EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

From the New York Examiner.

TO A BANK NOTE.

I will not take thee ragged elf,
In payment for my labor—
Your villany's revealed itself,
You've robbed myself and neighbor.

Your very face is all a lie,
Your promise but a bubble;
You raise the price on all I buy,
And plunge mankind in trouble!

And when we ask you for our cash,
How well the matter's mend'd;
We find your Bank is "broke to smash,"
Or, hang you! you're suspended!

For banks the farmer grows his corn—
Th' labor gives his earning;
The student, like a sheep, is shorn,
A fool with all his learning!

He gives his gold and takes their Note—
What a silly caper!
He's "up salt creek," and "in the boat,"
Quite "row'd up" by their Paper!

And there he's left to sink or swim,
Without a single guinea;
With BANK-OH'S ghost to laugh at him,
A flea'c'd and Noted Niney!

But now I know, thou swindling elf,
A beggar thou would'st make me,
I will not take thee more myself,
So may the devil take thee!

"SHE IS THINE."

She is thine, the word is spoken;
Hand to hand and heart to heart
Though all of her ties be broken,
Time these bonds shall never part;
Thou hast taken her in gladness,
From the altar's holy shrine;
Oh! remember in her sadness,
She is thine and only thine.

In so fair a temple never
Aught of ill can hope to come,
Good will strive, and striving, ever
Make so pure a shrine its home;
Each the other's love possessing,
Say that care should cloud that brow,
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WARDEN AND HIS CHILDREN.

A MOST THRILLING NARRATIVE.

We will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the constant habit of walking day after day, through any of the crowded thoroughfares of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he 'knows by sight,' to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance, whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed sinking lower and lower by almost imperceptible degrees, and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strikes forcibly and painfully upon him, as he passes by. Is there any man who has mixed much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot call to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now, in all the squalor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, or a clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuits, with good prospects and decent means; nor cannot any of our readers call to mind from among the list of their quondam acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lingers about the pavement in hungry misery, from whom every one turns coldly away, who preserves himself from sheer starvation, nobody knows how?—Alas! such cases are of too frequent occurrence to be rare items in a man's experience; and they arise from one cause—drunkenness, that fierce rage for the slow, sure, poison, that oversteps every other consideration, and hurries its victims madly on to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled by misfortune and misery to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild; and they present the hedious spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But by far the greater part have wilfully and with open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it, never rises more but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man at this once stood by the bedside of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, and want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly female with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman—her daughter—on her arm? But it was not towards her that the face turned not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped; they pressed the husband's arm: the eyes so soon to be closed in death, rested on his face; and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes bloodshot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

A shaded lamp by the bed side, cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of the night prevailed without the house and the stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantel shell; its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet but it was a solemn one; for well they knew, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell of a departed spirit.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights,—such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know.—It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart, the pent-up, hidden secrets of many years, poured forth by the unconscious, helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest, they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bed side by which the children knelt. Their half stifled sobs and moaning alone broke the silence of the lonly chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed; and turning one look from the children to the father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, and all was so calm and tranquil, that she seemed to sink to sleep They leant over her; they called upon her name, softly at first; and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throb responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead.

The husband sunk into a chair by the bed side, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrunk from and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow, or console the widower.

The time had been when many a friend would have crowded around him in his affliction, and many a heartfelt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the commonest acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness and how had he rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bed side; in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house and walked swiftly through the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stupified with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood-mounted, and his brain whirled round. Death!—Every one must die, and why not SHE? She was too good for him, her relations had often told him so. Curses on them. Had they not deserted her, left her to whine away the time at home? Well, she was dead, and happy perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass—one more. Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted, and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him grew up and were children no longer; the father remained the same—poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute looking, but the same confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. The boys had long ago run wild in the streets and left him—the girl alone remained, but she worked hard; and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as ten o'clock—for the girl had been sick for many days, and there was consequently little to spend at the public house—he bent his steps homewards, bethinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon; or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought worth his while to do. It was a wet December night, the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a few halfpence from a passer-by, and having bought a small loaf—for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could—he shuffled onwards as fast as the rain and wind would let him. At the back of Fleet street, and lying between it and the water side, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of Whitefriars; and it was to one of these that he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned might, for filth and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp and rottenness can impart to tenements originally of the roughest and coarsest materials.—The windows were patched with paper and stuffed with the foulest rags, the doors were falling from their hinges, poles with lines on each to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling or drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the centre of the court had been blown out either by the violence of the wind, or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered too conspicuous; and the only light which fell upon the uneven pavement, was derived from the miserable candles that here and there twinkled in the rooms of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter ran down the centre of the alley—all the sluggish odors of which had been called forth by the rain; and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into his den, walked on in the darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some branch repositories of garbage which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door or rather what was left of it, stood ajar, for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; and he proceeded to groupe his way up the old and broken stair, to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room door, when it opened, and a girl, whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to be equalled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand peeped anxiously out.

