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EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.---No. 43.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1833

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE,
Printed and published by
GEORGE W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION,)
EVERY TUESDAY & SATURDAY MORNING.

TERMS:—Semi-Weekly at FOUR DOLLARS per annum;—if paid in advance, Three dollars will discharge the debt; and

The Weekly, on Tuesday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents;—if paid in advance, Two dollars will discharge the debt.

All payments for the half year, made during the first three months, will be deemed payments in advance, and all payments for the year, made during the first six months, will be deemed payments in advance

No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

☞All communications to insure attention should be *post paid.*

POETRY.

ADVICE TO OLD TOPERS.

By an old landlord.

The law for landlords is the rule
By which they governed be;
For liquor upon credit sold,
They can't collect a fee.

Then are you to the bar do go,
Or give "mine host" a wink,
Slip your right hand in your fob,
And feel if you've the chink.

And if you find the rhino scarce,
And elbows sticking out,
And not a patch to mend the rents,
Turn to the right about—

And onward, forward, be your march,
To right nor left to look,
Till a new garment you have got,
And cash paid to the crook.

Nor yet to stay you must not think,
Provide the "staff of life"
To satisfy the craving of
Your "wee ones" and your wife.

And when you have thus nobly done,
And some five francs to spare,
You then may step up to the bar
And give your friend a share.

But one advice I yet would give,
That you your course may mend;
For every dollar you receive,
Not more than half you'll spend.

FIP.

A SHARP! OR, FLATS AND SHARPS!

Oh! hear me, hear me! Mr. Flat!
One single word, I'll speak but one,
Pray tell me what you would be at?
Just tell me that and I am done.

Oh! can you so unmanly be,
Or is so low and mean your aim
As to wish to injure me,
And rob me of honor and of fame?

If that's your aim I say to you,
Kind Mr. Flat, you won't succeed;
I cannot injure your's 'tis true,
For fame you n ver had indeed.

Now Mr. Flat a trial make
With some more tender hearted fair
Though much I fear you won't succeed,
So very, very, flat you are.

I will not frown on what I write,
As I have done and what I've said,
But only bid friend FLAT good night,
And remain a poor, thought honest maid:

Now when you read this don't look so FURIOUS,
For the way you are FLAT is no way CURIOUS!!!

"CAUTION.—Whereas my wife, Jane Lemon, alias Holywood, has occasioned the subscriber her peaceable husband, to divide the house with her, she keeps the inside, and me the outside, for she was aye jawjawing me. Now I further caution the public not to credit her any thing on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting, having dissolved the partnership

Signed

WM. LEMON.

Keady, County Armagh, January 18, 1836."

The preceding is an Irish advertisement. Here is a Yankee notice as an offset:

Whereas my pink my, pretty toy,
My wife, my, Ishabel,
Has left hur home and hur employ,
And where she has gone I cannot tell,
This is to forbid all persons not to harbor nor trust
To hur the worth of a straw, or lose it you must:
For I am determined not to pay,
A cent of her contracting in any way
Unless compelled by law AUGUSTUS BALLOU.
She is old and ugly, ill natured and thin,
For further particulars inquire at G. Allen's Inn.
Enfield Conn., March 18.

A MAN THERMOMETER.—Your thin spare man (Cæsar's dread) is an excellent thermometer. Farenheit never constructed one that would better indicate the state of the temperature. If the weather is cold and frosty—he is irritable as a snapping turtle. Damp and cloudy—he is depressed, and shews that he has "the blues." Temperate and sunny—he is cheerful and lively. Your fat, pursy man is less susceptible and seldom indicates the changes. The lean man is your true thermometer.

A RARE ASSORTMENT.—There is said to be a widow residing near Southwark, one of the suburbs of London, whose first husband was a butcher, the second a tanner, and the third and last a shoemaker. The man of meat almost starved her; the man of leather used to hide her; the man of shoes not only made her go barefooted, but threw his lap-stone at her head. We believe she has now done with matrimony—given it up as bad business.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES PASSED AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH CONGRESS FIRST SESSION.

