T. & J. Townsend

BLUE HENS CHICKEN

E PLURIBUS UNUM

& DELAWARE DEMOCRATIC WHIG

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VOLUME I. FRIDAY, JANUARY 30 1846. NO.—24.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ANNY McC——

"Ah! Wonder not a strangers song
Should cheat you thus—I own it wrong."
BENEDICT.

The winter moon shines brightly,
In blue and starry skies,
Nor yet so bright, or beautiful,
As Anny's charming eyes.

The sparkling of the Di'mond,
The ruby bright and fair,
Can ne'er with lovely Anny,
For beauty e'er compare.

Her glossy auburn tresses,
In curls luxuriant flow,
And graceful waving ringlets,
Bends o'er her neck of snow.

Her bright and blushing cheek,
It emulates the rose,
And her bewitching smiles,
The orient pearls disclose.

O'er her sweet and balmy lips,
The dew of Hyba strays,
With all that's really beautiful
A Roman nose displays.

All these combine together,
In thee thou charming maid,
To make thee lovely and divine,
With tints that ne'er will fade.

Oh! Anny? what's the charm?
That binds me unto thee?
And cheers me on my dreary way
Which else would sorrow be.

Oh! Anny? what the spell?
That kindles this desire;
And calleth forth this magic song,
From the impassion'd Lyre.

Is it some angel's voice,
That does this joy impart,
Or is it but sweet Anny's
Entwined around my heart.

Oh! Anny must I never
One smile from thee obtain,
And know the sweetest [illegible]
That man can ever gain.

Oh! must I live in sorrow?
And e'er in anguish rove,
And ne'er again receive one smile,
From her I fain would love.

Shall all my days be sadness,
And must I thee resign,
And with the ev'ry earthly hope,
Thou beautiful—divine.

Centreville, January 2d, 1846. JOHNNY.

WOMAN.

No star in yonder sky that shines,
Can light like woman's eye impart;
The earth holds not in all its mines,
A gem so rich as woman's heart;
Her voice is like the music sweet
Poured out from airy harp alone;
Like that, when storms more loudly beat,
It yields a clearer, richer tone.

And woman's love is a holy light
That brighter, brighter burns for aye;
Years cannot dim its radiance bright,
Nor even falsehood quench its ray;
But like the star of Bethlehem
Of old, to Israel's shepherd given,
It marshals with its steady flame,
The erring soul of man to heaven.

SELECT TALES.

BEAUTY ASLEEP.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"What say you to a stroll, Harry, in those fine old woods?" said Franklin Carson to his friend, as they emerged from the dining-room of the little inn at Rockbridge.

"Agreed!" replied his friend.

The two young men we have thus introduced to the reader had left the city, for a week, to enjoy the trout-fishing of this celebrated vicinity. Their dress, air and manners bespoke them fortune's favored children. The first speaker had a tall, commanding figure, and a countenance of great intellectual beauty. His companion was scarcely less distinguished by manly beauty but it was of a less elevated kind: his face indeed spoke of one in high good humor both with the world and with himself.

Frank Carson, and his more mercurial friend accordingly sallied forth. After crossing a few fields they entered the wood to which our hero had pointed, a noble piece of forest, probably centuries old. A deep gloom pervaded its recesses, except here and there where a stream of sunshine breaking through the giant trees, flooded the soft turf with golden light.

"This is grand," said Frank, "how one could enjoy Shakespeare here! Think of reading "As You Like It," in a spot like this."

"Ay! and there is Rosalind," suddenly exclaimed Harry.

"Where?" said Frank.

"Here—on that bank," said Harry pointing through the trees.

On a gently sloping bank, fast asleep, carelessly reclined a young and beautiful girl. Her face was turned towards the strangers. The lips were half parted in a smile; [illegible] soft mellow sunlight that gushed through [illegible] behind her, kissed her cheek, then [illegible] on the greensward at her side. One hand hung carelessly down, feebly retaining in its relaxed hold the wild-flowers she had been gathering. Her left shoulder was thrown somewhat into relief by the position in which she lay, half revealing the snowy bosom which rose and fell with her breathing. The warm glow of the afternoon light enveloped this, as well as her white figure in rosy and delicious tints, like those of a titian. A noble dog half slumbered beside her, but as Harry unconsciously uttered an exclamation of surprise at so much beauty, the animal looking up in the direction of the sound, and showing his white teeth, growled.

"Hush!" said Frank in a whisper, "or the charm is broken."

