THE EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. II.—No. 74.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 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 hould be *post paid.*

A NEW FAMILY NEWSPAPER, OF THE LARGEST, AND CHEAPEST CLASS IN THE COUNTRY—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Now regularly published in Philadelphia, a weekly Newspaper called

The Saturday Chronicle,

Philanthropist and Miror of the Times.

Publication Office, No. 74 South Second street,

THE SATURDAY CHRONICLE, is the fulle t sense of the term, a Family Newspaper, entirely unconnected with party politics and sectarianism, and zealously devoted to the cause of literature, science and general in telligence, as calculated to entertain and instruct every branch of the domestic circle. Its general contents are—Tales and Essays on Literary, Scientific and Moral subjects—Sketches of History and Biography—Contributions from some of the best writers of Philadelphia—European and Domestic Correspondence—Notices of improvements in the Mechanic Arts, Agriculture and Rural Economy—Articles on Music, the Drama and other amusements—Varieties, amusing incidents, &c. and a carefully prepared synopsis of the current News of the day, both foreign and domestic.

The publishers of the Chronicle having caquired considerable experience in the newspaper business, from a connection of several years standing with one of the most popular newspapers in the country, feel satisfied that they will be enabled to issue a sheet in all respects deserving of liberal patronage. They have already secured for its columns, the aid of several literary gentlemen of this city, and have engaged attentive correspondents to furnish the latest intelligence from Washington and Harrisburg, during the sessions of the state Legislature and of Congress. They design also, in the course of a few weeks, to offer liberal premiums for literary articles, in order to secure for their readers productions from some of the best writers in the country. The works of popular authors will occasionally be published at length in the Chronicle, and no pains nor expense will be spared to render the paper interesting and attractive to every class ofrenders.

Among the writers of distinction who have already, or are about to furnish original articles for the Saturday Chronicle, are the follow ing.

D. B Brown, Esq.	Robert Morris, Esq.
Col. T. L. M'Kenny,	W. G. Clark, Esq.
John J. Smith, Jr. Esq.	Dr. James M'Henry,
J. R. Chandler, Esq.	Chas. Naylor, Esq.
C. P. Holcom, Esq.	R. T. Conrad, Esq.
Miss Leslie,	Dr. Joseph Pancoas
Miss E. C. Stras,	J. Watson, Esq.
Mrs. J. L. Dumont,	Chas. S. Cope, Esq
John Clarke, Esq.	Robt. Hare, Jr. Esq
Rev. Jos. Rusling,	B. W. Richards, Esq
Dr. A. C. Draper,	C. B. Trego, Esq.
Thos. Earle, Esq.	Dr. J. A. Elkinton,
Wm T. Smith, Esq.	Thos. A. Parker, Esq.
Hon. Matthias Morris,	Victor Value, Esq.,
Wm. Darby, Esq.,	Jos. R. Hart, Esq,
Prof. John M. Keagy,	Morris Mattson, Esq.

And it is the intention of the publishers to secure, if possible, original articles from every prominent writer in the country.

One important feature of the Chronicle is the publication of Letters from Europe, written expressly for this paper, by a distinguished literary gentleman. These letters are deeply interesting and instructive; and equal, in every respect, to any European letters that have ever been written for the Am erican press.

ushee Chronicle is issued in good type, and on Thet of the largest mammoth size. It is published every Saturday, and forwarded by mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, to all parts of the United States, on the day of publication

MATTHIAS & TAYLOR,
Recently connected with the Saturday Evening Post.

TERMS—Two dollars a year, payable in advance; $2 50 if not paid before the expiration of six months; and $3 00 if payment is delayed until the end of the year. or six months, $1 00—in advance.

☞Advertisements neatly and conspicuously inserted on reasonable terms.

☞Postmasters and others remitting $10 00 will be furnished with six copies of the Chronicle for one year.

☞Orders free of postage, addressed to the Publisher, at No. 74 South Second Street, Philadelphia, will meet prompt attention.

