

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following spirited lines from the Athenaeum of London, are said to be from the pen of Paris, and other poems. Mr. Batson is a country gentleman in the south of England.

O Italy! I've breathed thy skies And wandered by thy streams, And dream'd in boyhood's ecstasies, Its foebish fervid dreams, How calm on thy lost estate No ruin'd now, and desolate The sun's glory gleam'd; The sun—the very sun of old That flash'd from Caesar's roof of gold. Wrap thee in sackcloth, Italy! Broom ashes on thy brow; Thou hast but Roman memory And Roman bondage now. (The land of gods) how quail'd and dumb Before thy slaves—thy Scipio— Thou first of nations! Thou! O Roman soil, and Roman graves Can sons of Romans crawl as slaves? O could thy Scipio see thee now, Where'er his ashes rest, The seal of bondage on thy brow, Its bars upon thy breast! His bride—the Italy—his throne, The slave of his slaves, My monarchs spoiled, by priests befriended, The minion of the Gothic rule. Yet wonder not thy sky is dim, Thy quiver of arms is dim, Thy history's leaves are grim With thy recorded crimes; Aye, crimes! for all the land that fills The pages of thy chronicles, The eccl'gic crimes, Or all that stain the Roman pride And call the slaughter vicious. O, thou hast quaff'd to drunkenness Amphion's gory wine, And triumph'd till no lip could bless The name of thee and thine. And culled from every land a curse Throughout thy Roman universe From Egypt to the Rhine; By every household of the free Were nourish'd hearts that hated thee. What lessons—ambition conquer'd— From thee—our nation learn, Where dimly in the sepulchre The lamp of glory burns! But hark to its gorgeous glooms, To tell us nations have their toms, As thrones have their urns; And mocking, with its mournful state, The wicked folly—to be great. The hero fool of Macedonia Might parallel with thee, Ye both have left to worlds ye won A name and homely. O'er thee—the earth's restless land— Now wields the crozier and the sword, Alternate trannies. And he some unmemor'd and I'd covers his dust—the demagogue! He's on—of America's gallie race, Or Philip's whil'd, or the Pharaoh Went forth from his paternal throne To die at Babylon. The mighty madman! O how soon, O'ershadow'd at his highest noon, Like an expiring sun, He had ambition's utmost vow, Grew great—and perished—no didst thou And yet, O Italy! mid all The evils thou hast done, Men wail and wonder at thy fall, 'Tis thou—thou—ruin'd one! Thy wonder, when the West and East Are thro' thy gates to freedom's feast, Her Justice begun, Minkling their voices they come, Immortal hit! Thou art doom'd, O, thou wilt come! In freedom's hall To sit a place for thee, the nations on thee call— Communion with the free. Unto tyrants are the glorious spoils— Unto sweep the locusts from thy soil— From thine to the sea— Unto share with us that gift divine Our fathers' sons have won from thee.

J. K. B.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

We are much obliged to a friend who has furnished us with this extract of a letter from a young officer of the Army, dated June 8, near the Mississippi river, nine miles from Prairie du Chien: 'Two months since I received orders to accompany a detachment of recruits from New York, destined for the Upper Mississippi. We sailed on the 12th of April, the detachment being officered by Capt. H. commanding, Lieut. M. and myself. Our voyage to New Orleans was varied by the new scenes of new climates, and of, to me, a new element. On the 17th day we arrived at the Balize, and sailed up the Mississippi with a fair wind. The sea is discoloured for miles before we reach the mouth of the river, by the pouring forth of its muddy water. The banks of the Mississippi at its mouth, and for thirty miles up, are not more than four feet high—mere mud piles, sometimes, indeed, covered with verdure, the palmetto, cotton wood, wild willow, and high prairie grass. We shot some alligators that lay basking in the mud or upon floating logs. 'Ships are commonly towed up the river by steam boats, but as the wind was fair, we sailed as far as the English Turn, 15 miles below New Orleans, without other aid than our canvas. Here, H. and I disembarked, and concluded to walk to the city, where we arrived about midnight, and in advance of the ship. 'But now comes the trying scene. So long as we remained at anchor in the river our men were very orderly, but as Capt. H. was not authorized to pay the extra expense of detaining the ship in service until a steam boat should be ready to sail for St. Louis, we hauled up shore. Whiskey was now easily smuggled on board, in spite of every exertion to prevent it, and on the second night the men became outrageous. Discipline, of which they knew, at best, but little, they now set entirely at defiance, and not more than eight men out of 150, would stand by their officers. We were much among them, expostulating with some and confining others; but as soon as our backs were turned, the prisoners were let loose, and the tumult redoubled. Capt. H.

