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MY HOME IS THE WORLD!
By THOMAS H. BAYLY.

(From Fraser's Magazine for May.)
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;
To-morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Ah! why does despondency weigh down my heart;
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears.

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed—no, the clematis climbs,
O'er the gay little porch, as it did in old times,
And the seat where my father reclined is still there—
But where is my father?—oh, answer me, where?

My mother's own easement, the chamber she loved,
Is there—overlooking the lawn where I roved;
She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow,
As she watched her young darlings—ah! where is
she now?

And there is my poor sister's garden: how wild—
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child!
Her voice had a spell in its musical tone,
And her cheek was like rose-leaves—ah! where is
she gone?

No father reclines in the clematis seat!
No mother looks forth from the shaded retreat!
No sister is there stealing slyly away;
Till the half-suppressed laughter betrayed where she
lay!

How oft in my exile, when kind friends were near,
P've sighed their kindness, and sigh'd to be here!
How oft have I said—"Could I once again see
That sweet little valley, how blest should I be!"

How blest—oh! it is not a valley like this
That unaided can realize visions of bliss;
For voices I listen—and then I look round
For the light steps that used to trip after the sound!

But see! this green path—I remember it well—
'Tis the way to the church—hark the toll of the bell!
Oh! oft in my boyhood a trunk I've strayed
To yonder dark yew-tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now!
No smooth place is left 'neath the dark yew-tree
'Tis hewn!
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought—is the home of the dead.

And was it to this I looked forward so long,
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song?
And turned from the dance of the dark girl of Spain?
And wept for my country again and again?

And was it for this to my casement I crept
To gaze on the deep when I dreamed that I slept?
To think of fond meetings—welcome—the kiss—
The friendly hand's pressure! ah! was it for this?

When those who so long have been absent, return
To the scenes of their childhood, it is but to mourn:
Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at once are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the tempest may rave—
There's calm for my heart in the dash of the wave—
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the sails are unfurled!
Oh! ask me not whether—my Home is the world!

From Mrs. Spencer's new Monthly publication,
the Young Ladies' Journal.
"TWAS BUT A BABE."

I asked them why the verdant turf was rived
From its firm rooting, and with a silent lip
They pointed to a new-made chasm among
The marble-pillar'd mansions of the dead.

Who goes to his rest in yon damp couch?
The tearless crowd pass on. "Twas but a babe."
A babe! And so ye poise in the stern scales
Of calculation, the fond bosom's wealth,
Rating its priceless idols as ye weigh
Such merchandise as moth and rust corrupt,
Or the rude robber steals. Ye mete out grief
Perchance, when youth, maturity or age
Sink in the throbbing tomb; but when the breath
Grows icy on the lip of innocence,
Release your wearied sympathies, and say
"Twas but a babe."

What know ye of her love
Who patient watcheth till the stars grow dim
Over her drooping infant, with an eye
Bright as unchanging Hope, if his repose?
What know ye of her woe who sought no joy
More exquisite, than on his placid brow
To trace the glow of health, and drink at dawn
The ardent lustre of his walking smile.

Go ask that musing father why the grave
So narrow and so noiseless, might not close
Without a tear, and though his lip be mute,
Feeling the poverty of speech to give
F't answer to thee: still his pallid brow,
And the deep agonizing prayer, that load
Midnight's dark wing for Him, the God of strength—
Who death's balsam to the broken heart,
May satisfy thy question.

Ye who mourn
When e'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That deck'd the lost one's form, awake a tide
Of recollected joy, can ye not trust
Your treasures to His arms whose chargeless care
Paseth a mother's love?—Can ye not hope
When a few hasty years their race have run,
To go to him, 'tho' he no more on earth
Returns to you?

And when glad Faith doth hear,
To cheer her, 'mid the ceaseless toll of earth,
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangel's praises, and the light response
Of seraphim, with cherub's thrilling chant,
Think that your babe is there.

From the Western Intelligencer. THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

By WILLIAM PRATT.

