General Republican Star and Advertiser

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BY
THO. PERRIN SMITH.

TERMS

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum, payable half yearly in advance.—No paper can be discontinued until the same is paid for.

Advertisements are inserted three weeks for *One Dollar*, and continued weekly for *Twenty-Five Cents* per square.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BY virtue of five writs of venditioni exponas, issued out of Talbot county Court, and to me directed, against Richard Darden, at the suit of the following persons, viz:—one at the suit of John D. Nabb, one other at the suit of Louisa Darden, one other at the suit of Andrew S. Anthony and Tho. Auld, Adm'rs. of Aaron Anthony, one other at the suit of the State of Maryland, for the use of John Edward Scott by Jesse Scott his Guardian, and one at the suit of the State of Maryland, for the use of Geo. W. Scott by Jesse Scott his Guardian; also by virtue of an execution against the said Darden for Officer's Fees for 1828 and 1829; will be sold for Cash, on the premises, where the said Darden did lately reside, on WEDNESDAY the 17th day of February next, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. the following property, viz.—One negro woman called Hannah and her two children; also six head of horses, one yoke oxen and cart, sixteen head of cattle, three beds, bedsteads and furniture, one desk, one bureau, one sideboard and two tables. Seized and will be sold to pay and satisfy the above named executions, and the interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

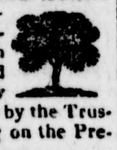
Attendance by

WM. TOWNSEND, Shff.

jan 26 4w

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of Caroline County Court, sitting as a Court of Equity, the subscriber as Trustee, will sell at Public Auction, at the Dwelling House on the premises hereafter mentioned, on FRIDAY the nineteenth day of February next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, all the Real Estate or a sufficiency thereof, to pay the debts of Samuel Emerson, late of Caroline county deceased—that is to say:—That DWELLING PLANTATION, now occupied by Thomas B. Bullock, lying in Caroline county and within about two miles of Federalsburg, containing the quantity of about THREE HUNDRED ACRES of Land, with a sufficiency of TIMBER. The Trustee deems it unnecessary to give a further description of the Premises, as it is presumed those wishing to purchase will view the Premises, which will be shewn by the Trustee or Thomas B. Bullock residing on the Premises.



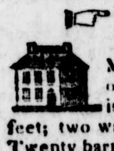
The Terms of Sale will be as follows:—Fifty dollars of the purchase money will be required on the day of Sale, and the balance within 12 months thereafter with interest thereon from the day of Sale, to be secured by bond to the Trustee with approved sureties, and upon the ratification of the said Sale, and he payment of the whole purchase money, the Trustee will by a good and sufficient deed convey to the purchaser or purchasers all the right of the said Samuel Emerson to the aforesaid Premises.

The creditors of the said Samuel Emerson are hereby warned and notified to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of Caroline county Court within six months from the day of Sale.

CANNON CHARLES, Trustee
for the Sale of the Real Estate of
Samuel Emmerson, dec'd.

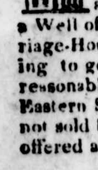
jan 26 3w

Valuable Mill Property
FOR SALE.



The Subscriber will sell his BRICK MILL property situate on the head of Sassafras River. The Mill House is a large Brick Building 44 by 60 feet; two water wheels, three pair of burrs.—Twenty barrels of flour can be manufactured in twenty-four hours. There is a Fulling Mill, Carding Machine and Saw Mill; also a sufficiency of water—the stream is supposed to be the best on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

There are attached Twenty-three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation. The Dwelling is a good BRICK HOUSE—also, Brick Kitchen and Smoke-House; a Well of good Water in the yard, Stable, Carriage-House & Granary.—The Subscriber wishing to go on a farm will sell said property on reasonable terms, or exchange it for land on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. If this property be not sold before the first day of March, it will be offered at Public Sale.



WILLIAM MILLER.

Head of Sassafras, Jan. 15, 1830. } jan 26 3w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union to the Easton Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Peacock, and formerly by himself, begs leave most respectfully to tender his grateful acknowledgements to his numerous customers and friends who have heretofore honoured him with their calls, and at the same time to solicit them and the public in general for their patronage.

THE EASTON HOTEL

Is now in complete order for the reception of travellers and others, and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no labour or expense to render every comfort and convenience to those who may favour him with their custom.