'Is that you father?' said the girl.

'Whose else should it be?' replied the man gruffly. 'What are you trembling at? It's little enough that I've had to drink to-day, for there's no drink without money, and no money without work. What the d—l's the matter with the girl?

'I am not well, father—not at all well,' said the girl, bursting into tears.

'Ah!' replied the man, in the tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact to which he would rather remain blind if he could. 'You must get better somehow, for we must have money. You must go to the parish doctor, and make him give you some medicine. They're paid for it, d——n'em. What are you standing before me for? Let me come in, can't you?'

'Father' whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her, and placing herself before it, 'William has come back.'

'Who,' said the man with a start.

'Hush,' replied the girl: 'William, brother William.'

'And what does he want?' said the man with an effort at composure—'money? meat? drink?—He's come to the wrong shop for that if he does Give me the candle—give me the candle, fool—I ain't going to hurt him.' He snatched the candle from her hand and walked into the room.

Sitting on an old box with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on a wretched cinder fire that was smouldering on the hearth, was a young man of about two and twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trowsers. He started up when his father entered.

'Fasten the door, Mary,' said the young man hastily—'fasten the door. You look as if you did'nt know me, father. It's long enough since you drove me from home, you may well forget me.'

'And what do you want here now? said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fire-place. 'What do you want here now?'

'Shelter,' replied the son; 'I'm in trouble—that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing; that's certain. Caught I shall be, useless I stay here; that's certain, and there's an end of it.'

'You mean to say you've been robbing or murdering then?' said the father.

'Yes, I do,' replied the son; 'does it surprise you, father?' He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

'Where's your brothers?' he said, after a long pause.

'Where they'll never trouble you,' replied the son: 'John's gone to America, and Henry's dead.'

'Dead!' said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

'Dead,' replied the young man. 'He died in my arms—shot like a dog by a gamekeeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hand. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him; but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass and prayed to God, that if his mother was in Heaven, He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favorite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the bed, and thanked God for having made so fond of her as to have never once done any thing to bring the tears into her eyes; oh, Will, why was she taken away and father left!' 'There's his dying words, father,' said the young man; 'make the best you can of 'em. You struck him across the face in a drunken fit, the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it.'

'The girl wept aloud; and the father sinking his head upon his knees, rocked himself to and fro.'

'If I am taken,' said the young man, 'I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice, but unless you do, here I stop until I can venture to escape abroad."

For two whole days, all three remained in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out; and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went just at night-fall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back he earned sixpence by holding a horse; and he turned homewards with enough money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in.—Two men, whom he had not observed, were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention; and when he entered the public house, they followed him.

'You'll drink with me, master,' said one of them, proffering a glass of liquor.

'And me too,' said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children, and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He DID drink, and his reason left him.

'A wet night, Warden,' whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one half the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of night for our friends in hiding, master Warden,' whispered the other.

'Sit down here,' said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. 'We have been looking after the young 'un. We came to tell him its all right, now; but we could'nt find him 'cause we had'nt got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he came to London, did he?'

'No, he didn't,' replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

'There's a vessel down at the docks to sail at midnight, when it's high water,' resumed the first speaker, and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you.'

'Very,' said the second.

'Capital luck,' said the first, with a wink to his companion.

'Great,' replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

'Another glass here; quick, said the first speaker. And in five minutes more, the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hang man's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along, as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; it approached nearer, it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him; she stopped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man, reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

'Very quietly done,' said one of the men to his companion, 'thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom; come, come, it's no use, crying, young woman. It's all over now; and can't be helped.

