

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVI.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1831.

NO. 17.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

J. THOMPSON
RESPECTFULLY informs the
public that he has
opened a Book Store in the room
the Post Office, in Church street, where
offers Books on as reasonable terms as they
can be purchased in Baltimore, among which
are the following:

Say's Political Economy
Chalmers's Works
Burns's Works
Carey's Miscellaneus Essays
Mrs Carey's Letters
Arts of Life
Day's Constitution
Beattie's History of Kirk White
Campbell's Poems
Sterne's Works, in 5 vols
Bennett's Letters
American Chesterfield
Don Quixote, in 4 vols
Howell's Life of Johnson
in 5 vols.
Captain Hall's Travels
in America
Gibb's Life of Byron
Sorcery Murals
Colwell's
Western Songster
Form Book
Blair's Sermons, in 2 vols
Christian Office
Companion for the Altar
Clergyman's Companion
Piercer's Progress
Episcopal Manual
Bible and Progress
Lady of the Manor 7 vols.
History of the Reformation
Written on Types
American Constitution
Scientific Dialogues 3 vols.
Life of Washington
Esop's Fables
Lilly's Lexicon
Gentlemen's Lexicon
Black's Theological Dic-
tionary
Walker's Dictionary

THE LIFE OF
BISHOP HEBER,
BY HIS WIDOW.
In Two Volumes.

FRESH WINTER GOODS,
GEORGE M'NEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Has just returned from Philadelphia
and Baltimore, with a
LARGE STOCK OF GOODS
In his line, consisting of some of the best
Patent Finished Cloth
Of various qualities and colours, with an assortment
CASSIMERES & VESTINGS
suitable to the season, which he respectfully
invites his friends to call and examine.
All of which he will make up at the shortest
notice, and in the most fashionable style,
low for cash, or to punctual men only.

PUBLIC SALE.
BY virtue of a deed of trust from Dr.
John W. Hammond to the subscriber, and
in pursuance of an agreement between Jas
Glenn, Esq. trustee of the said Hammond,
and the subscriber, will be offered at public
sale, on Friday, the 2nd day of April, at
the courthouse door Annapolis, at 12 o'clock,
A. M.

A FAIR.
Situated on the Anne-Arundel county side of
Patuxent river, opposite Fort Mifflin, and
adjoining the Farm of Rd. Crumwell, Esq. con-
taining about
486 ACRES.
This farm is well wooded, and from its situa-
tion, being distant about two and a half miles
from Baltimore, and convenient to the water,
offers a desirable and advantageous mode of
investment for capitalists.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE,
One third of the purchase money to be paid in
cash, one third in six months, and the balance
in twelve months from the day of sale. Now
with sufficient endorser will be required to
secure the payment of the two last instalments.
SOMERVILLE PINNEY,
March 31, 1831.

The Editor of the Baltimore Gazette
publishes the above twice a week until sold.

Just Received
McMAHON'S History of Maryland, 12th
WEBSTER'S SPEECHES, 1 vol. 8vo.
PHILIP on Acute and Chronic Diseases
FOLSOM'S LIVY.
And For Sale at this Office,
J. THOMPSON.
March 17.

FOR RENT,
THE office opposite the Court House, and
adjoining the office of Nicholas Brewster,
(John) Esquire. For terms apply to
WILLIAM BISHOP, Jr.
March 17, 1831.

NOTICE.
THAT the subscriber has obtained from the
orphans court of Anne-Arundel county
letters of administration on the personal estate
of Ann Boone, late of said county, deceased.
All persons having claims against said deceased,
are requested to produce them, properly
authenticated, and those indebted are desired
to make payment.
WILLIAM BROWN of Deo. Exr.
March 10.

JUST RECEIVED
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
LAW'S TWO LETTERS
To Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor.
Price Twenty-five Cents.
THE CHURCHMAN'S
ALMANAC,
For 1831—Price 6 Cents.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
E—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies Museum.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SPRING.