☞Small notes on all solvent Banks, received at par in payment of subscriptions

☞Our editorial friends in the country are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, and accept a free exchange for one year. August 6. tf

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to the late firm of Wilson & Taylor, are requested to come forward and settle their accounts. The subscriber will be in Easton, at the store of Stevens & Rhodes, every Tuesday from the 23d, until Tuesday, 1st of November, after which date, the accounts will be placed in an officers hands for collection, according to law.

JACOB C. WILSON.

Aug 20 tf

To be Rented

For one or more years, that large and commodious

BRICK TAVERN

and its appurtenances, well known by the name of the

EASTON HOTEL,

situate in the town of Easton, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, at present, and for some years past, occupied by Mr. Solomon Lowe. This establishment is universally admitted to be the largest and most convenient for a Public House, of any on the Peninsula, and to a man well calculated to conduct it, an opportunity will be offered for doing a very extensive and profitable business, more especially if he has a sufficient capital to carry it on advantageously.

Easton is known as a town of considerable trade, and the Steam Boat Maryland, which plies twice a week between Baltimore, Annapolis and this place, considerably increases the business, and of course adds very much to the value of this establishment, by the constant intercourse of travellers from the different counties on the Western and Eastern shores, and elsewhere with these places.

Possession will be given on the first day of January next. Persons wishing to rent are invited to come and view the premises. The terms, which will be moderate, will be made known by application to the subscriber.

WM. H. GROOME

P. S.—Applications for the above will be received by the subscriber until 15th August next.

W. H. G:

Easton June 21 5w

The Delaware Journal, Baltimore American, and Village Herald, Princess Anne, will publish the above for 4 successive weeks and forward account to the subscriber for payment.

CLOCK & WATCH

MAKING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore, with a well selected assortment of

MATERIALS

his line of business, which added to his formr stock, renders his assortment general and in complete, all of which will be manufactured at the shortest notice and on the most pleasing terms. The subscriber flatters himself from his experience in his line of business, and his personal attention to the same, hat he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may see proper to give him a trial. He has also on hand

New Watches, Watch Chains,
Seals and Keys, Watch-Guards,
Silver Thimbles, Silver Ever Pointed cils.
Silver Scissor-hooks, Silver Shields,
Plain Gold Rings, Razors, & Razor Straps,
Shaving and Tooth Brushes, Penknives,
Scissors, Percussion Caps, and a variety of

other useful articles, all of which he offers at a small advance for cash. He invites his customers and the public in general, to give him a call, view his assortment, and he thinks there is no doubt but they will be induced to purchase.

The subscriber returns his thanks to his cus tomers and the public generally, for the very liberal encouragement he has received at their hands, and still hopes by strict and personal attention to business to receive a portion of the public patronage.

The public's humble servant,

JAMES BENNY.

Jan. 2 tf

N B The subscriber must remind those persons whose accounts have been standing over six months, that they must call and set tle nem by the end of the year, and all those whthdo not call, will find their accounts plac ed oi the hands of officers for collection.

J. B.

Talbot County to wit.

ON application to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid by petition in writing of Thomas Henrix stating that he is under execution, and praying for the benefit of the act of Assembly, passed at November session, eighteen hundred and five, for the relief of Insolvent Debtors; and the several supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in the said acts; and the said Thomas Henrix having complied with the several requisites required by the acts of Assembly, I do hereby order and adjudge that he said Thomas Henrix be discharged from his imprisonment, and that he be and appear before the Judges of the Talbot County Court, on the first Monday of November Term next, and at such other days and times as the Court shall direct; the same time is appointed for the creditors of the said Thomas Henrix to attend, and show cause, if any they have, why the said Thomas Henrix should not have the benefit of the said acts of Assembly. Given under my hand the 13th day of February, 1836.

LAMBERT W. SPENCER.

Aug. 6 w3m

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intending to decline Innkeeping at the end of the year, respectfully solicits, all those indebted to him in any way to settle their accounts as early as possible, as he wishes to pay what money he owes before he leaves the place, and to enable him to do this, he must collect or commence suits at the November Term.

SOLOMON LOWE.

Aug. 13 6t

A CARD.