[PUBLIC.—No. 21.]

AN ACT making appropriations for the naval service, for the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be appropriated for the naval service for the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, in addition to the unexpended balances of former appropriations, viz:

For pay of commissioned, warrant, and petty officers, and of seamen, two millions three hundred and eighteen thousand and seventeen dollars and sixteen cents.

For pay of superintendents, naval constructors, and all the civil establishment at the several yards, sixty-eight thousand three hundred and forty dollars.

For provisions, seven hundred and eighty-two thousand two hundred and sixty-three dollars and seventy-five cents.

For repairs of vessels in ordinary, and the repairs and wear and tear of vessels in commission, one million and sixty-five thousand dollars.

For medicines and surgical instruments, hospital stores, and other expenses on account of the sick, forty-one thousand and one hundred dollars.

For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, sixty-seven thousand dollars.

For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars.

For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Brooklyn, New York, eighty-four thousand three hundred dollars.

For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.

For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Gosport, Virginia, one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars.

For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Pensacola, forty-nine thousand dollars.

For wharves and their appendages at the navy yard at Pensacola, as recommended by the Secretary of the Navy, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For powder magazine, seventeen thousand dollars.

For wall or enclosure of brick three yards high, and a half yard thick, as recommended by Commodore Dallas, twenty-four thousand dollars.

For ordnance and ordnance stores, sixty-four thousand nine hundred dollars.

For defraying the expenses that may accrue for the following purposes, viz: for the freight and transportation of materials and stores of every description; for wharfage and dockage, storage and rent; travelling expenses of officers and transportation of seamen; house rent for pursers, when attached to yards and stations where no house is provided; for funeral expenses; for commissions, clerk hire, office rent, stationary and fuel to navy agents; for premiums and incidental expenses of recruiting; for apprehending deserters; for compensation to judge advocates; for per diem allowance to persons attending courts martial and courts of inquiry; for printing and stationary of ever description, and working the lithographic press, and for books, maps, charts, mathmatical and nautical instruments, chronometers, models, and drawings; for the purchase and repair of fire engines and machinery, and for the repair of steam engines; for the purchase and maintenance of oxen and horses, and for carts, timber-wheels and workmen's tools of every description; for postage of letters on public service; for pilotage and towing ships of war; for cabin furniture for vessels in commission; for taxes and assessments on public property, for assistance rendered to vessels in distress; for incidental labor at navy yards, not applicable to any other appropriation; for coal and other fuel, and for candles and oil; for repairs of magazines or powder-houses; for preparing moulds for ships to be built; and for no other purpose whatever, three hundred and twent-one thousand six hundred dollars.

For contingent expenses for objects not herein before enumerated, three thousand dollars.

For completing the steam vessel now building at the navy yard at Brooklyn, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For completing the navy hospitals near New York and Boston, regulating the grounds, making the necessary enclosures, repairing the naval asylum and all other hospitals, and the buildings, and landings connected with them, and for preparing suitable burying grounds, forty-five thousand four hundred and ten dollars.

For completing the powder magazines near New York and Boston, with the landings, enclosures, and dependencies, nineteen thousand two hundred dollars.

For pay of the officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, and for subsistence of the officers of the marine corps, one hundred and sixty-three thousand seventy-seven dollars and twenty-five cents.

For provisions for non-commissioned officers musicians, and privates of said corps, serving on shore, and for servants and washerwomen, thirty three thousand five hundred and seventeen dollars and seventy two cents.

For clothing, thirty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty-five dollars.

For fuel, fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty nine dollars.

For the purchase of sites and the erection of barracks near the navy yards at Charlestown, Gosport, and Pensacola, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For repair of barracks near Portsmouth New Hampshire, and for repairs at other stations, eight thousand nine hundred dollars.

For transportation of officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, and expenses of recruting, six thousand dollars.

For medicines, hospital stores, surgical instruments, and pay of matron, four thousand, one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and twenty-nine cents.

For military stores, pay of armorers, keeping arms in repair, drums, fifes, flags, accoutrements, and ordinance stores, two thousand dollars.

