EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

SONG.

I will not trust the flattering tale
That bids my fears be moved:
That she has nursed an equal flame,
And loves as she is loved.
'Tis true she smiles—'tis true her eye
Is kindly turned on me;
But hush, bold heart, thy swelling thoughts!
Such bliss is not for thee..

She takes the bidding wreaths I twine,
They fade within her grasp;
Her gentle hand avoids not mine,
Yet trembles in its clasp..
Her voice assumes a softer tone
Whene'er she speaks to me,
But hush, bold heart, thy foolish thoughts!
Such bliss is not for thee.

When late I tuned her favourite lay,
She wept with feeling strong:
But ah! the singer was forgot
She thought but of the song.
Though for the fancied lover's wo,
Her tears fell fast and free,
She shed no drop for thine, poor heart!
Such bliss is not for thee.

She's been where fluent lips their flame
In practised words avow;
She's seen the clustering wreath of fame
That nods on glory's brow
How could she yield a passing thought
To one unknown like me?
Forget thy fevered dream my heart!
She never dreamed of thee.

SELECTED SCRAPS.

Rapid growth.—The pumpkin vines in Ohio grow so fast, that the farmers are obliged to chain them over at night, to prevent them from running away.

'It is said of a certain tavern keeper up country that he could feed his boarders upon one particular dish for months together. He fed them upon mutton till the wool grew out of their backs. He gave them pork till their tails came out a foot long; and finally, he fed them upon towls, until they jumped out of bed and crowed every morning at day-light.'

The Weather.—We once heard of a traveller at a Pennsylvania hotel, who rose from his bed at night, to examine the weather, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. 'Landlord,' cried the astonished man, 'this is very singular weather—the night is as dark as Egypt, *and smells of cheese.*—Louisville Journal.

Practice in speaking rapidly—Theophilus Thistle thrust his thumb in thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three thick and thin thistles.

A hatter in London has invented a night cap which he scientifically denominates a "cap utgereredormitor."

WOMAN.—The haughty woman who can stand alone, and requires no leaning-place in our heart, losses the spell of her sex.

CALLING FOR OYSTERS.

When on our books it did appear,
How was each head with sorrow shaken.
That, by a dark-hulled buccaneer,
The Susquehanna had been taken!
But ere the Knell had ceased to peal,
What quips and jokes beset the fosters—
Instead of taking bail and steal,
The crew had only *called for oysters!*

LOCK STOCK AND BARREL.—How much will you charge to repair my gun?

Gunsmith—(examining)—Why, I can't tell exactly, it wants a new lock.

Well, if you put on a new lock, how much?

Gunsmith—(examining)—Why, I don't exactly know; for the stock looks shocking bad, and I think wouldn't stand mending.

Well, suppose you put on a new stock, how much?

Gunsmith—Why, to tell you the plain truth, the barrel is not worth putting stock and lock on.

Would you be good enough to make all the necessary repairs, and keep the gun in part payment of your bill, and I will send you the balance to-morrow.

There is a hard set of fellows at Boston, who call themselves 'The Lignum Vitæ Club

A bailiff, calling at the dwelling of a distressed Quaker to serve a writ, was refused admittance. He said, to the servant, 'your master is at home, but he will not see me.' 'He has seen thee, friend,' said Abigail, 'but he does not like thy appearance.'

"Well Snooks, what luck to-day—was the cranberries pretty thick?"

"Yes, I could scramble them up by handfulls."

"Was there any rattlesnakes?"

"Rattlesnakes! yes; about two snakes to a berry."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A gentleman of our township has been growing bald for some time back. His physician directed him to rub his pate with French brandy, and swallow a draught which he gave him at the same time. So absent minded is he that he rubs his head with the draught and swallows the brandy, without discovering the difference.—Sat. Courier.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.—Perhaps it would be better if we could get rid of love altogether. Life would go on smoother and happier without it Friendship is the wine of existence, but love is the dram-drinking.

The diseases of the body may be looked upon as so many outlets through which the soul finds its way to eternity.—Dr. Chalmers.

A FOP.—A fop in fine clothes, is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

A CHECK.—Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed, 'that Napoleon must be in funds, for he had received a CHECK on the BANK of the ELBE.

