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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, MAY 21, 1853. No. 22.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12 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 desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the publishers, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

Ginghams, Ginghams, Ginghams.

MANSFIELD & HARRISON have a large stock of superior Dress Ginghams, (at 12½ cts. per yard) superior quality, and warranted good colors. [apr 30—tf s

GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received a supply of *GARDEN SEED*, from Messrs. R. Sinclair, Jr., & Co., and Sam'l Ault & Son—warranted fresh and genuine—for sale by W. JONES.

St. Michaels, March 5, 1853.—tf

LOOK HERE.

Felix Extract Coffee,	London Brown stout,
Baker's Chocolate,	Baker's Broma,
Very superior Mustard,	Very sup. Bl'k Pepper,
Best No. 1 Lime,	" " Cayenne, do.:
Very sup. Oolong black,	Lovering's Loaf sugar,
and Green Teas,	" crush'd & pulv. do.
Washing soda,	Brown sugars,
Starch,	superior Rosin soap,

Patapsco Flour, &c., &c.,

in store and for sale by C. H. HAMMOND.

P. S.—Corn, Wheat and Oats taken in exchange for Goods and bills. C. H. H.

apr 30

NOTICE.

THE Farmer's Steam Mills at Easton Point are now in good order, and the subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of Sawing and Grinding in the best manner. There is connected to the establishment a smut Machine and Crusher for crushing corn in the cob for cattle.

The subscriber feels grateful for past favors, and will spare no pains in order to give satisfaction to his customers. M. McBRIDE.

N. B.—The subscriber wants to employ a laborer, of good character and industrious habits, to work in the mill. A man with a family would be preferred. A house will be provided.

Easton Point, March 19. M. McB.

DR. J. H. ANDERSON. LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

ANDERSON & CAMPBELL,

(SUCCESSORS TO CHAMBERLAINE & ANDERSON)

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES. PAINTS, OILS, Dyestuffs, Window Glass, &c.

Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of genuine DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, SPICES, PERFUMERY, &c.

As it is of the first importance that all Drugs intended for Prescriptions should be of standard purity, particular attention will be had to their selection.

To meet the wants of Physicians, attention will also be had to procuring new remedies and new Pharmaceutical preparations. [jan 8

NEW CHINA STORE.

JOSEPH S. HASTINGS, Jr.,

Importer, & Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

China, Glass & Queensware,

No. 202 Baltimore st., North side, between ST. PAUL & CHARLES STS., BALTIMORE,

DESIRES to inform the public that he has just laid in an entirely new and elegant assortment of every description of *Plain and Fancy Ware*, such as *White, Gold-Band and Painted French China Dinner, Dessert, Tea & Breckfast Sets Rich Vases of Beautiful Shapes and Styles.*

FANCY MUGS & CUPS, with or without Mottoes, CASTORS, with Cut and Moulded Bottles, Cut & Pressed Tumblers, Goblets, Wines, Champaigns, &c.,

Of New and Beautiful styles.

JELLIES, BOWLS & DISHES TO MATCH.

An extensive and well selected stock of GRANITE & COMMON WARE.

Country Merchants, Hotel Keepers, Steamboat and Ship Agents, Private Families, and all others who may want articles in this line, are invited to call and examine the stock and prices.

apr 16—1y

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

THE subscriber takes this method again to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended towards him, and would at the same time inform them that he has just returned from the city with the largest assortment ever before purchased by him, and name in part as follows:

Gold and Silver Lever Watches,

Gold Guard and Vest Chains; Steel Chains; Gold Keys; Gold Pens; Gold and Silver Pencils; Gold Breastpins; Finger Rings; Cuff Pins; Perfumed Bracelets so extensively worn in the city; Silver Thimbles & Shields; Gold Ear Rings; silver Fruit Knives; silver Butter Knives; Albatta do; Albatta Table, Desert and Tea Spoons; Pearl and Tortoie shell Card Cases; fine Port Monies; Paper Mache and Morocco Portfolio's; Bead Bags and Purses; Greenmountain, Empire, Bloomer and Twist Hair Combs; Buffalo and English Raw Horn Dressing Combs; fine tooth do; Comb Brushes; Nail do; Hair do; Fine Razors; Razor strops; shaving Boxes and Brushes; Accordians and Violins; Fine double and single Barrel Guns; shot Belts; Powder Flasks; Bird Bags; Center Waterproof Percussion Caps; Genuine Walker do; also a large assortment of fine CUTLERY. Also a large assortment of *PERFUMERY*. Also a large assortment of TOYS for the Children.

