EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS THE PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

From the New York American.

THE DISCARDED.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Is woman's love so lightly won,
Obedient to call,
That like the lyre ye play upon,
'Twill change and sigh with all?
Go tell him from this hour we part,
And own no mutual shrine:
—I will not brook another's heart
Should share the joys of mine.

My step is light—my smile is gay,
Nor yet my eye is dim—
Go tell him how in halls I stray
And never think of him?
And how at eve, when music's tone,
Comes gushing o'er the air,
I feel not in my bower, alone,
Nor miss his presence there

I do not love—I do not hate—
It were an idle thing!
In paling strain I will not prate,
Nor yet the gauntlet fling;
But tell him like some passing gleam
That flits along the lea,
And like a shadow on a stream,
His memory is to me.

Perchance he thought with simple guile,
To move me like a sword;
And dwelt with cunning craft the while,
Upon the stranger's word.
But tell him when he left my side
I knew not that he went.
Nor shall I clothe my lips with pride,
Nor sigh with discontent.

If voices soft, why o'er my heart
Come with your promptings kind?
And has he tasted of the smart
Which stings as anguish'd mind?
—I care not for his troubled sleep—
Yet whisper to his ear,
My eye is not too proud to weep,
But frozen is the tear.

And tell him tho' his every look
Cold distance shuns to seek
Tho' like a falsely labell'd book,
His name is now to me;
And tho' no more like music bland,
His voice may haunt my rest;
—*I wear his jewel on my hand,*
His image on my breast.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PARISIAN VAMPIRE

From the "Evenings with Cambaceres," now on the eve of publication.

There was always some curious anecdote to be gathered from the conversation of Prince Cambaceres. In one of my evening visits to him, he related the following story:

One day when the Emperor had detained me longer than usual, the Minister of the Police (the Duke of Otranto) sent to request an immediate audience.

"What can he want," said the Emperor. "Stay, Prince Cambaceres, I like to have a witness when he is with me." (The Emperor was then beginning to be distrustful of him.) Fouche entered and began to converse about some general topics relating to the police, and then he proceeded as follows:—

"A very singular circumstance has taken place at the Hotel Pepin, Rue Saint-Eloi. About twelve days ago, a man named Rafin took up his abode there; owing to some suspicious circumstances which were communicated to the police, he has been made the object of special surveillance. He is well dressed, and good looking, except that there is a certain expression of fierceness in his countenance. In the day time, he visits several families in Paris, and, in the evening, he leaves his hotel at eleven o'clock precisely; sometimes he goes on foot, at other times in a fiacre; but he always proceeds to the same place, namely, the burial ground of Pere la Chaise, and, as soon as he arrives there, my agents lose sight of him. At four o'clock in the morning he is again seen in the vicinity of the burial ground. He then resumes his way to the Hotel Pepin, and gets there before day light. These circumstances regularly recurring night after night, excited the astonishment of my people. Rafin is distinctly kept in view, and is dogged step by step from the moment of his leaving the hotel until he arrives near Pere la Chaise. There he is always lost sight of. A party of police agents have been stationed in the interior of the burial place; but nothing has been discovered."

"Duke of Otranto," exclaimed the Emperor, "this is a strange phantasmagorical story. Do you suspect that Rafin is a vampire?"

"That would be a rarity in France, Sire, in the tenth century."

"What do you think he is, then?"

"I cannot guess."

"Will you have him arrested?"

"He has committed no offence, and therefore I hesitated."

"You are right. It is sufficiently painful to be compelled to fill our state prisons with maniacs, who take pleasure in running headlong to their own ruin. I do not approve of preventive measures. They are always tyrannical. With such a system, where can one stop? But this is a very mysterious gentleman. Have his papers been examined during his absence?"

"Yes, Sire, and nothing suspicious has been found."

"Is his pasport correct?

"The description of his person is not precisely accurate. There is even some appearance of erasure and alteration of the writing in some parts. We know not what to make of this man:—but we shall keep a vigilant eye upon him."

I was much surprised at this curious disclosure, (continued Prince Cambaceres,) and some time afterwards, when Fouche happened to call on me, I thought of Rafin, and I inquired whether the mystery had ever been cleared up.