C. presented a copy of the "Last Rose of Sum-
mer" to Mr. —, who presented in return a beautiful
rose—the first that had made its appear-
ance in the month of April. The circumstance suggested the following
poem. C. has been robbed by death of her pa-
ter, and of every near relation she had on earth.
The first vernal flower, all blooming and fair,
Young rose of April performing the art
Of life in beauty, besprangled with dew,
And smiling and lonely in solitude grew.
Power of her kindred, has unfolded its sweets,
Of bluish spines, her own young blush meets,
To leave thee, sweet rose bud, thus trampled
And lone, and thus shall be answered, in a blush of my own.
Sole glories, thus never were formed,
Of type of affection, by love's sun beams warm-
ed.
I am my own—a poor orphan thou art
And I will water—gather w—ll bloom
My brief pleasure, or meet our sad doom
Fragrance will scatter, on the wild desert air,
Those who come after, shall not know that we
were!

From the Hartford Review.

GHOSTS OF THE ISLAND.

There are several small islands in the har-
bour of Boston, on one of which stands the
rest which defends the entrance to the city.
This island is somewhat celebrated by
tradition of a singular event connected
with the early history of New England.
In 1643, the good people of Boston were
visited by a stranger, named Allen Griffith,
a trader of considerable wealth, and of
respectable manners. He was tall and muscu-
lar, powerful alike in mind and body; and
generally fascinating in his intercourse with
others. He came from Virginia and told a
story of shipwreck and disaster—that he sailed
in a goodly shallop, with a brave crew,
and that they all perished except himself;
and indeed first seen in a pinnace, rowing
to the harbour from the direction of Castle
Island, and his story was in consequence very
generally believed.

He regularly attended church—he entered
zeal into the wishes and feelings of his
neighbours. He told stories to the young peo-
ple of the very strange things he had witness-
ed in Virginia;—and to the older he explain-
ed the manner in which the churches of James
were managed; and descended wisely on
the political affairs of the infant colony.

He was extremely fond of water excursions.
On a day passed, but he was seen in his boat
sailing towards Castle Island, where he land-
ed and usually remained about an hour, and
returned to the town. His excursions
were so regular—so uniformly directed to
that place, that his neighbours at last began
question him on the subject. He refused
explain his conduct; on the contrary, an-
swered somewhat fiercely, that he wished no
one to interfere with his business. And he
continued to visit the Castle regularly, but
threw revealing to any one his object.
It was moreover noticed by the good peo-
ple of the church which he attended, that he
lit his brows, and shook his head, when the
minister spoke of the torments of the bottom-
less pit, and that once or twice when the hor-
rour of criminality of unconfessed and secret
sin was exposed, the eye of the stranger
glared wildly, and his swarthy features were
glightly convulsed, as if something had been
said, which touched his heart deeply. And
whenever he perceived his suspicions to one
another, but nothing was either said or done
against one, whose general deportment was
so satisfactory and conciliating.

One mild and beautiful evening in August,
Allen Griffith was standing with two discreet
maiden—the one a young girl of a very love-
ly countenance and demeanour, the other an
elderly sister—on an eminence, which over-
looked the town and harbour. Griffith had
been pleased with the former maiden, when
he saw her at the house of worship, and had
regretted her acquaintance, and had been re-
ceived in the family of her father with much
cordiality. The suspicions which had been
whispered against him, had gradually died a-
way, inasmuch as his solitary and mysterious
visits to the Island had suddenly ceased, no
one knew wherefore.

The twilight was deepening slowly into
darkness, relieved only by the pale star-light.
Griffith had listened with rapture to the soft
sighs of the younger maiden; and he had seen
of the waning light, the quick colour of im-
passioned feeling flit over her beautiful cheek,
as she spoke to her in that softened, and sub-
dued tone of the voice of manhood, that so
readily finds its way to the heart of the list-
ener. He knew at that hour that she loved
him; and then he whispered in her ear the
words of his gratitude and joy.

"What means that light yonder?" asked
the elder of the maidens, as she pointed to-
wards the still waters of the harbour.

Griffith looked in the direction pointed
out, and started as if a vision of death had
met his view.—Three figures were seen mov-
ing from the shore of Castle Island—app-
arently creatures of fire, yet bearing the simi-
litude of human forms. One of them was,
to appearance, a female, the other two bore
the aspects of men. They passed on over the
water, directly towards the party standing on
the hill.

"It is a vision of the Evil One!" said the
elder sister. The younger shrieked and clasped
the arm of Griffith. He stirred not, but his
eye was fixed as if by some dreadful fasci-
nation, upon the fiery phantoms, which
were moving towards him.

