The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1841.

VOL. VII.——NO. 348.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TERMS:

THE NORTH CAROLINA STANDARD is published weekly, at *three dollars* per annum—payable yearly in advance. A subscriber failing to give notice of his desire to discontinue at the expiration of the period for which he may have paid, will be considered as having subscribed anew, and the paper continued, at the option of the Editor, until ordered to be stopped; but no paper will be discontinued, until all arrearages are paid.

☞Those persons who remit by Mail (postage paid) or pay *in advance* $5, will be entitled to a receipt for $6, or two years' subscription to the Standard—or *two* copies of the Standard for one year for the same amount *in advance.*

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding *fourteen lines*, will be inserted *one time* for *one dollar*, and, twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion; those of greater length in proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out.

Court Advertisements and *Sheriff's Sales*, will be charged *twenty-five* per cent. *higher* than the usual rates.

A deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ Letters to the Editor must come *free of postage*, or they may not be attended to.

$500 REWARD.—On the 4th ultimo, a sealed package, containing $1,037 of the following description of notes, viz:—$3, $4, $5, $10, $20, and $100's, of the Bank of the State of North Carolina at Raleigh, and of the Bank of Cape Fare,, at Wilmington, and $10 and $20's of the Merchant's Bank of Newbern, N. C, was put into the Post Office in this city, directed to George B. Burgwin, Wilmington, North Carolina, which has not been received by Mr. Burgwin. The above reward will be paid, on application at the office of the Evening Post, 27 Pine street, New York, for the recovery of the money, or a proportionate part for the recovery of less than the whole, or a reward of $100 will be paid for the discovery and conviction of the offender, if the package has been stolen.

New York, June 11, 1841. 347-3t.

W. WHITMAN,
EAGLE HOTEL, No. 18, W. PRATT STREET,
Opposite Baltimore and Ohio, Philadelphia and Washington Rail Road Depots,
BALTIMORE.

☞ BREAKFAST and DINNER at the arrival of the Cars.

June 23, 1841. 347-3t.

FAIRFIELD ACADEMY.—The Fall Session of this School, (six miles north west of Hillsborough,) will commence on the 12th of July and close on the 10th of December.

Board can be had in the neighborhood, at from $6 to $7 50 per month.

JAS. P. CLARK.

June 14, 1841. 346-3t.

FEMALE ACADEMY, WARRENTON, N. C.

The undersigned having purchased the Dwelling and grounds owned by the late Kemp Plummer, adjoining the Town of Warrenton, with the view to establish a Female Seminary of the first class, have the pleasure to inform the public that they have now engaged Teachers of high characters and qualifications under whom the School will be opened on the 1st Monday of July next,

The School will be under the immediate direction of Mr. GRAVES, of Delaware, and his lady, who will be assisted by other competent teachers—Mr. Graves has for six years been engaged in Newark College Delaware as Principal of the Preparatory School, and adjunct Professor of Mathematics. He will take charge of the Departments of Composition, Rhetoric, Logic, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Mental and Moral Philosophy and Mrs. GRAVES will give instruction in Botany and the various kinds of Needle work—Music, Drawing and the French Language will be taught by a Lady of superior accomplishments, and spelling, reading, writing and English Grammar, by Mr. Willcox, also of Delaware, a gentleman of undoubted qualifications and a successfull and experienced Teacher.

The Session will close by a public examination on the last day of November and the exercises of the school will be resumed on the 1st day of January and again close on the last of May, thus dividing the year into two sessions of five months each.

Board may be had in the Family of Mr. Graves and in other respectable families in the village at $50 the Session; the price of tuition will be for all the various branches (except Drawing and French and Needle-work) $12 50 the Session, and Music Twenty Dollars; for French, Drawing, and Needle-work, a reasonable extra charge will be made.

The undersigned feel warranted by the high and healthy situation of the village, the retired and eligible scite of the buildings attached to the Academy and the superior qualifications of the Teachers, in recommending the school to the patronage of the public.

