EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS THE ETERNAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.---No. 24.

EASTON, MARYLAND, SEMI-WEEKLY. TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1836.

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*.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

Philadelphia Mirror.

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editor to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known as the largest family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books of the best literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful; the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt and sixty-five of Mr. Brook's valuable Letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal Improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of $2. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the lakes. The paper has been now so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, therefore will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvanian" "The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union;" the other, the Inquirer and Daily Courier, says, "it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States." The New York Star says—"we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes"

The Albany Mercury of March 18th, 1836, says, "the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable reading matter than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs Woodward & Clarke, of Philadelphia, to republish in its columns, in the course of a year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press; which cannot fail to give to it a permanent interest and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value."

THE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the PHILADELPHIA MIRROR, will commence with the publication of the prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of $100, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales and &c. offered in a competition for the $500 premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated both at home and abroad.

The approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is strictly neutral the religious and political matters, and in uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, Internal Improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads, &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads, distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them could warrant.

TERMS:

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form, at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror, being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance (including the Maps.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE,
Philadelphia.

POETRY.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June; 'tis merry smiling June;
'Tis blushing summer now.
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
Amid the clust'ring vine;
The rustic seat is in the porch,
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy ragged urchins play
Beneath the glowing sky;
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel dozes his length
Along the stone-paved hall;
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean flowers fragrant maze;
Or, basking, throws her dappled form
To court the warmest rays.

The open casement, flinging wide,
Geraniums give to view;
With choicest posies rang'd between,
Still wet with morning dew

The mower whistles o'er his roll,
In em'rald grass must yield;
The scythe is out, the swarth is down,
There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to easily muse
In such an hour as this;
To sense the joy Creation gives,
In purity and bliss.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

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

[PUBLIC—No. 25.]

penses incurred and supplies furnished on account of the militia received into the service of the United States for the defence of Florida.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be, and is hereby, directed to cause to be paid the expenses that have been incurred, and the supplies that have been furnished, in the State of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and the Territory of Florida, on account of the militia received into the service of the United States for the defence of Florida. *Provided*, That the accounts for these claims shall be examined and audited at the Treasury, as in other cases.

SEC. 2 *And be it further enacted*, That the Secretary of war be authorized to cause the militia called out to defend East Florida, by General Clinch and Hernandez, or by the Governor of Middle and West Florida, and such other militia and volunteers as have been received and mustered into the service of the United States regularly discharged, to be paid in like manner with the volunteers and militia orderd into service under orders from the War Department.

J. K. POLK.
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
M. VAN BUREN,
Vice President of the United States, and President of the Senate.

APPROVED 20th May, 1836.
ANDREW JACKSON.

Canine Sagacity.—An English newspaper contains the following *rather* remarkable instance of sagacity in a dog. Indeed it is the best dog story that we have seen for some time:

"A gentleman whose love of field sports sometimes made him a trespasser upon others grounds, once had the misfortune to have one of his favorite pointers wounded by a nobleman's gamekeeper upon one of his marauding expeditions. Some time after this occurrence he was about to cross the grounds of a gentleman in another part of the country; when he had half achieved the distance he missed one of his dogs, he whistled and called to no purpose; and at length in great anger returned to seek the truant, and found him on the border of the domain he had just entered, pointing most staunchly; making sure of a shot, the sportsman cocked his piece, and looking towards the direction of the point, observed with no less admiration than wonder, that the dog's eyes were riveted upon a board bearing the following ominous inscription:—Notice.—*All dogs entering these grounds will be shot.*—W. Ramrod, Keeper."

End of Wood, the singer.—Henry Ogden, Esq. Chairman of the Committee appointed to invite Wood, the singer, to a public entertainment; and to present him with a service of plate, has just called to inform us, that he (Mr. Ogden) and the rest of the gentlemen whose names are attached to that invitation, disclaim all further intercourse with Wood, will revoke the whole proceeding, and hand him over to the execration he deserves. The indignation felt for his brutal attack upon our reporter, is intense in all quarters. Those papers, therefore, who have with so much exultation paraded the "compliment to Mr. Wood," before their readers, will have the opportunity to digest their mortification as best they may.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

According to accounts from Venice of the 15th of May, the cholera was raging there with violence. Several persons of distinction had been carried off by it.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

TRIAL OF R. P. ROBINSON FOR MURDER.