Miss ELEANOR C. STUART, has just returned from the city with the latest fashions and best materials, and is prepared to execute orders in the Millinary business at the shortest notice. She has taken the stand in front of her father's dwelling, nearly opposite to Mr. James Willson's, and next door to Mr. Samuel Hambleton's office, where she invites the attention of the ladies and humbly, hopes to share their patronage.

April 30

To be Rented,

for one year or any longer term,

UNION TAVERN,

n Easton, Maryland, on Washington street, near the Farmer's Bank; now occupied by Mr. E. McDowell.

A commodious new dining room has been lately finished and by the addition of an adjoining dwelling house and lot, the accommodations are ample as well for a family of the most respectable host as for all travellers and other guests that can be calculated on in the Town of Easton. All necessary repairs and judicious improvements will be made for a tenant likely to be permanent. Apply to

JOHN LEEDS KERR.

Easton, Md.

P. S. I have several Farms to rent, large and small.

August 9 tf

LOMON BARRETT,

TAVERN KEEPER,

EASTON, MD.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally that he still continues to carry on the above business at his old stand on Washington street, opposite the office of Samuel Hambleton, jr. Esq. where he is prepared to accommodate travellers and other who may be pleased to patronize his establishment.—His bar is well stocked with the choicest Liquors and his larder with the best provision the market will afford—his stables ar in good order and well stocked with provender He has in his employ careful ostlers and he assures the Public nothing shall be wanting on his part to give general satisfaction.

feb 3 tf

N. B. S.B will at all times pay e highe market prices for Terrapins, Oysters, as

MARYLAND.

Talbot County Orphans' Court,

1th day of June, Anno Domini 1836.

ON application of William E. Shannahan, Admir: of John Edmonson late of Talbot county, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in the town of Easton.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from minutes of proceedings of Talbot County Orphans Court, I have hereunto set my hand, and the seal of my office affixed, this 14th day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty six.

Test,

JAS. PRICE, Reg'r.
of Wills of Talbot county.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ABOVE ORDER,
Notice is hereby Given,

That the subscriber, of Talbot county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot county in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of John Edmondson late of Talbot county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same within the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 18th day of December next they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

WILLIAM E. SHANNAHAN, Adm'r.
of John Edmonson, deceased.

NOTICE.

The purchasers are hereby notified that their notes which were due on the 24 inst. have already exceeded the time, and are hereby requested to come forward and settle the same without delay.

June 18 3w

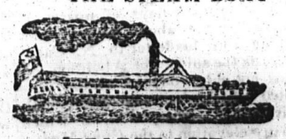
$200 REWARD

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Saturday 16th inst a negro man named Noah Pinder about 21 years of age, 5 feet 4 or 5 nches high and very black. Noah had several kinds of clothing, among them I recollect a steel mixed frock coat, white hat, a palm hat and perhaps a black hat, and a pair tow pantaloons. I will give one hundred dollars if he is taken in the county, one hundred and fifty dollars if out of the county and within the State, and the above Reward of 200 dollars if taken out of the State, if he be delivered to me in either case or secured so that I get him.

WILLIAM ROACH.
East New-Market.

July 30

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND.

LEAVES Baltimore for Annapolis, Cambridge (via Castlehaven) and Easton, on Tuesdays and Fridays, and returns by same routes to Baltimore on Wednesdays and Sattrdays.

All baggage a therisk of the owners there-

POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

HOME AT LAST.

A shivering child, one winter's night,
(The snow was deep, and cold the blast)
Hugging her ragged mother tight,
'Mother!' exclaimed, 'we're home at last!'
And as she spake, poor little one,
A ruinous hut she stood before;
Whence, ever since the morning sun
They strayed—to beg from door to door.

We're home at last! Sad home is this—
All forn without, all cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm nor light,
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which storm, this freezing night,
May lay you stiffened side by side.

And yet this wayward child had been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene,
Nor envies—for she's home at last!
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the cot wherein was cast
Its tale of poverty or woe,
Like her's who cried—"We're home at last!"

Miss Catherine Bowles has lately published in England a volume of poems, from which the following is an extract:

THE PAUPER'S DEATH BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One in that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state,
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wails alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment THERE, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The Sun eternal breaks—
The Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

From the London Court Journal.

