"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS TH

E LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE NESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

VOLUME XXIV.

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" Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Early to bed and early to rise". Aye, note it down in your brain, or it helpeth to make the foolish wise, And uproots the weeds of pain. who are walking on thorns of care, Who sigh for a softer bower,

Try what can be done in the morning sun. And make use of the early hour. Full many a day forever is lost By delaying its work till to-morrow The minutes of sloth have often cost Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye who would win the lasting wealth Of content and peaceful power, ... Ye who would couple Labor and Health, Must begin at the carly hour.

We make the bold promises to Time, Yet, alast too often break them; We mock at the wings of the King of Kings, And think we can overtake them. But why loiter away the prime of day,

Knowing that clouds that lower is it not safer to make Life's hay In the beam of the early hour ! Nature herself ever shows her best Of gems to the gaze of the lark, When the spangles of light on Earth's green breast Put out the stars of the dark.

we love the purest pearl of the dew, And the richest breath of the flower, four spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet, Go forth in the early hour.

pleasure and rest are more easily found where we start through Morning's gate:
o sum up our figures, or to plough up the ground,
And weave out the threads of Fate. and weave out the threads of rate. And man holdeth the conqueror's power, when ready and brave, he chains time as hiselave By the help of the early hour.

#### For the Susquehanna Register. An hour in New Haven Cemetery.

Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1849. MR CHAPMAN I last month spent an hour in autiful, cities of the dead," than the one of whe autiful wall of cut free-stone surrounds three the front there is an attractive and substantial ry. ace of iron pickets, twelve feet in height. The

eway attracts the attention and admiration of In design and execution it could hardly be proved. It is built of the same material of the all, and one might judge that it will stand until e fulfilment of that declaration of revelation all be raised." On the side of the fence, there is order ten feet wide, thickly planted with shrubry of every description. Within this border there carriage-way of ample width, and others, equalpacious, divide the enclosure at proper distan-The lots are, I should judge, about 20 by 30 and are variously enclosed. They are worth at \$200 per lot. Many of them are adorned the most delicate and fragrant flowers and ths, planted by the hand of affection, and wa-

But among the thousands of its graves and monnents, there are some which cannot fail to attract attention of the visitor. But a few feet from gateway stands, conspicuous, the tomb of Ashas, the first Colonial Agent at Liberia, and who ed in this city at the age of 31 years. Though mewhat erratic, and though exceedingly unfortute in many of the events of his life, JEHCDI ASHax was a true hero and philanthropist. He merthe title of Father of the only christian and reblican nation in all the vast continent of Africa. Among the loftiest monuments are those of No-WEBSTER, the most distinguished Lexicograer that the world has ever produced: the two ATHAN SMITHS, one a member of the U.S. Senate the time of his death, and the other a celebrated viessor and practitioner of medicine. WILLIAM LISTOL, Judge of the United States District Court.

ed by tears of fond remembrance.

ind Com. RALPH VOORHEIS, of the Navy. I was not a little interested in viewing the tombs the deceased Presidents and Professors of Yale ollege. On a moss covered slab, resting on pilars, I read, " Here lyeth interred the body of the verened and Learned Mr. THOMAS GLASS, late sident, &c., &c., "died 1767." Another stone ells you to Hie jacat sepulties, vir ille admodum Revridus Espa Stilles, S. T. D. and L. L. D. Anther, in a world of Latin, parrates the virtues and

lown of that truly great man, Timothy Dwight. I should have mentioned in another connection. he tomb of that renowned patriot, Roger Shen-MAN : also that of " James HILLHOUSE; the patriot. statesmen and christian." For many years he was prominent member of the United States Senate. was through his influence that New Haven obaned its advious! alike beautiful and just, " the city of elms," for under his direction of affairs, these noble trees were planted. Truthfully does his epnaph say, d His deeds are his monument.

But I was far more interested in visiting the Taves of others, and whose names, fame has not ounded through the world.

Benesth the name of MARTHA DAY, a daughter President Day, who died a few years since at an early age, beloved and lamented by all to whom the was known I read the following lines, taken from a volume of her own composition:

"I would not wish that those I love Should wander here at close of day.

