EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

From the N. H. Gazette

I'M NOT ENGAGED!

[A reply to "They're all engaged"]

I'm not engaged? I'm not engaged!
I'd have you, Sir, to know—
That I am free, at liberty,
And waiting for a beau.
The girls near by are "all engaged,"
Their summers were but brief,
And I'm the last upon the tree
But not a withered leaf,

I'm not engaged! I'm not engaged!
My age is twenty-two,
(And has been so the last four years
Of course it must be true,)
And some of these same girls changed names
When hardly seventeen—
And I've not had an offer yet,
Oh, dear, wha t can it mean?

I'm not engaged! I'm not engaged!
It seems so very queer
I'm half inclined to smile at it,
And yet I drop a tear—
I'm not the plainest girl in town
If mirrors told me true—
I've known far plainer girls engaged,
Oh say, Sir—hav'nt you?

I'm not engaged: I'm not engaged?
Nor know the reason why,
I have not slighted ma's advice,
Who told me I must try:
I've talked of sentiment and song
And romance quite enough,
But now, I fear, I'm given o'er
To taking tea and snuff.

I'm not engaged, I'm not engaged,
Perhaps I ne'er shall be—
The beaus have smiles for other girls
But only laugh at me—
And pa and ma, in confidence,
Declared they were afraid,
That I should soon be called by men
A horrid sad old maid:

MISS—

MISCELLANEOUS.

NANCY LE BARON.

A NEW TALE OF SARGEANT.

The following notice of this interesting story, is taken from the Journal of the American Temperance Union.

We had thought Mr. Sargeant had about exhausted his subject, or used up all his materials; though, we saw his machinery grew brighter and brighter by action. But we were, and we are glad to find it so, altogether mistaken. Nancy Le Baron falls behind none of his Temperance tales; and we confidently believe it is to be the means of saving many a lovely female from connecting herself with a man who would prove a drunken husband; and, as a matter of course, (for Temperance, like a two-edged sword, cuts both wavs,) of compelling many a young man, who, without so doing, would be rejected, to cast from him the intoxicating cup.—Our youthful sisters have needed such a beacon. Not that they have been entirely without. There has not been, we venture to say, a town in our country which has not furnished as affecting a tale as that of Nancy Le Baron. But it needed the genius of a Sargeant to draw them out, and to present, in one picture, the two extremies of happiness and misery; the youthful female, in all her loveliness, and hope, and promise, and the drunkard's wife and widow, cast out, despised, forsaken, and dying, amid extreme poverty and wretchedness.

The simple tale is this: A Mr L ——, a bachelor of thirty five, who had made his fortune by trade in the metropolis, returned after fifteen years' absence, to his native village, to seek the hand of the pretty Nancy Le Baron, the only girl he had ever loved, and who in his plough boy days scornfully rejected him. At his arrival, he was thrown into a tavern, where, in the bar room, he had an opportunity to witness scenes of toddy drinking and coarse rabaldry, formely not uncommon, though now, happily growing rare, in New England. The description of this, by Mr Sargeant, is exceedingly graphic. The next day, at church, he looked, but looked in vain, for the family which once he admired and loved, and which occupied the highest pew; and in yain for the only countenance, the only eye, which among the multitude he cared to behold. He next went the old mansion, and there he saw none but strangers; and from thence to the grave yard, to see what tale stombstones might tell.—Here he was met by one of those miserable beings, found in almost every village, who hang about the bar room, and will do the most menial services for the tavern keeper for a little grog; useful on training days, at weddings, and ordinations, and funerals,—whenever, in a word, drink is to be had,—employed by all, because employed cheap, yet respected by none; acquainted with every thing that has transpired for years. Mr L had seen him the evening before in the bar room of Deacon Mixer. There while the deacon was mixing his toddy, nip, sling, and juleps, [illegible] was his name, was hanging around, like a hungry dog, determined to have a taste. "What are you here for Runlet," said the deacon, with a repulsive tone. Enoch reached forward, and whispered in the taverner's ear. "You've got no money," said the host. "No, deacon," said Enoch, "but I'm expecting a little in a day or two." "You won't get any rum here to night," said the deacon, "so the sooner you go about your business the better." "Do, Deacon Mixer, let us have a gill," said Enoch with a winning, beseeching air. "I won't," said the deacon. Enoch held on like a leech.—"Dear Deacon Mixer," said he "just let us have a taste." Not a drop, Runlet, answered the deacon, stamping his foot, and breaking his toddy stick, in his anger, against the bar. "Well then," cried Enoch, running his nose in the taverner's face, "just let a poor fellow get a smell of your breath, Deacon Mixer." This drunken wag, who knew and remembered every body, recognised Mr L in the grave yard: and from him, Mr L learned the history of the villagers whom he had formerly known; and in their history learned too the awful ravages of intemperance. At length, keeping his eye fixed on the object of his search, he asked Enoch where Squire Le Baron now lived.

