EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1839. VOL. VI-NO. 33.

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE
is edited and published every
TUESDAY MORNING,
BY
GEO. W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

TERMS:—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

☞ All communications to insure attention should be *post paid*.

For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for Sale the farm known as "KINGSTOWN" where he now resides. Kingstown is a well known situation on the Choptank, with every facility for the Boating Business. He will dispose of it on moderate terms, and the premises can be examined at any time by those wishing to purchase.

RICHARD ARRINGDALE.
June 25, 1839. tf

John Satterfield,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public and his old customers that he has re-commenced the

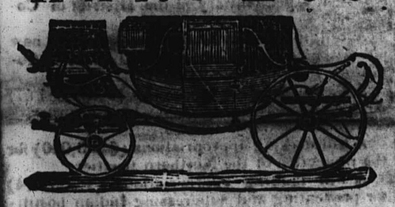
TAILORING BUSINESS

in the shop formerly occupied by Thomas Beaston as a Hat Store, near the Market House. He solicits a share of the public patronage, and will use every exertion to please such as may favor him with their work. He will guarantee his work to fit well; should it fail, he will make another garment.

He flatters himself that his experience in the business will enable him to execute work in a superior style; and in a manner unsurpassed upon the Eastern Shore. He has just returned from the city with an improved method of cutting; has employed good and efficient workmen and receives the Fashions quarterly from one of the best reporters in the country.

July 23, 1839. (G6weow)

COACH, GIG AND HARNESS



Making.

THE subscribers return their grateful acknowledgements to their friends, customers and the public generally, for the liberal patronage extended to them in their line of business, and now respectfully take this method to inform them that they continue to manufacture every kind of Carriage, in the neatest and most elegant manner, and on reasonable terms.

They flatter themselves that from their knowledge and experience in the business, and from their determination to use none but the best materials, and employ the best workmen, that they will be able as heretofore, to give entire satisfaction to all who may honor them with their custom

They have now finished and ready for sale, a large assortment of

NEW

CARRIAGES,

made in the latest style and fashion; among them a beautiful COACH, two handsome family CHARIOTEES, BAROUCHES, YORK WAGONS, GIGS, &c. &c. and a large lot of

HARNESS,

both double and single, which they will dispose of with or without the carriages. In connexion with the above, they have a great variety of second hand Gigs and four-wheeled work, which they are anxious to sell at the most reduced prices; and they would most respectfully invite the attention of the public to call and examine their assortment and judge for themselves. All kind of repairing done as heretofore, at the shortest notice, in the best manner and on accommodating terms. Orders for work from a distance thankfully received and punctually executed by

The public's obedient servants,
ANDERSON & HOPKINS.
april 30, 1839. (G)

N. B. Five active intelligent boys will be taken at the different branches of coach making if early application is made.

A. & H.

The Aurora & Chronicle at Cambridge, and Centinel and Times at Centreville, will copy the above advertisement 3 weeks and charge this office.

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND.

Will commence her accustomed route to St. Michaels and Wye Landing on Monday the 6th of May. She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, touching at Annapolis, arrive at St Michaels about 1 o'clock proceed to Wye Landing and return to Baltimore, direct, the same day. All baggage at the risk of its owners.

L. G. TAYLOR, Capt.
April 30, 1839.

New Establishment.

JOHN B. RAY, respectfully informs the citizens of Easton and its vicinity generally, that he has taken the store at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets and nearly opposite the Market House, where he intends carrying on the

SADDLE, TRUNK AND HARNESS MAKING,

in all its variety, and on the most accommodating terms. He solicits a share of the public patronage, & promises to execute his work with all possible despatch, and in the most substantial and workmanlike manner. He has on hand,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Whips, Bits, Stirrups of all kinds, travelling Trunks, Harness & Saddles of every description, which he will sell at city prices.

