanover; that he left that kingdom in 1839, and had never been in the Hanoverian army.

*From the American Farmer.*

## WORK FOR THE MONTH—CORN.

With us it is too early by many, many weeks, to put in this crop, but still not too early to be providing the manure to feed the crop with; for of all the cultivated plants, we know of none that is so gross a feeder as it. Besides, as it will be corn-planting time in a large area of country where our journal circulates, before we have the pleasure of another chat with our friends, we say to one and all,—unless your land be really rich in those elements, organic as well as inorganic, upon which the cornplants feed, make up your minds to put no more acres in corn than you can liberally manure—no more than you treat to a generous dose of nutritive manure of some kind, not forgetting that ashes, bone dust, plaster and salt, are admirable assistants to whatever nutritive manures may be used. Corn, as we know from experience, cannot well be fed too highly.—Upon one occasion, by way of experiment, we ploughed in at the rate of 20 double-horse cart-loads, say thirty bushels to each, of rough stable and barn yard manure, 8 inches deep, then applied 10 loads of half rotten barn-yard manure per acre, broadcast, ploughed it in 4 inches deep, harrowed, rolled, and then gave a top-dressing consisting of 10 bushels of ashes, 2 bushels of salt, and 1 bushel of plaster, to each acre, harrowed and rolled the land, then laid off the furrows 4 feet a part, listed 3 feet asunder, and, as we planted the corn, we gave to each hill half a shovel full of rich compost, in which to every ten loads, there were 5 bushels of ashes and 1 of plaster. The corn was cultivated exclusively with the cultivator and hoe, and the product was at the rate of 128½ bushels of shelled corn to the acre. Upon a large scale, corn planters cannot well afford to take such pains with their crops; nor to manure so heavily, and we only mention the fact, to show that, in the same measure of generosity with which they may treat this crop, so will be its return, for as men should ever be, it is always grateful for favors bestowed, whether they be in the shape of food or cleanly culture.

The following *table will show the quantities of inorganic substances abstracted from an acre of ground by a crop of corn;* by which the planter will perceive, at a glance, what substances he should provide in *addition* to his barn-yard or stable manure, or composts, to meet the wants of the plants. The following are the quantities. Of

| | |
|---|---|
| Silicie acid, | 189,040 |
| Sulphuric acid, | 53.569 |
| Phosphoric acid in the grain and cob, | 25.799 |
| Phosphates of iron, lime & magnesia in the straw and fodder, | 72.066 |
| Potash, | 72.463 |
| Soda, | 99.463 |
| Lime, | 16.761 |
| Magnesia, | 24.596 |
| Chlorine, | 33.294 |
| Organic acids, | 12.203 |
| | 599,264lbs |

Now we hold, that all these substances may be supplied to an acre of soil by 4 bushels of bones, 10 bushels of ashes, 2 bushels of salt, and 1 bushel of plaster—These several substances should be well mixed together, and left in bulk 10 or 14 days, then shoveled over, spread broadcast over the ground after it shall have been manured, ploughed, harrowed and rolled. The ground should then be harrowed, rolled, and laid off into furrows.

NEGROES IN ILLINOIS.—A very rigid law has recently passed the Legislature of Illinois, in pursuance of the requirements of the new constitution of that State. It provides that every negro or mulatto, bond or free, who shall come into the State and remain ten days with the evident intention of residing therein, shall be deemed guilty of high misdemeanor, and be fined fifty dollars; and if the fine is not paid forthwith he or she is to be sold at public auction to any person who will pay the fine and costs for the shortest time—and the purchaser shall have the right to compel the negro or mulatto to work for and serve out such time. If the offender does not leave the State within ten days from the expiration of this servitude, he or she is liable to a second prosecution, the penalty being increased to one hundred dollars; and so on, with an addition of fifty dollars to the penalty for every offience—the same proceedings being had as to sale as in the first case.

THE ORLEANS FORTUNE.—It appears the nett proceeds of the Orleans property, now that all the sales have been perfected, is in round numbers, thirty-seven millions of francs. This will leave each of the children of Louis Philippe worth only about a million of dollars apiece. The grand children, of course, will divide their deceased parent's share. Consequently, the young Count of Paris, who would now be King of the French, if the Orleans dynasty had continued, will receive but half a million, his younger brother taking the other half. Circumstances arising out of the will of his aunt, Madame Adelaide, may, it is said, deprive him even of this half a million, and leave him entirely penniless.

A WINDFALL FOR A CONVICT.—A notorious pickpocket named Bob Sutton, sixty years old, at present confined in the Auburn, N. Y., State prison, where he was sentenced for five years for robbery, received a letter from England a few days since, stating that by the death of a relative in England, he is heir to property valued at over ninety thousand dollars.

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