"Why, Master Isaac, didn't you know," was the reply, "as how the squire had been on Deacon Gooseberry's farm for these 6 years." "Who is Deacon Gooseberry?" "Why Deacon Gooseberry has been a distiller in this village for twelve years; and this grave yard is called the deacon's farm; and here, step this way, Master Isaac, a piece; here is the squire's headstone." "Is it possible?" said I. "Was he intemperate?" "Wery, wery," said Enoch, with a ludicrously solemn expression upon his countenance. "And pray tell me what has become of the squ re's family." "The old lady is gone; she took a little spirit herself, in a sly way." "And wnat," (to come to the point nearest his heart,) "what of Miss ——, his daughter?" We will here give an extract of some length, though a copy right work.

"Why, Master Isaac, you havn't forgot her name I guess; Miss Nancy, your mean. She was your old flame, you know: I guess you've got married afore this, Master Isaac."—I fairly wished myself rid of the fellow; but putting the best face upon the matter, I observed, with an air of indifference, that I had seen some children at the mansion house window, and that I had conjectured Nancy was married and that those children might be hers."—"I guess they aren't," answered Enoch, "Master Isaac, I always thought that you and the squire's daughter would have made a good match, but Miss Nancy thought she could do better; so she went farther and fared worse by a great chalk. It's about nine years since she was married, and for so good a young lady, and one who was brought up so delicate, she has had a hard time on it. She married a Doctor Darroch, who soon lost the chief part of his business, and treated the poor creature roughly enough. She has three little children [illegible] cheated her by a great show of religion. Maybe Master Issac, for the sake of old acquaintance you'd be willing to give 'em a lift."—"Poor Nancy," said I, after a short pause. "Good Enoch, tell me if this unprincipled brute, this Doctor Darroch, that you speak of, continues to use her unkindly?"—"Ha, ha," he replied, "he hasn't given her much trouble of late; why the doctor's been two years at least upon the deacon's farm here. He fell off his horse one winter night, and was found dead in a snow drift, next morning.

Some folks thought he died of rum palsy, and others that he had swallowed some of his own physic by mistake; but the general opinion seemed to be that he broke his neck. Nobody was sorry for his death, though his wife, notwithstanding he used her like a brute, said it was her duty to remember, that he was the father of her poor little ones, and so she gave him a decent funeral; such as it was, 'Twas melancholy enough, you may be sure for there wasn't a drop o' liquor, from the time we went in, to the time they lifted the body. Old M'Laughlin, our sexton, said 'twas the driest corpse he ever buried, by all odds. It was so plain a case, that every body rejoiced, because his poor wife was relieved from such a drinking tyrant. Rum, Master Isaac, you may depend upon it, has done a mortal sight o' mischief in this town.'—"But, Enoch," said I, "where do they live at present, and what means have they of support?" "Why," said he, "you know where Long Pond is; they live in the old cottage, upon the skirt of the pine wood. The mother knits and sews; and, now and then, gets a chance to wash and iron, when her strength will let her, though she's quite down of late; and two of the children are old enough to pick berries in summer; and, in one way and another, they make out to rub along."—"What a reverse!" thought I.—The old squire and his lady were the nobility of the village; their wealth alone was enough, some fifteen years ago, to give them rank and importance; poor Nancy, preeminent in the little circle of the parish, for her sweetness of disposition and personal charms, was their only child.