WM. PLUMMER.
THOMAS WHITE,
H. L. PLUMMER.
J. B. SOMERVELL,
WM. EATON, JR.

Warrenton, N. C. April, 21, 1841. 347 2t.

TO BUILDERS.—Sealed proposals are invited, and will be received until 20th July prox, for building a Court House in the town of Rockingham, Richmond County, of following discription, viz: The building to be of brick (outside to be stock or prest brick) 54 by 40 feet in clear—base wall 30 inches, lower story ditto 24, up do. do. 18, and partition walls 12 inches thick, laid in good lime mortar. Pitch—from ground to first floor 2 feet; first story 10 feet in clear; second story 15, do. do.; to be covered with good shingles. On first floor, four rooms, and on the second, Court room and two Jury rooms, with fire places in all. Job to be completed in 12 months, if possible, or sooner in a neat and substantial style of workmanship and finish and of best materials.

Further particulars may be had upon application to the subscribers at Rockingham.

Persons disposed to undertake, will please make two propositions—the one for cash upon completion and the other *half* cash and balance in April 1842.

Address or apply to

ROBERT J. STEEL,
WALTER F. LEAK,
ALFRED BALDWIN,
D. McLAURIN,
JNO. W. COVINGTON,
WM. B. COLE,
JAMES P. LEAK.
} *Commissioners.*

April 11, 1841. (Pr. adv. $3 00.) 347-3t.

WARREN SULPHUR SPRING,
(WARREN COUNTY, N. C.)

THIS Spring, which has been discovered within the last 12 months, and which has been uniformily pronounced by the numerous intelligent gentlemen who have visited it, to possess all the essential mineral properties of the celebrated White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, is situated about ten miles from Warrenton, and within 5 miles of Shocco Springs, in a neighborhood which, for health and respectability is surpassed by none in the State. To give his friends and the public an opportunity of testing the efficacy of the water, the subscriber has erected suitable buildings at his residence, one mile from the spring, and will be enabled to accommodate, in a comfortable and genteel manner, some forty or fifty persons during the approaching season. Every exertion shall be made to render all his guests satisfied.

Those who may be disposed to come by way of the Rail Road will find no difficulty in getting from Warrenton to the Spring.

TERMS AS FOLLOWS:

Board by the month,	$26 00
" by the week,	7 00
Children and Servants half price,	
Horses per month,	$17 00
" " week,	4 50

WM. D. JONES.

June 12, 1841. 347-4t.

LETTER FROM COL. BENTON.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 8, 1841.

Dear Sir: Your kind letter of the 4th inst., in relation to the democratic meeting at Spring Garden, on the evening of the 3d, and the resolve there adopted to hold a meeting of the democracy of the city and county of Philadelphia to form an association to promote my nomination and election to the Presidency of the United States in the year 1844, has been received, and while I am duly sensible of the honor done me by these proceedings, and extremely grateful for the kind motives which induced them, yet I must hasten to do every thing in my power to arrest at the commencement a proceeding which, howsoever honorable to me, cannot in my opinion be beneficial to the cause of democracy.—Contentions for the first place have in all ages and in all countries, been the bane of elective governments; and I have been fully determined ever since I have been on the stage of public affairs to have nothing to do with such contentions. I have always seen, and now see in the ranks of the democratic party many eminent citizens who are worthy to fill the place of President; and it is my purpose now, as it has been heretofore, to promote the election, and to support the administration (if elected) of some of these citizens. Private letters to this effect I have written to many friends in different parts of the Union, in answer to their enquiries; and what I now write to you is nothing but a repetition of what I have already said and written to many others.