"It is too late," replied his friend, "see, she stirs."

The growl of the dog had aroused the maiden. She rose half languid and looking around, catching sight of the half concealed strangers, bounded hastily away.

"Off, like a startled deer! I should like to know where she lives. This is better than trout-fishing," said Harry with glee.

"She is *very* beautiful," said Frank abstractedly, "and then what an air of modesty! I never saw so charming a blush."

"Tut, man you are in love already," said Harry with a laugh. "What fun I shall have, if you take it into your head to woo this pretty shepherdess, who, I warrant, is a little simpleton and knows nothing but her catechism!"

"Here is a handkerchief she has dropped in her flight," said his companion picking it up.

"A very pretty name she has, "Mary Trevor," let me follow her, like a true knight, and restore the prize."

"Not now—she is too frightened already," replied Frank quietly placing the handkerchief in his pocket. "Let us [illegible]"

The two friends accordingly soon [illegible] the inn. Here Harry solaced himself with a cigar and then a siesta, nor did he wake until dusk, when he found his companion had gone out. In about half an hour Frank returned.

"You have been stealing a march on me!" said Harry, as his friend came in, "you have been taking back Miss Trevor's handkerchief. Your face pleads guilty. Well, is she a dowdy, or dunce, or both?"

"Neither," said Frank, with a tone of slight displeasure.

"More in love than before, I declare," said Harry. "Only to think that Frank Carson—rich, handsome and courted—should for three winters escape the snares of our dashing city belles, yet be caught at last by a country bumpkin's daughter, who makes butter, milks the cows and digs potatoes," and Harry lay back on the sofa and laughed immoderately at the image he had conjured up.

"I'm not in love, by any means," said Frank, "but I would as willingly marry a country girl as one city bred."

"The deuce you would. I'd as lief commit suicide at once as do so crazy a thing," rejoined Harry.

"Take care of yourself then."

"Why is Miss Trevor really so fascinating?" said Harry incredulously.

"If I may judge by a half hour's visit she is. Her mind is well stored and her opinions sound. Then she is the most graceful creature I ever saw."

"A country girl as graceful as Miss Danton, or Ellen Rush, or others of our city belles—tell it not in Gath!"

"If you doubt me, come, and see yourself to-morrow."

"Very well—but even if she proves as conversible as you say, I should think myself insane to fall in love with her, or with any country girl, without style, fortune, or connexions."

On the next evening the friends called and Harry was surprised to meet a graceful and well educated female, where he had expected to find an awkward, ignorant and dowdy Miss. At first indeed, Miss Trevor was a little embarrassed, but this soon wore off, when she conversed with ease and spirit. Miss Trevor had read a great deal, and read too, with taste; her table was well supplied with the magazines of the day, the latest volumes of the poems, and more severe works: she was altogether a person whose talent, apart from her beauty, would have made her distinguished anywhere. Frank evidently listened to her with growing interest. Harry, however, on leaving said she would do very well to flirt with, but that, for his part, he wished a wife who knew city manners.

"She is graceful, intelligent, and even witty," he said, "but there is a certain air belonging to our town beauties which is wanting here. And then her dress!—why, it is in last year's style and well worn at that."

"But you must admit it suits her complexion."

"And so it would her grandmother."

Evening after evening the two friends, however, were found at [illegible]. The week which Frank and Harry had originally determined to spend in trout-fishing, was extended to a month, yet still the two friends lingered. Harry at first, had several animated disputes with his friend in reference to Miss Trevor's manners; now she laughed too loud, now she was too independent in her remarks, now her bearing wanted something, he knew not what which a high-bred lady should have. Occasionally he quizzed her somewhat scanty wardrobe. But these discussions gradually became less frequent and finally ceased altogether.

Frank, meantime, was seriously in love: and for the first time in his life. But he almost despaired, for while Miss Trevor always listened to him with attention, her smiles and her interest seemed wholly engaged by Harry. Indeed, never had Frank known his friend to be so entertaining; he would have given worlds as if he could have been half as talkative. But the presence of Miss Trevor seemed to act on Frank like a spell: the moment he entered her mother's little parlor, his ease of manner forsook him, and his ideas failed.

The pang of jealousy was soon added to Franks other torments. Harry day by day evidently became more interested in Miss Trevor: he often neglected his morning's amusement and devoted the time wholly to her. The two friends now rarely conversed of their mutual mistress; for Frank was too jealous to trust himself to words and Harry, seeing his friend's feelings, had too much generosity to speak on the subject.