"The fiery vision drew near. 'Let us fly—
it is an evil omen to some of us!' shrieked the
sisters. 'Allen Griffith—we adjure thee to
fly with us, lest the enemy of souls be upon
thee.'"

The stout frame of Griffith was shaken as
by a mortal chilliness—but he neither spoke
nor started from his place; and his glaring
eye was fixed full upon the evil image before
him. All at once, the female figure raised
her arm, and solemnly beckoned to him,—
and a moment after, a dreadful and appalling
voice, sounded over the waters, 'Come away!
come away!'

The countenance of Griffith was most dread-
fully convulsed, and he muttered to himself
some half intelligible words, of horrible
import. Again was heard the cry, 'Come a-
way! come away!'—and the figures sunk
down, and were seen no more.

The fearful sights and sounds of that night
were heard and seen by many others. The
sisters spoke not of the dreadful visitation;
they knew not how to account for it—but
they did dread to ask an explanation from Al-
len Griffith. Three days passed away and
Griffith visited them on no more. It was in
the twilight. His countenance was pale and
haggard; and there was a frightful look of in-
satiety in his eye.

"Let us go to the hill once more," he said.
"Go with me now—it is my last request. I
have something to reveal; it burns like fire in
my bosom; and this is my last hour. Those
who have called me once will call me again,
and I must obey them."

"Go not with him, sister," said the elder.—
"Go not with him, lest thou partake of the
punishment of the ungodly." Griffith buried his
face in his hands, and wept aloud, as she
spoke.

"Nay, sister," said the younger, "I fear not
to go with this man. Hath he not been to us
as a brother, and shall we desert him in his
affliction? The devil's desire to testify the children
of the true faith, has estranged his reason in
some measure, but I will nevertheless go with
him, even as he desires." In vain the elder
remonstrated; she was resolved to accompa-
ny Griffith; and neither persuasion nor tears
would avail with her. The elder recom-
mended her sister to the mercy of Heaven, and
bade her a solemn farewell, as if she was never
to see her more.

But her sister did return—a crazed and
wretched creature. God hath touched her
brain, and she had become a maniac; she talk-
ed wildly of the dreadful sight she had seen,
and of the loss of her lover. The miserable
Griffith was seen no more. The fiery figures
were seen many persons that night, mov-
ing along on the water, and calling, as if to
some one on the shore. 'Come away!
come away!' in a tone dreadful to hear.

The report of these singular matters reach-
ing the ear of the Governor, he ordered a
search to be made forth upon Castle Island,
which had been for a considerable time de-
serted. In an old apartment of the fortress,
the visitors deputed by the Governor found
the decaying body of a woman, who had ap-
parently been murdered! This led to an in-
vestigation of the whole matter, and it was
found that the stranger Griffith had sailed as
passenger in a small shallop, bound to New
England, in which was an English gentle-
man and his lady—who was a beautiful young
woman—that he had instigated the crew,
three in number, to rise in mutiny, and mur-
der the Captain and the husband of the lady.
This was ascertained by the confession of one
of the crew, whose pangs of conscience com-
pelled him to reveal the most horrible secret,
on his death-bed. The ghosts never after-
wards haunted the island, which has since
reared aloft its grim fortress, guarded with
frowning artillery—the guardian giant of the
capital of New England.

The hint of this story is found in Gov. Winthrop's
Journal of the year 1743. The following are the re-
marks of the Governor. "About midnight three men
saw lights arise out of the water, a week after, rising
about Castle Island." "About the same time a voice
was heard upon the water, between Boston and Dor-
chester, calling out in a most dreadful manner, 'Come
away! come away!' "These proceedings have some
reference to the place where Captain Goodwick's pin-
nace was destroyed, gave occasion of speech of that
man who was the cause of it, who professed him-
self to have skill in necromancy, and to have done some
strange things in his way from Virginia to his home,
and was suspected of having murdered his master."—See
page 323.

The following is a copy of a London Hand-
bill of 1821:
Five Minutes Advice to Young Tradersmen.
1. Whatever your trade may be, never be
ashamed of it or above it.

2. Do not disdain to keep company with
people of your own class; but rather court
their acquaintance: the conversation of men
of trade brings trade—men first talk to-
gether then deal together.

3. Without diligence and application no
trade can be successful or honorably carried
on.

4. Never trade beyond your stock, or give
or take too large a credit. Better slip a bar-
gain now and then, than buy a greater quan-
tity of goods than you can pay for.