For contingent expenses of said corps, seventeen thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven dollars and ninety three cents.

For arrearages for defraying the extra services and expenses of the officers of the navy engaged in the survey of the coasts and harbors of the United States, for the year eighteen hundred and thirty, and prior thereto, being the amount appropriated in eighteen hundred and thirty-four, for the same object, but by that act made applicable only to arrearages for the year eighteen hundred and thirty, fifteen hundred dollars.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the President of the United States be, and hereby is authorized, to send out a surveying and exploring expedition, to the Pacific ocean and the South Seas, and for that purpose to employ a sloop of war, and to purchase or provide such other smaller vessels as may be necessary and proper to render the said expedition efficient and useful, and for this purposes the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, and in addition thereto, if necessary the President of the United States is authorized to use other means in the control of the Navy Department, not exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for the objects required.

APPROVED 14th May, 1836.

[That strange and unnatural code of honor which requires a man to sacrifice his life, and break the hearts or beggar the condition of his family, because some villian may think it expedient to call him out in single combat, though censured by the public press, sometimes faintly and sometimes with the energy that it deserves, is nevertheless adhered to and practised upon by men, whose position in the world places all their acts once before the public, and the influence of whose example is quickly felt throughout all the ramifications of society. This is one great reason why the fiendish custom of duelling still continues to exist; and it is to be feared will exist until those in high stations shall have the true courage to refrain from a course so malignant and morally injurious. The public press should be more frequent, and louder, in its denunciations of the duelist, and should let no opportunity pass in which a just rebuke could be given or a correct and healthly sentiment promulgated upon the subject.

In the following story, which we take from an excellent and highly interesting magazine [illegible] the horrors and fatality of duelling will be vividly apparent to the reader;—It cannot be dwelt upon without a strong recurrence to the mind of the miserable blindness and strange infatuation which would lead a man to consider the claims of a blood-thirsty villian up in him for satisfaction more binding than those of a fond wife, whose existance was wrapped upon his, or of children whose welfare and whose happiness were centred alone in him whom they called father. Though in some of its incidents revolting to a sensitive mind, yet in its moral bearing the story is worthy of perusal, and well calculated to startle any one who may have cherished false notions of honor into right and consistent reflections.]

ATHENÆUM.

THE DUEL.

If there is one damning custom among the sons of man, 'tis dueling. Call it not murder wilful killing is murder; but this cool, calculating, exulting killing—killing not in madness not in despair, when the heart tossed on a surge of passion strikes, and repents next moment; but the coolly looking at the spot where the heart lies; the putting the dagger there calculatingly; and then, instead of pressing it home fiercely, thrusting it into the warm flesh, inch by inch, till the hot blood spurts over the fingers, and clots on the garments—this, what is this? Oh! call it not murder—murder is a thing of earth—earthly passions do it. But this—go to the pit where the damned shriek, and howl—select the most fiendish scheme of the prince of fiends then and then only, shall you have a parallel.

It was once my lot, to be a secondary actor, in a case of 'honorable butchery;' and one so black in itself, heart-rending in consequences, that it is graven into my brain as with a stamp of fire. God of Heaven! when I think of it, even at this distance of time—when I see my friend stiff, ghastly, and stretched on the wet sands—when I hear the groans, which I heard there—when I see innocence, beauty, confiding affection hanging over the yet warm corse, and pouring forth tears, as if crushed from the bottom of the heart loaded with the agony of ages—and then see the same creature; the inmate of a madhouse, and hear the moans and ravings for the dead object—and with the peculiar characteristic of such insanity, accusing the loved one of coldness, ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and the like,—I say again, ages could not wipe out the recollection.

