EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE
EASTERN-SHORE WHIG
At the commencement of 1839.

Glory to thee forever THIRTY-EIGHT!
Let fame with laurels green entwine thy pate
Amid the galaxy of years gone by
Thou shalt be worshipp'd in its brightest sky,
And every patriot in the land will fix
Thy name upon the heavens with SEVENTY SIX!—
Rejoicing that each era dates the fall
Of Tyrant power and Democratic thrall;
Poor Maryland! how long in Federal chains
Thy limbs in blisters, and thy soul in pains—
Thy temples crushed, thine altars desolate
Thy children mourning o'er their fallen fate;
How long hast thou, bound down with tyrant might—
Struggled to burst from bondage into light,
To raise thy form before a gazing world,
With brow erect and banner bright unfurled,
And claim a place upon the scroll of fame,
Nor fear that Freedom will reject thy claim?
Year upon year was thine of suff'ring gory!
Then, shall we now restrain our shouts of glory?
Now when thou'rt free, as thou should'st e'er have been
A star re-lighted of the "Old Thirteen."
Our own beloved State restored once more
To the exalted stand she held of yore;
From Federal stain, from Hoco Poco treason,
From Johnson's cabal & from Veazy's *reason*;
From dark dominion—Whiggery miscalled—
'Redeemed!—Regenerated!!—Disenthralled!!!'
No! let rejoicings from each valley rise,
Ye plains send up your incense to the skies;
Ye mountains lift aloft your peaks sublime,
Ye towns and cities join the chorus-chime;
From Eastern vales to Allegany's height,
All nature swell the chorus of delight;
'Till from each Western hill, to Eastern river,
The shout shall be, OLD MARYLAND FOREVER!
Gaze ye on yon mild retiring name,
Which seems to hide itself in glory's flame.
Bring out the banner on the bouyant air!
Let's see the name—'tis TALBOT shining there!
Like a coy virgin of her conquiest shy,
She seemeth not to claim her victory,
But bending gracefully her body down,
Sinks, *though she won the day*, from Victory's crown.
In the good fight old Maryland just fought,
Brave were the men which Little Talbot brought:
She was the foremost of her brave compeers—
Then she shall wear the crown—'tis fairly hers,
In spite of Humbug-laws to rob her youth
Of knowledge and the light of truth.
In spite of Johnson's *Steel-traps*, Veazey's pranks,
And the united force of Feds and Banks,
Young Talbot in the van displayed her form,
Her banner—Grason, Victory, and Reform;
She struck the blow that brought the enemy down—
Then she who won the day shall wear the crown.
But see, on that banner of the bright old year
More triumphs of Democracy appear.
Old Pennsylvania, Alabama true,
Brave little Delaware, and Jersey blue;
Vermont, whose mountain boys good fight have shown
And Massachusetts holding still her own;
Arkansas, Indiana, Michigan,
And brave Missouri with her Benton-clan,
Maine, Maryland, Illinois, Ohio bold,
All glitter on thy flag in words of gold!
These and such fetes as these, the old year grace,—
Reflection loves such glorious deeds to trace—
And this a moment for reflections power,
And such its food for contemplation's hour.
What of the past the Patriot's heart could bless,
More lovely than his country's proud success?
And what in the future would his prayer renew,
But that the old year's good should guild the New.
Such be the blessing of the coming year,
I deem the prayer of every freeman here;
And such the wish your minstrel's bosom pours,
A wish extending to all future hours—
That Liberty's light step shall onward be
Till every spot upon the earth is free.
Thus may the land Democracy prevail,
And every State her glorious banner hail;
The North and South, the East and West shall be,
Bound like one man, Democracy in thee.

Enough! old year, oblivion claims thee now,
Thy duty is fulfilled, and mine I trow.
Farewell! and welcome thirty-nine, thy son,
Whose wreaths shall be like those his father won.
For freedom's vetrans, fairly in the field,
To freedom's enemies will never yield.
Then when thy brow is like thy sire's, hoary,
Thou shalt depart, like him, in floods of glory.

One duty to the WHIG remaineth still—
Thanks to each patron who hath paid his bill—
Means to the honest man too poor to pay
But——to the rogues who run away.
But lest I testy seem this festival,
A happy New Year patrons to ye all.

THE CARRIER.

January, 1839.

From the Mountaineer.

THE ROLLING BALL.