But while I cannot consent to be brought forward for the Presidency, I am ready and willing to do all that I can for the cause of democracy. The times require the exertions of all the friends of the cause, and mine shall neither be withheld nor relaxed. We have gone back not merely to the federal times of General Hamilton, and the elder Mr. Adams, but far beyond them—to the church and state times of Queen Anne, and the corporation and state times of the first and second George; in a word to the whig times of Sir Robert Walpole; whose long, corrupt, and pussillanimous administration was a continued practice of tory doctrines upon whig professions, and the source and origin of every curse which now affects the English people. We have gone back to the English times when the paper system, the funding system, the banking system, (and banks of circulation,) stock jobbing, national debt, taxes, paper money, loans for the existing generation to spend, and for posterity to pay, chartered companies with exclusive privileges, and monopolies and exemptions from law, the South Sea scheme, and a thousand other cheating contrivances, were all hatched into existence under the hot incubation of whig legislation. We have gone back to the Walpole times when corporations began to treat with the government as equals, or to dictate to it as masters; when submission to insult and depredation from abroad, and tyranny to patriots at home, was the practice and the policy of the administration; when the money was spent for party objects, which should have been devoted to the public defence; when, to preserve peace, the nation was not put in arms, but the minister placed upon his knees; when good men were persecuted, and the bad were promoted; when military, naval and civil officers were dismissed from employment for voting against the minister, and his partizans put into office for voting for him; when secret committees, composed of political hacks, were made iniquisitors into the conduct of their political enemies, and never failed to find what the minister sent them to hunt for. We have gone back to the times when this, and such as this, was the work of the English government; and when a whig administration gave all the originals of which our federal whigs are now presenting us with faithful copies here. In every thing, great and small, foreign and domestic, legislative and executive, the Walpole whig measures of the reign of George the second, are the measures of our federal whigs here; and if the master spirits now in command should have as long time to work in, as their great original had in England, they would probably succeed in giving us as much debt and taxes, as many paupers and pensions, and as many corporations to rule, govern and bribe us, as the English people now have.—But I fancy their reign will not be quite so long as that of the Walpole whigs in England—that it will hardly extend to twenty-five years; and of this the master spirits seem to be a little suspicious themselves, and therefore are *"for making hay while the sun shines."* Haste to the wedding is the tune to which they dance, double quick time is the time of their step. Hence the rapid removals. Hence the hurry in every thing. Hence this extra session of Congress, which, in the brief space of half a dozen weeks, and under the fires of a solstitial summer sun, and amidst the sweltering heats of the dog days, is expected to do as much as Walpole accomplished in one of the seven years tory parliaments of which he was the whig author.—As a compensation, however, for doing so much in so short a time, Congress is to be permitted to sink into the quiet and passive condition of a bed of justice, (*Lit de Justice*) of the old French monarchy, for the registration of edicts; or to realize, for the edification of the American people, the metaphysical conception of the dumb legislature which gave so much celebrity to the Abbe Sieyes. In a word, we are to be permitted to vote upon the bills, without telling the reasons why or wherefore, which the master spirits prepare for us in secret, and lay before us in public.

I consider myself called here to be present at the immolation of our constitution, and at the formation of a new government to be composed of bank and state, in which bank is to be master, and state is to be slave, and the people to be taxed and plundered for the benefit of both. I am here at the holocaust of the constitution. If they succeed in their measures there will be nothing left of that instrument but its ashes.

This, sir, is what I snatch a moment to write to you in answer to your inquiries. It is a frank letter, such as my feelings dictate, and the times require; and you are at liberty to use it in any way which will accomplish its object—*that of preventing my name from being used on the list of presidential candidates.*

Respectfully, Sir,

Your obliged fellow citizen,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

Col. Henry Simpson, Philada.

THE MISER OF BRUGES.

'Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

"Will you be at Lindenberg's to night?" enquired the young Count Rosenheim of a brother officer, as they lounged together, after morning parade, in the *Prater* of Vienna.

"Certainly, it will be a gay affair; the old gentleman is determined to celebrate his idol's majority with all fitting pomp and circumstance!"

So they say: think you he his cognizant of his son's reckless extravagance?"

"Assuredly not. Well, I can make the florins fly fast enough myself, but hang it, the sums he squanders would exhaust the imperial treasury. I sometimes play Mentor to him, but he laughs at my homilies, and leaves me, that he may perpetrate some fresh folly and go on sacrificing in perspective his father's woods and forests to purchase, perchance, a counterfeit Titian, or *veritable* antique,—manufactured last year."