Frank, meanwhile, industriously continued his angling, at least in appearance, for every morning, with rod and basket, he took his way to the mountain streams, back of the village, and often did not return until the sun had set, when [illegible] all the evening, instead of visiting Miss Trevor, as formerly. But in these long excursions he spent little of his time in angling. Perhaps he would make a few casts until he had partially filled his basket; and then, putting up his tackle, he would climb to some height overlooking the village, where, himself concealed, he would spend hours in gazing on the white cottage of Mrs. Trevor.

One afternoon, returning sadly to his inn, he had reached the foot of the mountain and was threading his way through the forest, when he was aroused from his abstraction, by the sound of voices close at hand. Looking up he beheld Miss Trevor and Harry seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, which lay right across his path. As there was no other way by which to advance, he was on the point of addressing the lovers, when his attention was fixed by some words of Harry and he stopped unceremoniously.

"Pray, jest not at me, dear Miss Trevor," his friend said, "why will you not believe me in earnest?"

"Believe you in earnest," said Miss Trevor speaking gaily, but with an averted face, while her fingers were tearing a wild flower to pieces, "did ever any one know men to be in earnest?—as well believe woman not fickle, or country girls no simpletons."

"Upon my word—upon my honor," was the reply in a tone of vexation. "What can I do to assure you of my seriousness?"

"Do nothing, Mr. Haviland. We country girls are not so unused to fine speeches as you fancy, and do not take all the pretty compliments for truth that are whispered in our ear, especially by a fine gentleman who would amuse himself during a dull visit to a stupid village."

"Really—solemnly—"

"Nay, no oaths," said Miss Trevor, still gaily rising, as she spoke, "you have carried on the jest bravely so far, but there is no necessity to sweat. I'll give you a certificate that you know how to flirt and even propose, without asking you to go on your knees or call heaven to witness; you play the part admirably. Practice makes perfect, and I've no doubt if you can get in love, that you'll pay your devoirs to the lady-fair in the most elegant manner. And now, having got through your lesson, we will return if you please for the air grows cold."

"But my dear Miss Trevor,' said Harry, retaining her hand, and speaking rapidly and passionately, 'this is no jest, I love you—deeply, distractedly—life is nothing without you. Here I offer you heart, hand and fortune,—all I have or ever shall have."

Miss Trevor blushed over neck and brow, at these impassioned words, but her answer was calm and assured, though a tone of feeling was perceptible in her reply.

"If you do not jest, Mr. Haviland," she said seriously, "I am sorry, very sorry. But I never can be yours."

Harry gazed at her in amazement. He had persuaded himself that Miss Trevor had long been in love with him; indeed he could not understand how it should be otherwise, for, [illegible] nothing of the [illegible] which had [illegible] [illegible] that was as rich and [illegible] one of the elite of a city, and she [illegible] country girl! But his assurance began [illegible] to desert him.

"Then you do not love me!" he said, in a tone between astonishment and despair.

"I do not," said Miss Trevor, half in [illegible]— half haughtily.

"Not after our constant association for the last six weeks."

"Not after even that sir,' said she, now quite loftily.

"I don't understand it, Miss Trevor,' said Harry, in a tone where vanity predominated quite as much as love.

"I am sure I cannot explain it."

"Did you not talk with me, laugh with me and walk with me in preference to all others?"

"Really, Mr. Haviland," said Miss Trevor, coloring with anger, 'this grows impertinent. I am not aware of having given you any encouragement;' she added more kindly, 'for I never suspected you were doing anything but amusing yourself. You made no secret, at first, of your intention to do so with me; you quizzed all country girls and myself in particular. I may have tried to be as pleasant as possible in order to convince you that a country girl was not, in consequence, a simpleton, for such a motive is natural to your sex as well as ours, but that I ever strove to win your love, or even suspected the possibility of such a thing, heaven is my witness that I am innocent."

"You said somebody told you I intended to amuse myself with you."

"You mistake," replied Miss Trevor quickly, "Mr. Carson is above injuring a friend. It was the village talk: you were overheard. Let us be friends, we can be nothing more."

"Then you love another," said he quickly. Miss Trevor turned away her [illegible]

"And it is Frank," continued Harry. "You do not deny it: he then is my rival," he added angrily.

"I did not say so," said the lady quickly in an agitated manner. "Mr. Carson is scarcely any longer an acquaintance—he has never sought my love—"

"It is enough," said Harry, pitying her embarrassment, even in the midst of his mortification and pride, "the secret is safe with me. Let me, at least, see you home," he added, in a tone of respectful gallantry.