THE WHITE MUFF.

As the most vindictive and ferocious feelings of the human heart are, among the Irish people, often counterbalanced by those of a more generous nature, it is not unusual to see the man whose iron nerves would consign a wretched family to a torturing and lingering death, to satisfy a diabolical feeling of revenge, melt into femmine tenderness at an act of kindness offered to himself or his babes. Of the truth of this the following anecdote is illustrative.

In the year 18—, a detachment from the—foot, then stationed at Galway, was quartered at Oughterous. The duty imposed was one particularly obnoxious to both officers and men. It was to suppress illicit distillation; and, however THAT may be hurtful to the revenue of his country, or destructive to the morals of its members—yet, as none but the very poorer class are engage in this unholy traffic, few of the military can reconcile it to their feelings to steal forth, assassin like at midnight, and drag from his bed the poor miserable peasant, whose aching heart trembles lest the revenue officer should with eagle eye discover, and seize upon, that for which he has risked his health, his peace, his reputation—and, which lost, deprives him of the means of administering to the wants of his starving family. To accomplish this, the exciseman, who is always commander-in-chief, in these valorous expeditions, usually chooses a night of triple darkness, when, under ambush of the sombre sky, he can steal with caution on his prey.

It was on such a one as this, but rendered more dismal by torrents of rain that commonly fall in November, that I was sitting with Lieutenant——in our barrack-room; we listened to the fearful storm that raged with savage violence around us. The rain beat with terrific force against our window. The loud blasts of wind, that shook the very barrack to its centre, put a stop to our grossip, for it required an effort beyond our ordinary powers to make our voices audible to ourselves. Lake Corib dashed with fury against the walls; and as the candles burned with unsteady light, we shuddered at the idea of any human creature being exposed to so frightful a night, never dreaming of the possibility of such a one being chosen for a midnight march.—It was, however, perfectly possible; for, just as we were preparing to retire to bed, shutting out the deafening sound, a heavy footstep ascended the stair, and a loud, hasty knock at the door told its import. The Lieutenant started to his feet, and an impatient ejaculation of "Impossible! I am not the next for duty," spoke a trembling fear of the probability of such being the case. Another knock, and "Come in!" followed rapidly; and Sergeant ——, with the orderly-book in his hand, and dripping with wet solemnly approached. "You are for duty, Sir, to-night Mr. —— is on the sick list, and a party is wanted to go to a village in the mountains, six miles off, where information of a still has been received. The men are mustered in the barrack square"—"Is the excise man mad to have us out in such a night as this?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, as he took down his sword and sash from where they generally hung; "but no matter, I'll be with you in a moment." In a few seconds more the party had left the barracks, and followed the guide, steadily marching over bogs and morasses, a circuitous path, muttering as they went curses on the cupidity of the spy.

At length, after three hours painful march, they arrived at the village, where every member appeared to be buried in sleep. All was quiet; not a dog barked—but the ready reply to the soldiers' summons spoke to a wary ear that the repose which seemed so profound was out feigned, and that distant scouts had given timely notice of the party's route. The work of search then commenced—women and children were roused from their beds—every corner was looked into, every chest was ransacked, and not a hillock but was probed by the bayonet. No interruption, however, was offered by the peasants. Their countenances were calm and unmoved—all, save one; and, during the general confusion, the Lieutenant had marked the anxious and agonised glance he had giving his shivering wife and children as the minute search was carried on. The looks of the little group were riveted to the spot where the Lieutenant stood.—The storm had partly abated, and the moon, appearing at intervals, gave him an opportunity of watching the intense and fearful glance they threw on the soldiery, as they came nearer and nearer to a mound rather more elevated than the rest. With an appearance of zeal the Lieutenant directed his men not to slacken their efforts, while he, with slow movement, measured the ground to the questionable spot. Drawing his sword, he pierced the earth—it was soft, and evidenily but just heaped together—a hard substance resisted his weapon—there could be no longer a doubt—the covered still lay there in deep concealment.