AIR—"*Granu Weal.*"

Come listen to me, fellow citizens all,
While I sing you a song about a great *Ball*,
A *Ball* which keeps rolling and playing such jigs,
As are filling with terror the hearts of the Whigs.

CHORUS.

Then success to the *Ball* which the Whigs cannot stop,
As it goes over all with a bound and a hop;
May it roll and roll on till it goes over all,
And Democracy's triumph alone stops the *Ball*

It was Thomas H. Benton who first made it known;
He had started this Ball, as he said, *all alone*;
And though at the first it moved very slow,
He said, in the end, he was sure it would go.
Then success to the Ball, &c.

Now set a ball rolling and every one knows,
The longer it rolls, why the further it goes;
This is caused by momentum, by some it is said,
A new fashioned word that means "*going ahead.*"
Then succes to the Ball, &c.

The Ball rolled as well as a man could desire;
When it met with obstruction it mounted up higher
And higher, and begun cutting such pranks,
Until in New York it got *jammed* 'mong the *banks*.
But success to the Ball, &c.

When it got 'mong the banks, it took a recoil,
And back it went rolling for many a mile;
And the Whigs, when they saw it thus hop over all,
Exultingly cried, "*Pray who'll stop that Ball?*"
Then success to the Ball, &c.

Away the Ball rolled, till it rolled over Maine,
And the Whigs ne'er expected to see it again,
But against New Hampshire's granite it struck with such force,
That it went bounding back its original course.
Then success to the Ball, &c.

On bounding it went, and to nothing would yield;
It rolled over Maine when it found a *Fairfield;*
It knocked down their Governor, their Congress-men all,
And the Whigs stood aghast at the speed of the Ball.
Then success to the Ball, &c.

Old Maryland next found the Ball at her heel;
It set up a *Grason* and knocked down her *Steele*;
And the Whigs wondered, who for the visit they owed,
For they never had dreamed of its coming that road.
Then success to the Ball, &c.

Through the Keystone it went, and it knocked down *old Joe*,
Rolled o'er *Thaddy's* foot and *Lord Burrowes'* toe;
Over *Stonebreakers, Sturgeons, Peg Beattys*, and all,
And the Locos cried, laughing, "*dear Whigs stop that Ball.*"
Then success to the Ball, &c.

But no rest for the ball in the Keystone was found,
The *Delaware* river it crossed at a bound;
Through the State of *New Jersey* it hastened to go,
And knocked down *five* Congressmen all in a row.
Then success to the Ball, &c.

It rolled through Ohio the very same day,
And knocked down the Whigs as they stood in the way;
It *upset Josey Vance* and *set up Wilson Shannon*,
And the Whigs swore it must have been shot from a cannon.
Then success to the Ball, &c.

This ball has now rollen till so great is its force,
That nothing is able to alter its course,
The last that was heard of it, at least so it's said,
For the State of New York it was "*going ahead*,"
Then success to the Ball, &c.

From the Violet for 1839.

THE COTTAGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a labouring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark gray rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds.

When the cottage was finished, he would paint it gray, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of colour, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked most of her living very well. But in the winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So he built a barn for her. It was so small, that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable

When it was done, a neighbor came in, and said, "What color will you paint your barn?

"I had not thought of that," said the cottager.

"Then I advise you, by all means, to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you."

Soon another neighbour coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building.—"White is by far the most genteel color," he added, "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."

While he was in a doubt which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

"Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split!—and the white will look well but for a little while, and then become soiled, and need painting anew."

"Now take my advice mix the black and white together." So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very gray color which he liked, and had used before upon his house

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground, a hop-vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them which refreshened him when he was warm and weary.

It had always twined around two polls which he had fastened in the earth, to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building—and he made a little arbor for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbor gray. So the rock and the cottage, and the shed and arbor, were all of the same gray color,—And everything around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor,

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbor, at the sun set of a summer's day.

A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how everything around that small habitation appeared to be the same shade of gray.

"It is very well it is so," said the cottager, "for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long that the world itself looks old and gray to us now."

Then he told him the story of the black aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when he was young.

"I have thought of this circumstance," said he, "so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged to us the white was a friend. The advice of neither was good.

"Those who love us too well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white—the other black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the gray paint, made of opposite qualities.

"If, then, neither the council of our foes, nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which like the gray paint, mixing both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good."