Court of Oyer and Terminer—June 2d.
Before his Honor Judge Edwards and Aldermen Hinson, Banks, Kendall and Ingraham.

Shortly after the hour of three, the Court reassembled, and the District Attorney, Mr. Phenix, in an able and eloquent speech, opened the cause on the part of the prosecution, detailing the prominent items of evidence he intended to introduce to establish the guilt of the prisoner. He then proceeded to call the witnesses, as follows:

Rosina Townsend sworn.—I was acquainted with Ellen Jewett, saw her alive on Saturday night the 9th of April, about 11 or half past 11 o'clock. I know the prisoner at the bar by the name of Frank Rivers and no other. Ellen Jewett was a resident and a boarder in my house at that time; she had been a resident and boarder for three weeks from the 8th April. I had seen the prisoner at my house six or seven times as nigh as I can recollect. I was called upon at one time by Ellen Jewett to notice him particularly, and I did so notice him; this was the second or third night after Ellen came to live with me. I saw the prisoner the night after Ellen was murdered. A person rapped at the door, I went and asked who was there—this was about 9 or half past 9 o'clock. When I asked who was there, and the person answered Miss Jewett, the door was locked. I asked the question the second time before I opened the door. The answer to my second question was the same, Miss Jewett,—I then opened the door. The reason I did not open the door the first time was that I wanted to see if I could distinguish the voice of the person outside, I had a particular reason to know who the person was, asking for admission.

It was because Miss Jewett said, that if a certain person came to the door, not to admit him. I know a person who had assumed the name of Bill Easy, who was in the habit of visiting my house and Ellen Jewett. (Here a reckless wight was brought up for disorder, reprimanded and expelled from the room.) Bill Easy had visited Ellen on each of the Saturday nights previous to that Saturday night. Ellen assigned as a reason for not admitting Bill Easy, that she expected Frank Rivers; and if Easy came not to admit him. (Here Mr. Hoffman objected to the admission of the declarations of Ellen Jewett, and the court decided that they were not evidence against the prisoner.) I can't say that I positively recognized that it was the prisoner's voice but I was positive it was not Bill Easy's voice. When I opened it, Frank Rivers was at the door; by Frank Rivers, I mean [illegible] and hat—a dark cloth cloak—cannot be positive as to the color of it. I saw his face before he came into the entry. As I opened the door he stood with his shoulder against the casement, & the light from the entry lamp shone full in his face. I cannot be mistaken that it was the prisoner at the bar, from the light, shining in his face, and the full view I had of him. He then came in. He raised his cloak so as to nearly conceal his face. He went through the entry before me. He said nothing after he got into the entry, and I said nothing to him.

I walked direct behind him to the parlor door which stood ajar; shoved the door open, and called for Ellen, who was sitting in the parlor, nearly opposite the door; I told her that Frank had come, who had turned in the entry to go up stairs; there are two stairs going up leading to the same platform; he went up the right hand stairs. The sleeping room of Ellen Jewett was on the second floor, back room near the head of the right hand stairs. When I told Ellen that Frank had come, she immediately left the parlor and went up stairs; I saw her when she came out of the parlor at the first landing, and take hold of Mr. Robinson's cloak and say, "My dear Frank, I am glad you have come." She went up stairs and remained some time. The next time I saw her was about 11, or at 4 past 11 o'clock, when she came down. In the interim I did not see her; but a person came with a pair of boots for her and I called her; she came down into the hall, there took the boots and let the person out, but did I notice her. About 11 o'clock she came on the stairs and called to me to bring her a bottle of champaigne wine, and she would not trouble me to bring it in to her. She was in her night clothes. I told her to go into her room, and I would bring it up; I took the bottle of champaigne up to her, with two glasses on a waiter, Ellen asked me if I would not come in and take a glass. I did not go into the bed room; but I could see in as I stood in front of the door, which opens against the wall inside, and when Ellen took the waiter, it stood open; I could see the bed, which had no curtains, and also who was in the bed; it was a common size French bedstead in the bed with Ellen when I stood at the door, was Robinson, the prisoner.