Remember this! If you go duly to church, you will be well spoken of though you have no other merit: if you neglect that duty, you will be ill spoken of though you have no other fault.

WIT UNDER THE HALTER.—'Halloa,' cried a fellow about to be hung, to a person in the crowd, who however did not seem inclined to acknowledge the acquaintance—'Halloa I say—mister don't you recollect me—I suppose I am so HALTERED you don't know me.—[Daily Focus.

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason—

'Och,' said Pat, 'would you have me leave his mother an orphan?'

EVERY BODY'S FRIEND—It is only the weakest minded persons who are friends with every body at first sight They are like some portraits which seem to look you full in the face wherever you stand.

A lawyer was lately detected in a theft at Little Rock and sentenced to receive forty stripes on the bare back The lash was well laid on, and he was then expelled from the Court roll.

The French are marching 13,000 men against Constantine.

It is estimated that Don Carlos lost 7,000 men in his late attempt upon Madrid.

VERSIFICATION OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—The Decalogue has been thus tersely and quaintly tendered into rhyme; and would, in this shape, be a good exercise for the memories of young children:

I. I am the Lord thy God—serve only me:—
II. Before no idols bow the impious knee:
III. Use not my name in trifles, nor in jest:
IV. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest:
V. Ever to parents due obedience pay:
VI. Thy fellow creature, man, thou shalt not slay:
VII. In no adulterous commerce bear a part:
VIII. From stealing keep with care thy hand and heart.
IX All false reports against thy neighbor hate:
X. And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate

ANECDOTE.—A laughable anecdote is related by an old inhabitant of the city of Hartford, of the well disciplined corps of that place, called the Rag Toes.' About twenty years ago, the above named corps had accasion to parade. They were marching exactly in the direction of a very deep pond, and the captain, on arriving at the edge (forgetting the word of command for 'Halt!') fell down, and bracing himself firmly on his hands and knees, called out lustly to the lieutenant, who was in the rear, 'Stop 'em, Goodin, for God's sake stop 'em!' The lieutenant, however, not hearing the captain's orders, suffered his men to march into the pond, where we left them floundering about, waiting further orders.—Boston Morning News.

Some of the papers are telling us what a wife *should be!* Who volunteers to tell us what *they are?*—Bangor Post.

We do, Mr. Post, they are too frequently the neglected slaves or victims of man's passions and caprice, instead of the helpmates, and bosom friends, and consolation, for which they are so happily formed and adapted, but for the slight and wrong they receive in exchange for their love and devotion.—Phila. Sat. Courier.

LAUGHTER.—Physiologists and physicians have demonstrated that laughter, improves digestion, facilitates circulation, and regulates the functions of various viscers.—In this way it promotes health, cheerfulness and vivacity—inspires benevolence and all the kindly feelings of the heart. In itself a pleasure, it adds to that of others by sympathy and drives away the wrinkles of care and the sullen frown of habitual moroseness. Shakspeare, who seemed to know all sciences by intuition, in his Julius Ceasar, makes the great captain distrustful of the lean Cassius, who never laughed.

HOW TO HAVE ROSES AT CHRISTMAS.

Select from your rose tree such buds as are ready to blow; tie a piece of thread round the stalk of each. You must take care not to touch the bud with your hand, or even the stalk any more than you can avoid. Cut it carefully from the tree, with the stalk two or three inches in length. Melt some sealing wax, and quickly apply it to the end of the stalk. The wax should only be as warm as to be ductile. Form a piece of paper into a cone-like shape, wherein place the rose; screw it up carefully, so as to exclude the air from it; do so by each; then put them all into a box, and the box into a drawer, all of which it is intended to keep from the air. On Christmas day, or any other day in winter, take them out and cut off the ends of the stalks, place them in a flower pot with lukewarm water. In two or three hours they will blow as in summer, retaining all their grateful fragrance.—English paper.