And think of her o'er whom they rove,

As dwelling only with decay. No, but in each familiar spot,

That both to them and me is dear,

There I would not be all forgot,
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear." In a lot tastefully arranged, stands a beautiful monument inscribed with only these words:

"A MOTHER'S GRAVE-1847." Who that "Mother" was I know not, but the taste which the inscription displays, I much admire Simplicity is no where so appropriate as in epitaphs; and no where else are titles and eulogiums s.i misplaced.

In a retired and shady corner, stands a slab, inscribed—

"EDWARD-Aged 16." Another is inscribed.

" ROSALIE-AN ONLY DAUGHTER." Upon a beautiful and costly pillar, in another spot, surmounted by a dove, just spreading its pinions for an upward flight, is inscribed only the name.

" ALIDA."

Side by side stand three splendid slabs, which mark the resting place of the three sons of Mr. OLESTED, the distinguished Professor of Astronomy in Yale College. They died within the last four years; two at the age of 25 and the other 22 years; They were all young men of the highest promise all graduates of Yale College, and all disciples of the Redeemer. One after another, they fell by the hand of Consumption, and they now sleep in death, side by side. I was highly pleased with the inscriptions beneath their names. The first is-"The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud,

And weeping fathers build their children's tomb. The second, or middle stone, tells us that they

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, In their death they were not divided." The third says-

" These all died in faith." Could any thing be more appropriate and beautiful, And what young man could stand beside the graves of these talented youth, and not feel the uncertainty of human life, and the value of an interest in Christ !

I have not time to notice other graves and monuments. But I cannot forbear remarking that, as a general truth, the degree of civilization and refinement of any city or community, may be judged by New Haven demetery. Though the soil is too the character and condition of their Cemeteries.—
Iv and light for a thrifty growth of the shrub. You will always find that the higher the degree of with which it is planted, there are few mora important and moral cultivations, with which it is planted, there are few mora important and moral cultivations, with which it is planted, there are few mora important and moral cultivations, with the control of the provements will be made in our own "Forest Cemen or twenty thousand dollars. A massive and etery," in Toledo. That they are needed none car dispute. A few hundred dollars, judiciously apies of it, surmounted by numerous towers. Up- plied, would make it a highly respectable Cemete Yours, truly,

## Harry Boardman's Adventure.

CHAPTER L-QUITE A MISTARE You remember it, don't you !? " You'll think of it, won't you ?" Oh, yes, of all this the remembrance will last,

It is quite a mistake. I'll tell you how it happened. My hero Harry Boardman, a gay, good hearted young New Englander, had been for two days wandering about the streets of New York city in search of employment. He had scarcely a dol lar in the world, a few friends on earth, and knew but one in all the crowd of human beings in that thronged city. To the house of his acquaintance Harry was directing his steps just at nightfall of the second unsuccessful day. He hastily rang at the door-the wrong door it proved.

"Well I've made a mistake. This is number 45" instead of 48, and the name on the plate is Lee.-No matter—its too late now—I can hear somebody coming down stairs, and I'll wait and apologize. The door was opened, and a bright eved girl glanced out, once in surprise, again in eager joy, hen sprang forward, put both arms around neck, and pressed her rosy smiling line to his check. "Oh, Charles, how glad I am you've come!-Why we didn't expect you so soon! How glad mother will be, too! We'll surprise her won't we! Now don't speak till I tell you, to prevent which, she put one hand over his mouth, and with the other clasped his arm, and half leading and dragging him, ascended the stairs, and opened the door and called "mother, mother, come here a minute." A handsome woman rose at the call, and with a

Why, Charles, is this you," was her first exclamation

light in hand, advanced to meet him.

"Why, Emma, this is not your brother," was the The poor girl sprang from his side, gave one

frightened look into his face, then blushing crimson darted out of sight.
"Madam, I—I beg pardon," commenced Harry "I mistook the door—and then it was so dark, and everything so unexpected, that I hardly knew how

The lady remained silent, and Harry still more embarrassed by the earnest, interested look of her kind, bright eyes-went on.

I am sorry on Emma's account." "I regret it for your daughter's sake, it was so unpleasant for her-but for myself, I must say I-\_I wish she was my sister.'

Smiling at the frank, blushing acknowledgment she gracefully answered, "Emma is quite excusa-ble. The resemblance is striking."