5. Should your affairs go wrong in spite of
all your care and diligence, break in time.
If you can pay ten shillings, do not affect to
remain whole until you can pay ten pence.

6. The cruelty of creditors is always in
proportion to the dishonesty of debtors.

7. A well sorted and well chosen collec-
tion of goods, is preferable to a shop entirely
filled with an immense quantity.

8. The retail tradesman, and tradesmen
in general, must lay in a great stock of pa-
tience; they must conquer their passion, and
endeavour to weather the storm of impatience.

9. Pleasure and diversions, when frequent
are generally fatal to young tradesmen, es-
pecially those diversions which are deemed
innocent, such as houses, dogs and races.

10. For the first five or six years, a trade-
man ought to have no money which can be ta-
ken out of the business, and spent in the lux-
uries of life.

11. Profusion in expenses, living like your
neighbours, and mimicking the manners of
high life, are paths which lead directly to
bankruptcy.

12. In the employment of the holydays,
be sure that exercise is your only object.
He that rides ten miles, and drinks two bot-
tles of wine, will not find his health greatly
improved.

13. Trust as little to servants as possible,
and this caution may be observed without de-
priving them of the just and proper degree of
confidence.

14. Idle servants are rarely honest ones.
If a servant has a taste for dress, rather cor-
rect and moderate it, than prohibit it alto-
gether.

15. Trust nothing to speculation, and a-
void all paper money schemes to deceive the
public and uphold false credit.

16. In general avoid partnerships; at all
times avoid them if you are not perfectly ac-
quainted with the temper, disposition and
character of your partner.

17. If you discover that your partner is a
schemer or gambler in the funds, or other-
wise, dissolve partnership directly.

18. Be firm and determined in your prices:
fix a moderate price, and never depart from
it.

19. Exposed as you must often be to im-
proper questions, rather positively refuse to
answer them than tell such lies as are com-
mon on the occasion.

20. Acquire a neatness and despatch in
every thing you do; yet avoid the affected
bustle, cringing smile, and vulgarity of some
tradesmen.

21. Talk to your customers like a man of
sense and business, and not like a moun-
tain-bank.

22. Be not very anxious to make a great
fortune, nor set your heart upon a country
house and retirement.

23. In a word, be strictly honest, assid-
uously diligent and frugal. Never break your
word or shuffle—but teach your brother
tradesmen and the world that you are a per-
son in every possible case to be depended
on.

Extract from a communication in the Was-
hington City Chronicle.

MARKLEY—The Murderer.

This is the bloodiest slayer,
The wildest—only the vilest slayer.
That ever lived—wretch, or staining rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

I had lately an occasion to visit Frederic-
town—and having heard that Markley had
recently been confined to the county Jail, I
resolved to get a view of him. I was con-
ducted into a room where there were several
malefactors assembled around the stove—and
although I had never seen Markley before,
I immediately distinguished him from the
other criminals. He was, in the language of
the great dramatist,
"A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and signed, to do a deed of shame."

He is a man of the most athletic and vig-
orous frame—his head is large, exhibiting the
organ of destructiveness very prominently
developed.—His forehead is shaded by a pro-
fusion of dark bushy hair—an unrelenting
frown darkens his brow, and the lines of his
countenance exhibit the most diabolical pas-
sions. But no pen can describe the cruel ex-
pressions of his dark eye, when some horrid
feeling agitates his mind. The deadly glance
of the tiger, when he is about to spring upon
his prey, would convey the best idea of the
malignant feeling which appears to charac-
terize it.

Some five or six years ago, Markley was
condemned to hard labour in the Baltimore
Penitentiary, for a term of years. The prin-
cipal evidence against him was Mr. Newey,
his uncle. From the moment that his sen-
tence was pronounced, he seems to have har-

boured projects of implacable vengeance a-
gainst his intended victim. He was heard,
whilst in confinement, frequently making
threats, but these were disregarded—and
when his term was out, he was discharged.
Having furnished himself with what was ne-
cessary to his house, he secretly repaired
to his uncle's house, situated in the midst
of a solitary heath, and concealed himself
till the family were asleep. He entered the
bed room, and was first observed by his aunt,
who uttered a scream. He stabbed her.
Newey rose from his bed and grasped his
rifle—but before he could use it, he was felled
to the ground by the ruffian, who despatched
him with an axe. There were two children
asleep in the bed. What could have induced
him to bathe his hands in their innocent blood?
If he had spared them, his name would not
have been loaded with the execrations which
have since pursued him. But he was actua-
ly by the furies!—He stabbed those harm-
less victims, and barbarously mangled their
naked bodies. To leave no trace of his crime,
he set fire to the house and then wandered a-
way like Cain, with the murderer's mark up-
on him.