He was lying resting on his elbow, inclining a little to the left. The bed was standing against the side of the wall, its foot towards the door, and I was within four or five feet of the foot of the bed. I saw the side face of the person in bed distinctly. That the person I saw in bed leaning on his elbow was the prisoner at the bar, I cannot be mistaken in. He was reading a paper or book, I cannot tell which. There was a candle standing either on the pillow or on a stand at the head of the bed, I think on a pillow. I then went immediately downstairs That was the last I saw of the prisoner that night.

As the prisoner laid on the bed, resting on his elbow, there was something in the appearance of his head that engaged my attention. It was his hair being very thin on the back and upper part of his head, where it was parted. I have never observed this since the night I saw him in bed. I have mentioned this circumstance to Mrs. Gallagher since. Mr. Brick came in, and I named the same thing to him, asked him if it was not so. I think I said this on the 19th April, the day my furniture was sold. I retired to bed on the night of the 9th of April at a quarter past 12. I had a clock in my house, which stood on a mantel in my bedroom, which I looked at before I retired. My usual hour for shutting up my house was 12 o'clock. My bedroom was the front room of the first floor, on the right hand as you open the street door. There is a room directly opposite on the other side of the entry; it is a [illegible] house. After I got to bed and asleep, I was awakened by some person knocking at my bedroom door, but I cannot tell at what time it was. Some person asked me to let him out; I answered get your woman to let you out. I remained in bed and heard no more knocking or attempt to get out of the house.

I was awakened again about three o'clock by a person knocking at the street door. I cannot tell what time elapsed between the knocking at my door and the street door, as I had gone to sleep in the interim. I know the person let in at 3 o'clock, as I had a light in my room. In letting that person in I discovered a light in my parlour, which was an unusual occurrence at that hour. This parlour ran across the entry the full width of the house. Seeing the light I was induced to go into the parlour and saw a lamp standing on the table. It was a glass globe lamp standing on the table burning. It was a glass globe lamp with a square bottom. I had two lamps only of that description in my house; one of these lamps was in Ellen Jewett's room, and the other in Mary Stevens' room adjoining. These lamps were not used in any other rooms. I then discovered that the back door was open, which was fastened by a bar, so that any person in the parlour could open the back door. I then went into my own room, sat down five or ten minutes, it might have been longer; and got into a doze. I then recollected myself, that they had not come in; whoever had been in the parlour and went into the parlour the second time, I shoved the back door open, which stood ajar, and called twice, but received no answer. I then closed the door and laid the bar across the hook. I then took the lamp, and went up stairs on the left hand side, and came to Mary Stevens's door, which I tried, and found it fast. I then went to Ellen's door, found it on the latch, shoved it open; and the smoke rushed out in torrents. I then knocked at Barbara Stewart's door, opposite to Ellen's and told her Ellen's room was on fire.

My knocking at Miss Stewart's door alarmed the whole house, and all the girls were on the platform at one time. Miss Stevens and myself attempted to get into the room, through the smoke—Miss Stevens was the first one who reached the bed; she is the one who had the lamp corresponding with the one I found down stairs. The bed was on fire; I found the bed-clothes all consumed; the fire appeared to have been [illegible] without blazing; we called for water and threw it on the bed; I called the watch, and three of them came first; who went out, I think [illegible] and four others, I believe, came afterwards. One side of Helen was burnt; when a first found her, she was lying nearly on her back, the left side very much burnt, and a large gash in the right side of her head; I do not distinctly see the body until the watch came, Mary Stevens went in first, and said they [illegible] stamp, as she brought out some of Helen Jewett, and she was dead; Helen Jewett, while she lived in my house, never had to my knowledge, any falling out, or quarrel with any of the inmates of my house, or with myself, or any person visiting there, there was no ill blood with any one as I know of.

Cross examined.—I am 30 years of age; I have been married; I believe my husband is not dead; it is 11 years since I lived with him; I was married in Castleton in this State up the North river, I never lived in New York before my marriage; I came to New York in 1825; my husband left me in Cincinnati, Ohio, and went off with another woman, with whom he now lives in Boston.