Private parties can at all times be accommodated and Horses, Hacks and Gigs, with careful drivers, furnished to go to any part of the Peninsula. The public's ob't. serv't.

SOLOMON LOWE.

jan 26 6q

Collector's Last Notice.

ALL Persons indebted for County Tax for the year 1829, are informed that no longer indulgence can or will be given; my time is nearly at a close—I have therefore given my Deputies positive orders to proceed against all persons in arrearage for the same.

SOLOMON MULLIKIN, Collector.

feb 2 w

From Niles' Register.

MARYLAND—*STATE BANK.*

Mr. Teackle, from a select committee of the House of Delegates, has made a report, assuming that the progress of wealth and prosperity in Maryland has been arrested because of the 'deleterious effects of that absorbing institution,' the bank of the United States; and proposing to establish one great bank to be called, 'The Bank of the State of Maryland,' on the plan of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, which is represented as having succeeded admirably well. The new bank to be owned by the State, and make one half of its loans on real property in the several counties, &c. anticipating that the charter of the United States will not be extended, and that all the local banks will terminate at their respective periods—the 'Bank of the State' being established. The report was read a second time, and laid on the table.

As the subject to which it relates is one of very serious and important interest, we should promptly publish this report, at length, if we had room; for though we cannot accord with the most of its leading principles, as referrible to *practice*, there are some speculations and facts stated that are ingenious, if not useful.—But the groundwork of the whole, we regard as erroneous. The reason why 'Maryland has not advanced in wealth and prosperity, in any degree, proportioned to the advantages she possesses in her propitious location,' &c. is *not* because of the incorporation of the bank of the United States, as intimated by the committee. The main reason for our stationary condition, if not retrograde movements, as to population and wealth, belong to our 'unpropitious' position. We are located, as it were, between the free states and the slave-states. Free labor is not honored and encouraged as it should be, and slave labor has become unprofitable. Virginia and Kentucky are conditioned pretty much as we are; and neither has latterly *advanced* in population and wealth more rapidly perhaps, than Maryland. These have comparatively receded in the states named, if not actually declined. The census of the present year will teach us an unpleasant, but wholesome lesson. No management of banks, or banking can remedy the evils alluded to. A radical change of our constitution might, in time, relieve them. The laws which govern Maryland, may be enacted by the representatives of about one fourth of the people of the state. And from these causes, (and others that might be specially pointed out,) we are annually losing thousands of our most valuable citizens—*producers;* who seek a better state of things for themselves and their *children* in distant places—where labor is honored, and the poor have a prospect of acquiring independence and a respectable standing among their fellow men. No amount of money—millions on millions of a sound currency, would avail nothing, if it was not used; we need the 'right sort,' of people to use it advantageously, and create a home market. With the present prices of grain and tobacco, if regarded as our chief articles for profit in their export, the value of lands cannot advance. The world is at peace, and the people of different nations mainly supply themselves. Still we cultivate for the foreign market to excess, and reduce the prices of our commodities by overproduction. This is rendered as 'clear as a sunbeam,' by the facts that relate to tobacco. We believe it has uniformly happened for many years, that a crop of 25,000 or 26,000 hhds. has yielded more money to the planters than a crop of 30,000; and, if prosperity is hoped for, the planters must turn their attention to something else, and the farmers locate manufacturers among them; and all must practice industry and economy more than heretofore—more than, perhaps, is compatible with the continuance of so many slaves and other persons of color in the state—whose very presence seems to be at war with those habits by which communities or nations acquire a wholesome and dense population, and wealth. Is proof of this required? We have it at hand, in the comparison of certain counties of our state with others; the first class of which, notwithstanding our *unpropitious* position, the radical defects in our constitution, the want of wisdom in our laws, and of economy in the government of the state, resist the pressure of the times, and afford a resting place for many of our citizens, who, otherwise, would withdraw themselves and their capital from us forever.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 29.

RAIL WAYS OVER HILLS & MOUNTAINS.

Under this caption the editor of the New York Evening Post furnishes a description of a Rail and Wheel invented by Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul in that city, calculated to obviate the necessity of making railways on a level. Mr. Buchanan has forwarded models to the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, to the Patent Office at Washington, and to England, for the benefit of all who may be disposed to profit by the invention.