☞At a time when the curiosity of so many fair readers is on the tip-toe of excitement respecting the Susquehanna, we are induced to republish the following short sketch of the

LAST DAYS OF A PIRATE

In the Carribean sea, and not far from the estuary of the river San Juan, are situated a number of small keys, generally denominated the "Corn Islands." They are inhabited by a mixed race of English, Spanish, Indian, and Negro; and which have from the earliest settlement of the West India Islands been the resort of buccaniers, pirates, traders, and fishermen. Lying at a sufficient distance from the main land to be exempted from the continual storms and rains for which that coast is noted—open to the trade winds, which by day mellorate the heats of a tropical climate, and by night waft from the ocean an amply supply of moisture for the production and preservation of uninterrupted and fadeless vegetation, they appear to him whose eyes have long been unblest by a view of the green and smiling land, as little specimens of paradise scattered on the sea.

Thrown by fortune on one of these secluded isles, and after partaking largely of the cheerful but unostentatious hospitality of the inhabitants, I wandered forth along the avenues of orange and lime trees, whose clustering flowers loaded the air with perfume, while the moonbeams glancing through the interstices of the foliage, were brightly reflected from the pendant drops which hung like diamonds from the leafy spray.

I was now treading the ground oft trodden by the fierce freebooters of by-gone days; here they rested from their murderous toils; threw aside the blood-stained brand, and for a time indulged the gentler passions of their natures. Often perhaps, have these woods echoed with the wild song of mirth, the bacchanalian revel, or the softer whisperings of love—for even the remorseless pirate loves and fiercely too. Reflections like these I brought in their train the fancied forms of Lolonis, Basileno, Bat, Morgan, and other rovers of renown whose deeds of daring still live in a thousand traditionary tales. But my reverie was interrupted by a sound of distant music softly and sweetly stealing along the winding alleys of shrubbery, and losing itself among the murmuring of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore. Curious to know from whom the strain proceeded, I followed it, and suddenly found myself in front of a small, low hut, built of reeds and thatched with branches of the palm; the windward side was entirely open to the breeze, and from within a small glass lamp, filled with the oil of cocoa nuts, shed a faint and fitful light. In front of the hut, reclining in a hammock which was suspended between two orange trees, I observed a man apparently listening to the song of a female who sat beside him and seemed endeavoring to soothe him to slumber as she gently swung the hammock to and fro. His face was pale, his sunken eyes were closed and partially covered with a profusion of auburn hair, which fell in ringlets over his brow on which the burning sun had left its swarthy impress. As I approached he raised his head and motioned his attendants to cease her song, while with a voice feeble but somewhat stern, he bade me welcome; and the lovely songster, who was a beautiful creole girl, with the form of a sylph and the step of a fawn, brought me a seat which she proffered and retired within the hut. Some trifling conversation ensued during which his manner made an impression on my mind which time has failed to erase. His person was small and lightly formed, and though now feeble and emaciated, still betrayed the remains of elegance and activity: his large blue eye, sunken and lustreless, darted from object to object with a restlessness that denoted a heart but ill at ease as the fierce energies of his nature seemed struggling with the languor of disease. Interested by his appearance, I made some inquiries respecting his disorder.

'The physicians,' replied he, 'think it a pulmonary affection, and for aught I know it may be so, but the root of the matter is here,' (laying his hand upon his heart,) 'far beyond the reach of medicine.'

'Perhaps a change of climate—'

'No, no,' interrupted he; 'climates and countries are alike to me; my glass is nearly run, and it matters little how or when I die—so I but die.'

These words were spoken with a certain peevishness of manner which precluded farther conversation, and I took my leave, resolved, however, soon to repeat my visit, for I had become too deeply interested in his fate to rest satisfied without obtaining a farther knowledge of his character Accordingly I renewed my visits from day to day, until they became frequent; and by many little nameless attentions, I at last won upon his confidence, and he appeared to take pleasure in my society, and ever expressed himself uneasy at my absence. In the meanwhile his health continued rapidly to decline, and he was evidently just on the verge of mortal existence. I had often in the course of my conversations with him endeavored to draw his attention to the consolations of religion; but the most indirect allusion to religion or immortality, would cloud his brow with a frown which told me they could minister no comfort, peace, or hope to him. At the close of an afternoon which we had passed together, as he lay gently swinging in his hammock, he fixed his eyes on the sun, just then dipping beneath the western wave, and remarked.