From the Buffalo Com. Advertiser.

A PRISON SCENE.

As one of our citizens was recently journeying homeward from the commercial metropolis, he stopped, for an hour or two, at Auburn. Impelled by motives of curiosity, he repaired to the State Prison, and went the usual rounds, with the view of contemplating, in his "low estate," ONE whom he had known and moved with palmy days of proud and golden prosperity, but who was now within theso gloomy walls, a CONVICT FELON, condemned to years of silent toil, side by side with villains of every hue of crime. In a secluded part of the immense building, he found the object of his search, attired in the coarse particolored convict dress, soiled and dirty, his hair cropped closely to his head, and his small yet dignified form, bent painfully over his task. His countenance was deadly pale, save where, upon each cheek, a small deep hectic spot, told the troubled workings of his unquiet mind, while his unshaven chin, with a beard of a week's growth, contrasted strangely with his high marble like forehead, and altered features, imparting a wildness to his appearance, which befitted the gloomy scene around. It was BENJAMIN RATHBURN, the Forger.—He was occupied in shaping the beechen blocks of which joiner's planes are made, and steadily wrought at his new employment, his delicate hands, unused to manual labor, plying busily, and dexterously the tools of his work bench. As the visiter gazed upon the sad spectacle, through the narrow openings of the dark passage from which the convicts are watched by the guards of the prison, unseen by the prisoners, another visiter stood by, similarly occupied, who had been employed by the man they were contemplating, as one of the superintendents of his *two thousand* laborers, when engaged in carrying on his gigantic operations. The latter stood silently intent on the scene, until he burst into tears, and turned away. The irrepressible sympathies which arise in the human bosom, often in defiance of the stern decisions of justice, and often lavished upon unworthy objects, whom some redeeming traits have endeared to us, overpowered his feelings, and he left the Prisoner to the "peopled solitude" of that populous dungeon.

Nor is it to be wondered at, that the humiliation of this sometime 'Girard of the West,' should produce in the public mind a feeling of regret, mingled with the convict on that the wholesome though harsh correctives of justice must be visited as well upon the lofiest as upon the lowliest heads, that are alike sheltered under the o'ercanopying ægis of our laws.

The conviction which had settled upon almost every mind, that, through the influence of friends, the ingenuity of able counsel, and the quibbling technicalities of law, he would at the close of his protracted trials, ultimately escape conviction, had prepared the community to expect such a result; and when the verdict which has linked his name with infamy was finally recorded, the public, as well as prisoner and friends, were taken by surprise, and scarcely believed it real. It was a staggering blow at the high hopes he had evidently cherished from the close of the former trial, in this city, which had resulted in his acquittal upon the indictments on which it was founded. Placed again at liberty, after his long incarceration for want of bail, he was once more actively ranging the scenes of his former enterprises,—and planning busily for the future.—The ambitious schemes which once more swelled his restless bosom and gilded the hitherto darkened prospect of existence—none but himself and confidential friends can know. But these budding hopes and bright anticipations were suddenly blasted, and sterner visions thronged confusedly before him. His ignominious doom, with its abject toil, its lonely hours of pain and lonelier of remorseful thought, its careless, scathing shame—lay with a sickening, deadly weight upon his heart.

Next came the prison scene, where, amid the clank of fetters, and the rattle of chains, and the harsh grating of dungeon doors, he commenced the routine of his monotonous task. And what maddening reflections have been his in the few weeks which have since succeeded! What bitter, unavailing regrets have dwelt, with a constant and mournful presence in his agitated breast! What lonely yearnings for the forfeited delights of social life once more, the forfeited esteem and confidence of the wronged community in which he had strivenito build up his fame! And conscience, like a reproving angel, pointing with her moveless finger to the past, has, through his waking hours, been a silent yet haunting monitor, whose mental scourgings have been more terrible than the physical ills which have borne upon his frame.

It is a sad lesson—the fate of BENJAMIN RATHBURN.

Bill Johnson has written a long letter to the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, detailing the events of his life,

——"Even from his boyish days,
Up to the moment"

when he surrendered his well armed person to the United States authorities. As the song says, so says Mr. Johnson.

"When a man's married his sorrow begins."

The hero of the Thousand Isles dates all his troubles from the period of his marriage, and hints that his wife was not exactly a blessing.