BOOKS & STATIONARY,

in part as follows:

Large Family Bibles; Pocket do; Prayer Books; Hymn Books; Annuals; a large collection of Poems and Miscellaneous works for old and young; also a large assortment of School Books; Cap Paper; best French and English Letter Paper; Note do; Envelopes; Inkstands, Sand Boxes, &c., &c.

Also a good assortment of

Fruits and Confectionary

such as Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Malaga Grapes, Citron, Figs, Currants, Prunes, Candies assorted, Jujube Paste, Almonds, Chesnuts, Filberts, Apples, &c. Also Jumbles, Lemon Cakes, Ginger Nuts, Jenny Lind Cakes, Pickles and Catsup, &c. &c.

Also a large assortment of *GROCERIES*, such such as Broken Loaf and Brown Sugar; Coffee; New York Syrup and New Orleans Molasses; Salt; Cheese; Soap and Candles; Table Salt in small Bags; Buckwheat Flour in small Bags; Starch; Saltpeter; Pepper; Salaratus; Allspice; Cinnamon; Cloves; Ginger, &c. &c. Also **17,000 Havana Cigars** and a lot of fine **Chewing Tobacco** and a great many articles too tedious to mention in an advertisement.

The above goods have been selected with great care and bought on the best terms and will be sold low for cash or on time to punctual paying Customers. My friends and the public generally are respectfully invited to give me an early call and they will find me as obliging and as ready to wait on them as I have ever been heretofore.

The public's ob't servant,

dec 18 CHARLES ROBINSON.

CRAPE SHAWLS—Just received another supply of those cheap CANTON CRAPE SHAWLS, from $8 to $20. Also, some very handsome Cashmere ditto. (apr 30) J. H. GRACE.

HOPE.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

I watched a bubble broad and bright,
That on the streamlet played,
And a gay world of life and light,
In painted pictures met my sight,
Around its disk arrayed.

Green vales and valleys caught my view,
And fertile fields of flowers;
The sky was paved with azure-blue,
And blooming blossoms dipt in dew,
Hung o'er the beauteous bowers.

And fancy's fairest forms were there,
Of blushing beauty bright;
They seemed to wander free from care,
Upon this little world of air,
Nor feared nor clouds nor night.

But ah! the quick returning tide
Swept o'er the watery world:
And all its gay and gilded pride,
Sunk, as I hastily espied
The wave that o'er it curled.

And thus does hope, man's fondest prayer,
Beam on his beating breast;
It pictures scenes of pleasure fair,
Then comes the wave of dark despair,
And as it sweeps his bosom bare,
The bubble rolls to rest.

THE GAMING COUNTESS.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

A frequent visitor in the fashionable saloons of St. Petersburg, was Colonel Hermann, a young man originally of a German family — He had served under the Russian flag without any opportunity of achieving the distinction for which he panted; and now that the fall of Napoleon, and the pacification of Europe, had closed every avenue to military eminence, Hermann felt the necessity either of extinguishing his ambition, or turning it to some other channel.

It might be supposed he had adopted the former course, as his way of life was very quiet and unpretending. With a sufficient income to live respectably, he made no effort to increase it, even by the resources of play. Indeed his abstinence from all games of chance, became a subject of general remark; the more especially as he frequented gambling saloons, and appeared to watch the vicissitudes of the play, if not with feverish interest—at least with earnest attention.

"One would think," said his friend Novaritch, "that as you are evidently interested in the game, you must have the same reasons for abstaining from cards as are supposed to influence the old Countess Fedotovan."

"I suppose," replied Hermann, "that her reasons are merely devotional. When we are about to quit the world, it is natural to prepare by quitting its amusements: but I, who am just entering on life, cannot pretend to any such praisworthy motives. The truth is I do not choose to sacrifice a sure competence for the chance of a superfluity."

But this was not all the truth. In fact, it was the determination of Hermann to acquire wealth, as the only path to distinction that now offered; and he saw no means of effecting his purpose with sufficient rapidity, save at the gambling table.