I came on from Cincinnati here, and never lived in the South. My parents lived in Castleton, and after coming on from Ohio, went to my parents, where I stayed three weeks, I then went to an aunt of my husband, in Church street, and took in sewing from September, when I came to December, 1825. My health became impaired, and I was obliged to give up sewing. I was attended by Dr. David L. Rogers, as my physician, and had an issue in my arm. I then went to Mr. Henry Beekman's in Greenwich street, as a chamber maid, but on account of my health was compelled to leave, and I went out to board with Mat. Pearce in April, 1826, in Duane street, who kept an assignation house. I left her in the fall of 1827. Since I left the employment of Mr. Beekman, I have either been a tenant in or kept a house of prostitution. Ellen Jewett had boarded with me before the three weeks I spoke of, viz: in the year 1835, and was with me nine or ten months. I do not recollect ever to have had any quarrel with Ellen Jewett, or with any other person on her account. I know a person called English Charley, but have had no quarrel with him on account of Ellen Jewett. I had seen Robinson six or seven times during the three weeks she stayed with me last. One time I saw him was on a Sunday afternoon. I do not recollect seeing him at any other times, except at nights. He once came into my room, Ellen was present, and two young men from the South. I think he was at my house the Thursday night before the murder. I think he had on a cloak and cap.

He was known to the girls as Frank Rivers. There were two who came to the house that went by the same name. On the occasion, when he was pointed out to me, by Helen, she wished me to say, which was the handsomest, Robinson or Bill Easy. The latter is the tallest. On the night of the 9th April, there was only one person at the door, and he asked for Miss Jewett. I heard the answer distinctly given. I asked the second time, to be certain whether it was the voice of Robinson. I was not positive the first time, but opened the door the second knocking from a full conviction that it was the voice of Robinson. I think it not the first time that I introduced the name of Bill Easy. Before the Grand Jury and Coroner, cannot recollect saying that I knew positively that it was the voice of Robinson. I dont recollect what kind of a night it was, whether clear or cloudy. When I opened the door, wide enough to admit any person in, he was standing against the right side of the casement. I held the knob of the door in my hand when I opened the door. The entry is not very wide, and the door nearly occupies the width of the entry. After he had passed me to go up stairs I did not see him again till I saw him on the bed. My face was turned towards him until he turned to go up stairs. The lamp hangs from the ceiling very high, it is a globe lamp, and shines full in the face of a person coming into the entry, so that I can see who it is. There was an attempt in passing me to conceal the face, and Mr. Rivers, in coming in, was in the habit of putting up his cloak to cover his face; not from me, but from others. Miss French was standing in her door as he went in. When Helen said, my dear Frank; I am glad to see you; I was standing in the hall near the stairs; I went into my sleeping room; it was between 9 and 10 o'clock, and about 11 or a 1 past 11, was called up for the champange.

I admitted all the persons that entered after Mr. Robinson. Previous to that, some of the girls attended the door. There were no persons admitted after 8 o'clock that I did not admit. Those who came before that hour I did not admit; some persons might have been admitted before 8 whom I did not know. I had not drunk any wine or any liquor that night, only one bottle of champaign was drunk besides what Helen had. I admitted one person to my room after Robinson came in, where he was there all night. There was only one bed in that room. The person in my room was not disturbed by the knockings at the door, or the admission of persons. In the room where Helen slept the door opened clear of the bed, and I had a full view of the persons in it. Robinson was lying on his breast, leaning on his elbow, his side face towards me, and I saw his side face distinctly. A lamp stood burning on a little side table, and a candle on the pillow. His body to the shoulders was covered with the bed clothes: he did not change his position while I was there.

I stood nearly two minutes at the door, until she brought the water, opened the wine, commenced pouring it, and she asked me to take a glass, which I declined. I noticed while there, the place on the back of his head where the hair was almost off, and I thought I would mention it to her the next morning. I think I have made substantially the same statement at the Police Office. I did not mention every particular I have told here, before the magistrate at the time, as some things then escaped my memory which have occurred to me since. I think it was about an hour and a half after I let Robinson in before I took up the champagne, and I shut the house a quarter past 12. There were six men in the house that I know of, that I let in; how many came in before 8 o'clock I cannot tell. There were ten girls in my house, I did not know all the men I let in.