"Well, well, it is no business of ours: Ulric is a pleasant fellow, and his father has a famous cellar; till the evening, adieu!" and the friends separated.

The evening arrived, and the magnificent hotel, the residence of the Baron Von Lindenberg, beamed with light and splendor. Every auxiliary which taste could invent or wealth produce, lent its aid on the occasion: the rarest exotic flung incense around; music breathed its softest and sweetest strain, and the lovliest and noblest of the Viennese gave the charm of their presence, as the crowning gem of the festival.

As the reader will have already learned, the *fete* was commemorative of the expiration, of the minority of the baron's only child: born at the price of a beloved wife's existence, and bearing in his outward form the beautiful lineaments of her he had lost. Ulric had ever been to his father's heart the one hope, aim, and purpose of life. By temperament warm and ardent, the affection he had bestowed on his bride partook almost of the nature of worship. But death arrested the tide of gushing tenderness; the treasure was stricken from his grasp; for awhile he remained "as one that would not be comforted;" but the daily sight of his boy awakened new springs of feeling in his breast, and the affluence of love lavished on the mother was transferred to the child, with, if possible, more prodigal excess. Was it the baneful effect of unrestrained indulgence? was it to enforce the stern but salutary lesson, that earthly idols ever yielded to the immortal nature that blows at their shrine a harvest of grief and bitterness? For so it was that Ulric paid back in lip homage the affection of his father. Absorbed in selfish enjoyment, the slave of passions as strong as they were, undisciplined, rarely did he seek that father's presence-unless to task his generosity to its extremest extent, to furnish forth the gold which care and calculation had accumulated, for the revel of profligacy and licentiousness.

When questioned as to the disbursement of the large sums which passed into his possession, he referred to the purchase of some new object of art or *virtue*, or imposed on the credulous baron on the belief, that

"Want had preferred its claim, misery its appeal." and he had answered the demand with overflowing liberality.

Oh! the trustfulness of the loving—the blind reliance, the implicit conviction, in the worthiness of the beloved! Sweet and blissful are the moments we number while the illusion flings its spell over our senses! But who shall tell the darkness, the anguish of those hours, when the mist of enchantment is dissolved, and we see in the trusted and cherished, the cold, the false, the heartless!

It was the morning following the *fete* referred to, while the baron and his son were engaged in the transfer and negotiation of property consequently on his attaining the age of twenty-one, that the startling intelligence was receiced of the total failure of a large commercial speculation, in which the baron was deeply involved. This was but the herald of other and heavier losses.—The tide of prosperity which had so long rolled towards him, ebbed suddenly; a few weeks saw the splendid hotel of Von Lindenberg pass into stranger hands; the noble territories of his ancestors under alien sway; and he, the richest banker of Vienna—the *feted*, flattered, caressed *millionaire*—a bankrupt! Heavy was the blow the utter bereavement of property inflicted; painful the trial to see the summer friends of life fall off one by one when adversity flung its shadows over him. But there was a severe ordeal yet for him to pass through.

It was to hear the son, for whom he had toiled; for whom he would immolate life or liberty, reproach and taunt him with a want of prudence and foresight, and attribute to his "folly" the catastrophe which had engulphed them,—threaten to abandon him in his hour of need, and leave him, the already crushed and afflicted with the agonized rememberance

"How sharper than a serpant's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!"

And he did abandon him, and left the city; none knew whether he fled—few cared. He was heard of no more! Then came the startling knowledge to the father that his idol was a prodigal and a spendthrift; that he had contracted debts to a fearful amount, which the appropriation of every acre and florin be possessed sufficed not to liquidate. The proud spirit of the baron sunk under this unexpected humiliation. He could not meet the urgent creditor, the defrauded artificer. Day by day he forsook his accustomed haunts, and in a short time was seen no more in Vienna.