His pride preserved him, at least for the present, from associating with sharpers to learn their arts; indeed, he thought he could very well dispense with the expedients. Naturally of a calculating turn of mind, he had taken up the idea that, by studying the play of others, he would be able to reduce the chances to a system; and in the meantime, he laid by all his spare funds, as a capital to commence with when his system should be sufficiently perfected to be put in practice.

"You do the lady's piety too much honor," said Novaritch. "Though she is now in her eighty-seventh year, she still takes a part in the dissipations of fashionable life; and is in much request in society, not only from a reputation for wit, which she justifies by saying very little—and an old woman must have not only a good deal of wit but an uncommon share of wisdom, if she is not garrulous in company—but there is another attraction about her, in a mysterious tradition, which perhaps, however, was only invented to explain her indifference to cards."

"I never had the pleasure of hearing it," said Hermann, "can you gratify my curiosity?"

"The story runs," said Novaritch, "that some sixty years ago she was on a visit to Paris with her husband, and plunged headlong into that licentious capital. The sums she spent at play were enormous, and made serious inroads in her husband's fortune. At last she incurred a debt of honor, (!) which her husband firmly told her it was impossible to pay, for they were completely ruined. In her despair she had recourse to the celebrated Count St. Germain, a mysterious adventurer, who professed to have attained the art of making gold, of prolonging life, of restoring youth, and other of those secrets for which poor humanity is always yearning. Hence he was in much request with those who had no other resources. He was, besides, well received in good society, and the Countess had often met with him in the first circles.—It is even said there was considerable intimacy between them; but we must suppose that was all scandal.

"'My beautiful Countess,' said the thaumaturgist, 'I could easily hand you the necessary funds; but I am sensible any thing like pecuniary transactions sadly disturb the romance of friendship.' (I am not sure that was the word he used.)

"'I think I might venture to confide to you a marvelous secret, which would more than redeem your losses, but it is with great hesitation, as considering the source whence I derived it, which I am not at liberty to name, it may work you ill, directly or indirectly — But I have some hope that, even for my sake; you will faithfully follow my directions, and thus your risk will be less."

"The countess was eager with her protestations. Saint Germain then showed her three cards. 'To-night,' said he, you will stake heavily on these cards, and you will win. To-morrow night, you will risk the winnings in addition to the stake, on the second card; and the next night all you have staked and all you have won, is to be risked on the third card. You will inevitably win, but from that hour you must renounce cards for ever, or some dreadful misfortune will attend you.'

"The story [illegible] countess faithfully [illegible] and successfully followed the directions given her, and never touched a card since."

"Bah!" said Hermann; "she might win three nights running, by accident; it might also be known that she had been in conversation with that splendid charlatan; but probably those are the only facts of the case. And supposing there was such a secret, and that she could make no further use of it herself, why did she not confide it to some of her family, who might profit by it?"

"From fear of some misfortune to them by their not conforming to all the obligations.—It is even said she was once prevailed on by a favourite nephew to intrust him with the secret, in view of promoting his marriage with a young lady in whom she took an interest.—Unluckily the nephew was not content with the winnings of the third night. He went to another saloon, thinking of repeating the same process, and staked every thing on the first card, and lost—and, of course shot himself."

"The idiot!" exclaimed Hermann, and then smiling, he added, "but what are we better, to give a moment's credit to such figments of the brain?"

But in the solitude of his chamber he reasoned somewhat differently. "Of course," said he "Saint Germain, in his pretensions to the supernatural, was amusing himself with proper credulity; but it does not follow that he was not master of some of the deeper mysteries of nature. And I am not prepared to say that he may not have brought to perfection the discovery which as yet eludes my study."

Hermann then gave himself up to a magnificent revery, as to the use he would make of his winnings if the secret ever came into his possession. He saw himself the master of a princely estate, ennobled, elevated in power, and connected by marriage with the imperial race. Suddenly awaking to the reality of his position, as an obscure foreign adventurer of humble fortune, without influence, friends or connections—the contrast was not to be endured—he sprang to his feet, snatched up his cloak and cap, rushed into the street, and wandered he knew not whither.