The parents have died poor and degraded; and their daughter lives, the widow of a worthless drunkard, encumbered with three starving children. Nancy Le Baron reduced to such extremities as these! Winning her bread by the sweat of her brow! It is impossible! "No it isn't," cried Enoch, "and that's not half the misery on't neither. Poor soul, she's had to run for life afore now, and hide her children in the wood, of a snapping cold night. Why, he used to flog her like a sack, and then drive her down cellar, and kick the children round the room, like so many footballs. She bore it they say, like a saint, and never told of it for a long spell. Old Chloe, the fortune teller, that used to be, first brought it out. She was passing by the house one night, and heard her scream, and peeped in at the window. Old Chloe was always as bold as a lion, you know, and she's about as strong as a three year old steer You remember Bijah Larkin, Master Isaac; well, Bijah's called pretty smart, but she trimmed him like a saplin. He got a running on her about telling his fortune, and raised her temper; so says she, "Bijah, I'll tell your fortune for you—you'll get a thrashing afore you're a hair grayer, if you dont let me alone" Bijah made her a saucy answer, and she gave him a real drubbing. Forks haven't left off, to this day, asking Bijah if old Chloe wasn't a good prophetess—Well, as the old creature pushed mean that [illegible] was say[illegible]

This devil's bird of a doctor was haulin his poor wife about by the hair of the head, an the children were crying for their lives. H ordered the old negro woman out of the house But the good creature's feeling drove her ou She flew at him like a tiger; "Let her alone you dirty rum sucker," she cried. "Many the good meal of victuals I've had in her fa ther's kitchen, and her old mother's been kin to me many a time, and I wont see her abu sed by man or brute" So she caught him b the throat, and drove him up in a corner a mong a parcel of gallipots and bottles. Sh was a match for any sober man, and coul whip a regiment o' drunkards afore breakfast any day. A neighbor came in and took awa the wife and children for the night. The doc tor was in a boiling rage, and threatened t bring old Chloe up afore the court, for a vag rant and a fortune teller. The old woman nev er wanted a ready answer, so she told him sh was afraid of nothing but his physic, and tha she would tell his fortune right off, without fee. You've sarved the devil, said she, in th world, and when you die, you'll go where the don't take up fire o' nights. "What an infa mous villian!" said I, voluntary raising m stick as I spoke. "I wish I had him here. "I'm glad you haven't," said Enoch; take m word for it, Master Isaac, the deacon's farm the very best place for him."

Such was the fate of the pretty Nancy L Baron, nor of her alone, but of hundreds o hundreds of the lovely daughters of Americ through our wretched use of intoxicatin drinks. Who will say it should not cease

The labor of old Chloe now kept the wido and her little ones from the Almshouse. M L. went to their poor habitation in the farthe extremity of the village, and was just in sea son to witness the closing scene, the death an burial of Nancy Le Baron. The whole is in expressibly touching.

The coffin was of the most inexpensive kind it was without any tablet to designate the ten ant within; and its cover was of one entir piece, which had been slid down from off th face, that all, who were so disposed, migh take a parting look of the deceased.—The sex ton, with the assistance of the carpenter, wa proceeding to adjust the cover, and secure with common nails, a process not unsual i some of our remote villages, where, even u on such occasions as these, the superior cost a screw is taken into consideration, at the fu nerals of the poor. "Stop," said old Chloe, as sh raised little Susan in her arms. The poor chil took its last look dropped a tear upon the cold forehead of its mother, and placed upon her bo som the bunch of violets, which she had gath ered, with so light a heart, but yesterday Little Nancy and her brother followed the ex ample, and each deposited their bunches of flowers within the coffin. During these mo ments, I gazed upon the features of the dead. There was not enough, amid the wreck, to remind me of the lovely fabrick that I once admired. The forehead, sadly checkered, but less by time than care, the cheek, hollow a[illegible] pale, the [illegible] hair, prematurely gray, had no part [illegible] among my vivid recollections of Nancy Le Baron.