August 6, 1839 3w

CLARK'S

OLD ESTABLISHED LUCKY OFFICE
N. W. corner of Baltimore & Calvert sts.
(UNDER THE MUSEUM.)
WHERE HAVE BEEN SOLD
Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!!
Dollars—Millions of Dollars!

NOTICE.—Any person or persons, throughout the United States, who may desire to try their luck, either in the Maryland State Lotteries, or in authorised Lotteries of other States, some one of which are drawn daily—Tickets from $1 to $10, shares in proportion—are respectfully requested to forward their orders by mail (post paid) or otherwise, enclosing cash or prize tickets which will be thankfully received and executed by return mail, with the same prompt attention as if on personal application, & the result given (will if requested) immediately after the drawing.—Please address

JOHN CLARK.

Old established Prize Vender, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, under the Museum.

Dec. 4, 1838.

NOTICE.

LEWIS F. SCOTTI'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Old Establishment, No. 2 West Fayette street, basement story of Barnum's City Hotel, and nearly opposite the Battle Monument.

"*Now's the day and now's the hour.*"

Idle times are now all over for those who will apply for situations. Just bring recommendations and you will certainly find employment.

WANTED DAILY, Porters, Waiters, Ostlers, Coachmen, Laborers, Clerks, Barkeepers, Chambermaids, Cooks, Wet and Dry Nurses, &c.

FAMILIES may rely upon getting good servants at this office.

INFORMATION on any business given or received, or forwarded far or near.

HOUSES, Lots, Farms, &c. for sale, rent lease.

CITIZENS, Strangers and Emigrants visiting this city, would do well to call at this office.

LOST CHILDREN kept at this office un called for.

SLAVES.—Persons having Slaves for life that wish to dispose of them, either out or in the State, can find purchasers for them at this office.

Any commands will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Charges moderate and particularly be it understood, all communications through the post office must be post paid.

In order that strangers may be informed as to general character of the advertiser, for industry and prompt attention to business and general knowledge and experience, he is kindly permitted to refer to the following gentlemen.

Reverdy Johnson, Esq. Samuel Moale, Esq James M. Buchanan, Esq. James Purviance, Esq. David Barnum, City Hotel; William Frick, Port Collector.

LEWIS F. SCOTTI.
Baltimore, Nov. 6, 1838.

THE ANTI SYPHILITIC SPECIFIC CURE WARRANTED.

DOCTOR SICARD, for the convenience of those afflicted, has been induced to deposite his *Anti Siphilitic* (French) *Specific* for the perfect cure of secondary Syphilis at the Drug store of Dr. E. Baker, North East corner Charles and Pratt streets, James H. Warner, North East corner Baltimore and Eutaw street, J. P. Williamson, North West corner of Gay and High sts. This Medicine stands in the highest estimation in France and generally used in Venerial hospitals of that country, and for many years successfully practised by Doctor S. in this & other countries. Doctor SICARD has also placed in the above stores his Specific for the speedy and effectual cure of recent cases, also, Specific for the cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Seminal Effusions, weakness of the Bladder and Kidneys

Persons purchasing his prepations, will have an advantage which no other advrtised. medicine possesses as the Doctor ins at all times willing to give advice in obit tions and occasioned by peculiarity of constitiate cases other circumstances.

His long standing as a practitioner in the City, and his success in the cure of diseases of the above nature renders it unnecessary to say more on the subject.—Doctor Sicard's office, N. W, corner of Liberty and Lexington sts, Baltimore.

N. B. As there are no doubt many persons, who will attempt to counterfeit the above medicines, in consequence of their great success, this is to warn the public not to purchase any medicines purporting to be his, except from the above named agents.

Dr. S will also attend to all in the various branches of his profession.

The above Medicines are sold by the following agents.

T. H. DAWSON & SONS, Easton.
W. J NEVITT, Centreville.
April 30 1839. 1y

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCHEDULE WHICH SIR JOHN OF BORDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONS.