JOHNSONS' LETTER.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

SIR—Whenever an obscure individual, by his own merite or demerits, brings himself before the public so as to render his acts worthy of note by the public press, either for their praise or blame, it is natural for the public to wish to learn something of the public and private history of that person and the means by which he has become notorious.

The writer of the following sketch of events, which have transpired during the past years or since 1812, has been the subject of censure or applause as the people have had knowledge of the facts from friend or foe: and to many the subjoined statement may not be uninteresting.

I was born at the Three Rivers, L. C., in the year 1782. When I was about 16 years of age, I was put as an apprentice to learn the Blacksmith trade, and followed the business until about my 22d year. I then removed to Kingston, Upper Canada, where I built a vessel, and navigated Lake Ontario in the freighting business above five years, I then sold my vessel, (which was about the year 1811,) and with the money purchased a quantity of goods, with which I commenced the mercantile business.

In 1810 I married Ann Randolph, of Washington county, in the State of New York; and with her came the attendant troubles, in a great measure, of my subsequent life. In consequence of my alliance with the Yankees, as the people of these States were called by the Canadians, I was looked upon with a jealous eye by the more loyal subjects of his most gracious Majesty George III; and my acts and conversations were closely watched by the slaves of the despot. In the fall of 1812, Com. Chauncey run down with his fleet, and lay off Kingston, capturing a schooner, and firing a few shots at the vessels in the harbor. The next day I was arrested and cast into prison on suspicion of having visited the American fleet during the night; but being satisfied that I had not been on board, I was liberated after twelve hours detention.

So great were their suspicion that a number of times I have been arrested and cast into prison for conversing with people whom they cosidered were not as loyal as themselves, or those who had imbibed republican impressions. Two of my brothers were imprisoned, one for six months, the other during the war, for opinion's sake.

About the first of June, 1813, Col. Carthwright told me that he had been informed that I was in correspondence with the Americans, and that it was not proper, for the warefare of his Majesty or his loyal subjects, that I should be permitted to go at large any longer; consequently I was taken into custody and thrust into prison, to be confined, as they told me, during the war. Up to this time, I solemnly declare I had no communication with the American navy or army, or any individual, to my knowledge, by whom any information was likely to be conveyed to the enemy to the injury of his Majesty's subjects or those in his realm. The only offence which was proved or could be brought against me was the bailing of several individuals, who, like myself, were suspected of being predisposed in favor of American institutions, or having opinions of their own in relation to order, good government. &c.

John Murphy, an American citizen, who resided in the city of Schenectady, was on business in Canada in 1812. He started for home in the winter, and was overtaken on the ice, when crossing the lake from Kingston towards Gravelly Point, and was carried back to Kingston, and cast into prison; his feet and legs were badly frozen. In consequence of not having the attention necessary in such a case, he lost both feet just above the ankle joints. The bailing of this man out of prison was unpardonable offence in the eye of those bigotted slaves. Murphy, after he had recovered, was smuggled across the lines by some of his friends and returned home. I bailed several others who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the police by their intercourse and conversation with the "d——d Yankees," as they were termed. Those acts of humanity, as I conceived them to be, were the only charges that could be brought against me at my last arrest, and for which they exultingly declared that I must lay in prison during the war. The same night I was incarcerated for the last time, I broke goal and went back into the country for a few days, and found five Americans who wished to cross into the States. I obtained a birch bark canoe 13 miles above Kingston, into which we all—six in number—stowed ourselves, and launched into the open lake, and on the second day, in the forenoon, we went along side of the Madison, one of Com. Chauncey's fleet in the port of Sackett's Harbor, a distance of about 50 miles from where we embarked.

The amount of property left in Canada by me, which was confiscated by the Government, was as follows, viz. a store of goods, for which I had paid in cash, $12.000 a house and lot and 400 acres of land. The value of all the property was about $30,000, for which I have not received one farthing to this day.

I have now given some of the principal reasons why I left Canada and took up my abode in the States.