"Yes, my sweet bride, let others seek in bowers
The bridal place—the choral vault was ours."
There is somewhere in the county of Wash-
ington, in the state of Pennsylvania, a deep
and dark ravine, noted by the inhabitants of
its vicinity, for a transaction which once oc-
curred there of the most strange and unac-
countable nature. The laborer as he passes its dark
recesses, after his daily toil, hurries along lest
the gloom of night should overtake him in the
dreary way and bring to his view the unfortu-
nate and unhappy being, whose shade is sup-
posed to traverse its desolation, and beckon
the wanderer to the scene of her immolation.
There often at night may be heard the lonely
notes of the ominous whip-poor-will, and the
hoot of the solemn and watchful owl, borne
along the breeze, like the mournful song of a
departed soul. There, on the margin of a
murmuring rivulet, may often be seen the dull
fires of the jack-o-lantern, flitting along the
midnight shade, like a lamp guiding the spirit
through the scenes of mystery and wrath.—
'Tis a lonely glen, where the bat flutters in
gloom, and the spirit of darkness has made his
court. Yet this was not always so. Once the
peaceful peasant went whistling through its
shadows, fearless and undisturbed, save by
the anxiety of reaching his domicile, and clasp-
ing his wife to his bosom or dandling his chil-
dren on his knee, always ready for their affec-
tionate gambols. That spot has now been
marked with blood—innocent, unoffending
blood—and the voice of the victim crieth loud-
ly through the gloom for vengeance upon its
assassin.

Rebecca ———, was the daughter of a respec-
table farmer, who had educated her in the
modest duties of a country girl. She was of
an amiable character, and the light vivacity of
her disposition did not fail to procure her many
admirers; yet still her heart was not moved
by their flatteries, nor her judgment affected
by their protestations of esteem. She looked
around her for an object which would be worthy
of her affections, and only regarded her
own welfare so far as to be enabled to render
some honorable individual happy. Oft had
she sported in the gay bowers of her native
woods—and often listened with artless ears to
the songs, pathetic and tender, of some amorous
swain, without giving way to the emotions
of passion which gathered round her heart.—
She was capable of loving, but she wished him
on whom she fixed her affections to be devo-
tedly her own—and to admire her, not for the
personal qualifications, but for the more durable
constancy of her reason, and the love which
she bore to the world, and to the objects which
were worthy and capable of the most lasting
friendship and esteem. There was a lofty sensibility
in her soul—a proud spirit of virgin honor
in her thoughts, which nothing ignoble could
subdue—and like an angel who had visited
the earth, sought a kindred spirit, worthy as
herself, of the dominion of the skies. But
alas! why is it that the wishes of the virtuous
cannot always be accomplished? She thought
they were; and when Edward ——— avowed
the passion he felt, she believed him to have
been all that she desired, and she could adore,
to be, with her heart, and her hand, and her
unskilled in deception, promptly acknowl-
edged its emotions. From that hour they avowed
eternal fidelity each to the other; and time
passed joyfully upon his leaden wings, laugh-
ing, although he made weary the days which,
as she fondly hoped, intervened between that
and a more auspicious one. The mountain
and the dingle were their only haunts—for love
seeks the most lonely and romantic spots to
satisfy its appetite for pleasure; to gather those
sweets of the soul which have made those un-
der its influence wish for some far off desolate
island, where two blest spirits could be happy
in each others constancy. Their hours passed
happily, and for months the existence of Re-
becca seemed as if cast in the garden of Pa-
radise. But there was a blight came over her
spirits at last—an emotion of thought which
seemed to obliterate every former trace of joy.
Why was this change? Did she doubt the
faith of him she adored? Could her young
and tender bosom be conscious of a crime?
Alas! there is no pardon for the guilt which
follows the indulgence of a too confiding affec-
tion? She did begin to doubt the truth of his
heart; she had too confidently reposed her whole
heart with a blush of shame should mantle her
cheek, thrilled through her whole soul, sear-
ing in its course every fibre of her brain. Yet
she still hoped that this cup of bitterness might
be dashed from her lips—she still hoped that
Edward could not be base enough to deceive
and betray her; and these hopes were occa-
sionally warmed into a calm belief, by the
soothing flatteries of her seducer. Yet the day
on which that hope should become reality, was
studiously avoided by him. Still they met,
and at every meeting the still wished for mo-
ment was delayed.