"I am sorry for your disappointment." "Thank you, sir, good evening!"
There was nothing more to be said, and Harry not yet recovered from his delicious embarrassment was soon in the street, and rambling off in the wrong direction entirely forgetful of number 48.

e business which had called him there. Emma Lee, what a charming name it is !-What a charming girl she is, too! Such soft, beau-tiful eyes, and such dear sweet lips. What a dar-ling sister she must be for somebody. That's no consolation to me though! I wish she was my sister, or—or—heigho—how lonesome I shall be."
On went Harry through by streets and blind aleye, and sound himself at last on a bridge but dimlighted, and at some distance from the principal

part of the city .... "Where in the world am I! I certainly can ever find my way back without help. I'll ask that old gentlemen on the other side. Ha! what are these two men stalking behind him for! They

TROSE, PENN'A., THURY, NOVEMBER 1, 1849. and of ceiving another, but of nothing farther, till his eyes next morning, he beheld himself ened limbs and bandaged head in a handunclosin with stif mber, with a physician on one side hold-rist, and on the other the old gentleman some ch ing his v egarding him with the most benevolent imself. eves in

MON

are you, after your long sleep, my young " Ho friend ( quite comfortable; but I don't know where

I am of who I am with."

"My name is Nayden. I owe my life to you.—
We had you brought here last night but if it is
your wish, as soon as you are better, you can be

havn't any home, sir." avn't any home.

o, sir, my family have been dead a great ma-ars, and I have been tossed about the world ve lived among friends who were harder than strangers."

owe you much. What can I do for you?" Give me employment. The moment I was indep All I want is something to do."
ou shall have it. I don't need you, but I will work for you. You shall have the chance to make your fortune. Heaven helps those who help

#### CHAPTER II.-WHAT A PITY,

"The course of true love never did run smooth"
That marked line I write always with a spirit of mischief making, lurking in some wicked corner of my heart, for I know it to be a falsehood.

my heart, for 1 know it to be a falsehood.

I hope my Harry will prove it so in the end.
Hear him discussing to himself six months or more after the date of my last chapter.

"All this seems like a dream. What a change in my life! Mr. Hayden has treated me as kindly and have him. And have him.

as if I were his own son. God bless him. And may he never have cause to regret the hour when he helped a poor pennyless, friendless adventurer. All my good fortune I can trace back to that mistake on the second blessed day of my fortune hunting in New York.

ing in New York.

"If I had not lost my—nly—ahem—my way, (heart, was it not my hero?) I should not have been here now. That girl must have been my angel. I must see her. Sho always k lows me when I wonder if she thinks about me as often. I think about her. I am sure she has an affectional heart, and besides I look so much like her brother. The look is one of my valued friends. Her brothand was one of the partners in our concern ten or twelve years. He died just before you came here. By the way, do you know young Lee!"

have such good prospects and so many friends."

There is some That very night Harry put his resolution in practice. There was a new name on the door, and his Havden to tell peart had some misgivings when his ring was an wered. He inquired for Mrs. Lee. She had removed the week before."

nothing about it. "Lead her from the painted boards, Point her to the starry skies— Guide her by your truthful words Pure from court hips flatteres."

A year had passed. It was the evening of the anniversary ball at the Yung Ladies Seminary at A group of cretty galls stood a little apart by a window in the hall, chatting gaily, about the dresses and dancers. "Emma, Emma," whispered Kate Allen,

s that young man across the hall? He looking at you these ten minutes" "Where! Oh, I don't know-that is, I am not sure—I can't say that I ever saw him before in my

"I wonder if you never dil. Emma! What makes your cheeks so red jest now! There he knows you. See, his eyes here highted up—fine eves too! Come, Emma, tell ne all about him.-

I told you all about my-about Ned, I mean, the first time we were here. "No I can't. I don't know am. I'm going into the dressing room." "Wait! what a provoking sai she is. Sarah.

do vou know ho he is t "No indeed, how much he loks like Emmaenough like her to be her brothe. Bell, do you

"Yes, his name is Boardman. I Te put up at the hotel to-night, and Frank Stanley invited him to dance."

"There, see, Frank is introducing him to Emma! wonder what it means! Now the are leading to the first set. Isn't he handsome it hope he dances well, for Emma is the best parter on the floor." Round and round, through the caceful mazes of the Spanish dance, floated Hard and his partner, keeping time to the delicious Pasic, and the

quicker beating of their own giddy parts. Then leading her out to the cook jazza, under the serious stars, Harry told her aum! hum!— No matter what he told her. It was not for your ear or mine.