His attention was suddenly arrested by a palace, gleaming with a thousand lights; carriages were incessantly rolling to or from the door; and, as the guests passed in, he heard the names of Princes, and generals, and councillors of state, and high born dames.

"Whose palace is this?" he inquired of a stander by.

"The Countess Fedotovna's"

Hermann's resolution was instantly taken, and, as one of the princes passed in, Hermann stepped in among the retinue; but instead of proceeding with them to the great stairs, he slipped behind one of the pillars of the corridor. Watching an opportunity, he proceeded along the shaded side of the corridor, till he came to the stairs which led to the rear apartments. Trusting to his ingenuity to find some excuse if he met any one on the way, lightly passed up the winding stair-case. The sounds of music and revelry apprised him when he had reached the floor which was the scene of the ball; but he passed rapidly on to the floor above, without meeting any person he knew. All the doors were closed, and he stood for a moment hesitating which to attempt. At last he opened one at a venture and found himself in a dark room, but saw at its extremity a glimmering of light through the cracks of a door opening into another apartment. Proceeding to that door he gently pushed it open. A lady was seated with her back towards him. At the sound of his steps she started up and covering her face with her hands exclaimed: "Who are you? and on whose account are you here?"

"On yours, only lady," exclaimed Hermann

"Oh, for pity's sake, do not betray me!—let me for once, have the poor consolation of pouring out my heart before you, even if my next moment must be to die. Oh, fairest of women, from the first moment I ever beheld you, I could not rest day or night until I might behold you once more. Your beauty has been ever present to my sight. Your name has been treasured in the depth of my heart!"

In truth Hermann would have been much perplexed if suddenly asked what that name was, and, as yet, he had never seen the lady's face in his life; though from the well-rounded arm, and finely moulded hand, he judged he was not passing the limits of probability, in alluding to her beauty.

The young lady uncovered her face, but it hardly deserved the trouble; the features were passable, but wanting in expression.—Even the novelty and excitement of the situation, had failed to impart anything like animation to the insipid prettiness of her countenance.

"What a lovely arm!" thought Hermann, "and that it should be thrown away on such a face. Well, all the better—it speaks the amiable simplicity most needful to my purpose." And he was on his knees, in an attitude of deprecating humanity, while his eyes were gazing into hers with an impassioned tenderness it was equally impossible for her to resist or to imitate.

"I fear," said the lady, "you mistake me for some one else. Do you know that I am only Elizabeth, the poor cousin of the Countess, hardly as well treated as her waiting maid?"

"Yes, charming Elizabeth, I am aware of all that, and it was to rescue you from a position so unworthy of you, that I have risked my life to find my way to you. But why do I say I risk my life? The Countess cannot but have heard of Colonel Hermann. She cannot but know that I am of a good family, worthy to match with hers, and that I possess an honorable independence. Dearest Elizabeth, I but wait your consent to ask hers."

"Oh, but she would never consent even to see you."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Hermann, and tearing a leaf from his tablets, he wrote, in his most legible hand, a few words in the French language.

"Give this secretly to the Countess," said he; "if she takes no notice of it, you will only have to say, when questioned, that it was put in your hand by a stranger, who disappeared the next moment. But if it has the effect I expect, you can judge, by that, of my influence, and have no fear of the conse-

Elizabeth, with some hesitation, descended to the ball-room; the Countess was seated in a *fauteuil*, gazing at the festivities with a quiet smile, rather of good-breeding than of enjoyment. The attitute was one of languor and indifference. But as the conversation of some players just rising from a card-table reached her ear, a sudden flash of animation kindled in her eyes. One of the gentlemen had just declared that the run of luck he had now witnessed was without example.

"You know little about it," said the Countess, as, leaning on two of her attendants, she approached the table. She paused a moment, and then taking up the pack of cards, and running them over, she muttered,

"Yes once more before I die."

At this moment Elizabeth was at her side, and slipped the note in her hand; the Countess opened it, glanced at its contents, and striking off her attendants and almost forcing her way through the guests who were gathering around to offer their services, she said to Elizabeth,

"Lead the way to my chamber, and then—"

Elizabeth, rather appalled at her success, conducted the Countess to her chamber; the old lady sank into the easy chair, and called for a glass of wine.