It is true I have strove to avenge the loss of my property and the persecutions of British tyranny, which have been lavished upon me without stint for opinion's sake; and as yet, the servile knee has not been brought to bow, nor the lips to kiss the rod that has scourged me, and for which I am denounced as a pirate by those who first robbed and then imprisoned me without cause. If the commerce of one nation is interrupted, and their property plundered by another, government seeks redress for the grievances. But mine is a case were an individual is warring against a nation single handed, and only for private wrongs

I took up arms immediately for the United States on my arrival in Sacketts Harbor, and was employed recently by Generals Brown, and Commodore Chauncey, and subsequently by the Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, in the Revenue department of the United States, until February of the present year, when I resigned the employment of government, and joined the Patriot cause, since which time I have been more familiarly known as Old Bill Johnson, the hero of the Thousand Islands, the Buccaneer or Pirate of the Lakes, &c. &c. with how much reason, the public is left to judge by their humble servant and well wisher.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

"Don't give up the ship."

James Lawrence, a distinguished commander, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He early manifested a predilection for the sea; but his father who was a lawyer, was anxious that he should pursue his own profession; and, when only thirteen years of age, he commenced the study of the law; but, after the shipman in 1798. In 1801, the Tripoli war having commenced, he was promoted, and in 1803, was sent out to the Mediterranean as the Lieutenant of the schooner Enterprise—While there, he performed a conspicious part in the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, which had been captured by the Tripolitans. In the same year he was invested with the temporary command of the Enterprise, during the bombardment of Tripoli, by Com. Preble, all the ships of the squadron being employed to cover the boats during the attack; and so well did he execute his duty, that the Commodore could not restrain the expression of his thanks. He remained in the Mediterranean three years, and then returned with Preble to the United States, having been previously transferred to the frigate John Adms, as the first Lieutenant. In June, 1812, war was declared between Great Britain and the United States, and Lawrence, at the time in command of the Hornet, a few days afteawards sailed with a squadron under the orders of Commodore Rogers, for the purpose of intercepting the Jamaica fleet. They returned, however, at the end of the following month to Boston, without having been able to accomplish their object. Lawrence then accompanied Commodore Bainbridge on a cruise to the East Indies: but they separated near St Salvador, on the cost of Brazil, the Hornet remaining there to blockade a British ship of war, laden with specie, till compelled to retire by the arrival of a seventy-four.—Feb. 24, 1812, the Hornet fell in with the brig Peacock, Captain Peak, which she took after a furious action of fifteen minutes. The vessel was deemed one of the finest of her class in the British navy. In the number of men and guns, she was somewhat inferior to the Hornet. She sunk before the prisoners could be removed. The latter was considerably damaged in the rigging and sails, but her hull was scarcely hurt. Lawrence returned to the United States, where he was welcomed with the applause due to his conduct, but the most honorable eulogy bestowed upon it, was contained in a letter, published by the officers of the Peacock, expressing their gratitude for the consideration and kindness with which they had been treated. Shortly after his return, he was ordered to repair to Boston, and take command of the frigate Chesapeake. This he did with great regret, as the Chesapeake was one of the worst ships in the navy. He had been but a short time at Boston, when the British ship Shannon, Captain Brooke, appeared before the harbor, and defied the Chesapeake to combat. Lawrence did not refuse the challenge, though his ship was far from being in a condition for action; and June 1, 1812, he sailed out of the harbor and engaged his opponent. After the ships had exchanged several broadsides, and Lawrence had been wounded in the leg, he called his boarders, when he received a musket ball in his body. At the same time the enemy boarded, and, after a desperate resistance succeeded in taking possession of the ship. Almost all of the officers of the Chesapeake were either killed or wounded. The last exclamation of Lawrence, as they were carrying him below, after the fatal wound, was, 'Don't give up the ship.' He lingered for four days in intense pain, and expired on the 5th June. He was buried at Halifax with every mark of honor.

From the St. Louis Republican, Dec. 11.

A NEW SPECIES OF THIEFF.—We have been requested by several merchants of this city to notice a new species of depredation upon their goods, which has been practised to a very considerable extent during the present season. It is known that a delay of several months has occurred in the transportation of merchandize upon the Ohio, in consequence of low water. This has afforded an opportunity to an organized band of thieves to get into the warehouses as laborers, or, while the goods were deposited at the depot of the transportation company at Pittsburg, to secure employment there, and every facility for wholesale robbery: The rogues, in a very expert manner, open the *bottom* of a box of goods, and extract from it the most valuable contents. There is no outward appearance of injury, and the goods are shipped, and the boats readily received them as in good order. It is only when the boxes are opened at the place of destination, that the robbery is discovered. One house in this city has lost twelve hundred dollars in this way; another six hundred; and another three hundred. The merchants have, it is supposed, recourse upon the insurance offices; but this offers no compensation when the stock is broken by such heavy demands upon it.