* * * * * *

It was midnight. In a small apartment in the "Rhue de Namur" of the city of Bruges sat Pierre. Anhault, whose eccentricities and penurious habits, carried out to the extremest limits of stinting parsimony, had for some years obtained for him the *soubriquet* of the "Miser of Bruges" The room which he tenanted, small and low-roofed, was destitute of every accessory to comfort or convenience, containing no other furniture save the chair on which he sat, a rude table and, the wretched pallet which served him for a bed; a cup of cold water, a loaf of bread, so coarse and rude in quality, that the lowest beggar, urged by the cravings of want, would have hesitated to partake of it, were placed upon the table, and were the only substitute for supper, night by night, provided. Little was known of him; the curiosity directed towards him on his first settlement in the city, five years previous, had obtained during the intervening period, no elucidation.—No letter had he been known to receive,—no visiter was seen to cross his threshold. His sole occupation was drawing, yet it was not the hand of a practiced master that traced the sketches, which were of that inferior class which would fail to satisfy any but the easily pleased eye of childhood, and the sale of which must necessarily furnish but scanty subsistence. Yet it appeared the only medium of support he possessed. All domestic affairs he performed for himself, and rarely indulged in any save the meagre diet referred to.

Pierre Anhault refused to tell the causes which associated him with want and destitution, or solicit mitigation of its pangs; the result was, he was detested. Obloquy gathered around his dwelling; the ban of execration attached to his name; he became the scoff and reproach of the neighborhood where he lived; infancy hooted at and reviled him; even women forgot the gentleness of their nature, and joined in the torrent of invective hurled at him. Yet he had committed no crime; but he was shrouded in mystery, and a miser! "He must get money by the efforts of his pencil: why does he not spend it as he ought?" reasoned they who took cognizance of him. They "judged according to the appearance." Slowly and with difficulty the old man ate the hard crust before him, and ever and anon paused to make memorandums on a slip of paper on the table. His age might have been sixty years, but the wan cheek, which the battle of conflicting passions had indented with many a furrow, the bent and shrivelled form, gave appearance of more lengthened existence; while the extreme clearness of the eye, which possessed all the fire and earnestness of purpose of vigorous manhood contradicted the other symptoms of senility. His scanty meal finished, he took from a concealed aperture in the wall, an iron box, which he opened, and counted on the table a large amount of gold. As he numbered the coins, one by one, a gleam of triumph illuminated his features; was it the sordid and debasing smile of the miser who gloats over his treasure?

"It is well; the sum is nearly gained. What matters these shrunk limbs, this paltry hovel? Let the world deride and scoff at me; I have the gold—I have the gold! Who that shall pry into my actions can know the motives which govern them? Sickness consumes me, yet no voice of love whispers hope and consolation; grief bows me down, yet where can I look for the sustainment which friendship supplies? Alas! now where; I am cut off from my species. Be it so; I have the gold!"

With almost a chuckle of delight he replaced the money in the box, and deposited it in its place of security. He had completed the office, when his attention was attracted by an unusual noise at the door. He opened it to learn the cause, when he was felled to the earth by the powerful arm, of a man, who, with his face masked, rushed into the room. Ere he had time to rise, the man had opened the window of his apartment, effected his egress through it, and gained the roof of the house; but in his eagerness to escape had dropped a large bag of gold on the floor. The event had been so unexpected, had occupied in its action so brief a space, that Anhault had only risen from the ground, and was looking yet with bewildered glance around him, when the apartment was filled with the officers of justice. From them he learned a robbery had been committed at the *bureau* of a neighboring merchant; that many previous depredations having taken place, this night a watch had been set.

The robber was seen in the act of plunder, but through the darkness which prevailed, and his extreme agility, had evaded capture. They had however, tracked him to the miser's lodging. The old man recapitulated to them the particulars of the recent transaction, pointed to the bag of gold, which lay unopened on the floor, and indicated the means by which the delinquent had escaped. After minute interrogation and scrutiny, despite his solemn assurance of the truth of what he had stated; despite his ignorance of the person of the robber, of his own entire innocence of participation in the deed, Pierre Anhault was taken into custody, and consigned to prison on charge of receiving the stolen property. Heavily and drearily rolled the hours to the hopeless old man, as he sat in the gloomy cell which was now his portion. No friend was his to cheer his captivity; no familiar voice to counsel and uphold him. The world without rejoiced that he had found the doom his deserts merited; even his fellow prisoners shared in the exultation that the long detested "miser of Bruges" was reduced to their own level. But where in Christian land is the spot so dark from which every ray of Charity's soft light is excluded?—where the being, forsaken by his fellow men, steeped, it may be, in sorrow and guilt, to whom woman, in the hour of need, refuses her ministering aid?