The painful process was at last performed, and the sound of the death hammer—for such it may well be called—had ceased. While the sounds were ringing in my ears, I could not expel from my mind the recollection, that among the inhabitants of Padang, intoxicating drink is called *Pakoe*, which in the language of the Malays, means a *nail*, because, as they affirm, it drives one more nail into their coffins. It may be truly said, that every nail was driven into the coffin of this ill-fated woman, by the demon of intemperance, whose vicegerent was a degraded, drunken husband.

The coffin was now placed upon the bier. There was not a follower, save her children, who claimed a drop of kindred blood with the deceased. No other herald marshalled the array than common sense, which well enough determines the fitness of things. Old Chloe went next the body, with the two elder children; I led little Susan by the hand; the Sabbath scholars came next, with their leaders, whose admirable prayer I never have forgotten, and trust I never shall forget. The remainder fell in, according to their inclinations. The body was committed to the ground and I was about returning with old Chloe and the children, when I overtook Enoch Rualet, who was rubbing his eyes with the cuff of his coat. "This is too much for me, Mr. Lawder," said he, "all this misery comes of rum. I'll have no more to do with it.

HEROIC AFFECTION.

Translated from the French.

The winter of 1784, which was so severe in Italy, on account of the abundant quantity of snow which fell there, was much more severe in the climates less temperate, of Germany and France; where the most rapid river froze, and the lives of many people were unavoidably sacrificed to the severity of the season.

One night in particular, when an exceedingly sharp north wind exercised its merciless power, a young soldier of the garrison of Metz, in Lorraine, received orders to go that night, and perform the office of sentinel, at one of the most exposed places in the town. This unfortunate person, whose health, for some time previous, had been very feeble, must suffer very much from the cold in so bleak a place. He was promised in marriage to a young girl of the same town, who loved him most devotedly.

As soon as she learned the danger to which his health was to be exposed, she experienced the greatest anxiety, and feared that he was not able to support this trial of his health.

These painful reflections agitated her to such a degree, that she could not sleep; and her anxiety increased, as the hour approached, when her lover was to be at his destined post, where he would be exposed to all the intensity of the cold; she already fancied she saw him expiring.

Not being able to rest on in quietude so frightful, she left her house in the darkness of the night, and in defiance of the ice, the snow, and the wind, she advanced alone and with unfailing courage to the post, and there found her lover performing the duty of guard; she found him already extremely cold, and she begged and entreated him to go to her house and warm himself at the good fire she had made; but the soldier, who knew with what severity they would punish him, did he desert his post, thanked her for her kindness, but kept firm in [illegible]

At least, for a few moments, said she with [illegible] gerness, if only to warm yourself a little, and [illegible] minish in some degree, the extreme cold [illegible] hich has seized you. The soldier replied [illegible] t nothing could save him from being pun [illegible] ed with death, if he should commit so great [illegible] imprudence, and that he certainly would [illegible] condemned as soon as the circumstance was [illegible] known.

But, in remaining here, she said, you will [illegible] n all probability lose your life: you should [illegible] hen endeavor to shun this death which is [illegible] more inevitable than the other: there is no [illegible] ertainty that your abscence will be dis [illegible] covered; there is not even the probability of it: [illegible] Heaven, that has always been favorable to us, will not permit it What! cried the sentinel, would you have me shamefully desert the post assigned to me? forget my duty, and forfeit my honor? Go, replied she eagerly, and I will take your place; I shall remain here sufficiently long for you to go and warm yourself, and she [illegible] dded to these entreaties so many marks [illegible] affection and so many tears, that the poor soldier could no longer resist this appeal to his feelings; and he was already benumbed with cold. Encouraged with the hope of soon returning, and indulging the idea that his abscence would not be known, he gave to this intrepid girl his arms, his cloak and mantle, and then giving her the watch-word, left her. The pleasure of having relieved her suffering lover was so great for the young heroine, that she felt not the intensity of the cold, although it was most severe, and even insupportable. In a short time after the young man had left her, the captain of the guard arrived; overwhelmed by his sudden and unexpected appearance, instead of giving the watch-word, as her lover had told her, the poor creature quite disconcerted could not give utterance to a word, and her very strength failed.