The commission merchants from Louisville to Pittsburg owe it to themselves to ferret out the scoundrels, so that punishment may be inflicted upon them. The robberies can scarcely have been perpetrated while the goods were in steam boats, because those to which we have reference occurred on different boats, and could not have been done without the connivance of the officers. They should, therefore, take measures to relieve their correspondents of the suspicions which such a state of things is calculated to excite.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The world is familiar with this great name, and richly is she awarding the meed of her homage to his high attainments and elevated character. But though every body is familiar with our distinguished countryman, few indeed, comparatively speaking, are probably acquainted with the origin and powers of the first prose writer of the age. In the last number of the American Museum is an interesting memoir, which we avail ourselves of in preparing the brief outline that follows.—Phil. Herald.

Washington Irving's father was a Scottish merchant of our sister city, New York.—Washington was born in that city, in 1782. He was the youngest son, and his worthy parent having died while he was in tender years, his fond mother and excellent brothers bestowed upon him the kindest attention. His brothers were men of cultivated minds, and early encouraged the love of composition in their youngest brother. Dr. P. Irving was the editor of a paper called "The Morning Chronicle," and at the age of seventeen, Washington brought forth essays in his columns, entitled the "Letters of Jonathan Old Style," which display, in opening beauty, some of the peculiarities of the matured author in his subsequent works."

He was at length entered at Columbia College, and his collegiate course was distinguished by close application, though abroad he was regarded as one of the most sportive students of his Alma Mater.

[illegible] and prejudicial to his health, he embarked for Europe in 1805, "to gratify his anxious desire to visit foreign countries, and landed on the coast of Sicily, near the city Agrigentum" He passed two years examining whatever might attract the notice of the scholar and antiquarian, and returned home to resume and complete his legal studies, but his diffidence caused his abandonment of a profession uncongenial to all the feelings of his nature.—During this period it was that he joined Paulding, Verplank and others, in producing the "Salmagundi," a satire of the times, which all readers of racy wit are undoubtedly familiar with.

Three years afterward, ingenious advertisements stimulated the public mind to look with anxiety for a veritable history of Gotham, developing the peculiarities of the men, manners and habits of the ancient settlers. Many commenced the reading of "Deidrich" under the belief which the solemnity of the introduction was well calculated to encourage. It was the best exhibition of the varied satirical powers of the author, "from the grave ironical to the piquant caustic—the delicate witty, and the broad ludicrous," suggested, it is believed, by the pompous annunciation of an astute member of the Historical Society that he was compiling a history of New York.

About this period he was admitted into the commercial house of his brother, and when the war of Great Britain interrupted the operations of the house, he was received into the army as a member of the Governor's staff, but after the war, resuming his mercantile connexion, he went to reside at Birmingham as the foreign correspondent of the house.—The commercial embarrassments which followed the war caused a proscription of the house, and he was once more thrown upon his mental efforts.

The 'Sketch Book" was the result of the study which he made during his residence abroad of the scenery, places, men, manners, literature, history—in a word, a most graphic work of a master spirit, recording whatever would strike an observant eye and a most enthusiastic and lucid mind. It won the most unbounded admiration in both England and America, and we may say made the fortune of our great countryman abroad, for from that time his writings were sought with a greater avidity there than they ever were in "his own, his native land."

"The Tales of a Traveller" and "Bracebridge Hall" followed during the next four years; but the next work was entirely different, the basis of which was suggested by Alexander Everett, who was in 1825, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid. It was his work, "The History of Columbus," an original history of the life and voyage of the great mariner. "The Conquest of Grenada" followed in 1828, the materials for which were obtained when he made his investigations for the life of Columbus.

In 1831 2, "The Adventures of the Companions of Columbus," and "The Alhambra," succeeded as rich in historical interest. "The Tour of the Prairies," after a personal excursion of the author through the wilds of the West, came forth in 1835, and the same year produced 'Abbottsford and Newstead Abby," and "A Legend of the Conquest of Spain."

In 1827, "Astoria" was published. "being a description of the settlement of that name," commenced by Mr. Astor, "at the mouth of the Columbia river, and the surrounding transmontane region in all their freshness and wildness of beauty."

The "Rocky Mountains," last year given