"Prince," said he "I could almost be tempted to believe that we are not in the nineteenth century; but in the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh or even earlier. There are some extraordinary impositions practised in this world."

"What have you discovered?"

"I will tell you. My brigade being not a little mortified by the way in which Rafin constantly eluded their vigilance, determined to take a decisive step: and, accordingly one night they arrested him when within a few yards of Pere la Chaise. At one blow he knocked down two of the police officers; who alleged that they had not been struck by a man's arm but by a bar of iron. The others surrounded and arrested Rafin. He was perfectly calm, and he showed by the light of one of the street lamps, the papers which he carried about with him; these papers consisted of a map of Paris, a passport, a certificate of his birth, and, in short, every thing that was requisite to entitled him to the privilege of nocturnal perambulation in our good city. As it was wished to take him by surprise, the police agents affected to be satisfied.—He gave them a Louis in payment of the cudgelling he had inflicted, all separated amicably. Some of the police officers, however, turned and followed Rafin, and after watching him for some distance, they lost sight of him, as usual.

At four o'clock, one of the men, who were still on the watch, gave a signal to his comrades that he saw Rafin, and all hastened to his assistance. In order to put him off his guard, a peace officer was procured, and he arrested all persons who happened to be passing by, (three or four in number,) and Rafin among the rest. They were all searched. In Rafin's pockets were found the same papers which he produced a short time before, and nothing to which suspicion could attach. The men who searched Rafin declared that they were nearly suffocated by the horrible odor which issued from every part of his body.

"Two days elapsed, and Rafin continued to go out every day. Among the persons he visited was a milliner. Inquiries were made about her, and it was ascertained that though she had previously been a fresh, healthy lively girl, she had, since Rafin had known her, become pale and sickly. At another of his visiting places, a young man who had been remarkably stout and ruddy, suddenly became pale and emaciated. On the third day, a young man about four and twenty called at the Hotel Pepin. He inquired for Rafin, and being informed by the porter that he was out, he appeared much vexed. He sat down and waited for him, and in about an hour, Rafin returned home. The young man, as soon as he perceived him, sprang up and seized him by the collar. The prodigious strength of the nocturnal adventurer was overpowered by the fury of his assailant, who called him an assassin and a monster. Recognizing himself unable to maintain the struggle, and that his strength was failing him, he drew his knife from his pocket, and stabbed Rafin in the side, as I distinctly seen that he gave him one, but that forty-four witnesses who were present, to testimony to this fact.

Rafin groaned, relinquished his hold of his adversary, and fell dead. The young man fled, leaving his knife in Rafin's body. No one pursued him, owing to the consternation which the incident excited. A surgeon was sent for. Rafin was undressed, and it was discovered that he had six bleeding wounds, two in the throat, two in the right side, one in the abdomen, and one in the thigh. All present were confounded. Their testimony concurred unanimously. The young man seized Rafin, and after a struggle with him drew out his knife. He gave him only one stab, and left the knife sticking in the wound. But, instead of one wound there were six; and on examination, the knife was found to correspond with only one of the wounds,—that in the side; the rest appeared to have been inflicted by poignards, swords, stilettos, or some other sharp weapons in no way corresponding with the knife, which the surgeon extracted from the body of Rafin, and examined in the presence of the witnesses.

His apartments were searched, but nothing was found except his clothes, and the papers I have already mentioned: neither money nor property of any description. The passports described him as a citizen of Strasburgh, but beyond this there was no clue to discovery. The local authorities could furnish no information, owing to the removal of the registers of Strasburgh during the revolution. Search was made for the young man who stabbed Rafin. He was speedily found. The account he gave was as follows: He was paying his addresses to a young female, when Rafin became his rival and was preferred to him. The girl soon fell into ill health. She complained of frightful night-mares, and, affirmed that her blood was nightly sucked by a being of hedious appearance, but who nevertheless bore a resemblance to Rafin. She made this disclosure to the sister of her first lover, who became alarmed at the circumstance. The young man had that morning seen the object of his affection breathe her last; and his feelings being powerfully excited he flew to challenge Rafin. The latter seized him by the throat, and finding himself nearly choaked, he drew out his knife, not with the design of killing him, but of merely disengaging him from his grasp.