Pierre Anhault was sitting on his truss of straw, his head bowed on his knee, his face buried in his hands when a light step (so different from the heavy tread of the jailer) on the stone floor made him look up, and he saw before him a young and lovely girl. It was Therese, the turnkey's daughter.

"I have brought you a little fruit; my father informed me you were ill."

"Were you not afraid of seeking communion with a criminal and an outcast?

"No, I do not believe that all are guilty even here. Besides, you once saved my life."

"Indeed! I knew not that I had seen you before."

"Do you remember, some four years since, a fire at a milliner's in the Rue Tournay? that amidst the timbers falling, and flames gathering around you, you alone braved the danger, on hearing that a victim yet remained behind?"

"I recollect the event perfectly; but it was a child I saved."

"I was so then, but I am a woman now. I am sixteen. The strong glare which fell upon your face told me my preserver, for I had often seen you at the Cathedral. But had I never looked on you till then, I should have recollected you, ay, though fifty years had passed away, so vividly is branded on my brain each moment's occurrence in that dreadful hour. Why did you so suddenly leave me? I told my father to whom I owed my life, but he would not believe it. I was sent to Brussels a few days afterwards, and only returned yesterday. They tell me you are to be tried to-morrow. Why, Oh! why have they acused you? I am sure you are innocent. He who would peril his own to save a stranger child's life, would not brave the punishment—the displeasure of his maker, for paltry gold!"

I am innocent, my child; there is joy in hearing another human voice echo the words. The struggle is nearly over; this feeble frame will not long support the shocks which fate assails it with; pain and sorrow will do their work at last! To-morrow is my trial, and my early doom will be determined; let them decide as they will I care not. There is a Judge who rules the earth, in whose council immutable truth never swerves from its balance. To my God I appeal for that justice which man has denied me here. I feel that my days are numbered.—Should my anticipation be prophetic, and this emaciated form, while I inhabit this place, become dust and ashes, will you promise, with your own hands to deliver to the Mayor this iron box." The documents it contains are to me of inestimable value."

"Most sacredly do I pledge myself to perform your will. I shall visit you in the morning; farewell!"

The trial took place, and added to the list—alas! how much too large!—of the sacrifice of the guiltless on circumstantial evidence—Pierret Anhault left the court a convicted criminal, to wear out the remainder of life in captivity and labor. He appealed not against the sentence; but he felt that "the iron had entered his soul,"—that earthly interests and passions were fast receding from him—that eternity, with all its imperishable glories, was opening to his view. He was reconducted to his cell, and when Therese, on the subsequent morning, repaired thither to take a fresh supply of fruit and flowers, he was wrestling in the agonies of death. Amidst the spasms which convulsed his form, though speech was denied, consciousness remained to him. He beckoned Therese to his side, pressed his withered hands on her fair young head, as if invoking a blessing, pointed to the box he had before referred to, kissed with fervor the little crucifix which lay at his side, and fell back on his truss of straw—a corpse.

On the day subsequent to his death a young man voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of justice, unable longer to bear the stings of conscience, which the dissolution of Pierre Anhault had exasperated into intolerable acuteness. He avowed himself the real and only culprit; and proved to be a late confidential clerk of the merchant he had robbed. He had sought the lodgings of the "miser," when his pursuers gained on him, thinking, from his known parsimony, that the offer of bribe would operate with him to afford the concealment he desired. When there, the thought of escape through the window suddenly suggested itself. The result has been told. Therese hastened to the mayor with the box deposited. It was opened and its contents immediately read. Then came the knowledge too long delayed—the justice too tardily administered.—Proof was afforded that the reviled "Miser of Bruges" was the Baron Von Lindenberg of Vienna! He had left that city after every effort to obtain tidings of his son had failed—sickened with the world, "out of sorts with fortune,"—and settled at Bruges under a feigned name.—But the upright and benevolent spirit which ever characterized him still dwelt within.