What were Frank's feelings during this dialogue? Several times he was on the point of rushing forward, but he had always been restrained by something that followed, until at length, the conversation took a turn that would have made his appearance embarrassing to both parties.

But he was loved! Miss Trevor's agitation rendered it no longer doubtful; and in the tumult of his happy feelings he even pitied Harry, though at another time he would have regarded Haviland's coxcombical assurance as properly punished. How he found his way back to the inn, he scarcely knew; but he was there long before Harry. He seemed to fly thither on air.

The interest of our tale is over. The next morning Harry moodily left the village long before Frank was up, leaving a short note in which he gave no explanation except that he was tired of the place. In a week, however, Frank received a letter, in which Harry told the real the cause of his departure, saying, that now, since his anger had cooled, he could see that he had been properly punished for his assurance. He bade God bless Frank in his successful love, and added that he would visit the bride when absence should have conquered his feelings.

The coolness of Miss Trevor to Frank, which had plunged him into despair, arose from pride, wounded at his apparent neglect. It did not take long to explain this, nor to exchange vows of everlasting love; and in less than two months the marriage took place.

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY;

Or the Conscientious Captain.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

Captain Christopher Cringle, was a short, thick set specimen of human kind, with a broad, good-humored face, and a bright eye, which said as plainly as an eye could say, that a soul inhabited that body. At the time I knew him, he commanded the ship Oorondates, of Boston, and enjoyed the reputation of being a good sailor, a straight-foward, honest man—one who was not backward to express his sentiments on all occasions with but too little regard to time or place. His feelings were kind, but his temper bordered a little on the cholerie.

One morning, Capt. Cringle was standing in front of Delorine's Coffee House, in Matanzas, a place where Yankee ship masters in days past,—especially those who indulged in a habit of loafing,—were want to congregate. He had been conversing with some friends, and was in the very act of telling an interesting story of an adventure he once met with in the uninhabited Island of Crockatoo, in the straits of Sunda, where he once landed during a calm, and was chased by a monstrous serpent while exploring among the bushes—Mr. Mayduke, a well dressed gentleman, well known in Cuba, having resided for several years in Havana and Matanzas, came up, without being perceived by the company, and tapped Capt. Cringle gently on the shoulder, saying—with a conciliatory smile—

"Capt. a word with you, if you please."

Cringle turned around, and when he saw Mayduke before him, started back as if he had suddenly come in contact with the identical serpent from which he had escaped in the East Indies. A purple hue overspread his visage, his eyes flashed with more than ordinary fire, and a dark frown rapidly gathered on his brow. He returned Mayduke's salutation however with a slight inclination of the head, and drily said, "Mr. Mayduke, what is your wish?"

"Oh, I only wished to speak to you about a little matter—a triflin' thing, herhaps; but it is an affair which deeply concerns me,—my character,—I should say my reputation,—but which I dare say you will be able to expiain satisfactorily."

"Well, sir, what is it?" demanded Cringle, with ill-suppressed indignation.

"Why, Captain Cringle, I have no doubt that it is all a mistake, and you will be quite surprised to hear it; but—but—in these cases it is always best to go to the fountain head, and I——." Here Mayduke was so embarrassed, that he could not proceed. He evidently did not like the [illegible] of Cringle, who was in- [illegible]

"Mr. Mayduke," exclaimed Cringle, in a clear and decided tone, "I don't understand you. What is this mistake?"

"Oh!" said Mayduke, who saw the necessity of forthwith bringing the matter to a crisis, "it is rumored in Havana, but I don't believe it, Captain Cringle, that you have on more than one occasion, said some rather hard things about me."

"Indeed!" said Cringle, musingly, "and what hard things, according to rumor, have I said on these occasions?"

"Why," replied Mayduke, who seemed to be gathering courage from the quiet manner of the worthy seaman—"I have been told, and by pretty good authority too,—but it must be a mistake,—that on one occasion, at a dinner given by Mariatagui, Knight & Co., you denounced me as a swindling blockhead! Hard words, those, Capt. Cringle, to apply to a gentleman."

"Any thing else?" inquired Cringle in a quiet tone.

"On another occasion, if I have not been grossly misinformed, you applied to me the epithets of *thick headed scoundrel!*"

"It is all true, Mr. Mayduke," said Cringle. "I have applied such epithets to you."