"My sons, behold what portion I do give,
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost,
I leave advice to school you how to live;
I leave you wit, but won with little cost:
But keep it well, for counsel still is won
When father, friends, and worthy goods are gone.

"In choice of thrift, let honor be your game:
Win it by virtue, and by manly might;
In doing good, esteem thy toil no pain:
Protect the fatherless and widow's right;
Fight for thy faith, thy country & thy king—
For why? this thrift will prove a blessed thing.

"In choice of wife, prefer the modest, chase;
Lillies are fair in show, but foul in smell;
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,
Then choose thy wife by wit and living well;
Who bring thee wealth & many faults withal,
Presents the honey mixed with bitter gall.

"In choice of friends, beware of light belief;
A painted tongue may shroud a subtle heart.
The siren's tears to threaten meikle grief;
Forsee my sons, for fear of sudden smart;
Choose in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer grown, befriend him again.

"Learn with the ant, in summer to provide,
Drive with the bee, the drone from out the hive;
Build like the swallow, in the summer tide;
Spare not too much, my sons, but sparing thrive;
Be poor in folly, rich in all but sin,
So by your death your glory shall begin."

A LAWYER'S DECLARATION.

Ah me! thy beauty with severe control,
Has brought its action against every sense,
And served its sweet subpœna on my soul,
To which alas! I dare not take defence.

Knickerbocker.

AN OFFER.—"*Please Exchange,*" as the printer said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl.

A marriage *in extremis* took place at Konigsberg on the 6th June, under the following circumstances:—A widow, named Kirnheimscher, aged 86, being on her deathbed, wished to bequeath the executive brewery of which she was mistress, and all her other property, to a man who was her foreman, and to whose long and faithful services she chiefly attributed her property. Her lawyers had informed her that she could not defeat the claims of the collateral branches of her family; and upon this, resolving to adopt the only mode of conveyance left, she married the object of her good will, and died on the evening of the same day.

Memory has rich gems of pleasure that she can call up to gladden the heart when time has furrowed the cheek and sprinkled the sorrow of age upon the honored head.

PRIDE.—Two little boys were going along the street. One of them had a fur cap, and being very proud of it, said to the other, "See what a nice fur cap I've got;" to which the other replied, "La! you need'nt make so much fuss about it, the 'coon and the otter had that fur afore you, & was'nt half so proud of it."—Thus it is with human nature. We pride ourselves upon fine dwellings and rich clothing; but seldom reflect that the little busy bee builds a far more perfect house than we can do, and the lily of the valley is clothed in more beautiful drapery than we can weave. How little is there upon earth to feed the pride of the thoughtful man."

Man would be a miserable being, were it not for the indulgence of the social and domestic affections; and nothing desolates the human heart like the loss of near connexions and friends. Death is terribly armed with terrors to those who enjoy unalloyed happiness in their domestic relations; while on the other hand, the loss of those who a man holds most dear, seems to sever the tie that bound him to life. May he survive his relations and friends! was the imprecations of a Roman, on the person who destroyed the monument of his ancestor. A more dreadful curse could hardly be pronounced.

The Turkish law against duelling is very severe.—The survivor in a duel which took place at Constantinople, was found guilty of murder, and decapitated.—The parties were rival lovers.

A LARGE YIELD.—An editor says that one *bed bug* will produce 2,000 'young 'uns' per annum. This is about equal to the issue of bank bills in proportion to the specie in their vaults.—Boston Post.

THE CHEAT; OR THE OLD MAN OUTDONE.

'Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father any how, his refusal cannot make things any worse than they are at present. Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most miserable feelings."

'We must not be hasty. Robert; our situation requires caution; by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospect appears to be. Now don't say anything to pa about it yet—I had much rather you would not. The best way for us to accomplish our wishes is not to advance too soon.'

'Too soon—too soon, Julia. Have we not waited two years and more and have you not been preaching the same doctrine of 'too soon' all the while—Too soon, indeed!'