Several mechanical and scientific gentlemen have expressed their unqualified approbation of the principle and simplicity of Mr. Buchanan's rail and wheel to overcome ascents, so that rail ways may be formed where roads are requisite. Mr. Buchanan declines taking a patent, but throws open to all whatever advantage may result from the discovery. The editor of the Post has been favored with a copy of the observations accompanying the models forwarded, and is authorized to say that any who may apply to Mr. Buchanan may have a model.

"It is intended that two wheels constructed on the principle of the model, should be attached to the steam power or other propelling carriage; and that on all elevations exceeding an ascertained altitude, rails according with the model should be laid, on which the wheels would act without the intervention of the conductor of the machine, or any diminution of the speed of the carriage. The formation of the cog No. 1 and 2 of the rail is calculated to guard against accidents arising from the rapidity of the movement, so essential to be preserved, from the great advantage of the impetus possessed by the carriage in overcoming short ascents.

"The utility to be derived from the rail in regulating the descent is obvious. Experiment can be readily made, so as to ascertain what degree of elevation will render the laying down of the rails necessary, instead of the ordinary rail, which will be used on the level way.

"Never having seen any of the locomotive or steam carriages, or any experiment in relation thereto, he cannot venture an opinion; but by actual observation, he has proved that a horse that trots on a level road with a loaded carriage can, with very little increased exertion, trot up an elevation equal to one foot in 15, and that, on an ascent of one in 24, no perceptible increased exertion is apparent: therefore his opinion is, that a rise of one foot in 36, or even less, would not require his rail; while on short ascents, even one foot in 15 would be overcome without it, safe for a few yards near the top of the rise. But as a few experiments can ascertain the precise scale, it is unnecessary to observe further on this part of the subject.

"The extension of the rail beyond the top of the ascent of the rail way would depend on the distance of the propelling power with Mr. Buchanan's wheels from the rear carriage attached to it."

All Mr. Buchanan presumes to claim by his invention is the application of a well known principal to a new purpose: we may add, a purpose of the first importance; whereby all parts of this continent may be approached in as many hours as in our fathers' time required days.

From the Boston Galaxy.

A TALE OF A TRAINING:

Or a chapter of the Adventures of the

MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA.

Nobody, up and down the country, was equal to Josh Beanpole, of Rye. He grew up faster than a hop-vine or string-bean. He was a man before he knew it, and being told of it, gave himself such airs that he was thought quite *the thing* by all the girls ten miles round. He was an absolute dandy, if such a thing could be among the woods. He was the foremost in all husking-parties, quiltings, house-warmings, sleigh-rides, and scrapes of all colors, wore an eel-skin queue and a ruffle shirt on Sundays, and so by hook and by crook got into such favor with the feminine gender, that he might almost have taken his pick out of the whole town. There was not one who would have said No to such a gallant gay Lothario as our Josh, except one, but as the devil would have it, she happened to be the very one Josh wanted to get.

There is no accounting for the whims of a woman, so we shall not attempt to assign the cause why Nance Crabtree turned up her nose at Josh Beanpole. Certain it is that Josh stuck to her like a burr without any effect. She carried her head high, looked askew and gave Josh the go-by, whenever he attempted to be familiar.

Some thought that she looked upon Josh, with all his accomplishments, to be no great shakes. Others thought she had set her cap for the parson of the parish. There might have been some truth in this last supposition, for when the parson to her great surprise, married the widow Sly, Nance began to relent, and Josh found himself getting into favor. He laid siege to her heart with redoubled ardor, and the whole town at last thought it would be a match.—Still, she was now and then a little offish, and Josh was sharp-sighted enough to see that he must cast about for some uncommon expedient to push his suit.—'The girls,' thought he, 'are fond of titles and show and parade; Nance would have snapped up with the parson to a dead certainty; now if I can get to be a captain of militia I shall come off conqueror. If she turns up her nose at me then, the devil is in her.'

So Josh set about intriguing for the office, and as the actual incumbent had been for several years somewhat cramped with the rheumatism, and unable to march faster than common time, or carry his body nearer to a perpendicular than 45 degrees, people began to think he had served his country long enough. Without much difficulty he was prevailed upon to resign. Josh set himself up as a candidate for the office, and having opened a grocery store, came in by a unanimous vote, for it is a standing maxim in the country, that the best man in the world for a militia captain is a grocer or a tavern keeper.—Now was Josh near the completion of his wishes. A captain! who could resist a captain?—But little did he think that the very stick which he took up to help him over the ditch would itself knock him into the mud! However, let us not anticipate the catastrophe of the story.