'See what a glorious sight is there! The time has been when I could look on such a scene with emotions of the most elevated pleasure; now my heart sickens at the sight—it reminds me of my fast approaching doom. Yon sun has run its course in brightness, and it sets in splendor—my career has been one of darkness, and soon must set in gloom—'

'But the sun will rise again,' I observed

'Yes,' he replied; 'and you mean to say I too shall arise—ha! ha! Arise to what?' and he laughed, not loud, but such a laugh! Oh, its internal gibber still rattles in my ears! 'twas such a laugh as the refinement of torture extorts from a wretch agonizing on the rack; it was the wild expression of the horrors of hell already seizing on the soul.

'Do you not believe it?' said I; 'surely you are not an atheist!'

'No, no! no more an atheist than yon grazing brute who believes or disbelieves neither creeds nor doctrines. Would I were an atheist!'

'Nay, say not so—sickness has disordered your mind. Can you not pray? Have you never prayed?'

'Did I never pray? 'Oh, yes! I remember, but 'tis like a dream, when kneeling on my mother's lap she taught me to lift my infant orisons to heaven; and she would pray with me too, and for me; and in after years, when thrown adrift on the wide world, when all who loved or were beloved by me, were slumbering in their graves, even then the memory of those prayers would shed a sacred influence over my soul; and I hoped, but ah! how vainly hoped, that still a mother's prayer would draw heaven's blessing on my head. Long years have fled since aught like supplication to God or man has passed these lips. It is true I worshipped, but it was a most unholy shrine—the deity whom I adored asked blood, and blood I gave him. Yes, a whole hecatomb of human lives this hand has immolated on the altar of revenge.'

'Oh, horrible!' I exclaimed; 'surely you rave—you mean not what you say'

'Nay, nay 'tis sober truth But listen—I have not many hours to live; I will employ them in sketching for you a brief outline of a wicked, topless, hopeless life. For twenty years you are the only human being who has crossed my path from whom I have received, without a bribe, one cheering word or kindly look; save this poor girl, and she—but enough of this—you will not betray me! Justice indeed claims much of this ensanguined head of mine, but death will help me cheat her of her due. I was born in Wales, at the age of fifteen years I lost parents, friends and fortune. Thrown on my own resources, I came to the West Indies, and succeeded after a time in obtaining the situation of overseer to Gonzales, the governor of St. Ann. He was a proud & haughty Spaniard, whom I dislike, for I had not yet learned to *hate*, and I should soon have left his service but for a being whom he called his daughter; the fairest but what matters it how fair she was! I loved her—loved her with all the affections of my soul, and she loved me. Well! five years passed away. At length I gained her consent to leave the island & unite her destinies with mine, for he stern Spaniard would as soon have bestowed his daughter on a slave as me. I obtained a boat and the assistance of a negro to convey us to the main, when the black villain betrayed us to his master, and on the point of embarking we found ourselves surrounded by soldiers and slaves who, by the governor's order, stripped me to the skin—yes, there before the gaze of hundreds, and worse, before her for whom only I cared to live, I was stripped and flogged—publicly by a negro! Oh, how my heart was crushed! My spirit was broken but not subdued. There kneeling on the sand, the blood streaming from my lacerated shoulders, I swore never to rest satisfied until I had washed out the foul disgrace in the hearts blood of a hundred Spaniards. I have performed my oath.