'Well now, don't be angry; throw that from your countenance, and we'll immediately set down some plan by which to effect what we so much desire. Come, smile away your anger—the skies of love are sometimes clear.'

Robert Moultrie had loved Julia Hallowell, and she loved him; about four years had passed since they had agreed, come weal come woe, they would trudge through life together. Two long years! Two years would seem to be an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss & to delay the happy consummation.

father was a wealthy shipper of the harleston, South Carolina. Some old may remember the firm of Hallowadington. He was an upright and nored man; but whose ipse dixit was me wherever his power could be ex-

Moultrie was a clerk in the count-, and his salary, which was his sole ce, though far above the pittance al- the services of young men similarly and amply sufficient to warrant him ing the expenses of a family, did not him to that importance in society would justify him in presuming upon and heart of the rich shipper's daugh-

character of this young gentleman was achable, and he was much respected alents as he was for his correct deport- ll (*but is a wicked word*) the curse of Giu kin was on him—*he was poor.*

rt had been in the counting room of allowell since he was fourteen years of had grown up in his family and by the his lovely heiress, who had been prom- a thing of wealth and show; that thing the Indies, amassing riches to lay at of his beautiful bride, but his soul had e stain of dishonor, and Julia had avow- re God he should never call her wife.—allowell knew that Robert generally at- his daughter to church, went and came when she visited her friends, and so he never dreamt that the wily Cupid ching his darts successfully in the bo- both; and the arrow of the little god ly fixed, and he dealt out the silken il they were far out upon the sea of o far to proceed to return without each

ell me, Robert, what is the matter with have been a witness to your downcast, nd sorrowful appearance, until I have melancholy myself. What's the mat-y?"

question was asked by Mr. Hallowell y, when he and Robert were in the g room alone, and if any individual has ssed through a like fiery trial, he can me idea of Robert's feelings when the hose daughter he loved, was contriving t plan to get from him the secret cause of his downcast looks, and addressed him in kind and affectionate language. It went too deep however into the secrets of Robert's heart for him to return a quick reply. Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that something was working upon his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished, if possible, to remove the cause; he urged a candid revelation of all that affected his feelings, and promised his assistance to relieve him, whatever it required.—Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off that time, when at the next meeting he re- the matter to Julia.

thought,' said she laughing, 'you were not xious to ask the old gentleman as you ap- ed to be; now that was a stumper, Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why did you ha! ha!'

Julia, do you think he suspects us?'

the French?'

'Well, Julia, to tell the truth about the matter, I left you this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affection for each other; and if he refused, I was determined to act for myself without further advice; but when I came before him, I felt something in my throat choking me, and I could scarcely talk to him about business, much less about love affairs.'

The lovers met often; and the voyage from the Indies being threatened, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that seemed to await them. In short, Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of his clerk's unhappiness more for the good of the young man, than he cared about the unimportant mistakes made in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered he repeated his former question, and insisted on an immediate reply. Robert stuttered a great deal, and at last came out with it—'I am attached to a young lady in the city, sir, and have reason to believe she is as much attached to me; but there is an obstacle in the way, and——'

'Aye, indeed. And does the obstacle amount to more than a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. Have all the parties consented?'

'Why, sir, the cause of my—the reason—the—that is—the cause of my uneasiness is, I am afraid her father will not consent.'

'Will not consent! Why? Who is he?—Refer him to me; I'll settle the matter.'

'He is a rich man, sir, and I am not rich.'

'His daughter loves you, does she?'

'I think—I—yes, sir.'

'She says she does, any how, don't she?'

'Why, I—yes—she—she—yes, sir, she has said as much.'

'Is the old fellow very rich?'

'I believe, sir, he is tol—tolerably well off.'

'And he won't consent? By the power of love, he must be an old Turk. He won't, hey? Here, give me his name, I'll soon settle the matter; but stop, has he any thing against you?—is he acquainted with your character? Does he know me?'