In order to begin the campaign with uncommon splendor, Josh determined upon a sham fight; there is nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of military glory; nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of fun and frolic up and down the country. It was immediately noised abroad and great preparations were made in all quarters for witnessing the grand show to be made by the Rye company and their new captain. Josh had bespoken a bran new uniform of blue, turned out with yellow flannel, and it was tho't would cut such a dash, and make such a flaming appearance as to steal the heart of every girl who was made of penetrable stuff. Josh was not a whit behind any body in the confidence of his hopes. 'By the hokey!' said he as he looked at himself in his regimentals, 'if this don't take the sunshine, out of her eyes, she's harder than hickory.'

At last the long expected day came; and what a flocking, and crowding and bustling there was! the like had not been known in those parts 'within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.' Such throngs of jolly damsels and old grannies; such crouds of every age, sex and condition; such a rattling of chaises, and carts, and wagons; such an array of booths and tents, and extempore retailing shops; such a shew of ginger-bread, sugar-plums and molasses candy! There was no end to the wonders and the novelties which this grand occasion brought into display. Josh marched his company up and down with great *eclat*, and though they did not display a perfect regularity of uniform, and were unable exactly to keep time in marching, yet they were pronounced to have an uncommonly martial appearance.

According to the plan previously drawn up, the sham fight was to represent the capture of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and a spacious pigsty on the side of the hill was fixed upon to be the scene of the conflict. The wooden walls of this formidable dwelling were accordingly cleared of the swinish multitude, and by the help of a few plank and rafters metamorphosed into the fortifications of Yorktown. Josh placed half his company under Lieutenant Shute in the pigstye, to act as the British army under Lord Cornwallis, while he himself in the character of General Washington took the command of the besieging army. The whole plan of the attack, defence and surrender was as follows.

Lord Cornwallis was to open the campaign by detaching half a platoon of his forces under Corporal Spinbutton to forage in Deacon Style's cabbage garden. These, on being attacked by General Washington's advance guard, who were to form a corps of observation at the Hole in the Wall, were to retreat across Dobson's Folly and Mud Lane till they reached Turkey Cock's Vengeance, where they were to make a stand and receive a reinforcement from Yorktown; whereupon the American advance guard were to commence a retreat, and be hotly pursued by the British across Peg's Run and Long Twisted Boggery till they reached Dog's Misery, where the main army, under General Washington in person, was to be stationed. Here Corporal Spinbutton was to receive a check and draw off his forces, leaving behind him his baggage, consisting of two knapsacks of bread and cheese.—The whole American army was then to take up the line of march, and proceed in three columns through Widow M'Quirk's cow pas'ure and Skunk Siah's orchard, till they arrived at Deacon Styles' cabbage garden, where they were to debouch and prepare for the grand attack.—The assault was made by the main body, under General Washington, while a detachment of five men, under Sergeant Doolittle, was to manœuvre upon the enemy's flank and storm his outworks, consisting of a couple of haycocks.—Hereupon the enemy was to beat a parley, and Lord Cornwallis was to despatch a flag of truce to General Washington, to treat of a surrender; but the two generals not agreeing about the terms, the action was to be renewed, and a sharp firing kept up as long as the ammunition held out. At this time finding the fortune of the day going against him, General Washington was to put himself at the head of the taoops and lead them on at the point of the bayonet. The detachment above mentioned having possessed themselves of the enemy's haycock outworks, and a ravelin and half moon made by a pile of logs, were to pour in a galling fire and enfilade the whole tenaille of the enemy's works. Taking advantage of this, Gen. Washington was to enter the intrenchments, sword in hand, when the enemy was to hoist a white flag, and the surrender of the pigstye was to follow.

Certainly Josh Beanpole's General orders were drawn up as well as any of Bonaparte's bulletins. The plan of the campaign was excellent, and not a man on the ground but would have betted ten to one that Josh and his army would carry the pigstye, but by the strangest chance in the world it turned out that Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers, but Algiers took *him!*

The rival armies took their stations and the battle began. Immense crowds flocked around the scene of action all wrapt in wonder and breathless with curiosity to view the great spectacle of the capture of Yorktown. All eyes were turned upon Gen. Washington, the hero of this eventful day. Josh did really cut a most gallant figure at the head of the American army on this occasion. His dazzling regimentals, with their show of brass buttons and yellow baize, shone out among the general officers of the staff like the meridian sun among the stars. His enormous chapeau surmounted with a bunch of cockerel feathers a yard in height, caused him to loom up from the rank and file of the army, like one of Don Quixote's giants; while his legs being incased in a monstrous pair of new cowhide boots that came a foot and a half above his knees, imparted a most imposing military stiffness to his gait.—'General Washington! General Washington!' exclaimed every tongue—and every one agreed that

——Take him for all in all
They ne'er should look upon his like again.

