Cambridge Chronicle.

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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1835. WHOLE NO. 573.

TERMS.

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

NEW

HAT MANUFACTORY,

168,

Market Street, Baltimore,

BETWEEN CHARLES AND SAINT PAUL'S.

THE *subscriber*, having taken the store, lately occupied by BREMOND & CO., Hat Manufacturers, wishes to inform his friends and the public, that he has now, and intends keeping on hand, a good assortment of

HATS,

of various fashions and qualities, and such as he can, with confidence, recommend to those who may be disposed to favor him with their custom, as it is his intention to employ none but experienced and faithful workmen. He will pay particular attention to the changes of the fashions, and will keep a good supply of

SILK HATS

for those who may prefer them. He respectfully invites merchants and others, visiting the city, to call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere; and as he will endeavor to sell no hats to his customers, which he cannot believe will give entire satisfaction, he hopes to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

FRANCIS S. CORKRAN.

5 mo. 30.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority vested in me by the Hon. Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell at public sale, at the Court House door, in Cambridge, on Monday the 29th of June, instant, the

REAL ESTATE

of John S. McNamara, deceased, consisting of the dwelling plantation where the late Col. McNamara resided, on Hungar river; also, part of a tract of land, called Stewart's Conclusion; also, 20 acres of land called Myrtle Swamp; also, certain lands formerly the property of Joseph Needham, and a certain privilege in two tracts of land in Wall's Neck, in Strait's Hundred.

The terms of sale are, one-fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in twelve and eighteen months, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond and security to be approved by the trustee, bearing interest from the day of sale.

BRICE J. GOLDSBOROUGH,

June 6 4w Trustee.

POSTPONED TRUSTEE'S SALE.

IN virtue of authority reposed in me by the Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell at public sale, on Monday, the 15th day of June next, at the Court House door, in Cambridge, between the hours of 10 and 12, A. M., all the

Real Estate

of which James Chaplain died seized, to wit:—Farm "Fairfield," containing

557 ACRES,

more or less, situated in Black Water, and now occupied by Thomas Stewart; the adjoining Farm, composed of the three following tracts of land, to wit: "Darby," "Darby's Addition Enlarged," and "The Gun," containing

459 ACRES,

more or less; a valuable tract of Woodland, called "Ennalls' Outrange," containing

71 acres,

more or less, distant from Cambridge about two miles; another tract of Woodland, about half a mile from Cambridge, near the Puncheon Bridge, and containing

FIFTEEN ACRES,

more or less; a HOUSE and LOT, situated on High street, in Cambridge, now occupied by Mrs. Chaplain; a HOUSE and LOT, on High street, now occupied as a store by Benjamin Stewart; one Lot on Mill street, containing TWO ACRES, more or less; one Lot near Puncheon Bridge, containing FIVE ACRES, more or less; one small Lot near A. Bell's windmill; and the Lot of Ground now in the possession of Mrs. Amelia Brown, near Cord Town.

The terms of sale, prescribed by the Chancellor, are, one-fourth cash on the day of sale, and the remaining three-fourths in twelve months—that is to say, one fourth at the end of every four months, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by bond to the trustee, with good security to be approved by the trustee. Upon the payment of the whole purchase money and interest, a good and sufficient title will be given.

BRICE J. GOLDSBOROUGH,

May 23 4w Trustee.

The sale of the above mentioned property is postponed until *MONDAY, the 22d of June next.*

B. J. GOLDSBOROUGH,

May 30 Trustee.

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued by Stephen Andrews, Esq., and to me directed, at the suit of William Dines, against Levi Payne, I will sell at public sale, on the premises, on Monday the 22d of June next, between 10 and 4 o'clock, all the land of the said Levi Payne, to satisfy the said fieri facias and costs.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,

May 30 4w Constable.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL FACULTY OF MARYLAND.

AT the Annual Convention of the Faculty, held on the 1st of June, 1835, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Dr. ROBT. GOLDSBOROUGH, Sen., President;
ROBT. A. DURKEE, Recording Secretary;
JOHN L. YEATES, Corresponding Sec'y;
EDM'D. G. EDRINGTON, Treasurer;
ROBLEY DUNGLISON, Orator.

MEDICAL BOARD.

Examiners for the Western Shore.

Dr. T. E. Bond, Sen.,	Dr. M. McDowell,
S. Baker,	G. S. Gibson,
J. H. Briscoe,	R. A. Durkee.
W. Fisher,	

Examiners for the Eastern Shore.