Mayduke was taken all aback at this candid avowal. "Do I understand, then, Capt. Cringle," said he, "that you are prepared to justify your language in relation to me?"

"By no means," said Cringle, "I am glad that you have directed my attention to the subject, that we may come to a fair understanding. I have always regretted that I used such language, on those occasions, when I was speaking of you."

"Pray listen to him, gentlemen!" said Mayduke parenthetically, addressing the bystanders.

"I consider it ungentlemanly," continued Cringle, "to apply abusive epithets to a man behind his back. But I felt unpleasantly at the time, and lost for a moment the command of my temper, I am willing to apologize for it."

"Hear him, gentlemen!" cried Mayduke with a smile of exultation. "He apologizes for the injury he has done me. I expected no less, Capt. Cringle, from a man of your noble nature."

"What's all this!" exclaimed old Captain Deadeye, a rough looking sea-dog, who had just joined the group. "Does Captain Cringle apologize to you!"

"To be sure he does," replied Mayduke, "like a gentleman as he is. He acknowledges the scurrilous epithets, he used in connection with my name, to be undeserved, and he apologizes accordingly. I accept your apology, Capt. Cringle, with all my heart!" and he offered his hand.

"Avast there!" cried Cringle, "you are going too fast, my good fellow: Let us understand each other fully. I did not say that the disparaging epithets I applied to you were undeserved!"

"Then what do you mean?" enquired Mayduke, turning pale.

"What I said, exactly!" exclaimed Cringle, in an emphatic manner. "It is an ungentlemanly and cowardly act to say behind a man's back, what you are afraid or unwilling to say to his face. I said at a dinner table in presence of some thirty or forty gentlemen, that I believed you, Timothy Mayduke, Esq., as you call yourself, to be a "swindling blockhead," and on another occasion, subsequently remarked in the course of conversation with some gentlemen that you were "a thick-headed scoundrel." I was very wrong in saying so at a time when you were not present to hear me. I have acknowledged my error and have apologized accordingly. But I now say to your face, and, continued Cringle, raising his voice, "I wish all present to hear me, it is my deliberate and solemn conviction that you, Timothy Mayduke, of Havana, are a *swindling blockhead, a thick-headed scoundrel*, and a LYING HYPOCRITE into the bargain! and I have been longing to tell you so for six months past! So, now I have got the load off my conscience, I shall feel easier, I hope."

Mr. Mayduke said not a word in reply, but looked discomfitted and exceedingly unhappy as he walked off in double quick time to get away from the sight of the grinning countenances around him, and the grum bass-viol laugh of old Deadeye.

The Clerk and Devil.—A merchant's clerk came into a printing office a short time since, and seeing a pile of papers lying on the table (it being the day of publication,) unceremoniously helped himself to a copy, and uttered the following to the printer's devil: "I 'spose you don't take pay for just one paper?" "Not always" replied the devil. Shortly afterwards the devil entered the store where the clerk belonged, and called for a pound of raisins, saying "'spose you don't charge any thing when a fellow don't take but a pound?"

"No," said the clerk after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy illiberality towards the pennyless printer's devil, and looking daggers at the little imp, indignantly exclaimed: "*When I get any more papers from a printer, I'll pay for 'em.*"

INATTENTION.—When a young man becomes inattentive to his master's business, he is half ruined. He is then indifferent whether he sells or not, and cares not if the goods are put up at less than cost. His mind is somewhere else, and every day he continues with his master it is a loss to the concern. When a person has arrived to this point, he is on the sure road to ruin.—*Port. Tribune.*

We find the following good one in Cassius M. Clay's True American:—

A man named Bentley was a most confirmed drunkard, but would never drink with a friend, or in public, and always bitterly denied when caught a little too steep, ever tasting liquor! One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him, with an air of triumph, "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last—you never drink, ha! Now one would suppose that Bentley would have acknowledged the corn. Not he! with the most grave and irrepressible face, he calmly, and in a "dignified manner," said, "gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

☞ A bridegroom out west has sued a country editor for subjoining to an advertisement of the former's marriage sundry epigrammatical verses. Nevertheless we are constrained to publish the following:

MARRIED—*On the 5th of September, by the Rev. Dr. Potts, Mr. Ezekiel Black to Miss Susannah Kettle.*

Here is an illustration of the old saying, "*Pot* told the *kettle* it was *black*."—N. Y. Mercury.