The captain, thinking that the sentinel had either deserted his post, or was asleep, approached nearer, and was extremely surprised to find the place of the sentinel supplied by a young girl, from whom fear and confusion had taken away all power of explaining why and how she came there. He conducted her to the watch-house, where after having yielded to her feelings, in weeping, she recovered her self-possession, and told, with the deepest sorrow, the reason why the soldier was absent from his station, and entreated the captain to be lenient towards him.

They immediately sent to her house, and there found the young man in so sad a situation, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could restore him to warmth and feeling.

After the expiration of a given time, and when he had sufficiently recovered, they prepared him to walk.

The unfortunate soldier saw himself recalled to life only to be reserved for a death more cruel and more terrible than that from which he had just been saved.

The next day they had a council of war, when he was, as he had forseen, according to the riger of the laws, condemned to the gauntlet. What language can express the despair of the unhappy girl, who, added to the afflic[illegible] who was dearer to her than [illegible] life, accused herself as having [illegible] of his punishment and death.

These painful reflections, far from discouraging her, served only to animate her zeal and courage: she ran out of the house with dishevelled hair, and eyes bathed with tears, to seek some one who could afford assistance to the suffering victim, and, if possible, procure his pardon, and thereby save him from the sad fate impending. This interesting event, quite new and novel in its nature, excited in every heart sentiments of the deepest compassion for these two unfortunate but worthy beings; they could not refrain from expressing their admiration of the courage of this young girl, who had, in so interesting a manner given such strong proofs of her affection.

Citizens of all classes, particularly those of a distinguished rank, were all eager to interpose their good offices to obtain a pardon for the young man, believing that the peculiar circumstances of the case, should moderate the severity of the laws.

The ladies particularly, regarding this noble-hearted girl as an ornament and honor to her sex, used so much zeal, prayers and entreaties in endeavoring to procure a mitigation of his punishment, that they granted his pardon.

The young heroine not only had the satisfaction of having saved the life of an individual, but the life of him who was dearer to her than all the world besides; very soon after the happy termination of this event, she received a very valuable present, to which every one wished to contribute.

She then had the last remaining desire of her heart gratified on being united, by the ties of marriage, to him who was dearest to her by so many titles. Such is the devotion of woman's love, that she deems no sacrifice too great, no suffering too severe for her slender frame, if she can only ameliorate the sufferings or increase the happiness of the object of her affections.

UNITED STATES BANK AND NAVY PENSION FUND.

A pension certificate of $120, pronounced correct, could not be paid at the bank this morning, for want of funds? What has become of the pension fund?—New York Star.

NOTE BY THE GLOBE.—We will tell the bank pensioner, M. M. Noah, what has become of the navy pension fund.

Near half a million of dollars belonging to it, was, by order of Congress, invested in that part of the stock of the United States Bank belonging to the Government. Though over one year has elapsed since Mr. Biddle should have begun collecting in and paying over the share of the navy pension fund to help to sustain the orphans, widows, and wounded, he has not to this day paid a dollar of principal or interest. All the importunities of the Treasury Department, and of the Commissioners, to get a part paid over before the 1st of January last were unsuccessful; and Mr. Biddle, in his memorial to the Senate at the late session, does not propose to pay any thing whatever until next September. We believe, so far as we can learn, he has not yet even signed the obligation to pay it then, though required to do it more than a month ago. This is the answer to your question, "What has become of the pension fund?" It is in Mr. Biddle's breeches pocket.

"Is that one of your subscribers?" said a little fop to our devil the other day, pointing to a dead skunk. "No sir," answered the boy: "I believe none of your relations have subscribed for the paper!"

WALTER SCOTT'S EARLY LIFE

Walter Scott was twenty one years of age when in 1791 he was admitted to the Speculative Society of Edinburg. He was chosen the librarian, and shortly afterwards the secretary and treasurer. He kept the accounts and records very faithfully and wrote essays and joined in debates on the common place questions usually proposed in such clubs. The following from the Life of Scott by Lockhart, lately published in London, relates to this part of his life.