The old men gaped and wondered, the old women did the same; the boys shouted and marvelled, the girls looked on, stared and admired. Josh Beanpole never appeared so irresistible before, Nance was absolutely delighted, and every body thought she was positively done for.

The first part of the plan of operations succeed to admiration. The American scouts discovered the British just in the nick of time and fell upon them at the moment when they were about to make a terrible havoc among Deacon Styles' cabbages. The retreat was ably managed and the marching and countermarching executed without any other mishap than the loss of a corporal and two privates who got stuck in the mud at Long Twisted Boggery; and a little, pursy, ducklegged drummer who fell into Peg's Run and was taken up for tipsy. The grand attack commenced, the outworks were carried by assault. The American army pressed forward, General Washington flourished his sword and exclaimed, 'On! on! my brave boys.' Lord Cornwallis mounted the ramparts of the citadel and thundered defiance at the assailants. Bang! bang! went the guns, —huzza! huzza! shouted the spectators. The musketry roared again; the drums beat a terrible *generale*, the sky was rent with shouts and shrouded in smoke! Sure never did pigstye present a scene so sublime before.

But just at this moment all the spectators were struck with surprise at observing an uncommon appearance in Yorktown. The firing suddenly ceased and the whole garrison fell instantly into a most singular confusion; presently Lord Cornwallis came tumbling over the walls of the pigstye with his whole staff at his heels, and the rank and file of the garrison after them hurly burly, pell mell, scampering off like mad. Every body stared and was struck with astonishment. But we must go back for a moment to explain the cause of this.

The same pigstye, as we said before, was cleared of its tenants a day or two previous, and the pigs shut up in another enclosure. It so happened that an obstinate, surly old sow, not liking her new quarters, contrived to get loose early on the morning of the battle. After rooting about the fields and stuffing herself with a monstrous meal, she trudged instinctively back to her old dwelling where she got in unobserved while every body was absent at dinner. There she snuggled away in a dark corner and fell fast asleep.

But the roaring of the musketry and the rolling of the drums and the shouting of the multitude and the tramping up and down of Lord Cornwallis and his soldiers upon the citadel of Yorktown, at length aroused the snoozing animal and she opened her eyes with a most significant grunt, wondering what could keep this dreadful pother over her head. Getting up and poking her snout into the open air, she found her peaceful domicil filled with men of war making such a racket and tantarra as were enough to drive any hog in the universe crazy.

No hog could be more hoggish than the one of which we speak. She was a cross-grained, snappish and as malicious a piece of pork as the country for ten miles round could show; and more than that she was of about four hundred pounds weight. In an instant she sprang among the enemy and knocked down a platoon of them before any one was aware of the new assailant. The next instant she butted an *aide de camp* out at the sally port and gave Lord Cornwallis a grip in the rear at the slack of his pantaloons which ruined that portion of his regimentals forever and aye. His Lordship sprang over the walls in a jiffy without waiting for his *suite*, and the whole garrison was put to the rout in the twinkling of an eye. Some threw themselves over the ramparts, others climbed upon the bastion, others scuttled off the half moon, the fierce animal meanwhile rooting hither and thither among them, knocking down, and biting, and scratching, and kicking at a most terrible rate. Those who could not get out in season were obliged to turn upon the assailant by beating her with the butt ends of their muskets. Dire was the confusion! The soldiers belabored the porker and the porker pummulled the soldiers, bit their legs, tumbled them down and trampled them under foot! Chaos was come again? The soldiers roared and shouted, the old sow squealed in triumph, the walls of the pigstye trembled with the clamor, the bastions came tumbling down, the citadel shook to its foundations, kicks thumps, cuffs, thwacks, bangs blows, pokes, hits, forestrokes and backstrokes prevailed, shouting, screaming, yelling and grunting filled the air! The walls tumbled down with a terrible crash, and the old sow came scampering down the hill at a gallop after the routed army!