Since the arrest of this monster, some sus-
picious have been revived, that he was the
violinist, and assassin of Miss Cunningham,
whose tragical fate will no doubt recur to the
reader's memory. Soon after the perpetration
of that crime, he was arrested—but released
for want of sufficient testimony.—He may
possibly have been innocent of that horrible
outrage; but whoever was the guilty person,
must have been one who had a heart to cou-
rage, and a hand to execute, barbarities of
no common character—such for instance, as
the massacre of the Newey family which I
have just recorded.

RESIDUES.

From the Journal of Health for March 23.

STEAM DOCTRINE.

We are indebted to the *Health*, an enter-
taining weekly paper, edited by Dr. Lucas
(of Boston), and published at Fell's Point,
(Baltimore), for the following sportive notice
of an extended and mischievous branch of
quackery. The consummate impudence,
and self satisfied ignorance of the steam
practitioners, would be irresistibly comic, as a
mere matter of speculative absurdity, did
not their proceedings involve questions of
health and life, which are too often com-
promised by these self styled illuminati. We
shall endeavour, ere long, to show them up
in their true colours.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 1830.

Dear Tim: I embrace the present oppor-
tunity of writing to you, by Nathan Wil-
son, who tells me that you and Beckey,
in all the folks is well, and I am glad to
say I am as well as ever I was in my life.
But Tim, I suppose you have been wonder-
ing what I came to town for, and what I have
been doing these eleven weeks; why Tim,
the fact is, I am learning the Steam Doct-
ing business. Now you will hardly believe
me when I tell you that in three weeks more
I shall get a certificate from my boss. Na-
tians what I used to call Jim Vulcan, my old
master, and a professional man calls his boss
a preceptor. Well, as I was saying in three
weeks, I shall get a paper to prove that I am
able to cure any kind of sickness whatsom-
ever. So you advise Doctor Bolus, and
Doctor Ulna, and Doctor Existosis, and Doc-
tor Phalanga, and the whole raft of them to get ready and pack up
their duds and bolt off to the western coun-
try, as I intend to do all the practice in
that part of the country that they doctor in;
in fact, I don't believe they will want any
other doctor in the whole country but me.
But Tim you would be astonished to see what
wonderfully doctoring this Steam Business
is; its share to kill or cure right off, and don't
keep people in misery; besides, it is so easy
learned; in about three months a person can
learn to cure any disease, and draw teeth in
the bargain, and bleeding besides, (but bleed-
ing is wery seldom necessary,) and another
thing is, it dont cost so much as the old kind
of doctoring; I dont suppose it will cost fa-
ther more than one hundred dollars for my
learning to be a doctor, that is, counting board
clothes and all, and I have got a bran new
suite of black, since I have been in town; I
believe the coat cost fifteen dollars; dont tell
Beckey though, for I want to surprise her;
she wont call Chris Blackface when she sees
me again, for I dont look like I used to do
when I was a blacksmiths, Boy; no body calls
me Chris here, they all call me Doctor Cos-
tive.

But Tim, I tell you what I mean to do,
I'll come out in the country, set up an office,
and am shure to make a fortin in no time;
besides, I mean to marry your sister Beckey
next spring, and I shall be the biggest bug in
the whole country, and in fact shall be the
happiest fellow in the whole world.—Fare-
well till I see you. Yours,

CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE.

To Timothy Thump.

COLUMBUS, (Geo.) March 19.

Most of our readers have heard of the death
of the unfortunate Major Brady, formerly a
member of the Legislature from Randolph
county who was killed by a ball discharged
from a rifle at Hitchcock creek, about a month
ago. The assassin was soon discovered to be

an Indian of the Oswitche tribe living among
the Creeks, by the name of Tom, a perfect
outlaw in character, even among his own peo-
ple, and the same desperado who had previ-
ously killed Mr. Mayo, and shot at and
wounded Mr. Thompson. We are happy to
say that he has paid the penalty of his bloody
crimes, and fallen by the same fell weapon
with which he had done such dreadful execu-
tion upon his innocent victims.