You are aware, that in the southern states, especially in the extreme south, men are guided more by their passions than at the north,—that there, dueling is little cared for,—that courageous is he who has shot his man,—that those only are cowards, who pale at blood, human blood, blood shed by their own hands. In no part of the south is this custom more prevalent than than at Natchez, on the Mississippi. New Orleans will not compare with it, or would not in the year 1816, the period of my story, and when I was a resident of that place. New Orleans, bad as it is, possessing greater means of indulgence, with its wealth to support theatres, gambleing-houses, assemblages of inhabitants, Spanish, French, English, and Americans amalgamated,—with all these, it is not so bad as Natchez; and for this reason—that there are those, and in great numbers there, belonging to the nothern and better regulated states; from whom, an imperceptible, indeed, yet nevertheless great influence is sent into that community, and the people with more wickedness perhaps, have more conscience than any other of the extreme southern cities.

Natchez, it will be remembered, is on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and on one of the bends of that magnificent river withdawn a little from its banks, and sloping handsomely down to its flowing waters. Above and below the immediate town, are many eligible and pleasant sites for country seats should that part of the country ever possess wealth and taste enough, to think of building them. But at the period of my story, there was nothing of the kind. Dark pine groves, and impenetrable thickets of beech and sycamore, with their lofty branches interwined in many a wild convolution; made a high and thick canopy for the wearied traveler; while the beautiful flowers of the region, among which was the splendid magnolia, gave the forest the freshness and fragrance of a lady's flower garden. From morn till night, the woods were alive with music, and over all, was that sweet harmonist of nature, the American mocking bird, with its rising and falling, ever-varying modulations —now screaming like the startled vulture of the cliffs—and now sinking away with a witching alternation of soft, plaintive, heart-moving minstrelsy sufficient, it would seeem to charm rocks and forest trees,—He who built Thebes, would have thrown away his instrument in despair, could he have heard but one note of this wild-wood melodist.

I said there were no country seats there. I mistake. There was one bright spot, about twelve miles above Natchez, which, though it had at all pretensions to the surpassing beauty of some of the fine superstructures on these northern rivers; nevertheless, for that day and place, it was, certainly, an elegant and hospitable mansion. That it was hospitable, many a man yet living, can testify—for many were the travelers, visiting in that region, who spent days there, and enjoyed the rich hospitality and urbane attentions of its warm-souled, accomplished proprietor. This man, Charles Glenning, was certainly as gentlemanly a person as ever knew. He was educated at the north—and spent his early days there—but for the sake of business, to which he betook him on leaving College, he went to the south, carrying with him as bright a bud of feminine loveliness, as ever God suffered to bloom in this uncongenial, ugly world. I cannot paint her—there's no telling how beautiful she was. It was a beauty of feature; neither was it beauty of mind—and yet, it was beauty of a high and ardent cast, which made you feel you were in the presence of a spirit, the moment you came near her. Forehead white as death—yet, neither intellectual nor otherwise,—soft blue eyes that made you think they were little pieces out of the bluest summer sky,—complexion like the finest evening tints in the back ground of one of Claude Lorraine's landscape, and a face as faultless as ever was hewn from the Pentelican marble, or set a painter a dreaming over his easel.—Imagine these, and you may get a glimpse of the laughing, bright eyed Isabel Glenning.

Her love for her husband was as strage as her [illegible] full [illegible] into [illegible]—bring up jewels—fill your dwelling—win sceptres—ride the world like Cæsar or Alexander—and then offer me the pure, deep, devoted, heart's affection of such a spiritual creature as she was, and I would spurn them all as the dirty commerce of dirtier minds. She lived only for him; she dreamed only for him—he was all. Place her in a palace, in an Esquimaux hut; in a fairy-lane, in a desert; no matter where—only with him—him she had chosen to live and die with and her cup was full.

The circumstances which led me to their acquaintance were peculiar, and such as entwined me into their best feelings. They had been married about four summers; and the fruits of their union, was a little, crowing, curly headed boy, sweet as his mother's beauty. I was hunting on the side of the Mississippi, one warm afternoon, when I observed something floating at a distance, which by means of my dog, was brought to land; and, to my surprise, were presented the lifeless, yet still warm features of this same little fellow. It seemed that playing near the river, he had fallen in, and was near about breathing his last. Taking him in my arms, I hurried home, and just in time to save him. From that hour, they loved me as a brother

My story now leads me a little from the straight track, I have kept thus far—but 'tis necessary to turn aside a little, for the sake of the dark catastrophe, which brought sorrow and death into this Eden dwelling I have described.