called in military aid from the garrison, but even this was of but little avail. In these circumstances, we were thus detained four days at the levee, in New Orleans, the cholera raging the while in all the neighbourhood, until at length we were embarked on board a steam-boat bound up the river. The space allotted to our 150 men, was that usually reserved for deck passengers, about the engine, below. They were of course much crowded, condemned to breathe an atmosphere of mingled steam and oil and noxious exhalations, with no convenience for cooking but a huge stove set in the midst, which so increased the heat that the thermometer ranged usually from 85 to 100. And all this lack of ordinary comforts and conveniences, was allowed, by the Quarter Master's Deputy, for the sake of the low price of 84 per head. Not only was here a lamentable sacrifice of comfort, but a mistake economy, but, as the sequel will show, of human life also. Two days after we left New Orleans, the cholera broke out among the troops, and scenes followed, too terrible for description. Every day the disease increased, and at every landing for wood, we buried one or more of its victims. There was scarcely an individual on board, but seemed more or less affected. Lt. M. was obliged to quit us at Natchez. Capt. H. and Dr. N. were taken down, all but myself, and I walked unscathed amidst death in its most horrid forms. I called in the aid of religion, and philosophy as my windmill, in this season of pain, more trying and solemn than I had ever conceived, much less, experienced, and fixing myself firmly in a full reliance on Divine Providence, I was able to keep myself in buoyant spirits, and endeavoured to be useful to all around me. I conceived it to be a duty to encourage the men and women, (of whom we had two), and went freely among them at all times. I quote here a passage from my diary as a faint picture of one scene I witnessed. 'Friday, 11th May.—Went below before breakfast. Steam of the engine and cooking stove made the air hot and damp. But little wind, and the weather very warm. Walked round near the wheel-guard, at every step passed some sick soldier. Afloat was the hospital for such as were dangerously ill. One man was gasping, his eyes half closed and fixed, skin black as if bruised, his body emaciated, his long bony hands grasping at nothing; others were around him, in states of more or less misery. One had crawled from his bed and lay on the bare floor. One asked for milk, another begged for tobacco. 'This was about the time for issuing morning rations, and in the midst of the scene above described we heard the noisy strife of those in comparative health. Here was a woman seated on a coffin containing a corpse, smoking her pipe and cursing some of the men. Her husband was sick beside her, the eldest boy lying near him, and her infant at her breast. This evening, buried a soldier at midnight, when we stopped to wood, &c. In this state of things, it required all my efforts to prevent desertion. Some, to escape the pestilence, jumped overboard, and all seemed to have lost the morale which belongs to most men in circumstances of ordinary tranquillity. Conceive, then, the difficulty of my task. 'I had all along cherished the hope that on reaching Jefferson Barracks our troubles would end, but on our arrival there, what was our surprise to learn that the Commandant refused to receive our sick in the hospital, and ourselves into the barracks, but left us, the sick and the dying, to wait on the shore until a log-house for a hospital some two miles off, might be prepared for the sick and tents for the healthy. We remained encamped ten days, and buried many men who under favourable treatment might have been saved. 'I have thus detailed to you some of the incidents of our voyage that were disagreeable and even appalling. Yet on the whole I have enjoyed much in the new scenes, manners and customs that have been presented to my eye. 'While in camp here, we are frequently visited by the Indians. To day a band of Winnebagoes landed near us from four canoes. The sight of them paddling up the stream, naked above the loins and very dark skinned, was to me quite novel, and but for the settlement of our late difficulties, would have been alarming. The Chief was a very old man—the rest, all of middle age. They were accompanied by their families,—squaws, papooses, dogs, &c. and seemed so much pleased with the little hospitality we have been able to show them, that they have pitched their tents near us, on the opposite bank of the river. 'I have just returned from a visit to their wigwams. They greeted me with much cordiality, each one shaking my hand, and then seated themselves in a circle round me, lighted a pipe, and we smoked the calumet of peace. To day they sent to our camp a lot of remarkable fine fish, and this reminds me of some trout that I caught in a small stream of the Valley of the grand Gre, that empties into the Ouachoson, about 7 miles E. of Prairie du Chien. I am thus particular because it has been generally asserted and believed that there are not to be found west of the Alleghanies. These were the ordinary speckled brook trout, the largest weighing 12 lbs. 'In this region, we have, of course, game in the greatest abundance. Some days since we were highly entertained by a wolf hunt, but the description of this I must omit for the present. We are in hourly expectation of the steam-boat which is to take our detachment up to St. Peters, where the scenery is still more savage and picturesque than this, from there you shall hear from me again.'