Twenty long years have sped away since that accursed hour, and the vengeful flame then kindled in my soul has ever burned with fierce intensity, while each new victim served as fuel to the raging fire, and nought but the cold damps of death can quench its blaze—The Governor sent me to Chagres as a prisoner, and to obtain my liberty, or rather my release from a filthy dungeon, I entered into the military service of the Spaniards. The revolution which had broken out in Caracas, had now become general along the main; the patriots were every where in arms, and I soon found means to join them, but not without first sheathing my knife in the hearts of my colonel and two sentinels. Here my hatred to the Spaniards soon rendered me conspicuous, and obtained for me the command of a small party, with which I prosecuted a guerilla warfare in the interior; but was finally taken, manacled, and marched barefoot and wounded across the isthmus to Panama, with scarcely a rag to protect me from the scorching sun, it was almost insupportable. I complained of my head, and the merciless villains gave me a paper cap; and lest the wind should blow it off from my head, they fastened it to my scalp with boiling pitch. But the desire of revenge supported me beneath all their tortures. I again escaped, and at length found myself at the siege of Carthagena, in the command of a gun-boat. Here I signalized myself by many a deed of blood, and after the capture of the place obtained a captain's commission, and the command of a fine brig. I was ordered to convey several of the Spanish nobility with their property to the island of Curacoa, and accordingly set sail, but steered my course directly for St. Ann. On the passage I called my crew together, informed them we had on board upwards of two millions of dollars belonging to the Spaniards, who were our natural enemies, and inquired if they were disposed to let so fine a prize slip thus easily through their fingers? They caught greedily at the glittering bait, and with one voice exclaimed 'Set the Spaniards adrift! Land them on the desert island!'

Having thus obtained their consent to an act which equally implicated all, I resolved on my future course, and took my measures accordingly. That night, while the passengers were asleep in their berths, I despatched them successively with my own hand, and launched them through the cabin windows—they told half a score towards the fulfilment of my oath We arrived at St. Ann, and anchored off the island at night. I immediately landed with a boat's crew of chosen ruffians, and proceeded undiscovered to the house of Gonzales. On the way we met his son, a lad of some sixteen years whom I compelled to conduct me to his father's bedside, where I found him buried in the arms of sleep. There he lay the object of my soul's most bitter hatred! Did I strike him then? did I send him slumbering into eternity? No, no I aroused him—he saw me stand smiling over him with my dagger at his throat, and his craven soul burst with terror from his glaring eyes. Oh! what a delicious moment was that to me! He spoke no word, but gagged and bound, I had him speedily on board, whilst my crew sacked and set fire to the town, the hateful scene of my early degradation.

Yet was there one bitter pang to be endured but 'twas only for a moment. Ere I left the island the daughter of Gonzales came—she whom I loved so well; on her knees she besought me "Spare! oh spare my father! You loved me once—" "Ay! but I love no longer Revenge has absorbed my soul, there is no room for love—away!" I saw her no more. As for the governor, I had him whipped until he implored me in mercy to plunge my dagger in his heart: no such mercy for him—the scourge was plied while he had aught of sense or feeling left, and then we gave him to the sharks. Why do you shrink as if in horror? Think you I was an iota more than revenged! He was but one of the doomed hundred. Well, for this act I was outlawed by the government, and commenced a cruise on my own account. The few remaining hours of my life would not suffice to tell a tithe of my adventures, perils, and escapes. Three times I have been a prisioner; but stratagem or gold were ever potent to loosen bolts and bars. Once I was tried for my life at N. O.; but the glittering of the shining ore dummed the sight of my judges and they could discover no spot of blood upon my hands. Five years I roved the terror of seas; but now, what all the art and power of man have failed to do, the never ceasing tumults of a guilty mind has done—cut short my mad career. Long since I felt the hand of death upon me, and like the wounded tiger that seeks some gloomy den wherein to die, hither I came without associate or friend but his little creole nurse—Chance has made us acquainted. I have confided to you the outlines of my history, it will serve as a tale to while away a tedious hour, and make your hearers stare. And now, grant me one favor when I am dead, living, I ask none;—bury me in the sea full twenty fathoms deep. I have done. Give me some drink—my mouth is parched—my brain is in a whirl! Ha! that pang, death is here, I feel it about my heart. Well, why should I live? and yet to die with such a load of guilt—hush—hush! speak not to me, I know what you would say—but 'tis all in vain. What's death to me? I have dearded him a thousand times—why do I shrink so now? A heavy mist comes gathering over my sight. Who are these? Off! off! why do you let them come so close 'With a desperate effort he raised himself upon his couch; seized with a convulsive grasp my hand gazed on me for a moment with a terrified and ghastly glare, and then fell back exhausted on his pillow. His distorted features gradually relaxed; the wild expression of his eye slowly assumed a placid look, and something like a smile played about his lips—the pirate was no more.

From the U. S. Magazine.

GLANCES AT CONGRESS

BY A REPORTER.