"I always had presentiment that we hould men again," said Harry; and relying on that presentiment-a kind of rainbow faith, more sutiful than enduring in happy young hearts—he plead that Emma would trust him, almost a strager as he was even as he had trusted her-and token of her faith, would just raise her soft bires eyes to his; and Emma was just uplifting helpick lashes, when hurrying along the piazza, car A \_\_\_\_\_, one of the teachers, perfectly bind to the

disturbance he was making." "Emma, I have been searching for you this half hour. I am in great haste. You can addy wait for an adieu. Pray, sir, parden my temption and excuse her." And without another word, drawing

arm within his own, giving her time for tant perplexed glance back, he led her of "It's too bad. Why did I let her go? I not take her down myself? I will see her train."
Harry penciled a note on the fly leaf of the book -found a lad, and despatched him with it of Emma; but after having been gone ald

he returned without having seen her." Harry himself now went in search of the sor, and encountered him in crossing the en "Ah, sir, I was looking for you. I beg' for hurrying off your companion. She desir to make a thousand apologies to you; and you this hasty note. Where is it! Let me why-why-I think I must have dropped it street. Sir, sir, I am sorry-I will look again

"Perhaps you will be able to find it." I have lost it." No. I have been through two or three at and the garden."

Harry shirt his teeth together and re lent until the mortified teacher was moving

are these two men seasons and are they is a point of the property of the prope Has Miss Lee gone Yes, her brother sent for her unexpectedly

when he asked quickly-

ie has been at Charleston, South Caroher brother is to be married in a few he has sent for her to accompany himself or. Is there anything I can do for you!" No, sir ?"

le's gone and I'm thankful that I did nyself a fool before him. What am I to d certainly there is nothing that I can

CHAPTER IV. By your truth you shall be true, Ever true as wives of yoreind her "yes" once said to you, Shall be " yes" forevermore

said Mr. Hayden, one day some six weater, " it seems to me you are quite tho'tful late little low spirited perhaps."

It is quite contrary to my nature and hilly to mind such an accusation."

The point such as accusation.

To but. I think a journey would be a pleasant that you. I have business of importance at the grant an affair in which I am much interested, the cilihment in trade of one of my best friends, perhapin have heard me speak of him—young

This Lee?"

This Lee?"

Tes harles is his name; Charles Lee." Chas Lee! What, Emma Lee's brother?" -ah-yes sir ; pray, Mr. Hayden, do you

I us to know a little charming dark eyed girlof the name." "WhMr. Hayden! why didn't you tell me of

"Tellou what, Harry Come don't look so puzzleded embarrassed. I have always found you fran; be so now, and tell me what all this "WhiI have hardly anything to tell you, Mr.

Hayden

"I never saw him, sir ?"

"There is some thing in the way I see. You Why, yes; that is, I have seen her, and, Mr. Hayden, to tell you the truth, I have loved her this long while, and I -I -think -that -she-"Love Du! Ah, Harry! and you don't feel

courage to agh to—
"No sir! I have courage enough."
"Bu sir! I have courage enough."
"Bu sir I rize if you win Emma Lee

ttFo."
sill you start!"
h-morrow, or as soon as you please."
then." th morrow then"
day Harry embarked in a packet for ere Mr. Hayden had business to be and a few days afterward sailed for

weather was fair, the wind favorable, all

the midst of danger and confusion it was discovered the the vessel was on fire. he bell tolled, orders given, hurredly, questions askel and answered in a breath.

"Jan we save our lives?"
"Jossibly, Quick! quick! lower the boats! there is notime to be lost! Put the children on board! Take care of the ladies! Quick! quick! keep clear of the sparks!"

Thee is the twining of fond arms; there is clingififto love's warm passionate embrace; there are presures of warm lips to lips ere hearts are torn from their mate, the order is given.— Cast off, pull for the shore my lads! Pale faces, seen by the glaing light, look back in tearless agony to the burning deck, where the father the husband, the lover and brother, are watching the frail boat freighed with their all of earth, yea of heaven.-Now trides upon the billows, now sweeping like a mad thing, right manfully it breasts the waves the suring surf sweeps its sides; the glittering spray dashes over it; ha! it nears the shore; one weep of the oars and they are safe.