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly; of that there can be no doubt—any man, if it mean—dastardly—shaking—depraved!—But what could I do? Col. Plinth was about to marry his cook—

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least; it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Col. Plinth was going to marry his cook— 'A wizen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour—who had gained golden laurels at Serpogpattin—an aide-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend!—The intelligence had come like a thunderbolt. 'To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt, that, even posted as I was,—with most benevolent intentions—conscience,—my conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well; but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Col. Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook— Rebecca Moggs! and he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister,—a K. C. B. a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of Parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freemens in gold bore! a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tipoo's capital would have been taken home in triumph, and buried in St. Paul's. 'His fragment—his living remains—for he possessed only one organ of a sort; having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and nostril!—having resolved on what I consider a sort of duelling—most mortem match, with—what? A blow, underling menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wound and angle of his partially efficient leg; the offspring of a Sepoy punner, whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother, (the woman, a camp follower, received an iron ball in her brain from one of the Tipoo's guerilla troops in the jungle); one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen, a scullion!—And such a one to be Col. Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God! 'To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting, much may be said against it if it is done; but why neglect them? Had Col. Plinth not been what he was, were he but a casual acquaintance of a mere friend; then indeed But he was my brother-in-law, my brother in arms; in a word, Col. Plinth. 'Had he been a man who would listen to reason; who was open to conviction; to whom one might venture to speak, why really— But as he was as hot as curry; yet not deficient in sense; but dreadfully opinionated; tetchy, easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted, carefully as to keeping his pistol in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice; a being—inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning east. 'To remonstrate with him would have been absurd, he would have cut me down with his cut-throat; he had amassed three thousand a year. 'Under such circumstances—conscious of his insatiation, I ceased to waver; the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter. 'She, of course, would make a point of having children, and then where were my expectations? 'Evadne, my sister, had never been a mother; the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posted as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations. 'To say nothing of his being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge. 'The sun of his happiness would, as I felt, set forever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—invariably vulgar—repulsive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant— 'Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth, but who would dine with him, if his chivalent cook was to carve? Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—I could not. 'Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Col. Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter. 'Every precaution, was taken, the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never before used, and to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out of the way post office. 'Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with a prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out, this is its great advantage. I took a rapid view of his achievements; I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended—Larry the trumpeter figured, and the forcible expression as to Caesar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a glass, and ask himself if its reflections were that of a would-be bride groom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious. 'I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. 'Oh course, I knew his knock; it was always violent; but on this occasion a little less than usual. I felt hurried; as he ascended, my acute ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered. 'Commonly his countenance was turpid—billywag—rulous—the Red Sea in a storm; now