"I am ready," said she; "send him here, and keep watch that no one intrudes."

In a few moments Hermann stood before her. The Countess gazed at him in stupefaction. It was evident whoever she had expected to see, it was not Hermann.

"Be not alarmed, most noble Countess," said Hermann, gently and respectfully. "You see before you a young man born with lofty aspirations and refined tastes, which fortune forbids him to indulge. He resorts to you for what you alone can grant. Do not hesitate, noble lady, to place wealth at my disposal, for by all that is sacred, I will make a noble and generous use of it!"

"A singular robber!" said the Countess, half unconsciously,—"After all, was there ever such a person as Rinaldo Rinaldini?"

"Madam," said Hermann, "do not insult me and yourself by so unworthy a construction of my words. It is not my purpose to rob you of anything that can be of value to you. But I would implore you, by all the happiness you have ever known, by all your hopes of happiness to come—(the Countess sighed heavily)—intrust me with the secret of the three winning cards."

"Can you put faith in such idle reports?" said the Countess, with a sneer that was almost lost in a shudder.

Hermann was on his knees, but he sprang to his feet, and drew a pistol which he pointed at the Countess.

"Do not trifle with me, lady!" All my hopes on earth rest on your answer. I demand your secret—speak—will you answer me?"

The Countess rose to her feet; a scarcely articulate sound escaped from her lips—was Hermann deceived, or did she answer. Yes? She threw up her arms, and fell back in her chair.

"Speak—answer me—name the cards!"

He took her hand, but let it drop. He threw the door open, and rushed out. Elizabeth, who was on the watch, caught his arm—he tore himself away, as he exclaimed,

"The Countess is dead,—and I shall be accused!"

Elizabeth rushed to the Countess. Her screams alarmed the house. The guests poured in with the domestics. By order of the physicians who were unwilling to give up all hope, the waiting-maids conveyed the Countess to bed, and proceeded to remove her ball dress;—a note fell out of her bosom.

"This may, perhaps, throw some light on the subject," said one of the surgeons, as he handed the note to a priest. The ecclesiastic opened the note, and read aloud these few but significant words:—

"You are expected. Remember Saint Germain!"

A shudder ran through the assembly. The priest dropped the note, and making the sign of the cross, rapidly disappeared, and was soon followed by the guests, though with more decorus leisure.

The domestics were not slow in following the guests. Some, indeed, were appointed to keep watch by the dead, but none could be prevailed on to remain in the same room. As to Elizabeth, she had been carried to bed raving.

"Fiend! monster! wretch—out of my sight!" "Poor Elizabeth!" thought the servants; "she must have seen the evil one when he came for his own!"

And yet the dead Countess was not quite alone all that night. At about two o'clock in the morning, a man was standing at her bedside, gazing earnestly at her ghastly face, the more horrible that the false ringlets and the ball-room wreath of roses had not yet been removed from her head.

"Dead! and soon to be burried! and such a priceless secret to be buried with her. Departed spirit, wherever and whatever thou now art suffering, come back, if it be but for a moment, to tell me that secret for which I yearn, and, in return for that moment, I will assume an age of thy sufferings! Come back!—speak! answer me!"

It might be the glimmer of the lamp on the dead face, but it did seem as if a ghastly smile spread over her countenance, and as if her staring eyes, which no one had yet closed, winked at him: desperate as he was he could not bear it, and, hastily gliding out of the room, he made his escape from the palace. As he rapidly traversed the streets, he cast a frequent glance behind, as if apprehensive of being followed by the horrible apparition.