Turning to the cabin whose inmates he was assurred owned this illicit spoil, he caught the despairing look of the little family, who too well knew the discovery he had made. In a moment they expected to hear the soldiers summoned to drag it forth. They were then re urning from a fruitless search. The Lieutenant kept his ground leaning on his sword, he demanded of the exciseman if he were satisfied that no forbidden distillation was there carried on? "You have been misinformed, you see, your information is incorrect—the men have made a vigorous search, and neither they nor you have made a seizure. Do you wish me to keep them out longer?" Baffled, but not satisfied, he could offer no plea for a longer stay, and was compelled to acknowledge it was unnecessary The population, which had followed the men from place to place, now encompassed the party.—With breathless anxiety the man most interested had crouched up to the Lieutenant—he stood in the foremost rank, and a keen observer might have discovered, in the paleness of his death like counte nance and his agitated manner, that he there awaited his sentence. Scarcely did he dare to lift his head—at length however, he did so, and read in the significant and expressive glance of the officer that his secret was safe. Petrified with astonishment, he saw the party march away; he gazed on their receding steps with undefied feeling; it was but for a moment—in the next his rapturous and incoherent expressions of gratitude told the extent of his obligations. With enthusiams the peasants rushed after the soldiers, and their loud shouts, as they saw them descend the mountain, conveyed to the heart of the British officer that his forbearance was appreciated.

Time passed on and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my servant came into my room one morning, and said that a family desired to see me. They had enquired for Lieutenant———, and, on hearing he was out, wished to be admitted to me.—I readily granted the interview, and a most interesting group immediately entered. An elderly man and woman, with a young girl about sixteen, precipitately advanced; they sank at my feet, and with all that poetry of language so characteristic of the lower Irish, gave vent to the emotions of their hearts.—"In us," said the man, "behold the family your noble husband saved from destruction. He gave us life, for he debarred us not of the means of existence is prolonged, the best blood of Murphy O'Donnel belongs by right to his benefactor." He paused, for he was evidently overpowered. 'Sure, we should have been here long since,' said the brilliant eyed girl, as with an excited air and blooming cheek, she unfolded a muff and tippet of uncommon beauty, "but my father and myself could not collect the down sooner—they are of my own making, and I trust, lady' she continued, as she threw the latter gracefully over my shoulders, "you will deign to accept and wear them as a very poor remembrance of all we owe you."—I was greatly affected at this scene, and could willingly have purchased these pretty tokens of their gratitude; but I well knew that the delicacy of feeling which prompted the gift would have been deeply mortified had I thought of remuneration.

We remained at the detachment some months longer, and the little gifts, cautiously left at our rooms, told that our good feeling was understood and enthusiastically felt by many an O'Donnel.

SHIP BYRON—THE ICEBURGS.

A perilous encounter with an Iceburg near the banks of Newfoundland.

On the 30th June last the ship Byron left Liverpool for New York, heavily laden with Iron, salt, &c. and having on board, in passengers and crew, 119 or 120 souls. On the morning of the 2d of August, 34 days out, in lat. 44 22, lon. 48 50, a scene occurred which can never be effected from memory. It was the watch of the first mate a man of great fidelity, but being indisposed his place was taken by another. An unusual degree of levity and thoughtless security among the passengers, had just given place to sleep. And now all was still, save the tread of the watch on deck, or the occasional toll of the bell to warn fishing craft, if near, of our approach; but we had more need to warn ourselves, than to give warning to others of approaching danger. About 2 o'clock A. M a hurried step awoke the writer of this sketch, and the rapid whispering of some created the suspicion that all was not right. Springing from his berth he asked one of the men near the cabin door what was the matter. "We are in the midst of ice," said he, "Will you inform the captain and mate?" The captain was instantly on deck; he ran forward to look out. In a moment the vessel going at the rate of five knots, struck as if against a solid rock. It was an island of ice! It lifted its head above the water more than one hundred feet, and learned over, as if ready to fall down upon us. The word was given to put up helm and back the sails. As the sailors were hastening to obey the latter order—as the terrified passengers were rushing on deck and looking up at the immense; overhanging, freezing mass, the ship struck again with increased force. O what a shock! Crash! crash! it seemed as if the masts were falling one after another on the deck. The second mate entered the cabin and clapping violent his hand exclaimed, "My God! our bows are stove in—we're all gone." An awful death appeared now inevitable. In this moment of general panic, the commanding officer gave orders to clear away the boat. Then, while the knife was being applied to the cordage fastening her along side of the ship a rush was made to her by men and women. The small boat was in a moment filled with thirty or forty persons. It seems utterly marvellous that she did not break, down precipitating every soul into the deep. Had this taken place our commanding officer must have shared the same fate; for, from a desire to gain possession of her for himself and crew, or to save the miserable crowd that had got into her from destruction—it may be from both motives—he entered the boat and stood in until he drove out every one at the point of the sword. Then a scene of terror! In front of the cabin the passengers were collected; half naked—some on their knees calling for mercy—some clapping their hands, and uttering the most appalling shrieks. Nothing distinctly could be heard. All was confusion and horror.