This happened at the very instant in which General Washington had put himself at the head of the army to lead on the attack. He was flourishing his sword in a most fierce and martial attitude, when the furious animal took him between the legs and carried him off at a full gallop. His new cow hide boots so stiffened him at the knees that he was astride of the animal's back without the power to throw himself off. Away went General Washington extemporaneously mounted without saddle or bridle, with his head to the rear, and grasping the tail of his steed with as tight a grip as his muscles could exert.—In an instant he broke thro' the centre of his own line, put the *corps de reserve* to the rout; and in ten seconds was among the thickest of the throng of spectators, knocking down all before him, frightening the females out of their wits breaking horses loose, overturning carts and tables loaded with apples, nuts, cakes, bottles, decanters and glasses and making such devastation as never had been witnessed since time was. The multitude scrambled to save themselves and pushed one another down in the attempt. The whole field was in a hurly-burly. Josh and his steed galloped off and have not been heard of since.—Nance was married last week to corporal Spinbutton, who is now captain. He has just arrived in Boston as a member of the General Court, and was seen at a milliner's shop in Washington street yesterday chespening a new bonnet.

THE LEG SAFETY CHAIN.

By the late death of a father, a country lad came into possession of an estate of $500. Two courses presented themselves to his mind—the one to devote himself to the pursuits of agriculture, and the other to lead a fashionable course of life. To be chained down to earth, all his days! he could not endure the thought; he, therefore, resolved upon the life of a gentleman of fashion. Upon taking a peep into the world, he found himself comparatively coarse in both dress and manners. Instead of the fine Saxony he saw upon the backs of the gentry of the metropolis, he discovered his to be the homespun of the country—instead of the elegant fit of the tailor, his was the clumsy work of a country seamstress—instead of the glistening, thimble shaped beaver of the dandy, he discovered upon his head the low crown, broad brim wool hat—instead of the superfine kersey petticoat pantaloons, falling in graceful folds upon his boots, his were the coarse butternut colored, snug setting trowsers, reaching only to the calf of his leg—and instead of the nicely moulded square toed boots, so much in vogue, his feet were entrenched in the rough, round toed cow-hides of the country cobler.

As he had determined upon the course of a fashionable, he must assume his habiliments, and abide the consequences. He wends his way to the shops of the city; and in a few hours, the robust son of the mountains is transformed into the shape and figure of a dandy. He returns to his quarters. He now receives civilities from the major domo, to which he was not accustomed in his country garb; it flatters his vanity and puffs him with pride. He presents himself to the grand mirror of the parlor, turns this way and that, and in the language of triumph thus expresses himself; 'Egad, now I look like folks, now I am a gentleman!'

Had he not been moved by further curiosity, perhaps he had returned to his home and upon reflection relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman—but on taking another turn down Broadway, he quickly discovered his array to be incomplete: he had no ring upon his finger, no cane in his hand, no watch in his fob, no safety chain about his neck, no breast pin in his bosom, no snuff box, no gloves, no stock and paper collar.

These were radical deficiencies: and as they were the main constituents of a Buck of the world, they must be supplied—no time is lost; he enters the Jewellers the rings thicken and glisten upon his fingers, the diamond sparkles in his bosom, the safety chain protrudes its modest front upon the vest, and the grand establishment dangles at his fob. He enters the millenery and cane establishment, and soon emerges with head supported by stock and collar and pushes his way back to the exchange with many a flourish of his ivory cane. The civilities of the host were redoubled—suits of rooms are tendered—bottles of champaigne and burgundy sparkle [illegible] the sideboard; gentlemen of fashion are introduced; all things go merrily evening approaches, its amusement are charming; they were theatrical. This evening, notwithstanding the safety, the patent lever was missing, the fourth his cane, the fifth his ring, and on the sixth his pocket book, which contained all his money. This was a sad affair, and reduced him to the necessity of pawning his clothes for his lodging. Labor or crime was his only alternative. Too proud to labor, he resolved upon robbery, and on being detected, he was thrust into prison, where an old friend of his father discovered him, with a 'safety chain upon his ankle, suspended from a staple in the wall.'

The trustees of the Jefferson Medical College, have unanimously elected Samuel M'Clellan, M. D. to the Professorship of Anthony in that institution.

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