When the alarm of fire was, and the watchmen came, those men went out of the house I called to the watch from the window. Think Mr. Palmer was the first watchman that came. Don't recollect the watchman's saying lock the doors and keep all in. I remember say ing to the men within, don't leave the house, gentlemen. The key was by mistake left in the door, after the watchman came in. I am not positive of seeing two men in the entry in their shirt sleeves after the fire was discovered, nor can I tell whether the murder was discovered before the watchman came in, but I rather think it was, and so I said before. There was no [illegible] in the house, occurred after the fire. Do not know of any person being at the door of Helen Jewett, except Robinson. After the doors were opened, if any had committed the murder, he might have gotten out. During this week there were a great many strangers and others at the house, say from 80 to 100. I have often been exposed to the insults of very bad people who came there. That night I was unwell, and did not dress until nearly 8 o'clock, and did not let persons in until an hour and a half

By a Juror—There was a coroner's inquest at my house on Sunday morning; Mr. Robinson, I think, was present, but I believe not uncovered. I cannot recollect that he had his hat off, or not. In the examination in the Grand Jury room, I remember he sat with his hat off, within 4 or 5 feet of me, and I do not recollect seeing the bare place on his head.

By Mr. Phenix—Taken in the Grand Jury room, I did not notice Mr. Robinson being in the room, until I was called out to point him out, which I did, and looked him in the face. It was by candle light.

By Mr. Maxwel!—I mentioned about the baldness of bare place on his head before I heard he had shaved off his hair at Bellevue. I spoke of it long before I saw in the "Sun" newspaper that it had been done.

From the Georgetown Metropolitan.

STUPENDOUS FRAUD & SUICIDE.

Alas for the onward progress of human perfectibility. Alas for the speedy advent of that Utopian time, when the street is to be paved with penny rolls, and gold and silver be scarce deemed worthy of being made into scrapers and door handles—Alas, alas, again we say *alas*,—the most magnificent project of financial amelioration which the world has witnessed since the days of Law, and the south sea scheme, has just been blown to pieces in the City of Washington. We are surrounded by the ruins of that gigantic structure whose pyramidal base would in all probability have covered the earth, and whose lofty cone would have pierced the heavens, but for the unfortunate oversight of its architect, who commenced its *fabrication* with the apex downwards—and continued busily adding to the superstructure until it became top heavy and crushed the most brilliant hopes that ever were formed, and their originator in the fall.

But to be serious. Our readers must have observed the District newspapers crowded for some months past with extended advertisements, announcing the establishment of a "UNION FINANCIAL AGENCY," which was to conduct financial operations upon the greatest scale ever attempted in the world. Its notes were to be at par, in London and China, in Paris and Ceylon, in Mexico and Washington; and in short, wherever the human form was found were its beneficent facilities to be extended—and every language under Heaven was to be made a means of diffusing its important benefits. Along with this announcement a long list of "permanent rules" was published, all of which, it was remarked, were couched in that mysterious and recondite phraseology which became the occult dignity of its professions. Following these advertisements, came in quick succession others, in which 'agents, agents agents,' were vociferously wanted to open the branch offices of the giant institution in every town, hamlet and city in the United States. Clerks in an unlimited number were required at the "Central Office," and the public was duly notified that ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS in French francs awaited its gracious acceptance by way of beginning.

These extraordinary manifestations aroused, as they well might, the public curiosity. People in every direction rubbed their eyes and scratched their heads, and before long but one universal question reigned paramount in interlocution, and that was, "What is the Union Agency?" who were its heads or tails—where did it spring from—and what was the means by which results so amazing were to be effected?—The general amazement was still farther increased, by indications more palpable than newspaper advertisements of its power and its existence. A large house opposite the Treasury Department, and as if in rivalry of it, was taken; and plastered over with splendid gilt signs informing the world that there was the actual veritable *Central Office* in which all these wonders were to be performed, and, to crown all, an enormous iron chest, labeled "Union Agency" duly arrived one day in the cars from Baltimore; and with infinite labour was wheeled up the avenue, to the United States Bank, where a dozen or two of sturdy porters scarce sufficed to deposite its valuable weight. It is astonishing the change which this mighty chest effected in the public mind. Ridicule was turned to silence, confidence to enthusiasm, and as it was pretty generally believed that it came from Nathan Rothschild, all doubts that the great financial Bank had abundant funds and unlimited credit were at an end. From day to day its apartments were crowded with eager applicants for its favours, or with others anxious to deposite their little funds in an institution promising such golden returns.