Here the old gentlemen went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in the possession of a check for one thousand dollars, a letter of introduction to Parson Green, of the Presbyterian church, & the following advice (from the lips of his father in law *in perspective*. He was to run away with the girl—to use Mr. (Hallowell's) carriage, and George, his black waiter was to drive it, and so forth.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given; and before dark the parties were before Parson Green, whose scruples of conscience were quieted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife, jumped into the carriage, followed by the blessings of Parson Green, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check. George was directed to drive the carriage to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's, who lived about five miles from the city, to whom the secret was told. The old man thought the joke too good a one not to be enjoyed, and sent out for some of the neighbours. Midnight found the jovial assembly destroying the good things aunt had provided, and laughing over the trick so successfully played upon the wealthy shipper of the South.

Early in the morning, Robert & Mrs. Moultrie were attended by their uncle and aunt to the house of Mr. Hallowell; the young couple anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to witness the reception, and to act as modificators on the question. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hollowell, whose first words were:

'You young rogue, you little did I know how my advice was to act upon me. 'Well, Robert,' he added, laughing heartily, 'you caught me that time; and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say—here is a deed of property worth eleven thousand dollars, and from henceforth you are my partner in business.'

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

We have lately met with an amusing letter written by Jefferson in 1810, we think to a friend of his, formerly governor of New Hampshire. It relates to the European monarchs of his day and acquaintance, and speaks pretty freely of them, as the following passage may show;

"Louis XVI was a fool, of my own knowledge and in despite of the answers made for him at his trial. The King of Spain was a fool; of Naples the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week, one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding days. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal a Braganza, was an idiot by nature. And so was the King of Denmark, their sons, as regents exercised the powers of government.—The King of Prussia, successor to the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy and George of England, you know, was in a straight jacket.—There remained then, none but old Catharine, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe, and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle. These animals had become without mind and powerless; and so will every hereditary monarch after a few generations. Alexander the grand son of Catharine, is yet an exception. He is able to hold his own. But he is only of the third generation. His race is not yet worn out. And so endeth the book of Kings, from all of which the Lord deliver us."

These graphic sketches have suggested to our mind a survey of the state of Europe in respect to its rulers at the present moment; and we have come to the conclusion, that it is by no means so badly off as it sometimes has been—though on the other hand, there are just now no Henry Quatres, or Elizabeths, or Charles Fifths, or Frederick the Greats, on the throne; in a word, nothing wonderfully brilliant. It must be considered however, that the arts of *peace* which are now in fashion, are not in themselves so brilliant as those of *war*, in which these men and Napoleon, and Charles 12th, and Louis 14th, cut such a figure, and won such fame as they did. Here is Louis Philippe, to begin with. In other times we are not sure but he might have been brilliant. Certainly he possesses rare talents in his way. If not strict- [illegible] he has great qualities and especially great ones for *success*. The best test of this is in results. See where he is, and what he is, after all and in the midst of all the perplexities and predictions which have beset him. Some call him the Napoleon of peace. Experienced, observing, amiable and affable personally, perfectly self possessed, eminently calculating, such are the best traits of the citizen king; and very good ones, if *not* great ones, they are. Adding to these his science, accomplishments, *financial* talent, and discipline, we incline to set down Louis Philippe number one among the sovereigns of Europe.

Crossing the channel on the one hand, and the Pyrenees on the other, we allow there is little to be said in support of our position. Victoria is not yet fair game for criticism—let her pass. Of Spain and Portugal, and Italy, and Greece, the less said the better—the Pope is an average decent old gentleman, we believe—nothing more. But then northward there's Leopold—a junior Louis Philippe in temperament tact, and policy; not a common place man by any means, and yet not exactly a great man—say half way between. Leopold's system of internal improvement is alone proof enough of his deserving all we have said in his favour.—This will soon make little Belgium the admiration of Europe.