☞ The individual who has slipped himself into my coat will be kind enough to return it, in as sound and healthy a condition as it was when he took it, as the substitute he left in its place does not exactly fit me.—*N. Y. Sub.*

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They may impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness; for want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too.

Never laugh at the appearance of an old lady, no matter how meanly she may be dressed. You may live to be old, and perhaps will be as poor and friendless as she.

☞ In New Orleans they call barber shops "Tonsorial Institutes."

From the United States Journal.

LAWS AND LAWYERS.

Blackstone tells us that it was the policy of the ancient English Constitution, as regulated [illegible] the great to bring justice *home* to *every man's door*, by constituting as many courts as there were manors and townships in the kingdom, wherein injuries were redressed in an *easy* and *expeditious* manner, by the suffrages of neighbors and friends. Under the present feudal system, justice was by far more natural, safe, speedy, and cheap, than is at present. All trials took place at the castle or court of the *lord*, free of cost, and of course, was *cheap*; being the same as a reference, it was *speedy*; and the triers were the equals (*pares*) of the person tried, specially selected to perform the duty, it was safe. This system deserved the name of justice—and how immeasurable superior was it to that of this "*enlightened age!*"

Take for an illustration the lowest of all the ancient courts, the court of *Piepoudre*, held at every fair and market, their jurisdiction extending to all injuries done at *that* very fair or market, and not to any former one. The injury must be done, heard, and determined, all within the compass of one and the same day, provided the fair should hold no longer. Then there was the freeholders' court, held every three weeks—then the hundred court, established, says Sir Edward Coke, "for the ease of the people, that they may have justice done to them at their own doors, *without any charge or loss of time;*" then there was the county court, in which the freeholders of the county were judges, and the sheriff the ministerial officer, which could not be adjourned at any one time for a longer period than one mouth of twenty eight days.

Under the Saxon Constitution, which continued in force until overthrown by William the conqueror, (about 1066,) there was but one Superior Court in England, called the *wittenagemote*, which assembled annually at the place where the King kept Christmas, Easter or Whitsuntide, not only to do justice, but to consult upon public business. The Norman conqueror, fearing this annual consultation, changed this court, and established one in his own hall, the judges being composed of the officers of his household. Some inconvenience being felt from this court being bound to follow the king in all his expeditions, in 1200, king John consented that this court should become stationary at Westminster Hall, where it yet continues. This was the origin of fixed courts and permanent judges. Having thus begun to make superior courts, they continued to increase with such rapidity that, under Henry III., (1216,) and Edward III., (1272,) they had a court of chivalry, household court, court of the exchequer, king's bench, chancery, high stewards and barons, (now House of Lords,)—all the result of ambition and rivalry, rather than utility. The statute of Rutland afford sufficient evidence that "these courts were, in reality, encroachments upon the rights and liberties of the subject, during the monkish age, when law, religion, and government, were nearly all in the hands of a corrupt and degenerate priesthood—as few or none other could read or write; hence, the proverb, *nullius clericus nisi causidicus*—no priest, no lawyer." It was through their instrumentality that the courts of law were changed from safe, simple, cheap, and speedy justice, at every man's door, to the complex, uncertain, and enormously expensive superior courts of Westminister Hall.

No lawyers existed in the courts of England until nearly the close of the thirteenth century, during the reign of Edward I. In less than a single century afterwards it became necessary to enact laws to restrain them. History records the disgraceful punishment and ignominious reflections passed upon the profession—yet such was (and is) their security against those they oppressed and injured, that they entirely disregarded all this, amassed princely wealth, and monopolized nearly all the stations of honor and profit; the surest road to preferment, place, and emolument, was through the legal profession.—Attorneys, at this period, (1283,) were appointed to prosecute or defend any action *in the absence of parties to the suit*—not a regularly organized corps as at the present day, *preventing* the parties at issue from managing their own cause.

Pleading are the modern inventions of lawyers to enable them to fatten upon public credulity. When an action is brought, the defendant puts in his defence called a *plea*—then *replication* from the plaintiff—a *rejoinder* by the defendant—a *sur-rejoinder* from the plaintiff—a *rebutter* from the defendant, followed by a *sur-rebutter* from the plaintiff. Then *issue* is joined.—Now all this is mere moonshine—it is all fiction, no statue requires them—none of these pleas contain a word of truth, perhaps, and the defendant in some cases is compelled to admit that they are, or judgement goes against him by default.—Such is the imposture of the legal profession.

The neglect of the crossing of a *t*, or the omission of a dot over an *i*, was formerly fatal