The amount of his son's liabilities preyed heavily upon his mind. Staggered at their magnitude when remembering his own exhausted resources, too proud to seek assistance from the world, ignorant of any pursuit whereby he could maintain existence, he applied himself to drawing, and succeeded in gaining employment.—And were the profits of his labors appropriated to his own use and comfort? No, the money thus scantily and laboriously obtained was laid aside for the discharge of his son's debts! And while possessing a sum which would have yielded necessaries and secured the respect of his neighbors, he, from a stern sense of justice, dedicated his life to self-denial and penury, and exposed himself to the odium which gathers around the miser's name. The sum he left availed, within a few crowns, for the purpose intended.—When the facts became known, who so loud in praise of his equity as his late persecutors?—He was buried with the honors his rank and virtues merited; and when the earth had closed over his coffin, many a voice echoed the words—"Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

TOBACCO—A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

The following—by whom I no not, neither do I care—must serve as a text to my present discourse:

Tobacco is an Indian weed,
It was the devil that sowed the seed.

My indulgent and indulging hearers—it was the devil, beyond all question who first sowed the seed, and who is still the sole owner and proprietor of all that is, or ever will be, raised of this soul-contaminating vegetable. Oh, you vile tobacco worms! I hardly know whether it is best to poke you about with a long stick of rancor, or stand farther off and rely upon the enticing powers of persuasion. I expect, however, to accomplish but little, any way.

My hearers—to such of you who are in the habit of chewing, allow me to address myself, but-end foremost. If you don't leave off the filthy practice, I shall put you down upon my catalogue of unclean beasts, to be shunned and avoided by all decent society. It is a practice productive of no good whatever, and fraught with more evils than a scavenger's horse can carry. It renders your carcasses as loathsome and disgusting as those of buzzards. It stains your dickeys, as well as your moral characters—blackens both your teeth and your souls—causes an odoriferous stench to flow continually from your mouths—and not only infuses a deadly poison into your blood, but leads you to an inclination for occasional dissipation—from that to semi-occasional intoxication. Man's mouth, my friends, was never made for a tobacco-box; and I wonder how any one can have the courage to chew that which he dare not swallow.—I'd like to see a man stuff some of the trash into his abdominal pantry. If he didn't feel uncomfortable about the waistbands soon after, it would be because sickness was afraid to come near him.

Snuffing my friends, is nearly, if not quite, as bad as chewing; and I grieve to observe that females as well as males are addicted to it.—When I see a woman who speaks as though her nasal organ was made of bell-metal—who says "pud'n" for pudding—whose skin is as yellow as the latter end of Autumn—I know she takes snuff in sufficient quantities to make an Egyptian mummy sneeze in its sarcopagus; and I also know that her brains are equally as dirty as the handkerchief she uses—and that's enough to throw a pair of tongs into convulsions. Many pretend that they take snuff to clear their heads. It clears their heads in time of all sparkling, brilliant, and original ideas, and leaves instead a confused chaos of unfinished thought—wrecks of fancy, and any number of untamed chimeras. That is the only way in which it clears their heads, my friends. The less dust you admit into your noses the clearer your heads will be—the better your health—and the more transparent your morals.

FROM THE ATHENS BACHELOR.

A CHAPTER ON BUSTLES.

Bustles!—what are bustles? Ay, reader, fair reader, you may well ask that question.—But some of you at least know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates sufficiently well, though thank heaven! there are many thousands of my countrymen who are as yet ignorant of both, and indeed to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance!—Not reader, that I am of the female sex, and use the articles in question, but materials of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb, "Here lies a man who was killed by a bustle!"