"The affair was laid before me," pursued Fouche. "I was, of course, much astonished, and was puzzling myself to unravel the mystery, when another incident occurred more extraordinary than all the rest The body of Rafin was deposited in an apartment of the Hotel Pepin, and was to be interred early on the following morning. At the hour appointed for proceeding to the burial place, what was the astonishment of the persons employed to convey the corpse, to discover on entering the room, that it was gone! New rumors were afloat. It was by some suspected that body-snatchers had obtained entrance to the room. Active investigations were set on foot, but no discovery was made. About six weeks elapsed, and you may easily conceive the horror of the porter of the Hotel Pepin, and of the whole neighborhood, when one day Rafin presented himself and coolly asked for the keys of his apartment to procure his clothes. An alarm was raised; he was secured and questioned, and he made the following statement:

"Some young medical students stole his body for the purpose of dissection. When about to commence their operation, the supposed corpse manifested some signs of life. They applied the proper remedies, and finally succeeded in restoring existence. But, as they had been guilty of the offence of abstracting the body, he (Rafin) had taken an oath not to betray them, and he added that he would submit to every possible torture rather than be ungrateful to those who had rescued him from the grave. All this was plausible and possible enough; and the story was believed by every one except myself.

"I gave orders to have Rafin arrested, and he was placed in confinement. I paid him a visit. He was strongly bound, and, in spite of his cries, supplications, and resistance, I secretly plunged into his flesh a surgical instrument, which, without producing any bleeding would cause an effusion of blood. When he perceived my object, he became furiously enraged, and made inconceivable efforts to attack me. He threatened me with his future vengeance, but, heedless of his violence, I thrust the instrument into him. No sooner did the first drop of blood appear, than the six old wounds opened afresh. All efforts to stop the bleeding proved fruitless, and Rafin died.

"Eleven persons," continued Fouche, "were present at the scene I have just described. Our amazement was unmeasurable. We were in the nineteenth century, and we beheld before us a vampire. We immediately had expressly summoned Mm. Cuvier, Pourcroy, Cadet, and Portal; they witnessed the fact, and they were astonished. I must acknowledge, however, that they afterwards endeavored to prove to me that it was a new mode of getting rid of a dangerous individual. They probably imagine that I, in particular, but in vain sufficient the silence they have observed must be attributed less to the sentiments of secrecy than to the fear of a scene of which they would him not have been spectators. As to myself, I have sifted the matter deeply, and I am perplexed to the last degree. I cannot admit the reality of vampires, yet it is certain that I witnessed the facts I have stated. The corpse was rolled in a great number of cloth wrappers, and put into an iron coffin; the head, hands, and feet being previously left out. The coffin was then hermetically closed, and the corpse was thrown into the grave. The different parts were all found in an advanced stage of decomposition, but none were wanting, and Rafin has not returned a second time to demand the key of his apartment. I may add that the wife of one, whom I have already mentioned as one of the females to whom Rafin professed to be paying his addresses, died six days after him, almost wasted to a skeleton.

"The story," pursued Prince Cambaceres, "Fouche himself related to me. I should be inclined to it with as much hesitation I should be inclined to attach to any other fact of incredible nature. It happened that on the evening of the day on which Fouche had related the remainder, I was visited by Mm. Cuvier, Pourcroy, and Portal, who I was informed had come to consult me on the subject of the Vampire, and to learn my opinion of the case. The opinion of the Duke of Otranto had influenced me in regarding Rafin's story as a fabrication, and I was then actually engaged in endeavoring to account for the strange conduct of the Vampire, and to discover the motive which could induce a man to submit to such a series of tortures as Rafin had undergone. Never, perhaps, did three men set out with more prejudice than the three I have just mentioned, to investigate the nature of a supposed supernatural agency. Their conviction was, that it was the mere effect of the imagination. I, however, (I must underline the word for accuracy of the emphasis with which it was pronounced) to cause the re-opening of the six wounds previously closed. As for the circumstances of the case, they would not account for them. They conjured me not to be the means of promulgating reports which would only lead to ridicule. Two of these distinguished men are now dead, as the others have passed through a revolution. I imagine it matters but little whether or not their names are mentioned in connection with this mystification.