There was one Nat. Ralle, dwelling about half way between Natchez, and the plantation of my friend. His was one of those dark-browed, malicious countenances, which made one, in spite of himself, think of the devil, whenever he met him. He never spake like other men. If you met him in the woods of a morning, his salutation was in a low, surly tone, which made you doubtful as to its nature; and after he had passed you for forty or fifty yards, you might observe him stopping and looking back, as if he felt himself suspected by every body. This devil—for such will he appear before I have done with him more than once, had been seen prowling about the dwelling of Glenning; and once being met suddenly, he turned and ran away into the woods, like one of the wild beasts he so much in disposition resembled.

There was a custom, which yet, I believe, exists in the south-western new settlements, for a man to claim the exclusive privilege of hunting on a certain extent of ground, in the vicinity of his habitations. This right is as much insisted on, in certain parts of those states which I have visited, as are the game laws in England; and every one, even stranger-hunter observes it, and recognizes the right by quitting the grounds, so soon as informed that an individual holds reasonable claim to them.—This Ralle had, in open defiance of that knowledge, and against the reiterated, yet polite admonition, of Glenning, trespassed on his lands and once shot a tame doe which Glenning had kept for two or three years, the care of which had devolved on, and was a source of amusement to Isabel—and on that account it seemed a double injury.

Glenning, as cool a man as ever laid claim to the qualities of honor and honesty, at this rode down to the plantation of Ralle, and mildly, yet earnestly, expostulated with him, on what was esteemed a breach of faith—careful at the same time to express his belief, that the shooting of his tame animal was undesigned, yet requesting, for fear of a similar occurrence, that he would hunt elsewhere in future, which thing he could do without incommoding himself.

To this mildness in Glenning, Ralle opposed the remark—'That he would do as he pleased—that the woods were free, and that he should hunt towards the north or south, without asking leave of Yankee interlopers.'

This remark struck on the temper of Glenning, at an unlucky moment. The very consciousness of rectitude on his own part, made the insult fasten and rankle; and gave to it a barb, which, perhaps, in any other circumstances, would not have pained him. Glenning, I have said, was a gentleman. He was such, if there ever was one—a man of good morals, charitable in his disposition, and could not bear to inflict pain; even on a dumb beast. But there is, within the human heart—and philosophy may reason it over till doomsday, without explaining it—a something to quiet conscience, even in the best men, at times, and force them to acts, which in other circumstances they would shudder at. Duelling is one of them. Duelling, Glenning despised from his soul. I have heard him say so a thousand times, and sternly express his abhorence of the man who could stain his hands with a fellow's blood.—He even rose once, and left an agreeable company, because he was told that such a gentleman present was a duellist. With such notions—and they were not mere talk with him—it is a thing I cannot explain, that he so far forgot himself as to hurl back the insult he had received, and in a manner calculated to lead to so sad a termination. He did so however, and retort calling forth retort, they both lost their tempers—when, Ralle springing forward with a knife, Glenning knocked him down with the butt of his whip. He then turned and rode home.

Isabel met him at the door, and it needed but a glance to see that something was the matter. His brow was knit—his teeth set like a vice—and his lip curled with a stern haughtiness which I had never supposed was in him before.

He tried to pass her. Isabel threw her arms about him, and burst into tears.

It awoke him—his happiness came back to his heart—the fiend fled from him—and he stood in the presence of that lovely, simple-hearted weeper, as helpless as a child. The effect of his passions unnerved him, like a fever; and he was forced to keep his chamber till evening. He then entered the parlor again.