Near to Mr Wise sits a gentleman with an unhealthy complexion, and rather singular face—one of the most remarkable men of the body. His hair, brushed back from his forehead, is long and curly; his eye is keen, stern and intelligent; he generally dresses well, and his usual companion is a heavy ivory headed cane. He appears to be a nervous man; one of those men of deep but quiet enthusiasm, who never fail to make themselves both marked and felt, whenever they put forth the slumbering powers within them. This gentleman is Eli Moore, of the city of New York He may be said to be peculiarly the representative of the mechanics of that city at whose head he stands, as a prominent member of the Typographical Society, and lately president of his favorite Trades Union Mr. Moore is a quiet, silent, reserved man; but beneath that apparent cold calmness glow feelings of an intense enthusiasm for the principles of democracy, and of a bitter strength against whatever he regards as tinged with an aristocratic tone. In chartered banks he recognises the privileged superiority of a fortunate or favored few over the great mass of the community, analogous in spirit and moral effects to the iron feudal aristocracy of the olden time, and considers them moral upas to the age. He was formerly a journeyman printer of New York; but possessing talents and ambition, and enthusiasm in a cause which can never fail to draw forth the sympathies and support of the mass of our people, he soon raised himself over the shoulders of other aspirants, and won a seat in Congress.

Last winter, Mr. Moore made is debut.—General Thompson, of South Carolina, believing that he saw in the Trade Unionists and the mechanics of the north the two great moving forces of the abolition cause, made some very bitter remarks in the course of one of his peculiarly sarcastic speeches against those interests. The speech was published in due course of time, and possibly had passed out of the minds of those who had heard it; but Mr Moore had not forgotten, far less forgiven the attack. The hardness of the charges rang discordantly on his ear, and produced a high degree of mental bodily excitement. In vain he daily left his sick room, and tottered into the hall, to retort upon General Thompson. The floor at that time was for ever occupied. It seemed to be a springing-board for honorable members. Never before had there been so many to speak. The subject (abolition petitions) had aroused all the passionate, philanthropic and partizan feelings of the House; the storm reigned day after day, and angry glances and fierce words were exchanged on all sides; crimination and recrimination was the order of the day. The Speaker was compelled to bow his head to the howling hurricane, and permit it to rage in its full fury.—Every man seemed to grow into vast pyramidal altitude in his own mind; and speak he must, or the country would be ruined.

At length Mr Moore obtained the eye of the Speaker. There was quite a sensation in the gallery on the announcement. The large white-headed cane stood up with its master.—The New York delegation was excited. Mr. Moore's reputation was high as a public speaker. I perceived at once that he was greatly enfeebled, but he seemed to nerve himself for his task. The House danced before his eyes; he saw but one object—the Speaker, in his black morocco chair, with his steady and earnest eyes fixed upon him He commenced His voice was remarkably strong He laid down his premises with singular clearness, but wide of the subject matter under consideration in the House. He took a review of the history of past ages; brought back to the mental vision the days of the feudal system—the fortress, the tournament, the plume, the helm, the lance, the gilded spur. His speech seemed to glitter with all the gallant splendor and bravery of the olden chivalry. But then his lip curled with indignation, and his voice sunk into a tone of deploring eloquence, when he brought up the other side of the picture—the serfs, with the iron collars around their necks He pointed to the debased enslaved multitude; and passing to a general application of the illustration to our own times, he proclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion, his creed to be founded in the equality of man. On this theme he enlarged, with a thrilling power of eloquence rarely equalled in that house. The impetuous force with which his reply bore upon the assailant, who had thus drawn him out, will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Moore's language was flowery and rhetorical; he possesses more genius than culture, and to one particular subject he seems to bend his thoughts entirely—that of the equality and rights of man. I understand that he has given himself up, of late, to deep application, and that when an occasion offers, he will splinter the lance of his cherished principles against the system and mode of government as it is administered in detail.