He entered his lonely rooms. It seemed to him as if there was a rustling of a robe on the stairs. He flung the door to, and locked it, and then laughed in a mocking way at the folly of such a precaution to exclude a supernatural visitant. The only light was from the coal fire. A lamp stood on the table in the front room, ready to be lighted; throwing open the folding doors, he advanced to the table: as he came near to it, he raised his eyes to a mirror which hung over it, and he stood motionless. Reflected in the glass, he saw the Countess standing behind him—her countenance disfigured alike by the ravages of time and the distortation of death; the false tresses still waving around it, with the wreath of roses twined among them; in one of her hands, which was elevated, she held three cards.—Even in the horror of that unutterable moment, he rivited his gaze upon those cards; but how was he to be sure of the order in which they were to be played? He began to name them—"Ace,"—he saw her head shake dissentingly. "Three, seven, ace." At each word the apparition nodded, and, at the last, three times. He turned round—but no—there was no visible presence; he again looked in the glass, but it only reflected his own image. He lighted the lamp, and, on the blank page of the first book he opened, he wrote the figures 3 7 1, to keep the secret ever accessible to himself, and at the same time unintelligible to others. Mechanically he looked at the title-page of the book;—it was the Bible his dying mother had given him years ago!—With a shudder he laid it aside. He leaned his head upon his arms, and in that position fell asleep. He dreamed that he stood before a table heaped with gold and bank notes; that at one side stood the Countess offering him the three winning cards, which he had already taken hold of, when his mother stood at the other side, with a look of entreaty to fling them away;—he glanced from one to the other, and then at the table,—and he awoke.

The morning was far advanced; the sun shone brightly through the window-blinds. All nature seemed cheerful. Hermann's spirits rose; and as he despatched a hearty breakfast, he smiled at the phantasms of the night.

"What does it all amount to?" thought he. "I frightened the poor old woman to death in my absurd curiosity, and all the rest is the creation of an imagination disturbed for the time by the shock. It is curious, indeed, I should think of those three particular cards, and remember them so well. Three, seven, ace—yes—here they are written down. Well, for mere curiosity, I will try what virtue is in them."

In the evening he repaired to one of the most fashionable saloons. His appearance was hardly noticed, as it was supposed he only came, as usual, as a mere spectator.—But at the moment the dealer cut a new pack, he asked if he might draw a card.

"With pleasure," said the dealer.

Hermann drew one, and made a mark on the back with his pencil.

"How much did you say?" inquired the banker.

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," said Hermann, coolly.

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and every eye turned to Hermann's impassive face.

"Excuse me," said the banker, "but you know that five thousand roubles is considered pretty high play."

"It may be so—but do you stand the game or do you not?"

"Of course I do; but I would beg leave to observe that, though I have entire confidence in all my customers, the rules of the game require a deposit of the stake."

Hermann had converted all his funds into one billet, which he now handed to the banker. After narrowly scanning it, the banker bowed, and laid it on the card. He then dealt. A ten came up on the left, and a three on the right.

"Three wins!" exclaimed Hermann, showing his cards. The banker turned pale, and, with a forced smile, asked if he must settle at once.

"If you please," said Hermann.

The banker took out his pocket-book, counted a roll of money, and handed it to Hermann, whose acquaintances gathered round him, congratulating him on his brilliant *debut*. Hermann smiled slightly, bowed and retired.

The next night he again made his appearance. Every one made room for him, and then eagerly gathered round him, as he stood by the table, waiting his turn. In addition to his billet he now deposited his winnings of the preceding evening. The dealer turned up a seven on the right and a five on the left.

"Seven wins!" exclaimed Hermann, showing his card, and in a moment after, he pocketed the ninety four thousand roubles, and with a slight bow disappeared, amid murmurs of astonishment.

The strange story of his unexampled fortune spread through the city, and the saloon was so thronged the next night, that it was with difficulty he made his way to the table. He staked his ninety-four thousand roubles, while a deadly palor came over the face of the banker.

The cards were turned—an ace on the right and a queen on the left.

"Ace wins!" exclaimed Hermann.

"Your queen loses?" replied the banker, sweeping the stakes to himself the moment Hermann turned his card.

Hermann took up his card,—could he believe his eyes? By what accursed fatality had he, in his haste, drawn the queen of spades instead of an ace?

As he stood gazing at the card, the face appeared to assume a fantastic resemblance to that of the dead Countess, and to be grinning at him derisively.

He tore the card to pieces. Was it imagination, or did he hear a groan at every fragment?

He rushed madly away.

Novaritch stood looking after him till he disappeared, and then said, sententiously, "He had the devil's own luck at the start, but, somehow, the devil always deserts his friend at the critical moment."

THE BAFFLED LAWYER.

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country by the soubriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon "Crazy Pat" being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a "point;" but he was excessively annoyed to find that "Crazy Pat's" evidence was consistent thro'-out.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but——"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sur, it wud'nt be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself, an' lave me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court-room, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh! And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox-hide."