it was stony—pale—implacable; he was evidently white-hot with wrath. His eye—usually luridly that of the Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy—his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam. 'His salute was alarmingly courteous; he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahoz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet—where could Plinth have picked him up? 'The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as Major Moccasin under such inauspicious circumstances. Col. Plinth had been insulted; but as I had so long been his most valuable friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in one grave—as I was his brother-in-law Col. Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology—with any other man than Major Moccasin, the Colonel would have gone to extremities at once. 'I was petrified during his speech; but at the conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips. 'Baron Cahoz did not understand. 'I declared myself to be in the same predicament; would he be so good as to explain. 'In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Col. Plinth a letter. 'Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a ruse to trap me on a confession—remember my precautions—and feeling that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed what else could I do? 'Col. Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt and hobbled towards the door. 'Baron Cahoz handed me his card—nothing further could be done—he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible in order to expedite the necessary arrangements. 'I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he was labouring under a mistake. 'A mistake! shouted he in that tremendous tone which once appalled the tiger hearted Tipoo—'A mistake, Major Moccasin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand writing? 'So saying, he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahoz. 'In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I concluded the fatal epistle without disguise, in my customary terms: 'Your's ever, 'JAMES MOCCASIN.' 'NOTE. 'The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Moccasin, a few hours after Col. Plinth and Baron Cahoz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelope appears the following—'This now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron to their mutual satisfaction; we are to be on the ground by six in the morning, if I fall—' 'After considerable research, we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which from valuable appendages to Major Moccasin's document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years' later date. 'No. 1. 'Yesterday, at his residence in Wimpole-street, by special license, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B. to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Manipatam. 'The gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Moccasin.' 'No. 2. 'The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashed and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bride-groom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant Major's more fortunate rival. 'DANGERS OF MISTAKEN SYMPATHY. 'A fellow who lately murdered his wife without the least provocation, being asked what could induce him to commit such an outrage, made the following remarkable reply: 'Why, the fact is, I am a very ambitious man; and having no opportunity of gaining fame by fair means, I thought I would take this method, for I saw how the moment a man committed a murder, he became an object of public attention; the newspapers were full of him; his appearance and dress, the colour of his eyes and hair, and the most insignificant particulars, were described, just as if he was a great hero and had saved his country. Then the ladies all ran after him; attended his trial, shed tears, and fainted away, so that he had all the attentions and sympathy of a martyr. Besides all this he was pretty sure of being converted at last, and dying a good Christian, which he very likely would not have done had he been a moral man and a peaceable citizen. Thus you see that murder is the shortest cut to glory in this world, and salvation in the next.' 'T. Swearing Justice and a Sworn Marriage. 'The Lyon Regard relates a laughable anecdote of a Justice of the Peace, residing in a village, which is too good to be lost. The Justice, as was called, the day before yesterday, and the sequel shows that he was not far from the Gips. At a certain hour, he was having been, as usual, labouring with a cold, he day until late in the evening, when, in administering the oath of office, he was startled, home overcome with the effects of transient stupidity, and called himself in his arm chair, and in the form of the oath administered, he like the sound of the life and dram, he like a soldier the night after a mauling, he wringing couple and still presented the appearance at the house for marriage. The good wife, a little discomposed by this sudden and unexpected visit, ran to her husband, and called him by name, shook him violently by the shoulders, and repeated Mr. C. Mr. C. by wake up, here's a couple come to be married, Mr. C. partly waking, and rubbing his eyes, looked up to the couple who were standing directly before him. Are you the couple, he he, addressing himself to the Hyman candidates? They nodded assent. What say you, your hands. The bashful couple obeyed. The Justice, proceeded. You solemnly swear that you will perform the duties of your respective offices, faithfully and impartially, according to your best judgment, so help you, &c. The cunning couple and their witnesses waited, as if something further. That shall say, the Justice, except my fees for administering the oath. The fees were paid, and the husband, with his associates, retired, although, agitated with anxiety, doubt and laughter at the strange occurrence, whilst the Justice was dreamed of any thing out of the way all determined by his faithful spouse, when it was late to rectify the mistake.—Boston Traveller.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR. 'During the prevalence of the cholera last year in this Borough, a sailor of decent appearance called at Mr. W. S. Lister's bookshop, and frankly told him that he was at a-drift at the mercy of the elements, without a harbour a-head, or a shot in the locker, or if perchance he should be boarded by the pirates, why he must founder in the street, he supposed. Lister, who was never known to be backward in extending relief to a fellow creature in distress, and who perceived a man for the poor fellow's honesty in his countenance, readily tendered him a bed and a table, until it should be better seen with him, which friendly offer Jack accepted with much joy. Not readily meeting any vessel to slip on board of, however, or becoming impatient, and after making a suitable acknowledgment of his gratitude to his kind and generous host, and promising to get the score as soon as it was in his power, he left his house and embarked for New York. Twelve months had rolled on, and the sailor had entirely escaped from L's memory, who one day last week a seaman, very neatly clad and of a prepossessing countenance, called at his house and without any preface, thus costed him. 'Here are 8300, I wish you to take as much of it as you want to pay yourself for your necessity to me, and keep the balance till I call for it. I am just off to sea, and if I shall go to Old Bay, why, you see, I had rather you should have it than any body I know.' 'Why, who are you, and what claim have you to my money? 'Oh, then you have forgot the poor old man you took out of the street last year and tried so kindly but he has not forgot you.' 'Saying, he forced the money upon his benefactor, adding—I know if I get back safe I shall find the money safe, and if I don't you'll keep it and welcome. And here (putting a lottery ticket from his pocket) here, take it, and if it draws a prize keep that too. Ten giving Mr. L. a cordial shake of the hand he left him and went on board his vessel, which in an hour after was under way for a foreign port. 'In less than 24 hours after his departure, Mr. L. called at a Lottery Office to enquire the fate of Jack's ticket, when he had the satisfaction to learn that its numbers had drawn the handsome sum of 81000—Jack's share of the prize money being 8300. 'Norfolk Herald.