I could clearly perceive that Prince Cambaceres himself was by no means inclined to place reliance in the sincerity of the Duke of Otranto, and that he looked upon the presumed Vampire as something different from a being subsisting on human blood.

DONNA MARIA.

THE BEAUTIFUL VICTIM.

[By the author of "Scenes in Spain," just from the press.]

Donna Maria de Pineda, was a native of Spain, and, I believe, of the gay land of Andalusia. Her parentage was respectable, with a tinge of noble blood, and nature had endowed her with personal beauty and mental powers above the common standard. She had been married at an early age to an officer in the Spanish army, by whose death she was left a widow, but as I believe, had no children. At the time of his death, she numbered but little more than twenty-five years, and was still in the possession of all those graces of spirit and person, which as found in the native of Andalusia, are irresistible. She was living quietly in Granada, under the circumstances I have mentioned, when one ill omened day, the justicia, that terror of the oppressed Spaniard, appeared at the door, and having demanded admittance in the name of the absolute king, proceeded to search the house in which she lived, and with peculiar jealousy, the apartments which the unfortunate Donna Maria occupied. The scrutiny of these detestable commissioners of despotism—for in Spain what character is so utterly despised and so utterly despicable as that of the Aluazil and the Escribano?—was at first unsuccessful; but at length they discovered in a closet, in a corner obscurely lighted and well suited to the purposes of concealment an unfinished piece of embroidery, in the form of a pennon or standard, and bearing those three odious colors under which freedom had so recently triumphed in France. This emblem of emancipation was greedily dragged from its hiding place by the eager Justicia. Its being found in her apartment was sufficient to stamp her as a traitor to her king and country; and the helpless Donna Maria was hurried to prison, and there placed in rigorous confinement.

The reader will probably remember, that about that time, that is, the summer of 1831, there was a great excitement and anxiety on the part of the Spanish government, for not only had the late successful struggle in France roused the spirits of the heart sick friends of liberty in the Peninsula, but overt acts of resistance had been committed by the partizans of Torrijos in the south, and of Mina on the northern frontier. The governor, too, had been and recently assassinated in broad day light in the streets of Cadiz. These efforts, ill devised and ill executed, while they injured the cause they were intended to foster, rekindled the slumbering fury of absolutism. Numerous arrests were made in every part of Spain. The slightest whisper of discontent became treason, and suspicion usurped the place of evidence. Fathers were torn from their families, husbands from their wives; and many, very many, were included in the avenging net thrown forth against all who dared to express or even think of liberty.

[illegible] wonder that the vials of [illegible] poured upon the head of [illegible] to harbor the [illegible] to answer this [illegible] was soon [illegible] the flag bay[illegible] guilty [illegible] have [illegible] would have [illegible] passing [illegible] such [illegible] would have [illegible] [illegible] imper[illegible] drown[illegible] was in, [illegible] came al[illegible] and as so[illegible] took poss[illegible] standing in[illegible] She drove [illegible] was com[illegible] door, an[illegible] Borghese[illegible] surrecti[illegible] pure blood [illegible] ation must h[illegible] ave received [illegible]

[illegible] one [illegible] Son[illegible] along, half ashamed to be [illegible] witness so horrible a tragedy. [illegible] chain [illegible] winding, through many [illegible] his head [illegible] directed by the scanty [illegible] served [illegible] strangers, I scarcely [illegible] sign[illegible] time-worn arch or portal, [illegible] into [illegible] place known as the square of [illegible] jumped [illegible] assembled a multitude of [illegible] ed after [illegible] not, however, concentrated [illegible] trembli[illegible] that scattered in groups, [illegible] on a hig[illegible] the square. They were, [illegible] oyster she[illegible] on the [illegible] a quantit[illegible] pinch [illegible] The te[illegible] his nos[illegible] of po[illegible] sne[illegible] [illegible] in their [illegible] of the warm day sun, [illegible] gipsies, the women hold[illegible] children by the hand, or infants [illegible] and peasant women from [illegible] dressed in their holiday finery and [illegible] their hair, but whose counte[illegible] accorded better with the solemnity of [illegible] occasion. These were blended with pale faced artizans from the city, and the usual materials that constitute the mass at such scenes in all countries. But all grave and even dejected. Not a word was heard but the distant and almost inaudible chant of the monk on the scaffold. The importunate beggar had ceased to ask for alms, and even the garrulous water carrier was hushed.