One evening they met at their usual haunt.
The new moon exhibited her yet dim light in
the west; and the stars were twinkling in calm
and melancholy lustre in the sky. They had
seated themselves beneath the broad foliage
of a walnut tree, and as she threw her arms
gently on his shoulder, and fixed her mild eyes
upon his countenance, with a mournful look,
she thus addressed him.
'Ah, Edward, I begin to feel myself unhap-
py. I have a foreboding of evil; and in des-
pite of all my efforts, I cannot remove it from
my heart—do you intend to desert me, and
leave a stain upon my reputation which ages
of tears cannot wash away?'
'No, never,' he replied.—'How is it you
can doubt my protestations of friendship?'
'Friendship! that is a colder word than you
were wont to use.'
'Oh, Edward, they differ widely—how often
have I heard you note the distinction between
the cold, callous word friendship, and the warm
impulses of love! On you now rests every ray
of hope which is left me in this world; for
when you desert me where shall I turn my
eyes for earthly consolation or support? In a
few months I shall not dare to look upon the
faces of my parents—and a world will meet
me with a sneer—the cold, heartless world—
I shudder to meet its unfeeling frown. You
know why all this is so: then why will you not
rescue me from the reflection which distracts
me?'
'I will Rebecca,' he replied. 'Do not give
way to suspicion—let your mind be at rest—
have I not vowed you should be mine?'
'Yes, but when will you await my hour of
shame—will you then lift me from degradation,
and wear a too much to believe; and yet what
have I not believed for you? No Edward, I
will not then I shall bid adieu to hope.'

'And why should you—do you believe me
so base?'
'Alas! she answered, 'I know not what to
believe, I hope you would not be; but such
a hope would be leaning on a broken reed.'

While Rebecca uttered these words, her
dark eyes were raised upon her seducer, with
that soft and melancholy expression of tender
sorrow, which showed that her whole soul was
breathed in her words: she seemed like an an-
gel pleading for mercy in the power of a flood
which she heard, yet not, or would not hear. Unfor-
tunate girl!
'The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
'If she unmask her beauty to the moon.'
Hadst thou observed it, thy fate, perhaps, had
been different.

One morning Rebecca was missing from the
house of her parents. The evening previous,
she had walked forth, as was supposed,
to visit a neighboring relative, but it was as-
certained she had not been there. Yet still no
fears were entertained for her safety; but on
the second day her remains were found in the
ravine, at the foot of the tree where her sup-
positions had been so feelingly made to Edward,
with marks of the most brutal violence
upon her person. Her marble neck severed
to the spine, and her loosened tresses reveal-
ing in her blood; in her hand was found the
instrument which had caused her death; but
those hands were gashed and lacerated as if
she had struggled hard against the efforts of
her assassin. A cloud hung over the transac-
tion, which, though it seemed for a moment
dispersed, it still thickened and darkened ever.
Suspicion rested upon Edward; he had been
with her a great part of the preceding day,
and although he had left her before night fall,
the minds of all pointed to the possibility of an
appointed meeting between them, where and
when he might accomplish his purpose of
blood. He was arrested, and committed for
trial. Meantime the anxiety of the public had
become intense. The fate of the once happy
and virtuous girl had created a sympathy in
every bosom, except those of the assassins,
but who were they? Inscrutable are the ways
of Providence, and strange it is that one so
lovely could not have found mercy even in the
eyes of them. But there are beings with the
forms of humanity, whom heaven has marked
as a curse, and whose hearts are cold and
clairvoyant, and feel not the compunctious visit-
ing of remorse. Such must they have been,
and if the evil spirit is permitted to taunt their
ministers ere they leave this earthly clay, wo
be to their dying hour; then will they cry
in vain for that mercy which they in vain
sought for: then will the finger of the
avenger point to the guilty and bleeding figure
of an angel, and say to them with averted
countenance, where was thy mercy? And
while life is theirs, if they yet live, dreams
more horrible than that which pictured to an
innocent being their horrid act, will harrow
the downy couch of slumber, and make wo-
ful the remainder of their existence.

Edward's trial came on. Circumstances
gathered strong against him, and but one feel-
ing existed, and that was, that he was guilty.
That he had an accomplice in the crime, was
a matter doubtful, but believed. The exertions
of his counsel, however, had the effect
he desired, and the evidence against him was
not clear enough to convict him. He was ac-
quitted, and the assassin or assassins of the un-
happy Rebecca are yet enveloped in mystery.
But that Edward was innocent there was one
heart ready to believe, or at least ready to
share with him in the stigma of his guilt, or
the consciousness of his innocence, for in a
short period of his acquittal, he was married!
The body of Rebecca sleeps in the tomb,
but her spirit, roaming through the dell, will
occasionally forget its haunt, and flitting by
the couch of her murderer, will cry in the
hollow voice of the unearthly,
'SLEEP NO MORE!'
The murderer shall "sleep no more."