I observe many among the auditors in the gallery who seemed to hang with rapture on his remarks The whole House was excited at the novelty and boldness of his democratic doctrines, not less at the extraordinary manner in which he had turned aside from the current of debate, and struck fearlessly forward into a field to which few orators had before ventured to lead the attention of that body. I overheard some gentleman from the south say that they heard the high priest of revolution singing his war song

A levy of members had gradually collected immediately behind the orator, whose voice still rang loud in the hall, in the midst of an impassioned passage. My eye was fixed upon him; I saw him grow paler than ever, till a deadly hue swept over his face; his hands were arrested in the air—he grasped at emptiness—a corpse seemed to stand with outstretched hands before the agitated crowd—his eyes were closed—he tottered, and, amid the rush and exclamations of the whole House, fell back insensible into the arms of one of his friends.—Mr. Moore was borne from the hall. His wife had been watching him with emotions that may be imagined, from the gallery. The scene had been worked up into a catastrophe, and never before had I seen the House so agitated as on this occasion.

Mr. Moore has never finished that speech; indeed he has not spoken since in the hall; his health is very bad, and I am under the impression that his friends will not allow him to address the House. He cannot control himself when he is up, and the consequence is that he soon becomes exhausted.

THE LAW.

The following beautiful eulogy on "*the law*," is extracted from an article in the Southern Literary Messenger:

"The spirit of the law is all equity and justice In a government based on true principles, the law is the sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation, and their sleep. It guards their fortunes, their lives, and their honours. In the broad noonday and the dark midnight it ministers to their security It accompanies them to the altar and the festal board.—It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene;—over the seed of the husbandman abandoned for a season to the earth; over the studies of the student, the labours of the mechanic, the opinions of every man—None are high enough to offend it with impunity, none so low that it scorns to protect them It is throned with the king, and sits in the seat of the republican magistrate; but it also hovers over the couch of the lovely, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illumines the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier. The strength of the law laughs fortitness to scorn, and spurns the intrenchments of iniquity.—The power of the law crushes the power of man, and strips wealth of unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dædalus to guide us through the labyrinths of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel to detect falsehood and deceit. It is the faith of the martyr to shield us from persecution—it is the good man's reliance—the wicked one's dread—the bulwark of piety—the upholderer of morality—the guardian of right—the distributer of justice—its power is irresistible—its dominion indisputable. It is above us, and around us, and within us—we cannot fly from its protection—we cannot avert its vengeance.

"Such is the law in its essence; such it should be in its enactments; such, too, would be, if none aspired to its administration but those with pure hearts, enlarged views, and cultivated minds."

HOW TO GET RICH.—A correspondent of the N. York Gazette, who signs himself a Merchant, furnishes that paper with the following plans resorted to in that city, to accumulate wealth;—which, disgraceful as they would seem, we have no reason to doubt, are sometimes adopted. We hope, however, for the credit of the city of New York, that the practice is not general.

"*How to get rich.*—First, by shaving in Wall street, and other usurious practices—but in that business you must have a great deal of acuteness and more good luck, or you will get shaved.

2d. Go to Europe, purchase a large quantity of goods on credit and never pay for them: purchase bills here on credit and plead usury to get clear of them; purchase up the remainder of your debts at 10 per cent. on the dollar, then start your coach.

3d. Shave out your notes here until your credit begins to suffer—then prevail upon a friend to purchase them in the market at a discount, pledging your word that they shall all be punctually paid. Then get the scoundrel who sold them to plead usury, cheat your friend and divide the proceeds.

4th. Robbing on the highway—or you may fit out a pirate and take a packet ship with a rich cargo—There is somewhat more risk in the last plain, but at the same time, it is much more honorable than the others.

MATRIMONY.—A little before the Revolution, when Parsons were very scarce in the upper part of Virginia, a certain English parson relates, that having to stop there once, seven couples came from a distance to be married at the same time, and the neighborhood was so thinly settled at that time, and accommodations so scarce, that the seven couples did sleep that night in an old barn upon a pile of straw.'

LOAFERS.—This class of beings must have a most dreadful hard time. Money scarce—liquor rising—credit gone—winter approaching, and the market house open: They are truly in a deplorable condition—some of them look as thin about the gills as a sick monkey. But, like the printers, they are determined to 'live in hope, if they die in despair.' Surely, surely, there are no poreer times a comin.'—[Louisville Gazette.

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