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

'Listen to me, father,' he said in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. 'My brother's blood and mine is on your head; I never had a kind look, or word, or care, from you; and alive or dead, I never will forgive you Die when you will, or how, I will be with you. I speak as a dead man, now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker, so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you.' He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winters' morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose, and looked around him; the old flock mattrass on the floor was undisturbed; every thing was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there were no signs of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers and the neighbors, but his daughter had not been seen nor heard of. He rambled through the streets and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavouring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere, She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door. Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways and in brick fields—any where where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night he sunk down on a door step in Piccadilly, 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 scenes of a misspent life crowded 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 plain, so clear and so distinct were they, 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 the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces farther. The street was silent and empty the few passengers who went by, at that late hour hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame; and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice, rich food; for they were before him: he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand and take them; and though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops as they parted on the stones, that death was coming upon him by inches; and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly he started up, in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan! Another! His senses were leaving him; half formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in these dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their loneliness. He remembered to have heard, many years before, that a homeless wretch had once 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 had reached the river side.

He crept softly down the deep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner and held his breath as the patrol passed.—Never did prisoner's throb with the hope of liberty and life so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to 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, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! any thing but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The shore, but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. 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—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast dying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave—and there it has long since mouldered away.

A correspondent of the Cincinnatti Gazette has prepared the following list of the principal officers of the General Government, from its commencement under the constitution until the present time, as one likely to be interesting to many, and generally useful as matter of reference.

PRESIDENTS.

1789, George Washington, of Virginia,
1797, John Adams, of Massachusetts,
1801, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia,
1809, James Madison, of Virginia,
1817, James Monroe, of Virginia,
1825, John Quincy Adams, of Mass.
1829, Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee,
1837, Martin Van Buren, of New York:

VICE PRESIDENTS.

1789, John Adams, of Massachusetts,
1797, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia,
1801, Aaron Burr, of New York,
1805, George Clinton, of New York,
1813, Eldridge Gerry, of Mass.
1817, Daniel D. Tompkins, of N. York,
1825, John C. Calhoun, of S. Carolina,
1833, Martin Van Buren, of New York,
1837, Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

SECRETARIES OF STATE.

1789, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia,
1794, Edmond Randolph, of Virginia,
1795, Timothy Pickering, of Mass.
1800, John Marshall, of Virginia,
1801, James Madison, of Virginia,
1809, Robert Smith, of Maryland,
1811, James Monroe, of Virginia,
1817, John Quincy Adams, of Mass.
1825, Henry Clay, of Kentucky,
1829, Martin Van Buren, of New York,
1831, Edward Livingston, of Louisiana.
1833, Louis McLane, of Delaware,
1835, John Fersyth, of Georgia,

SECRETARIES OF THE TREASURY.

1789, Alexander Hamilton, of N. York,
1795, Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts.
1801, Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut,
1802, Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania,
1814, George W. Campbell, of Tennessee,
1814, Alexander J. Dallas, of Penn.
1817, Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia,
1825, Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania,
1829, Samuel D. Ingham, of Penn.
1831, Louis McLane, of Delaware,
1833, Roger B. Taney of Maryland,
1834, Levy Woodbury, of N. Hampshire.

SECRETARIES OF WAR.

1789, Henry Knox, of Massachusetts,
1795, Timothy Pickering, of Mass.
1796, James McHenry, of Maryland,
1800, Samuel Dexter, of Mass.
1801, Roger Griswold, of Connecticut,
1801, Henry Dearborn, of Mass.
1809, Wm. Eustis, of Massachusetts,
1811, John Armstrong, of New York,
1815, Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia,
1817, Isaac Shelby, of Kentucky, (did not accept the appointment.)
1817, John C. Calhoun, of S. Carolina,
1825, James Barbour, of Virginia,
1828, Peter B. Porter, of New York,
1929, John H. Eaton, of Tennessee,
1831, Lewis Cass, of Ohio,
1837, Joel R. Poinsett, of S. Carolina.

SECRETARIES OF THE NAVY.

1798, George Cabot, of Massachusetts,
1798, Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland,
1802, Robert Smith, of Maryland,
1807, Jacob Crowinshild, of Mass.
1809, Paul Hamilton, of S. Carolina,
1812, Wm. Jones, of Pennsylvania,
1814, Benjamin W. Crowinshild, of Mass.
1818, Smith Thompson, of New York,
1823, Samuel L. Southard, of N. Jersey,
1829, John Branch, of N. Carolina,
1831, Levi Woodbury, of N. Hampshire,
1834, Mahlon Dickerson, of New Jersey,

POST MASTERS GENERAL.