GHOST STORY.

About four years ago, a colored female pre-
sented herself in the Police Office, and related
under oath, without the least appearance of
any aberration of intellect, the following story.
—She had been a servant in the employ
of several highly respectable gentlemen of this
city, was married, and afterwards removed
to Poughkeepsie. During the absence of her
husband, a tall, slim man, with dark-brown
hair, and yellowish complexion, about 35, ap-
peared to her one night, and stated that he
had been killed by two females, who infused
poison in some liquor he drank, and then roll-
ed him of several dollars, and his gold watch
worth about \$50. He suddenly disappeared.
In a few minutes she distinctly heard the
padding of feet along the chamber floor, though
she could not at first distinguish any object.
At length the form became visible as it moved
towards her bed,—and when it began to
address her, she observed that it was a differ-
ent person from the other, wrapped in a with-
ering sheet, with light hair and pale blue eyes.
It proceeded to inform her that he also had been
murdered by the same females and robbed of
\$180,—that he was levelled by them with a
huge ponder, and after being beaten to
death was enclosed, in a large Russia sheet
and thrown by 2 men into the dock near New
Slip on the East River. The phantom, as it
finished the relation, underwent a horrible
change, and disappeared, leaving her spell-
bound and terrified at what she had heard
and seen.—A third time, a small tread was
heard upon the floor and a figure of marble look
and deathlike cheeks, apparently about 45,
stood beside her. It told her that he was the
third victim of the unnumbered crimes, of the
two females and their associates,—that
they rushed on him with drawn knives, utter-
ing horrid imprecations and buried them in
his blood; he staggered and fell; and though he
lifted up his hands for mercy as he was in the
agonies of death, they only plucked their knives
the deeper, until he fell back and expired.

The deponent gave names, dates and places,
and accompanied her story with appropriate
expressions of horror at the crimes, and invoked
the eternal judgment of Heaven upon the
heads of the perpetrators. She had come
down from Dutchess County, she said,
for the sole purpose of giving this infor-
mation:—she had no peace day or night,
and the same images often appeared to her.

The Magistrate had her statement recorded
and as there was nothing in her manner or
deportment to believe her insane, he regarded
it as an idle illusion of the imagination.

About the middle of last week, an elderly
man of very respectable appearance, about
sixty years of age, in the garb of a Quaker, en-
tered the Police Office accompanied by a good-
looking colored woman, and called one of the
Magistrates aside, telling him they had a revela-
tion of horrible import to communicate.

They were interrogated by Mr. Stephens the
elderly clerk, who soon recognized the resem-
blance of their story to the features of the one
he had heard about four years ago. The female
is not all men of agreeing in manner,
and she is not all men of agreeing in accuracy.
The Quaker declared that he had known the
woman who came with him, about five years; and
persons had been murdered in this city, whose
bodies had, at various times appeared to her,
haunting and distressing her. She was
highly satisfied of the truth of her story, believ-
ing that beings of another world may have
communication with this, and possess a power to
traverse the transactions of men to an ex-
tent of which we are necessarily ignorant:
that he himself was accosted in Broadway,
and asked for a few pence, by what he at
first supposed to be a man, dressed like an old
revolutionary soldier, who suddenly disap-
peared, leaving no doubt in his mind it was a ghost,
and that he was apprehensive if the murder-
ers spoken of had a chance, they would
kill both him and the woman. That he had
conversed with one of the men described as
a participant in the murder, who had admitted
to him that he saw a man murdered in
Thomas st., and that the drops of blood had
never been washed from the floor where it
was perpetrated.

Such is the substance of the story, which
we give in its true colors, without gloss or
exaggeration. It affords a remarkable instance
of the power of imagination over a mind in
other respects rational.

(N. Y. Jour. of Com.)

City of Brussels.—This city, which seems
destined to be the theatre of strange
events, has at the present moment a popu-
lation of 80,000 persons, and shares with the
Hague the distinction of being the capital of
the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and it is at
Ghent, the most important place in Flanders.
During the wars of the 17th and 18th
centuries, of which the Netherlands were the
principal scene, Brussels underwent its share
of suffering. In 1695 it was bombarded by
Marshal Villeroi, when 14 churches and 4000
houses were destroyed. After the battle of
Mollat, it surrendered to Marlborough, but
it was taken by the French under Marshal
Saxe in 1748, and restored to the peace of Aix-
la-Chapelle. During the revolutionary war,
it again fell into the hands of the French, to
whom it remained subject till the peace of
1814. While under their Government, it was
made the seat of a Court of Criminal and
Special Justice, a Chamber and Tribunal of
Commerce, and a Court of Appeal for five Depart-
ments. Most of these privileges are still re-
tained, and it shares with the Hague the meet-
ings of the States-General.