All eyes were directed to the centre of the square where a wooden platform had been raised, upon which a young girl was seated, her dark brown hair was smoothly divided over her pale forehead, and I fancied I could discern, even at the long distance which separated us, the traces of that beauty which I had heard so much praised. A friar of the order of mercy, in white flannel robes, a girdle of rope, a long rosary, and having the crown of his head shaven, was seen holding up a cross before her, upon which was nailed the image of a suffering Saviour. Disposed in a hollow square round the platform, to cut off the hope of rescue or escape, a company of foot soldiers were posted with fixed bayonets; without them was a troop of cavalry, their drawn sabres and steel caps glittering in the sun. I had scracely passed some two or 3 minutes in looking around upon this gloomy scene, when a man vulgarly dressed was seen to ascend the platform. It was undoubtedly the executioner. A sensation of heart sick misery came over me; for an instant indeed, the thoughts flashed upon me that if a thousand, nays, but a hundred resolute arms could be raised for the rescue, that unfortunate woman might live. But where were they? She had but a few fast fleeting moments left, and her death was as certain as the course of yonder sun towards the mountain of Loza. I turned sadly away, and left the Square of Elvira without daring to look back. Very soon after Donna Maria expired adding another name to the bloody record of the victims of absolutism.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

FROM A SKETCH BY BOZ.

One bitter night, he sank down on a door step in Picadilla, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid, his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight; and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scene of a misspent life growed thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home, a happy cheerful home, and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave and stand about him; so clear, so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more, voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like village bells, but it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily down upon him, and cold and hunger were knawing at his heart again.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart—preferring death to that endless weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life, he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that led from the commencement of the Waterloo bridge to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with hope of life and liberty so eagerly as did that of the wretched man with the prospect of death. The watch passed close by him, but he remained unobserved, and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, and all was, for a moment, still and quiet, so quiet, that the people at the opposite bank, even the watchmen at the other bridges, the barges that lay near him, were entirely audible to him. A strange sensation impelled him towards the stream. He staggered and stagger[illegible] back to gain a firm foothold, and his arms rose to the place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life, in any form, poverty, misery, starvation, any thing, but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own life rang in his ears. The stars faded from his view. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved, but the tide bore him onward under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life, for one instant one brief instant, the light, the bridge, the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible once more he sank, and once again he rose; bright flames of fire shot up from the earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears and stunned him with its furious roar.

[illegible]

The punishment of the knout as inflicted on criminals in Russia is thus described by a correspondent in the Knickerbocker. It is a painful and revolting scene.

The knout consists of a handle about a foot long, with a piece of twisted hide of the same length. To this hide is attached, by a loop, a piece of thong prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and an inch broad; it is changed after every six or eight blows, as it is considered unfit for use when it becomes soft.

The principal executioner having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the throng of the knout on the ground, rather behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the middle of the criminal's back, leaving a deep crimson mark of nearly an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waistband of his trowsers. Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a yell of agony, and every fibre of his body seemed in a state of violent and instantaneous contortion. With scarcely any interval, the blow was repeated, followed by the same result—the same frightful yell—the same appalling shudder. The second mark appeared about an inch from, and parallel to, the first: a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed, in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant. The blows from the latter were light when compared with those inflicted by the elder executioner, more so, indeed, than the difference between their size and strength, great as it was, might seem to justify. After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who in the meantime had fitted on a fresh thong, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process of rennovation. In this manner did they continue mutually relieving one another; and at each relay, adding a new thong, till the destined number of blows were inflicted on the fiftieth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly. From the first till about the twentieth blow, each was followed by the same scream and convulsions; from the twentieth till the fiftieth both gradually became weaker; the latter indeed had degenerated into a sort of shivering. After the fiftieth, both ceased: the criminal's head fell to one side, and though each touch of the knout brough with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

The punishment concluded, the chief executioner took some instruments from his bag, with them marked the malefactor on the forehead, on each cheek and on the chin. This, I understand, was merely a form typical of branding, which, as well as slitting the nostrils, was always inflicted upon a knouted criminal, until the humanity of the Emperor Alexander prompted him to abolish both practices. The marks are now made with a cold instrument, and are, I believe, easily effaced.