To the fond inquisitiveness of Isabel, he now opposed, the heat of the weather, the weariness of his long ride, and some other little nothings; and by his wit, and pleasantry, succeeded in lulling her into a forgetfulness of the events of the day. Oh! that was a calm—a deep and awful calm. It was that which precedes the thunder—the moment between the flash and the bolt,—*And the bolt came.*

I had seen a messenger approach, and leave the gate at sun set; and had suspicions, more than I dared acknowledge to myself. And yet my friend was never more agreeable, than on that evening. It seemed as if some unheard of [illegible] physics—for they had amused him much at College—and well acquainted with the principles, and history of the Fine Arts, he rambled from one to the other, with the most amusing madness—sometimes serious, sometimes turning a happy illustration into the most exquisite ridicule by some keen stroke of humor, and now running off again, in a manner at once new and electrifying. He was, on the whole, the most amusing man, for the time, I ever spent an evening with. Poor, poor, Glenning! —but I will not anticipate.

When the evening closed, he followed me into my room; and, locking the door, sat down, and wept like a child.

'Poor, poor, Isabel!' was all he could articulate. 'She suspects nothing, poor thing—and it will break her heart. Death,' cried he, starting up, 'I fear it not. I have lived to die when my time comes. But she—she who loves me—whose life is wrapped up in mine—how can she'—and sinking down, he wept longer than before.

I ventured to lay my hand on his shoulder. He rose calm, awfully calm.

Grasping my hand, my friend, said he—you must help me in this. You must stand by, and see me fall, if fall I must; and then—bear the news to—to—his sobbing choak'd his utterance.

I asked him if there were no means of avoiding it.

None—none in the world. He said this in a tone, which forbade argument; and I said no more.

I drew a veil over the remainder of that evening.

Before the sun, he met me at the bottom of the hill in front of his dwelling, with his pistols in his hand He requested me to load them. I did so, and without a muscle's shaking; for from my childhood, I had been incapable of every kind of fear; nevertheless, I thought of the form which might be stiff before evening—of eyes that might be glazed—and of the fond heart which I knew would be broken.

He told me he had left his wife sleeping, and as he hung over her, and kissed those lips, the music of which he might hear no longer, she breathed his name in her slumbers. That—that parting—and he grasped my hand, with an energy sufficient to crush it—that parting, said he, has killed me. I cannot feel worse. No! not if I felt my adversary's bullet in my heart, could I feel worse. And she—O! who will take care of her? who will dry her tears? who bind up that heart, which will certainly break with mine?

He gave way but a moment to feelings of this nature; for, commending her to me in case of his death, he walked forward to the place agreed on, with the most perfect calmness. All the difference to be observed in him was, perchance, a degree of paleness, nothing else betrayed the fact, that he was walking to his grave.

The place selected for the rencontre, was a wild and beaten spot on the river-shore, where the rocks, rising abruptly to the altitude of some hundred feet, swept round like a horse shoe in two projections, and then thrust themselves into the stream, leaving a hollow curve of smooth wet sand within them, of about three rods in length. The beach was white as snow, the blue waters of the Mississippi went by with a low groaning sound, the hoarse screaming of the flamingo swept out from the rocks overhead, and the sun was just blazing out from the lazy mists of the morning, as the party entered.

I shall never forget how the combatants looked, at that moment. Glenning was calm, stern and sorrowful—Ralle looked lik a devil. He scowled horridly, as he marked the tall, handsome figure of his adversary, and seemed joyed that he had it in his power, to spoil such a fine piece of God's workmanship.

I approached Glenning, and asked his wishes.

I am ready—were his words.

The pistols were placed in their hands. They fired—my friend into the air—Ralle with a steady aim; yet his ball whistled harmlessly by, and lodged in the opposite rock.

What's to be done? said Ralle's second.

If Mr. Glenning will acknowledge himself a coward, said Ralle in a low taunting tone, and ask my forgiveness, he may go about his business.

Never, wretch!—reload the pistols.

The pistols were again placed in their hands and they fired; as before, Glenning into the air—Ralle's ball passing harmlessly by.

The man again interfered.

Ralle made the same remark.