Brussels has always been eminent as a man-
ufacturing town. The making of lace alone
gives employment to upwards of 10,000 per-
sons. It is also celebrated for the manufac-
ture of camlets, carpets, and carriages, which
are equal to those of London in cheapness and
elegance. It also enjoys a considerable share
of commerce during the canals of the Scheldt.
The present flourishing condition of the city
is also owing to the great influx of foreigners,
particularly French and English. To the latter
it has been peculiarly attractive, from its
situation in the hands of the French, and we
believe it at one time had 5,000 English re-
sidents of wealth and distinction within its con-
fines. As early indeed, as the time of Crom-
well, it was marked in the annals of England
as being the chosen residence of Charles II.
and of his brother James II. during the great
part of their exclusion from their native
country. The interior of the town itself offers
much to attract strangers. In the new part of
the town the streets are spacious and airy, and
the custom of painting the outside of the houses
with some lively colours presents an agree-
able variety to the eye. There are many good
squares, which seem to have been the theatre
of the late transactions. The principal are,
the Place Royale, the Great Market, the Grand
St. Michael, the Corn Market, and the Grand
Sablon. Of these the Great Market Place is
the finest, and although of different styles of
architecture, its general effect is exceedingly
pleasing. The fish Market, though erected
but a few years, is one of the neatest in Eu-
rope.

There is also a market for frogs, which are
brought alive in puns and cans, and prepared
for dressing on the spot. The hind limbs,
which are the only parts used, are cut from the
body with scissors, by the women who bring
the animals for sale. The favorite place of
recreation is the Park. It is a large pleasure-
ground adjoining the Palace, laid out with
great taste, planted with a variety of fine trees
and shrubs, and diversified with lawns orna-
mented with fountains and statues. In the
centre is a fine basin, stocked with gold and
silver fish. On each side of the principal walk
is a walk, planted so as to exclude all annoy-
ance from the sun. A fountain in one of these
is marked with an inscription, stating that Pe-
ter the Great, during his residence here, sat
down by its margin to drink a bottle of wine.
Another version of the story is, that he fell in-
to it while strolling through the Park after din-
ner. Both may be true. The Palace of the
States-General is a magnificent building, sup-
ported on pillars of the Ionic order, and its en-
trance leads to a spacious hall, on each side
of which is a noble staircase—one conducting
to the Chamber of Peers, the other to that of
the Deputies. The latter is a semi-circular
a capacious gallery for the people, who are
freely admitted, both male and female, to hear
the debates. The Town Hall is a beautiful
gothic building, but so irregular that its tower
stands at a great distance from the centre. It
is 364 feet high, and surmounted with a statue
of St. Michael, in copper gilt, 17 feet high.
The statue turns on a pivot, and serves as a
vane to show the direction of the wind.

The Orange Palace, generally called La
Vieille Cour, was formerly the residence of the
Governors of Belgium, but is now occupied as a
museum and library, and cabinet of natural his-
tory. There is also a botanic garden, contain-
ing 4,000 exotics. The Philosophical College,
which has been but a few years in existence,
is founded on a liberal scale. The great hall
is capable of accommodating 1200 persons.
Each student has a room furnished at the ex-
pense of the Government—all the courses of
lectures are gratuitous, and stipends are al-
lowed to a number of pupils, whose means are
not adequate to defray the moderate expenses
of their board. The principal Church is that
of St. Gudule, erected on an eminence, and
adorned with towers, which command an ex-
tensive prospect. The Church of St. August-
ine's Convent was used as a hospital for the
British troops after the battle of Waterloo. It
is now applied to the use of the Dutch Protes-
tants in the forenoon, and at noon to the En-
glish. The Dutch service is attended by the

King and Royal Family when the Court is re-
sident here. The cemeteries are detached from
the Churches, being outside the Boulevards.
David, the French painter, is buried in that
without the gate of Louvain. In the village of
Laeken, about half a league to the North of
Brussels, is the splendid Palace of Schoenburg,
originally intended for the reception of the Go-
vernour of the Netherlands.