It was enough to penetrate a heart of stone. Some more collected, dressing themselves preparing to resist the cold, if perchance they should survive on the wreck. Others were looking for something to which they could lash themselves for support for a time in the water. Here, you might see one with a safety belt slung ever his shirt, endeavoring to fill it with air; there another, pale and agitated, inquiring. "Is there any hope?" And there, one standing as if in sullen despair, saying, "It is no use to do any thing we must die." "Are we sinking uncle?" cries a dear boy. A child running to a brave sailors says, "Wont you save me?" And the loud wailing and lamentation from the crowd rose higher and higher. Then, as if to close the painful scene, the ship struck again on her quarter. The sound reverberated like thunder, making every joint of the vessel shake as if coming apart. Hope now fully fled; all hearts were dismayed; the despairing cry was renewed, and the most calm, braced themselves in preparation for immediate death. Even the dogs cowered down on the deck in silence.

It appeared that at the first shock against the mountain, the jib-boom was broken and thrown over the bows into the vessel. The second shock carried away the bowsprit, head, and cutwater, lodging the timbers across the bows. Had it struck on either side, or had it struck the hull, we must have perished; but by the mercy of God, the hull was unhjured. After the bowsprit was carried away, the stem of the ship must have been held down for an instant by the overhangingging column; and her not immediately rising in front, gave the idea to the most experienced that she was stove in and was filling with water. This created the panic. But the sails being backed the helm put hard up, she turned from her enemy, and swinging clear, received the last shock on larbored quarter, which, though its sound was terrible, did no injury. The instant she was free—And now was the contest between despair and hope.

The carpenter reported that the hull was sound and the bowsprit could be repaired, but then she may have sprung a leak, and the foremost was in danger of falling. The word was "to the pump." The pump was rigged and wraught. It was a moment of painful suspense, untill the pump was sucked, showing that all was tight. Then hope gilded the countenance of our captain, and all hearts began to live in its radiance. Still we waited to hear the crash of the foremast as the vessel was rolling in the sea, but it stood firm. Daylight ever delightful to those on the deep, and peculiarly grateful to us, soon appeared. We found ourselves going on our way, alive, and with every reasonable confidence of future life.

We stood amazed at our deliverance. The most careless among us were constrained to attribute our preservation to the kind and merciful Providence;—while the multitude cried out unhesitatingly, "It is the Lord who hath saved us; thanks and praises to his holy name." Then every countenance was lighted up with joy; every heart was full of gratitude to God and love to one another, and many purposes were formed of reformation in future. The next day we saw three mountains of ice. We passed near to one of them. We gazed with the deepest interest on the fellow of that which had so greatly endangered our lives.—Before the close of the second day, a new bowsprit was fitted up, which stood the trials of winds and waves the remainder of the voyage. In all this business, the officers and crew showed great skill and energy.—*Observer.*

From the Boston Galaxy.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

An apothecary, late of Roxbury, who was peculiar in his notions, and remarkably attentive to his business, had the misfortune to loose his wife; at the hour of her burial, he put a label on his shop door of the following laconic order.

"Gone home to the funeral of my wife,
Be back in half an hour."

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