The criminal's back now exhibited a horrid spectacle. It was one mangled, bloated mass, of a deep crimson hue; yet still, mangled as it was, no blood ran from it. A common cart have been drawn into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was fastened to the stake, and with the gend'arms, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly upon him, then his caftan, then a mat over all. When removed from the stake, he was quite insensible; so much so, that I did not suppose he would survive till he reached the hospital: but I was mistaken; for upon observing him attentively, after being placed in the cart, I perceived that he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. I could not observe any surgeon attending the execution; nor indeed would it have been of any consequence, as the number of stripes is specified, and, whatever happens, they must be administered.

He was driven off to the prison with the same guards and attendants as at first; the whole affair, from the arrival till the departure of the criminal not exceeding twenty minutes. What became of him afterward, I could not learn; but I have little doubt that in a few days he died from the fever and mortification that were likely, or rather certain, to follow such severe injury. On the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his punishment. Such is the knout.

A NEW IDEA.

Not long since there happened to be at an evening party, a youth of rather a say nothing character, who was so very uneasy in his chair, that every now and then he would rise, walk off a piece and back again, set down, etc. A pretty little damsel noticed him for some time, and remarked to herself, that she would cause him to say something. And about the time he was seated, she very silently removed the chair from under him. In and behold! down went the say nothing youth, as easy and soft as might be expected. "My gosh," vociferated he, "I thought I was going through a saw mill."

LAW ELOQUENCE IN KENTUCKY.

The following powerful elegant and classical appeal was made in a court of justice somewhere in Kentucky, by one of the learned heads of the bar: 'Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client who lives in the pleasant valley of Kentucky, where the land is rich and the soil fertile, would be guilty of stealing coming little skeins of cottings? I think not, I reckon not, I calculate not. And I guess, gentlemen of the jury, that you had better bring my client in not guilty; for if you convict him he and his son John will lick the whole of you.'

NOSEY.

Judging from the euphony of their names, the Russian diplomatists seem to have a remarkable antipathy to their noses—to be invoking every body to rid them of such a useless excrescence, as soon as possible. The new imperial minister to this country is Nomanosoff (saw my nose off) An attache of the same legation in Washington, Blownanozorff (blow my nose off) Besides which, we have col. Kutmanosov, of the Imperial Guard, (cut my nose off,) Marshall Pulmanosoff (pull my nose off.) General Nomanosoff (gnaw my nose off.) General Nozbegun (nose begone,) and many others.—Washington Metropolitan.

Vicksburg—During the year 1836, says the Vicksburg Sentinel, the number of houses built was about 200, and the number of hands employed 1200; value of the work $300,000 There are at present 1000 carpenters at work and 100 buildings going up.

Mr. John Randolph's will of 1822, by which his slaves were liberated, has been established by the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

The Delaware Journal states that the Silk Company of Wilmington, is now earnestly engaged in promoting the objects of its institution. Mulberry trees of two years old are planted, and it is expected that about 15,000 of this description will be in the ground by the end of this week. A careful and experienced individual has been engaged to superintend the management of the SILK FARM in Brandywine hundred. It is avowed to be the determination of the enterprising and intelligen managers of the Company, that no efforts shall be wanting on their part to make the little State of Delaware a great silk district.

NEW COMMODORE.—William B G Taylor, formerly of the United States Navy, and recently attached to the Custom House, at New Orleans, has been appointed Commodore of the Texan Navy.

BLENNERHASSETT.—It is stated in the Guernsey (Ohio) Times, that "Blennerhassett, the friend and companion of Aaron Burr, is now residing on the island of Guernsey, Europe. It is said his accomplished and fascinating lady is still living, though at an advanced age."

"I say, Pomp, what he de diference 'tween *poetry*, and de wat ye call *plank verse?*" "Why I gip you something Scip, I tink what be lustrations of de subject:

Go down to Mill Dam
And fall down slam—

dat be poetry: but

Go down to Mill Dam
And fall down whappo—

dat be plank verse."

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