During the reign of Napoleon it was occa-
sionally his residence, as also that of his brot-
her, the late King of Holland; and is a favor-
able abode of the present Royal Family. The
interior of the Palace is laid out in a style of
great magnificence. A subterranean grotto,
and some temples connected with it, are much
admired. The most interesting object to an
Englishman in the vicinity of Brussels, is the
field of Waterloo, and from the immense num-
ber of visitors to that celebrated plain, it must
have proved a source of the greatest profit to
the inhabitants. Brussels is about 155 miles
from Paris, and 23 from Antwerp.

The Natural resources of Algiers.—The soil
of what is termed the Regency of Algiers, is
generally fertile, where rivers or rivulets continue
to intersect the valleys and plains the land is
as productive as when the Romans panegyri-
zied it as "the garden of Africa." It is far
more luxuriant and fruitful than the state of
Tunis; its mountains are more irregular, the
rains more abundant; its springs and brooks
more numerous; and above all, its vegetation
far more active and diversified. Few quarters
of the globe can produce an extent of plain,
comparable for beauty, fertility, and cultiva-
tion, with that of Mitidja, which lies at no great
distance from the immediate vicinity of the
capital. Its soil is uniformly rich over the
whole range of a quadrangular superficies of
a thousand miles; it is finely watered, and has
been converted, by the industry of man, into
one of the most luxuriant scenes which the
mind can conceive.

On the borders of this terrestrial Paradise
springs Mount Burgerea, which rises to an
elevation of nearly six hundred feet, its ac-
clivities are covered with gardens and coun-
try houses, belonging to wealthy Jews and
Moors, and fertilized by gushing springs,
or wells from which the water is drawn up by
means of wheels set in motion by camels, wild
horses, or asses.

The mountains are in general, of a calcareous
or chertaceous, or conchigliolous formation,
and produce several species of minerals, more
particularly lead and iron, the only metals
which the natives possess the art of raising and
turning to account, antimony, vermilion, rock-
salt, gypsum, chalk, marble of various
kinds, porphyry, jasper, fuller's earth, nitre
and sulphur. The richest product however,
which this country affords, is wool, both sea-
and rook. There are several sorts of wool,
which thrive on the hills, and decorate the
orchards and plantations of the country with
its festoons, its trunk growing frequently to
the size of that of a pear tree; the pomegran-
ate is three times larger than the Italian
lemons; oranges, citrons, and other fruits of
the same genus, are found in superabundance,
and considered finer in flavor than those pro-
duced under any other sky. The coast
is rich in palm trees, and Bilal-ul-gered fur-
nishes the most delicious dates.

Every kind of fruit, in short, which is com-
mon to a temperate or more properly speak-
ing a warm zone, may be cultivated on this
soil, and with the exception of the fig,
grape, orange, and pomegranate, they are
generally of an inferior quality. The sugar
cane is of universal growth; but Algiers pos-
sesses a peculiar species of this plant, which is
called by the natives "Salceman," attains to
an extraordinary height, and contains a greater
abundance of saccharine matter than any other
sort with which we are acquainted.

The grain most commonly cultivated here
is wheat and barley; but maize, durrah, and
rice, are also grown extensively. Gar-
vanz, or peas, are a common food; but are
wholly unknown to the husbandmen of Al-
giers.

Game and wild animals are met with at every
point.
The ostrich is seldom found within the
regency of Algiers, excepting on the frontiers
of Alorecco, in the desert of Augad, and the
delices of Atlas, where they are some-
times met with in numerous flocks. On the
other hand, the country swarms with myriads
of reptiles, scorpions, and locusts, which latter
would deserve the name of the "African
scourge," did they not afford nourishment to
the mountaineer and others, who have been
hence denominated acridotigi, or locust-eaters,
in ancient times.

The Arabian, Moorish, and Amazighian
tribes, who constitute the internal population
of this regency, live principally in a pastoral
state; their chief wealth consists in flocks and
herds; and every province being full of
pastures of the most extensive descriptions,
they are rich in all kinds of domestic animals:
horses, oxen, camels, asses, mules, cattle, goats,
&c. The Barbary horse stands in high repute
on his native soil, competing with, if not sur-
passing the Arabian, in beauty and swiftness;
though the Moor is, after all, but a negligent
breeder, and the choicest breed is consequent-
ly becoming scarce.—Horned cattle which
are small in size, the cow yields a scanty
supply of milk, as compared with her European
sisterhood, and runs dry as soon as she loses
her calf. Algiers is, in common with Morocco,
the native country of the famous merino sheep,
and the breed which has the large broad tail,
is much more numerous here than in any of
the other Barbary states.