After the death of the lamented Brady, a
constant vigilance was kept up in the neigh-
bourhood for the apprehension of the murder-
er, as well by the Indians as the whites.—
But Tom keeping himself mostly in the
woods, on this side of the river, apart from
the tribe, eluded their efforts until Wednes-
day the 9th of this inst. when he was discovered
by another Indian near Calpepper's old store,
about 20 miles below this place, on this side
of the Chattahoochee, endeavoring to obtain a
canoe with which to cross over to the nation.
The Indian told him that he could not cross
there, but must go down to Boykins ferry, a-
bout three miles below. He then encamped
in the neighbourhood for the night, and
the other Indian near him. During the night
the latter got up, crossed the river, and gave
information to a white man by the name of
Sims, living in the nation, of the murderer's
going in the vicinity, and of his intention to
cross at the ferry in the morning. Sims im-
mediately collected a party of about thirty
Indians and repaired to the ferry, and they
had not been there more than half an hour
when the murderer made his appearance on
the opposite side. Having obtained the can-
oe, he crossed over and was about gathering
his plunder and provisions which he had with
him, when Sims and his party discovered
themselves to him. He evinced no emotion
when he saw them, but calmly awaited their
movements. Sims advanced and attempted
to fire, but his rifle only snapped. The In-
dians then fired simultaneously, and the out-
law fell on the spot where he jumped from
the canoe, pierced by about thirty bullets.—
After his death the Indians threw his prop-
ties, &c. into the river and departed, leav-
ing the body lying on the beach. The whole
affair was distinctly seen by the overseer of
Mr. Boykin, from the opposite bank. Mr. B.
afterwards had the body buried by his ne-
groes.

Thus has retributive justice overtaken one
of the most desperate outlaws that ever mis-
erited this country. It is said he took no care
to conceal the murders he perpetrated, but
rather boasted of them. It is further said
that a short time ago he declared to the In-
dian Chief of his nation, who had several times
whipped for his villainies. He boasted to
the whites appears to have been without
discrimination, the cause of which we do not
know that he has ever divulged. The unfor-
tunate victims of his deadly title were never
known to have injured him, or to have done
ought to excite his animosity.

The above notice is inserted in justice to
the Indians, and at their request. We are
assured by them that travellers may now pass
the neighbourhood safely infested by this out-
law, in perfect security.

From the Philadelphia Sat. Ev. Post.

PLUGGING TREES.

This simple operation is a very efficient re-
medy for destroying caterpillars, aphides,
and other insects preying upon leaves and
limbs of fruit trees, ornamental and shade,
fine shrubs, &c. &c.

It has often been desired to find such a re-
medy. Rewards have been offered to destroy
quickly and speedily the insects of fruit trees.
Our shade trees are covered every year
with disgusting and voracious caterpillars.
Year after year, new troublesome means are
proposed, which are inefficient, while this ve-
ry easy and cheap way to poison and destroy
at once all the insects of any tree, is so lit-
tle known that our farmers and gardeners ap-
pear to be unacquainted with it. It was dis-
covered in France and I have verified it by
actual experiment and now publish it again,
request and editors friendly to agriculture to
spread the knowledge of it every where.

This simple operation consists in boring a
hole into a tree with a gimblet, about one
third of the diameter of the tree in depth.
Fill the hole with a small quantity of Flour
of Sulphur, and plug the hole with a wooden
peg. This sulphur is decomposed or carried
up circulation by the sap, and is exhaled by
the leaves in a gaseous state, while it poisons
and kills all the caterpillars and insects
preying upon them.

Whether boring and plugging with sul-
phur the roots of the peach tree, and other
trees whose roots are injured by insects, will
answer as well, is unknown to me, not having
tried it; but it is worth while to try the ex-
periment—the result may be favourable.

C. S. RAFINESQUE, Professor of Botany.

A lawyer, says the Journal of Law, engaged
in a case before Judge Peters, formented
a poor German witness so much with ques-
tions, that the old man declared he was so ex-
hausted that he must have a drink of water
before he could say any thing more. Upon
this the Judge called out to the teasing law-
yer, "I think, sir, you must have done with
the witness now, for you have pumped him
dry."