Dr. Tristram Thomas,	Dr. Geo. Martin,
Peregrine Wroth,	P. P. Phelps.
Theodore Denny.	

LIBRARY DIRECTORS.

Dr. S. Baker,	Dr. T. Worthington,
R. Goldsborough, jr., of Cent'ville,	H. W. Baxley,
Joel Hopkins, of Anne-Arundel,	J. Fonerden,
	S. Annan.

LIBRARIAN—Dr. Samuel Chew.*

The Library will hereafter be kept at the office of Dr. Chew, No. —, Lexington-st.

CENSORS—WESTERN SHORE.

City of Baltimore.

1st Ward. J. C. Monkur,	8th Ward. Edward Schwartze,
2d do. S. B. Martin,	9th do. Rd. Thomas,
3d do. Al. Clendinen,	10th do. F. E. Chatard
4th do. Ed. J. Alcock,	11th do. J. Armitage,
5th do. P. Snyder,	12th do. A. C. Robinson.
6th do. Ch. Maguire,	
7th do. Rich. Sexton,	
City of Annapolis. Dr. Dennis Claude, G. Ridgely.	*City of Frederick.* Dr. C. L. Goldsborough, Wm. Waters.

COUNTIES.

St. Mary's county. Dr. Joseph Stone, Ch. L. Gardiner, W. H. S. Briscoe, Charles Briscoe.	*Baltimore county.* Dr. John D. Readel, —— Byrne, N. Brown, —— Marsh.
Charles county. Dr. Wm. Queen, J. R. Ferguson, Francis Neale.	*Anne Arundel county.* Dr. Joel Hopkins, John H. Owings, L. T. Hammond, James Cheston.
Calvert county. Dr. —— Broome, Richard Makall, —— Blake.	*Harford county.* Dr. Saml. L. Horton, T. Worthington, J. Montgomery, Jacob Preston.
P. George's county. Dr. Benjamin Day, —— Lee, E. H. Calvert.	*Frederick county.* Dr. Wm. Willis, JeffersonShields, J. L. Billingslea.
Montgomery county. Dr. Otho Willson, Wm. Magruder, Wm. W. Palmer,	*Washington county.* Dr M. Kelm, C. W. Boerstler, Z. Clagett, James Hayes.
Alleghany county. Dr. G. M. Lawrence, Saml. P. Smith.	

EASTERN SHORE.

Cecil county. Dr. A. Evans, John Fisher, John King.	*Caroline county.* Dr. G. Martin, John A. Clough, —— Rosette.
Kent county. Dr. Edward Scott, M. Brown, J. Emory.	*Dorchester county.* Dr. Wm. Jackson, F. P. Phelps, T. H. Handy.
Queen Anne's county Dr. J. K. Harper, Robert Goldsborough, jr., Saml. Thompson, of Kent Island.	*Somerset county.* Dr. S. K. Handy, S. J. S. Ker, H. Hyland.
Talbot county. Dr. S. T. Kemp, Edw'd. Spedden, Wm. Thomas.	*Worcester county.* Dr. T. S. Martin, J. P. Gilles, —— Spence.

The following gentlemen have been admitted members of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, and have received license to practice Medicine and Surgery in this State, since June 5d, 1834:—

Daniel H. Skinner, M. D.;
Thomas Brues, L. M.;
Ferdinand Dallvigh, L. M.;
Christian Sigismund French, M. D.;
Gustavus A. C. Otto, M. D.;
Jacob B. James, M. D.;
Thomas W. Duvall, M. D.;
William H. Stokes, M. D.;
Samuel G. Baker, M. D.;
Alexander H. Bayly, M. D.

*The Convention expressed, by a vote of thanks, their consideration of those gentlemen who had, during the last year, by donations to the medical library, contributed to the progressing value of that important institution.

ROBERT A. DURKEE,
Recording Sec.

June 13, 1835. 3w

TO RENT,

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,

THE HOUSE and LOT, on Church Creek, formerly occupied by the subscriber. This property is in a good state of improvement, and in a healthy situation. To a good tenant it would be rested on accommodating terms.

JOHN CRAWFORD,

June 6 3w

TO RENT,

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR, the House on Race street, two doors above Mr. Bradshaw's tavern, formerly occupied as a shoe-store. For terms, apply to the Editor. June 6

FOR SALE,

A FARM on Fishing Creek, a little below the mouth of Church Creek. It contains

125 OR 30 ACRES,

and is one of the most productive farms in the county.

WILLIAM FOOKS.