The VOL. LXXXVIII. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN, Church-Street, Annapolis. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. SAMUEL C. ATKINSON PROPOSES to issue from the office of the Saturday Evening Post, in the month of May, 1853, the 1st number of a monthly publication, entitled, THE BOOK OF NATURE, by an Association of Scientific Gentlemen of Philadelphia. EACH NUMBER WILL CONTAIN EIGHT TO TEN FINELY ENGRAVED QUARTO COPPER PLATES, various departments of Natural History, each to contain from four to ten distinct figures, from 50 to 100 figures in each number. With a view to liberally the publication as much as possible, a selection of one plate from each of the following subjects will illustrate each number: ANATOMY, 8. VERMS & ZOO-PHYTES, 9. BOTANY, 10. VEGETABLE ANATOMY, 11. GEOLOGY, 12. MINERALOGY. Persons who are desirous of procuring a copy of the work, should send their names and addresses to the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., No. 7, N. B. Alley, Philadelphia, or to the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., No. 7, N. B. Alley, Philadelphia, or to the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., No. 7, N. B. Alley, Philadelphia. The work will be accompanied with a brief but full description of every subject or figure it contains, as written as to convey a good idea of the subject, without being either too lengthy, too technical, or too scientific. Every department of the great field of Natural History will be explored, its beauties and curiosities unfolded, and the thousand "charms of nature to her votary yields," by the power of the pencil, and the press, will be laid before the eye of the intelligent admirer of the great works of Divine Architecture. No collection of engravings valuable, may confidently promise, can for years be offered to the public at so cheap a price as one hundred of these fine engravings will be given annually, to the man of taste, its subjects which he can admire from year to year, and present with pleasure to his friends, the student in Natural History, may confidently refer to them on all occasions of doubt, while the portions of society will become acquainted with the inhabitants of the air, the ocean, and the earth. Geography can be learned only from maps or travel. The Book of Nature, without taking away from the cook-shelf or the closet, will unite the elegant curiosities of the whole of the increased cost of this study, which the late years of the world, induces the public to hope for extensive patronage for a work, necessarily involving great expenditure, and will combine great interest, accuracy and utility. The subjects embrace the whole range of Natural History, in order to make it as complete as possible. Scientific gentlemen have been engaged to express to conduct the work; their united efforts, it is believed, will render this periodical very valuable. A great source of the patronage anticipated by the proprietors from schools and colleges, and as the work is represented to be models of elegance and utility, it will form a work for consultation by the student, Engineer, Drawing Master and Student, and will be of inestimable advantage in the conduct of their practice. In short, it will be every way calculated to be of great use to every individual in the community, from the erudite naturalist to the beginner, for the one a book of reference, for the other a source of pleasing study, amusement and instruction. A work is not got up with a view to temporary sale, or to a subscription of two years, in about a period it will certainly be completed; it will be ready to be sent as soon as it is ready to be sent, and if it draws a prize keep that too. Ten giving Mr. L. a cordial shake of the hand he left him and went on board his vessel, which in an hour after was under way for a foreign port. 'In less than 24 hours after his departure, Mr. L. called at a Lottery Office to enquire the fate of Jack's ticket, when he had the satisfaction to learn that its numbers had drawn the handsome sum of 81000—Jack's share of the prize money being 8300. 'Norfolk Herald.