But before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps be proper to give a description of the article itself which has been the cause of my undoing. Well, then, a bustle is———an article used by ladies to take from their form the character of the Venus of the Greeks, and impart to it that of the Venus of the Hottentots! That ladies should have a taste so singular may appear incredible; but there is no accounting for tastes, and I know to my cost that the fact is indisputable. I made the discovery a few years since, and up to that time I had always borne the character of a sedate and promising young man—one likely to get on in the world by my exertions, and therefore sure to be helped by my friends. I was even, I flatter myself, a favorite with the fair sex too; and justly, for I was their most ardent admirer; and there was a most lovely creature among them whom I had fondly hoped to have made my own. But, alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness; such hopes with me have fled forever!

In an unlucky hour I was at a ball, seated at a little distance from my fair one, my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the heat of the place.

'My dear,' her friend replied, 'it must be the effect of your bustle! What do you stuff it with? 'Hair—horse hair,' was the reply. 'Hair! mercy on us!' says her friend, 'it is no wonder you are oppressed—that's a *hot* material truly.—Why, you should do as I do, you do not see me fainting; and the reason is that I stuff my bustle with hay—new hay!"

I heard no more, for the ladies apprehending from my eyes that I was a listener, changed the topic of conversation, though indeed it was not necessary, for at the time I had not the slightest notion of what they meant. Time, however, passed on most favorably to my wishes—another month, and I should have called my Elizabeth my own. She was on a visit to my sister, and I had every opportunity to make myself agreeable. We sang together, we also talked together, and we danced together. All this would have been very well, but unfortunately, we also walked together. It was on the last time we ever did so, that the circumstance occurred which I have now to relate, and which gave the first death blow to my hopes of happiness. We were crossing the street, her dear arm linked in mine, when we chanced to meet a female friend; and wishing to have a little chat with her without incommoding the passengers, we got to the edge of the *troller*, near which at the time there was standing an old white horse totally blind, harnessed to a caleche. He was a quiet looking animal, and none could suppose by his physiognomy that he had any savage propensity in his nature. But imagine my astonishment and horror, when I suddenly heard my charmer give a scream that pierced me to the heart!—and when I perceived that this atrocious old blind brute, having slyly swayed his head round, caught the—how shall I describe it—caught my Elizabeth—really I can't say how—but he *caught* her; and before I could extricate her from his jaws, he made a reef in her garments such as a lady never before suffered. * * * As rapidly as I could, of course, I got my fair one into a caleche, and hurried home, the truth of the ball room tete-a-tete gradually opening in my mind as to the true cause of the disaster—it was that the blind horse, hungry brute, had been attracted by the smell of my Elizabeth's bustle, made of hay—new hay!

Elizabeth was never the same to me afterwards—she took the most invincible dislike to walk with me. But matters were not yet come to the worst, and I had indulged in hopes that she would be mine. I had, however, taken a deep aversion to bustles, and even determined to wage war upon them to the best of my ability. In this spirit, a few days after, I determined to wreak my vengeance on my sister's for I found by this time that she too was emulous of being a Hottentot beauty. Accordingly having to accompany her and my intended wife to a ball, I stole to my sisters's room in the course of the evening before she went into it to dress, and pounced upon her hated bustle, which lay on her toilet table. I inflicted a cut on it with my penknife, and returned. But what a mistake did I make! Alas it was not my sister's bustle, but my Elizabeth's! However we went to the ball and for a time all went smoothly on. I took my Elizabeth as a partner in the dance; but imagine my horror when I perceived her gradually becoming thinner and thinner, losing her *en bon point* as she danced; and worse than that, every movement which she described in the figure—the ladies chain, the *chasse*—was accurately marked, recorded, on the chalked floor with *bran!* Oh dear reader, pity me; was ever a man so unfortunate? This sealed my doom; she would never speak to me or even look at me afterwards.

But this was not all. My character with the sex—ay, with both sexes—was also destroyed, I, who had been heretofore, as I said, considered an example of prudence and discretion for a young man, was now set down as a thoughtless