Denmark may be omitted. The kings of Holland and Sweden we have never supposed to be incompetent men. There is good reason to consider them quite the reverse. Then there's Prussia. Frederick is what we Yankees should call a "very smart man," wide awake, and energetic. His school system is the great feather in his cap, and, with his factory regulations, sets him quite as high as Leopold's rail roads do him. We rate him a greater man on the whole. As to the rest of Germany, it is full as well off as can ever be expected. Several of the Potentates are decent men. The Duke of Saxe Weimer may do as a specimen. The King of Bavaria is at least a most skilful and spirited patron and judge of the Fine Arts, and his collections are the best, it is said, in the world.

And now what remains? Why, in the north, Czar Nicholas; in the south, Sultan Mahmoud. These are two most remarkable men, each in his way. Whatever either may be wanting in, they are no imbeciles. They are men of extraordinary shrewdness, wide and liberal views, and great energy. This might be easily proved, but there is no need of it; nobody denies it, or can be blind to it. The terror in which Nicholas holds all Eastern Europe, speaks for him. The Sultan's navy, his schools his disuse and destruction of the Janissaries his countenance of all sorts of civilization, are volumes in his favor. On the whole, the Sultan, the Czar, and the Citizen-King, stand at the head of the monarchs of Europe, and they are about sufficient to redeem their caste from ridicule. Of these three, circumstances have made Nicholas the most formidable, and Louis Philippe the most polished, but for contending against circumstances, and subduing them, and for native force altogether, Mahmoud might well be placed at the head of them all. And so ends, as Jefferson would say, the *second* Book of Kings.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

From the last number of "Nickleby"

A DRUNKEN REVEL AND A DUEL.

* * * They dined together sumptuously. The wine flowed freely, as indeed it had done all day. Sir Mulberry drank to recompense himself for his recent abstinence, the young lord to drown his indignation, and the remainder of the party because the wine was of the best, and they had nothing to pay. It was nearly midnight when they rushed out, wild, burning with wine, their blood boiling, and their brains on fire, to the gaming table.

Here they encountered another party, mad like themselves. The excitement of play, hot rooms, and glaring lights, was not calculated to allay the fever of the time. In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion, the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the morrow, in the savage intoxication of the moment? More wine was called for; glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalded mouths were cracked with thirst. Down poured the wine like oil on blazing fire. And still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height—glasses were dashed on the floor by hands that could not carry them to lips, oaths were shouted out by lips which could scarcely form the words to vent them in; drunken losers cursed and roared, some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads, and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sung, some tore the cards and raved. Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the throat, struggled into the middle of the room.

A dozen voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the combatants, and forcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.

"Let me go!" cried Sir Mulberry, in a thick hoarse voice; "he struck me! Do you hear?—I say he struck me. Have I a friend here? Who is this? Westwood. Do you hear me say he struck me?"

"I hear, I hear," replied one of those who held him. "Come away for to-night."

"I will not, by G—," he replied fiercely.—"A dozen men about us saw the blow."

"To-morrow will be ample time," said the friend.

"It will not be ample time!" cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. "To-night—at once, here!"—His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clenching his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

"What is this, my lord?" said one of those who surrounded him. "Have blows passed?"

"One blow has," was the panting reply. "I struck him—I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say with him, let this quarrel be adjusted now. Captain Adams," said the young lord, looking hurriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed. "Let me speak with you, I beg."

The person addressed stepped forward, and taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterwards by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or to call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, [illegible] what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honor, who lived upon their winnings, remarked to each other as they went out, that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been the most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile, the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room.—Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name, and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honor themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honor of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself up.

"Verily," returned the Captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one course, of course."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain.—"The original cause of dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied certain terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long recrimination upon a great many sore subjects, charges and counter-charges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic. Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heat of provocation and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is no more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility, but there is a strong feeling to have it over; do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river side?"

The captain saw no objection.

Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there? said Mr. Westwood.

To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my rooms for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, for yours might perhaps be recognised."

What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning, for a hot, close atmosphere tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and ren-