"Well, sur, since it sames to be very important fur ye to know, it's myself that'll jist tell ye—that's intirely owin' to circumstances, intirely."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll just step down the lane, afther the Coort, I'll give ye physical demonstration that I cud tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of 3 minutes."

The unexpected reply of the witness, brought forth roars of laughter, in which the Bench heartily joined; whilst the baffled attorney, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed "Crazy Pat" that he was no longer required.

THE POT BOILS.—Mr. Skinner, an applicant for the Hagerstown Post Office, whose claims were set aside or overruled by the Hon. W. T. Hamilton, notwithstanding he was the choice of almost the entire party, is out in the "Herald" of last week, with a lengthy address to the voters of the 2d Congressional District, and follows it up this week with another letter, in which he handles the Honorable gentleman *without gloves* and intimates that the punishment inflicted is in comparison to that which is to come what a "10 o'clock bite is to a regular dinner."—Give him fits for he or any person that usurps such power and authority, richly merits punishment.

That the people may know how their servants act, we give briefly the particulars in this case, which are these:—Mr Skinner was recommended for the office by 400 out of the 498 voters of the town, besides by numerous letters from some of the most prominent men of the party in the State; but he not being the choice of Mr. Hamilton, his recommendations were set aside, the will and voice of the people disregarded and another appointed in his place.

It seems the President adopted a rule to appoint to office the person named by the Congressman from the District where the party resides and the office is located. Such a rule we are free to say, is anti-Republican and anti-Democratic. Mr. Pierce must have been absent-minded when he adopted it, for it is a departure from Democratic principles, is arbitrary and tyranical. The people have a right to be heard. More on this hereafter.—*Boonsboro' Odd Fellow, (neutral.)*

THE PRETENDED BOURBON.—We find in the Courier des Etats Unis an affidavit sworn to by a woman over 80 years of age, named Mary Ann Williams, who says she is the natural mother of the Rev. Eleaser Williams, the pretender to Bourbon legitimacy. She states also that the first intimation she ever had of his pretensions to a royal birth was from one William Woodman, an Oneida Indian, who came to her about three years ago and asked her if she would not be willing to go before a magistrate and swear that Eleaser was not her son, but was given to her to bring up; she told him she would do no such thing, as she knew him to be her son; that Eleaser has since mentioned to her that some of his friends thought he was not an Indian but descended from royal parentage; she told him it was no such thing, that he was her son.

TORNADO—*Four Persons Killed.* We learn that a most terrible tornado passed over Morse's Point, in lower Princess Ann county, Va., on Sunday evening. Four dwelling houses were blown down, in one of which (owned by Mr. Raleigh Grimsted) were his wife and three children, all of whom were killed.—Mr. G. being absent escaped. A large number of other persons were badly injured, some, it is feared, mortally. Trees were wrung into atoms, and its course is marked for miles through the forest, while everything that came in its way was laid prostrate. So violent was the wind that in one instance a well gum sunk several feet in the ground was blown up, and one or two houses were blown entirely away.

POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—A young man named Theodore A. Rossie, a clerk in the foreign letter department of the New York Post Office, was detected on Wednesday by Mr. Jas. Holbrook, a special agent, in the act of rifling a letter. He was immediately arrested and committed. It is supposed that his depredations have been continued during the last two years, but as they were confined to foreign letters, it was at first believed the robberies were committed on the other side.

SAD MORTALITY.—The Princess Ann (Md.) Eastern Shoreman records the deaths, within one week, of Wm. S. Broughton, Mrs. Grace Broughton, Mrs. Esther Adams, Mrs. Sally Adams and Miss Henrietta Broughton—a brother, three sisters and a sister-in-law.

ENORMOUS FEES.—According to the report of Comptroller Flagg, of New York city, the amount of fees paid to the Corporation Attorney and counsel for the year 1852, (besides certain perquisites not included) amounted to the enormous sum of seventy-one thousand two hundred and ninety-six dollars and three cents. The sum exceeds the aggregate salaries of the Governors of thirty States, including California, the salary of the Governor of which is ten thousand dollars. The interest on this sum at New York legal rates, would amount to the very respectable income of five thousand dollars, a sum quite sufficient for any city official's salary.

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