These last, as might have been expected, were of the poorer class principally colored persons, to whom indeed the whole blessings of the benificent institution were promised. In this manner things went on swimmingly. From time to time the public curiosity was stimulated and kept from flagging by announcements of the dread power and intentions of the Bank. As a gracious favor and to prevent a too precipitate insolvency, an offer was made to endorse with the great seal of the establishment the notes of the Metropolis Bank, the United States Bank and such others as should be deemed trustworthy; and it was remarked that in the rare instances in which these notes were paid out by the establishment, they really bore this formal attestation. The great climax, however, was not yet reached. A Philanthropic Congress was announced, which was to assemble on the 1st of June and to supersede the labors of all the other legislatures that existed. Congress, here, was petitioned for the establishment of a great national Bank, which would of course render all other financial agencies unnecessary, and the Universal or Catholican Journal, which in every language was to disseminate the principles of Philanthropy throughout the world, was announced as about to make its appearance.

Finally, about three weeks ago, this paper [illegible] further development of its [illegible] constitution. It was called the "FIRST REPORT" and announced in lengthened columns of magnificent, *i e* incomprehensible rhapsody, the vast designs of the movers of this mighty machine. Labour was to be the basis of every operation, unbounded credit and confidence to take the place of the fluctuation of business and every human being *who could work* was to rejoice in full pockets and luxurious competency. The paper was followed up by lectures. The world was to be enlightened in these new principles, and to such extent had the mania grown that many young men of intelligence and industry, forsook lucrative employments for the higher sphere opened to them in preaching up the infallibility of the system. Among others the principal of a flourishing school in the City, a gentleman of talents and respectability, forsook his prospects to propagate these more flattering principles. Another forsook employment as a Congressional Reporter, to preach up these universal dogmas and indite correspondence with all parts of the world. But the Drama approaches its conclusion. The 27th May was the great epoch assigned in every advertisement since the commencement as *pay day*, in which all the accumulated claims against the establishment were to be wiped off at once. To save trouble to the magnaninous Bank no bill of less than $100 was to be paid, and many tradesmen in their unlimited faith in the concern had allowed their bills to accumulate, gladly, to the requisite amount.

The night of the 26th was dark and rany. Mr. George K. Myers, the great mover and main-spring of the whole mighty machine, resolved apparently to signalize the following day in Washington by giving a receipt in full to every claimant, and wisely judging that *Nature* was the greatest debtor of the establishment and himself, he became possessed of the notion that payment of that great debt on his part would liquidate every other demand. He therefore took, as one would suppose, effectual means to accomplish this notable object. Accordingly, about 12 o'clock, he stood upon the Potomac Bridge, *cut his throat from ear to ear*, and then jumped into the river. Whether the cold water staunched the blood, or whether he had resolved to cheat Nature like all the rest of his creditors, so it was that, towards morning he was washed ashore; and his cries alarming a negro woman residing near, she admitted the shivering wretch into her cabin, and ran over to the city for a doctor. The following day the news soon spread, and numerous debtors of the Great Bank at once joined in the general laugh raised about their claims, especially when it was found that all the gold in the immense chest had turned into a bag of salt.

Thus tragico-farcically ended this ridiculous business. The fellow inflicted a flesh wound on his throat as a matter of policy doubtless to anticipate Judge Lynch in the vengeance which he dreaded from that functionary on that great pay day he has so long promised. A serious history of the whole affair would certainly form one of the most curious chapters in the annals of imposture. What has since become of the miserable wretch we do not know nor would it be much matter but for the sakes of the unfortunate dupes who were swindled out of their money.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says—It is rumored that Gen. Scott has been recalled from Florida, and sent against the Creeks, Gen Clinch will in this case assume the chief command of the United States forces in Florida.

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