"Lord Jeffrey remembers being struck, the first night he spent at the Speculative, with the singular appearace of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woolen night cap; and when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad toothache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly, in such a "portentous machine." He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr. Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him "in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's square, surrounded with dingy books," from which they adjourned to a tavern, and supped together. Such was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburg produced in their time.

I may add here the description of that early den, with which I am favored by a lady of Scott's family.—"Walter had soon begun to collect out of the way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth. A claymore and Lochaber axe, g ven him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and Broughton's Saucer was hooked up against the wall below it. Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum of Abbotsford, and such were the "new realms" in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him "with all the feeling of novelty." Since those days the habits of life in Edinburg, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes; and the "convenient parlour," in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collections of minstrelsy, is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping room."

MEXICAN COPPER MONEY.

The coin which has been the cause of the recent insurrection in Mexico, is of two kinds, and are termed Quartillas, and Tlacos or Ochevas, which latter is the mint term.

The Quartilla, is in value one third of Rial de Pleta, or eighth of a dollar.

The Tlaco or Ocheva, is one eighth of a Rial de plata.

The pieces are small and rudely coined, and are estimated much above the intrinsic value of the metal, one pound of copper producing one dollar's worth of the circulating medium.

[illegible] existence prior to the establishment of the present government, and it is supposed there was between two and three millions of dollars worth then in use. The exigencies of the new government suggested a new emission, and it is calculated that in all the past year there was struck off at the government mint 2,200,000 dollars worth, some of the States also had permission to coin a certain amount.

The rude manner in which this money was manufactured, and its great advance beyond its intrinsic value, excited the cupidity of counterfeiters, and an amount equal to that authorised by law was thrown into circulation, thus making altogether, upwards of seven millions of dollars worth of copper money, as the medium of trade in a populace not exceeding seven million.

The government made it obligatory upon those in their employ as officers of the customs and post masters to receive one third of the amount of the salaries in this money.

When the evil had spread so wide as to become a palpable annoyance, the first project of the government was to call in this money, and re-issue it at a reduced value of forty per cent, but as this would be attended with a heavy loss to the Treasury, and was found to be troublesome and almost impracticable, as well as unprofitable, it was resolved that the loss should fall upon the holders, and the edict was issued accordingly.

Whether the result was anticipated by the busy and unprincipled politicians of that vexed country, and whether there was not an important political object connected with it in regard to the interest of some aspirant are mooted matters. The issue has been riot and bloodshed, and a fair portion of nature's work has again become the theatre of crime and butchery, not an unusual concomitant of demagoguism.—*Pennsylvanian.*

THE TREE OF DISSIPATION.

The
sin of
drunkenness
expels reason,
drowns memory,
distempers the body,
defaces beauty, diminishes strength, corrupts
the blood, inflames the liver, weakens the brain, turns
men into walking hospitals,
causes internal, external, and
incurable wounds, is a witch to
the senses, a devil to the soul, a
thief to the pocket, the beggars companion, a wife's woe, and children's
sorrow—makes man become a brute
and a self murderer, who drinks
to others' good health, and
robs himself of his
own!
The
root of all evil is

DRUNKENNESS!!!

USEFUL INVENTION.

Matrasses, for sea service, are now made of pulverised cork, one of which, weighing only twenty five pounds, is sufficient to support in the water several men. If the unfortunate vessels, which have been lost upon our coast during the winter, had been provided with them, how many valuable lives might have been saved.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

The object being improvement, both moral and mental, it matters not whether it comes from the pen of Remarker or that of another; hence the following, from the New York Workingman's Advocate, is selected for this Chapter.

St. Paul, in his letter to the Romans has this precept: "Owe no man any thing." All the world—at least all the mercantile and trading portion of it—says it is impossiple strictly to act up to St. Paul's precept. They affirm, that credit is the life of business; and that if we were scrupulous in "Owing no man any thing," commerce and inprovement would flag, and we should be left behind other nations in our mercatile career.