June 13 3w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of Charles Wright, late of Dorchester county, deceased, to file their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, in the Register of Wills' office, on or before Wednesday, the 24th of June, instant, as a dividend on the said deceased's estate will be struck that day. Those who fail to do this, may be excluded from any part of said estate. Given under my hand and seal, this 6th day of June, 1835.

SAMUEL CORKRAN,

June 6 3w Adm'r.

From the New England Magazine.

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY CHAMPION."

One September night, a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the drift wood of the mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees, that had come crushing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of happiness grown old. They had found the "herb hearts' ease" in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest, that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch, and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment, it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again, when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast, which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing, between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence, on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused there to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night—and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bed-time, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns, where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness, beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, the grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore a melancholy expression, almost of despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at night fall and alone, but soon brightened up, when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

"Ah, this fire is the right thing!" cried he "especially when there is such a pleasant, circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face, all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes, to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for when I saw this good fire and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire, when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap, in passing the cottage, as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well, upon the whole. Besides, we have a good place of refuge hard by, if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family—so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit—haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch, he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry, as native growth, which they had gathered, when they little thought of it, from the mountain-peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place, where no stranger may intrude. But this evening, a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of blood?

The secret of the young man's character, was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not be forgotten in the grave.—Yearning desire had been transformed to hope, and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty that obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But, when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb, with none to recognize him.

"As yet," cried the stranger—his cheek glowing and his eyes flashing with enthusiasm—"as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would know so much of me as you; that a nameless youth came up, at night fall, from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask—"Who was he?—Whither did he go?" But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!"

There was a continual flow of natural emotion gushing forth, amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

"You laugh at me," said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand, and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country round about. And truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!"

"It is better to sit here, by the fire," answered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things, that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower."

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm, in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors, and be called "Squire" and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate grave stone would suit me as well as a marble one—with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian."

"There now!" exclaimed the stranger, "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite."

"We're in a strange way, to-night," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it is a sign of something, when folks' minds go wandering so. Hark! to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other, in wild wishes, and childish projects of what they would do, when they came to be men and women. At length, a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother—

"I tell you what I wish, mother," cried he, "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken, when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded, in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey, or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain, by inviting people to patronize his house. He, therefore, did not hurry to the door, and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy again. "They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened, that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be girl's feelings any longer, if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his, and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity, like his. But, while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearning of a maiden's nature, the wind, through the Notch, took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who, in old Judean times, had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mein, the high browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and, with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notion," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind a wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day, till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and the wife, at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery, which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before—a nice cotton shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and every thing of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding-day. But, this evening, an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that, if any thing were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not sit right, the corpse in the coffin and beneath the clods, would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her serious.

"Don't talk so, grandmother," said the girl, shuddering.

"Now,"—continued the old woman, with singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly,—"I want one of you, my children—when your mother is drest and in the coffin—I want one of you to hold a looking glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's right?"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments," murmured the stranger-youth. "I wonder how mariners feel, when the ship is sinking, and they unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean—that wide and nameless sepulchre!"

For a moment the old woman's ghostly conception so engrossed the minds of the hearers, that a sound had gone abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast deep and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house, and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips

"The Slide! The Slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not pourtray the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot—where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the Mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house the stream broke into two branches—shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated every thing in its course. Long ere the thunder of that great Slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney, up the mountain side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape.

All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family, were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances, which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. We, for the high souled youth, with his dream of earthly immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved; his death and his existence, equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that deep moment?

William Ireland, one of the most successful literary impostors that ever existed, died in England, on the 17th April, surrounded by the most abject misery. This man, some thirty or forty years ago, succeeded in palming upon the British public three or four tragedies, which he pretended were written by Shakspeare, and found by him among the ruins of an edifice. For some years these tragedies were the theme of admiration and applause; and if Ireland had not exposed the literary fraud, it is not unlikely that they might have remained, at this day, in the collection of Shakspear's productions. They possessed much merit, and certainly bore a stronger affinity to Shakspeare's muse than does that miserable affair called Titus Andronicus, which is believed by most literary men, to be an "illegitimate."—*Boston Commercial Gazette.*

Novel Spectacle.—The Ogdenburg Times states that a car is exhibiting on the Saratoga and Schenectady Rail Road, propelled by a horse walking inside of it; so that instead of the horse travelling before the car, as formerly, he now travels inside the carriage, and propels the car at the rate of a mile in four minutes. This is indeed an age of wonders.

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