The Algerian ass is pre-eminently large and
handsome; nor is it matter of surprise that a
country which should possess so fine a race of un-
rivalled breed of asses, a breed capable of carry-
ing heavier burthens, and enduring greater fatigue
than any other. The steady and elongated
pace of these animals is given to them by keep-
ing their fore legs tied for a considerable time
together, and suspending a weight to the pas-
tern of their hinder legs.

Letter from Lafayette.—The National Intelligencer
contains the annexed translation of a
letter from General Lafayette to General Bern-
ard, of Washington. A feeling so strong and
universal as that which pervades Americans
in reference to every thing emanating from
the pen of Lafayette, renders it only neces-
sary that we should place it before our readers
to cause its general perusal.

Paris, 8th Sept. 1830.

My Dear General:

Abundance of news must have reached
you through the periodical papers. Neverthe-
less, I think it will be pleasing to you to receive
some written details. You will have received
some publications relative to our memorable
week. You also have read an account of the
Review by the King in the Champ de Mars,
for the distribution of our tri-colored flags to
the National Guard. The ceremony was as
splendid as that of the federation of 1790.
We had five hundred thousand spectators, and
every one was struck with the solemnity
which in less than three weeks we have organ-
ized nearly fifty thousand men of National
Guards—armed, equipped, and filing off like
veteran troops.

The King handed successively to the Ge-
neral Commander-in-Chief the forty-eight tri-
coloured flags, each surmounted with a cock
in lieu of the old imperial eagle, and with this
motto: "Liberty—Public Order—Days of
27th, 28th, 29th July, 1830." The Comman-
der-in-Chief took himself the very oath, and
had it administered to the National Guard.
The colours were entrusted to flag-bearers se-
lected from among the mechanics who had
distinguished themselves in fighting in the bar-
ricades. The National Guards are organized
throughout France. We have already four-
teen thousand men for the two arrondissements
only of St. Denis and Seaux.

I send you the order of the day which I
addressed to the National Guards of the king-
dom. Next week, a law will be proposed for
the final organization of the French National
Guard. All the citizens will compose the sta-
tionary Guard; the young men the movable
National Guard. From seven to eight hundred
thousand fighting men will thus form good
corps of reserve.

You know that some disturbances have taken
place in Belgium; they will end, I think,
by the separation of that country from Hol-
land, under the same sovereignty. We have not
interfered, except to signify that we shall not
suffer that any foreign army should exercise
any right of interference, leaving the nations
to manage their own affairs according to their
will, but not willing that other governments
shall interfere to oppress our neighbours.

I send you the exact account of what has taken
place in the Chamber relative to South
America and Mexico. You will see that I took
care to mark the order of the recognitions al-
ready made, and to give our dear United
States the share which belongs to them.

Our republican throne has been recognized
immediately by the English government, and
will soon, I hope, be recognized also by the
other powers. You will readily suppose that
I did not say this was the best of republics. I
do not think so: and the constitution of the
United States appears to me far preferable.—
But I believe we have done for the best in the
present circumstances; and have prepared un-
der a popular throne, all republican institutions.
There are not in France, patriots more sin-
cere and enlightened than the King and his
son. I knew them but little before, but they
have inspired me with the greatest friendship
and confidence; and this sentiment is reciproc-
al.

This, my dear General, is the point at which
we have arrived. I do not mention to you some
slight disturbances or errors among the me-
chanics. There is not in this any intention,
and reasoning alone has been sufficient to per-
suade them. After all, most of these slight
disorders, of which our adversaries have made
so much, have been instigated by disguised
enemies; and there have been no real troubles
but at Nimes; and the zeal of the neighbour-
ing National Guards and that of the lie, un-
der the tri-colored flag, soon repressed them.
Receive the assurances of my old and con-
stant friendship. LAFAYETTE.

FOUL AND SAVAGE MURDER.

Among all the horrid murders which we
have been called upon to chronicle in the course
of twenty years, we have no recollection of an
instance of such brutal atrocity as