Though we believe, as a general rule, the less men live or trade on credit the better, we are not disposed to say that all credit is pernicious We think there is a sound credit and an unsound credit; a natural credit and an artificial one.

We call that credit sound and natural, which is given by one to another whom he can trust, which is grounded on mutual confidenee, and relies upon no laws, but only on the honor and honesty of the person trusted for payment.

* * * * * * *

All men, therefore, who deserve credit would still obtain it. Those who deserve it not would alone find their commercial wings clipped. And it is just and right for the benefit of society that they be clipped.

All these arguments have their full force supposing that the laws for collecting debts were always efficacious in compelling the dishonest debtor to pay. But are they so? Is not the glorious uncertainty of the law become a common proverb? Are not the laws for debt, in nine cases out of ten, like to a broken reed, that pierces the hand of him that leans upon it? To speak in every day language—what chance has a man legally to get his own if he has to deal with a rogue who chooses to keep him out of it?

We observed, the other day, an account of a race to be run after a pig, whose tail was previously to be well soaped, and he declared to be winner who should first secure the animal by the tail. The race after a crafty debtor, who plays hide and seek in the mazes of the laws, is just such another. Nothing so slippery—not even a pig's soaped tail—as the law.

When a man trusts to the law, therefore, to secure to him debts which he cannot trust to honesty, he very frequently confides in a rope of sand; another reason why he shoul not have such laws trust to, and be deceived by.

There are very few honest men to whom this subject is broached, who do not at once agree, that it would be infinitely for the benefit of society that all debts should be debts of honor. The lawyers, to be sure, cannot bear the mention of it. How should they? The silversmiths cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

However beneficial, therefore, the abolition of all compulsory means of collecting debts, we think it would be useless to broach the subject in any of our legislatures, so long as two thirds of them are lawyers.

EXPEDIENT OF A NEEDY TRAVELLER.

We have heard the story of an English half pay officer living at Florence, much in debt, and desirous to get to England, but unable to procure his passport, without which he could not be permitted to depart, on account of the interference of his creditors. He one day, in a coffee house, fell to abusing the Grand Duke in very outrageous terms, in consequence of which he was next day conducted to the Tuscan frontier by a police officer. The following expedient, related by a London paper, is much less obivious and more ingenious.

"John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf, as list seller, &c., was in a town in Bedfordshire; and as a turf phrase, is "quite broken down." It was during harvest, and the week before Richmond Races, (Yorkshire,) whither he was travelling, and near which place he was born, to arrive there in time he hit upon the following expedient:—He applied to an acquaintance of his a blacksmith, to stamp on a padlock the words "Richmond gaol," with which, and a chain fixed to one of his legs, he composedly went into a cornfield to sleep.

As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him to Richmond; no time was to be lost, for Kilburn said he had not been tried; and hoped they would not let him lay till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the goaler with "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well; it is Kilburn; I have known him many years." "We suppose he has broken out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark; is he not a prisoner?" "I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, Sir; they have been so kind as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not put them to further inconvenience. I have got the key of the padlock, and I will not trouble them for their kind behaviour."—He travelled this way about 170 miles."

The piece of gold alledged to have been found in Albion, Me. and which created such an excitement among the geologists, is now discovered to have been imported from S. America, by the proprietor of the land, who falsely stated that it had been dug up on his own farm, and by this species of chicanery sold a tract in Boston for $3000.

MATRIMONIAL CHEAT.

A young man named John Robbins led to the altar in St. Luke's Church, on Sunday last, a very pretty girl, aged only 19, the daughter of Geo. Bailly, a respectable farmer in the borough.—While passing through the aisle of the church, the entire head dress of the bride, including A WIG [!] was pulled from her head, which was left as bare as the back of her hand! In consequence of this unlucky exposure, the happy bridegroom, desired further time to consider whether he would accept the barebeaded spinster as a partner for life; and the parties left the church. The mischievous trick was effected by a former lover of Miss Bailly.

[Bristol (Eng.) Mercury.

TROUBLESOME TIMES.

"Those who have cash,
Have trouble about it;
Those that have none,
Have trouble without it."

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