\$100 REWARD. AN AWAY on the 8th inst. from the subscriber, residing at the head of South in Annapolis, a young Negro Man, twenty-two years of age, of dark complexion, about 5 feet 4 or 5 inches in height, of stout frame, who calls himself Horace Gibson. Will give Fifty Dollars to any person who apprehend said Negro so that I get him a safe. If he is taken out of the District of Columbia or state of Maryland, I will pay One hundred Dollars, if he is secured so that I get and will pay all reasonable travelling expenses he brought home to me. THOMAS SNOWDEN, Editor of the Examiner, in Fredericktown, and Whig, Boston, will insert the advertisement six times and forward accounts to this office for payment.

PRINTING. Daily executed at this OFFICE.

SIR W. A SPLEN... All the work published by life, his writings new about to be published by the publisher and Co. work will be published in number of volumes, and at the price of each, payable only 181 one half, it is sold, even a Persons who are desirous of procuring a copy of the work, should send their names and addresses to the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., No. 7, N. B. Alley, Philadelphia, or to the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., No. 7, N. B. Alley, Philadelphia, or to the publishers, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., No. 7, N. B. Alley, Philadelphia. The work will be accompanied with a brief but full description of every subject or figure it contains, as written as to convey a good idea of the subject, without being either too lengthy, too technical, or too scientific. Every department of the great field of Natural History will be explored, its beauties and curiosities unfolded, and the thousand "charms of nature to her votary yields," by the power of the pencil, and the press, will be laid before the eye of the intelligent admirer of the great works of Divine Architecture. No collection of engravings valuable, may confidently promise, can for years be offered to the public at so cheap a price as one hundred of these fine engravings will be given annually, to the man of taste, its subjects which he can admire from year to year, and present with pleasure to his friends, the student in Natural History, may confidently refer to them on all occasions of doubt, while the portions of society will become acquainted with the inhabitants of the air, the ocean, and the earth. Geography can be learned only from maps or travel. The Book of Nature, without taking away from the cook-shelf or the closet, will unite the elegant curiosities of the whole of the increased cost of this study, which the late years of the world, induces the public to hope for extensive patronage for a work, necessarily involving great expenditure, and will combine great interest, accuracy and utility. The subjects embrace the whole range of Natural History, in order to make it as complete as possible. Scientific gentlemen have been engaged to express to conduct the work; their united efforts, it is believed, will render this periodical very valuable. A great source of the patronage anticipated by the proprietors from schools and colleges, and as the work is represented to be models of elegance and utility, it will form a work for consultation by the student, Engineer, Drawing Master and Student, and will be of inestimable advantage in the conduct of their practice. In short, it will be every way calculated to be of great use to every individual in the community, from the erudite naturalist to the beginner, for the one a book of reference, for the other a source of pleasing study, amusement and instruction. A work is not got up with a view to temporary sale, or to a subscription of two years, in about a period it will certainly be completed; it will be ready to be sent as soon as it is ready to be sent, and if it draws a prize keep that too. Ten giving Mr. L. a cordial shake of the hand he left him and went on board his vessel, which in an hour after was under way for a foreign port. 'In less than 24 hours after his departure, Mr. L. called at a Lottery Office to enquire the fate of Jack's ticket, when he had the satisfaction to learn that its numbers had drawn the handsome sum of 81000—Jack's share of the prize money being 8300. 'Norfolk Herald.