Silence! thundered Glenning, thou bloody villian, nor dare insult the years of manhood, by your damning proposition. I should prove myself a liar did I do it; you, you gave the offence, and 'tis from you should come the acknowledgement. But this is wasting time That I am no coward, sir, I have fully shown by twice withstanding your fire. Now 'tis my turn—give us the pistols. Wretch—cried he, looking on Ralle with eyes flashing intolerably bright, and voice so hoarse that it could scarcely be heard—wretch! you have lived too long. Look your last on the sun—for by the Eternal God! you certainly die.

The pistols were handed them—the word given; this time, my friend aimed and fired, Ralle staggered back, and fell upon his knees; yet, he soon recovered himself, and rising to his feet, he certainly presented the most horrible countenance I ever saw. The ball had struck him on the jaw near the ear, and crushed it to atoms; and the blood spirted over him from head to foot. He uttered one dreadful shriek of agony, then, before I could interfere, rushed up, presented his pistol at the breast of Glenning, and shot him through the heart.

Such a dastard act! But let me close the scene, I have dwelt on it too long. We carried my friend to his dwelling, we tore open his garments, there was the ragged wound in his breast, and his heart's blood gushing through it.

* * * * * *

Poor, poor Isabel! she sleeps beneath the flowers she so much resembled, her name is left in our hearts.

THE SLEEPLESS WOMAN.

There is something very singularly wild and original in the idea of a "sleepless woman," killing her husband, by simply remaining awake night and day. A part of the conclusion of a striking legend is annexed:

"The day darkened into night, and here, according to all regular [illegible] but there never was a rule yet without an exception. However, to infringe upon established custom as little as possible, we will enter into no details of how pretty the bride looked in her nightcap, but proceed forthwith to the baron's first sleep. He dreamed that the sun suddenly shone into his room. Dazzled by the glare, he awoke, and found the bright eyes of his bride gazing tenderly on his face. Weary as he was, still he remembered how uncourteous it would be to be sleeping while she was so wide awake, and he forthwith roused himself as well as he could. Many persons say they cant sleep in a strange bed; perhaps this might have been the case with his bride; and in new situations people should have all possible allowances made for them.

"They arose the following morning, the baroness bright-eyed and blooming as usual the baron pale and abattu. They wandered through the castle; De Launaye told of his uncle's prediction.

"How careful I must be of you,' said the bride smiling; 'I shall be quite jealous.'

"Night came, and again Adolphe was awaken from his first sleep by Cotilde's bright eyes.

The third night, arrived and human nature could bear no more.

"Good God, my dearest!' exclaimed the husband do you never sleep.

"Sleep!' replied Cotilde, opening her large bright eyes, till they were even twice their usual size and brightness. Sleep, one of my noble race sleep? I never slept in my life.'

"She never sleeps!' ejaculated the baron, sinking back on his pillow, in horror and exhaustion.

"It had been settled that the young couple should forthwith visit Paris—thither they at once proceeded. The beauty of the baroness produced a marvellous sensation even in that city of sensations. Nothing was heard of for a week but the enchanting eyes of the Baroness de Launaye. A diamond necklace of a pattern was invented in the honor, and called *aux beaux yeux de Cotilde.*"

"Those eyes," said a prince of the blood, whose taste in such matters had been cultivated by some years of continual practice, "those eyes of madame de Launaye will rob many of our young gallants of their rest."

"Very true," briefly replied her husband.

"Well, the baronness shone like a meteor in every scene, while the baron accompanied her, the spectre of his former self. Sallow, emaciated, every body said he was going into a consumption. Still it is quite delightful to witness the devotedness of his wife—she could scarcely bear him one moment out of her sight."

"She never sleeps!" exclaimed the miserable Adolphe—"she never sleeps? Day and night her large bright eyes eat like fire into my heart. Oh, my uncle, why did not your prophecy, when it warned me against danger, tell me distinctly in what danger consisted. To have a wife that never sleeps!"

A WIFE'S POINT.—A wife should have nine qualifications which begin with the letter P., viz: Prettiness, Precision, Prudence, Penetration, Perservance, Piety, Patience Politeness, and Portion. That which should be first of all and most of all in consideration is now-a-days last of all; and that which should be last of all in consideration, which is portion is now become first of all, most of all, and with some all in all.

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