1789, Samuel Osgood, of Mass.
1791, Timothy Pickering, of Mass.
1795, Joseph Haberham, of Georgia,
1802, Gideon Granger, of New York,
1814, Return J. Meigs, Jr. of Ohio,
1823, John McLean, of Ohio,
1829, Wm. T. Barry, of Kentucky,
1835, Amos Kendall, of Kentucky,

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

1789, John Jay, of New York,
1796, Wm. Cushing, of Mass.
1796, Oliver Elsworth, of Connecticut,
1800, John Jay, of New York,
1801, John Marshall, of Virginia,
1836, Roger B. Taney, of Maryland,

ATTORNIES GENERAL.

1789, Edmund Randolph, of Virginia,
1794, Wm. Breadford, of Virginia,
1795, Charles Lee, of Virginia,
1801, Levi Lincoln, of Mass.
1805, Robert Smith, of Maryland,
1806, John Breckinbridge, of Kentucky,
1807, Cæsar A. Rodney, of Delaware,
1811, Wm. Pinkney, of Maryland,
1815, Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania,
1817, Wm. Wirt, of Virginia,
1829, J. McPherson Berrien, of Georgia,
1831, Roger B. Taney, of Maryland,
1834, Benjamin F. Butler, of New York.

Hymenial Compliment.—The following lines appear in a Pennsylvania, paper, on the occasion of a marriage of Mr. Abraham Scamp, to Miss Mary Hopkins:

May they, while life shall circle round,
Be free from sorrow's cramps,
And may their happiness be crown'd
With divers *little* SCAMPS.

SHADE OF THE DEPARTED!

One of the country papers gives an account of a lounger at its editorial office, who had been in the habit of sitting so long, that when he died his shadow was fixed upon the wall!

An old man who had lately signed the teetotal pledge, having heard that the preacher under whose ministry he sat, objected to become a member of the temperance society because he was too far advanced in years to give up his wine and brandy, went out, broke his pledge, and returned home drunk; and, when reproved for his conduct, he stated that if the preacher drank he had a right to do the same.

England, after a lapse of one hundred and twenty three years, again rejoices in a Female Sovereign.

ANNE, the last of the Steuart's ascended the English Throne in 1702, when she was 39 years old, and reigned 12 years. She was the mother of 17 children, all of whom died young. Her reign was distinguished by the success of British Arms and British Literature.

Since 1714, when Queen Anne died, England has had five male Sovereigns. George I. reigned 43 years; George II. reigned 35 years; George III. reigned 63 years; George IV. reigned 10 years; William IV. has reigned 7 years.

BALTIMORE FLOOD.—The collections for the relief of the sufferers by the late flood in Baltimore, amounted on the 24th ult. to $2, 270 45, which sum has been distributed by the committe.

From the New York Gazette.

A MOST DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

We learn that the German Reformed church in Forsyth street, was yesterday desecrated by a scene of violence and disorder, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all parties concerned in it. The following are the leading particulars as they have been communicated to us: At about 11 o'clock, two clergymen, followed by their respective friends, simultaneously entered the church and made for the pulpit. On reaching the sacred desk, the passage was mutually disputed *viet armis*, and sticks and clubs were put freely in requisition; being supplied by breaking up the rails around the altar! Possession of the pulpit was gained alternately by both parties, and both parties alternately dislodged. While matters were in this frightful state of victory and defeat, the alarm bell was rung and the firemen rushed to the spot, determined, we believe, to throw cold water upon the fiery valor of the reverend belligerents. In the meantime, however, a strong party from the Police office parted the combatants, cleared the church and closed it, very much to the dissatisfaction of both parties. The clergymen are said to have fought like very Bluchers; having their clerical garments torn to rags, and one of them retiring with a remarkably bloody nose received *ad ostium ecclesiæ*. On the whole, it is the grossest outrage that has ever occurred in this country and it is mortifying to record a transaction so deeply disgraceful to the city, and especially to the ministers engaged in it. If any of the particulars here given are exaggerated or erroneously stated in any respect, they shall be corrected with greater pleasure than we here give them.

NEW MEXICAN MINISTER.

A slip from the Philadelphia Inquirer says:—"We learn, by a Mexican paper, just received from Vera Cruz, that SENOR DON FRANCISCO PIZARRO MARTINEZ, long known as the patriotic and efficient Mexican Consul at New Orleans, has been appointed *Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.* The statement is copied from the Diario del Gobierno, of a very recent date. From this it appears evident, that the Mexican Government is fully disposed to make a further effort to adjust the differences between the two nations, by pacific means."

"A very late letter has also been received from *Col. Almonte.* He fully confirms the recent accounts of preparations for prosecuting the war in Texas; but we cannot expect that much will be done before the close of the dry season, perhaps about the middle of September."

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