The fire leaps around the doomed vessel nearer rancing the group on deck. The first boat is coming back, all may yet be

The last boat is lowered and filled, and pushed quckly off. The freight of one man would endanthe lives of all, and yet on the burning deck remain, the captain, three gallant sailors and

All are preparing to plunge into the sea, not risk-their lives on deck while awaiting the return the boat, when, hark! a cry of smothered agony net up from the cabin. Hark I do you hear it. Oh, merciful God, who

There it is again, Oh, it is Mr. Lee, he has of his cabin from ill health. And he has not escaped, and the fire is above must go—there is no way to reach him! Oh is terrible! terrible!"

larry Boardman waited not to hear that second , but sprang through the fire and burst open cabin door. The room is filled with smoke, and suffocating. A man in his dressing gown aggered forth as the light flashed in.

Here's my hand, hold it fast—now come

ver fear the fire—there we are on deck." The first boat came back, but it was prev m coming near the vessel by the falling of the nbers and the sparks sweeping showers far arnd on the water.

"We must plunge in and swim to the boot, we not stand this heat. Can you swim !"

Then God help you—we must leave you—you ad better risk yourselves—the fire is reaching you."
With these words the captain and his lads
lunged in and made for the boat, which was at ome distance vainly attempting to near the vessel. In deck Harry Boardman and Lee alone remained. "The boat can never reach us. Can we bear his heat any longer ! It is scorching my forehead Let us plunge in some chance may save us.

ce, here is a spar floating by, jump over and clind it if you have strength, you may be saved. And leave you my brave friend!" "On quick the boat will pick you up, I will

Give me your hand, first. There, God bless 790! He will remember you in Heaven for this." that man struggling for life, with the frail spar be-tween him and eternity; then with a terrible strength leaped far into the dark yawning waters.

The other boat now came back, was hovering around the vessel, and a brave sailor plunged bold-ly into the sea and drew him half drowned, on board. Toung Lee, clinging to the spar, was floating far out to sea when the first boat was sent after him, and he was picked up by those on board and landed on the coast a mile or two below where Harry came ashore.

Harry came ashore.

Hundreds of people came from Charleston, guided by the light of the fire, had gathered along the coast many of them in search of friends expected. by the packet. Among those, came Mrs. Lee and the younger wife of Charles, with Emma half dis-tracted with fear and anxiety. No one could give any account of him, but on the person of Harry were found letters directed to him, and the senseless body was borne to a dwelling near by.— Through the long night did the devoted mother and sister watch over him, and the pale young bride press kisses upon his brow, and call on him in words

of the wildest anguish.

The grey light of the morning came, bringing hope and glad surprise, in the person of the beloved one himself, looking wretchedly pale and haggard but safe and unharmed.

"And so my mother knew not her son, nor my

wife her husband. Oh Mary!
"But who have we here so black and disfigured!" vas the anxious inquiry.
"My brave friend. Does he live?"

"There is breath; but what a wreck he is!" "Poor fellow."
The letters in Harry's possession were read and the whole truth at and revealed to the family.

The whole truth at and revealed to the family. Harry was now among his own, his new friend bound to him by the double ties of love and grati-

tude, and though in perfect unconsciousness of everything around him, was ministered to with untiring A long and dangerous illness followed that nights's exposure to fire and water, and for weeks did Emma watch over her Harry with more than a sister's anxiety. At last when hope had well front taken flight forever, he sank into a deep sleep out of thich the physician promised he should wake bedaide, anxiery. Emma sat with her brother by the occasion to tease that the peril was over, he took tic love.

"The sure Charles in the peril was over, he took tic love.

"That is all then, is sorry for him poor fellow; he tooked water for him poor fellow; he tooked for the resemblance is gone forever.

"I trust you will intercede in my beha."

"Ha, you are wide awake, and getting the standard of the stand A long and dangerous illness followed that

"Ha, you are wide awake, and getting you? And in spite of fire and water, the a right merry spirit is left in you yet, need my interession, or Mr. Hayden and on oness you both!"

# The World Owes Me a Living."

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The world owes me a good living and I'll have it," says some blackleg, as he finishes a luxuriant repast; "here landlord, another bottle of your prime Maderia!" Half a dozen empty-headed fops, who sit gazing on him with stealth in silent admiration, hall the sentiment with rapturous applicant. "There it landlord more wine here is wellplause. "That's it! landlord more wine here! we vent prosperously fill when in sight of the city a severe gale sprang up and the sea raged fearfully. The night came on dark and tempestuous, and in the might came on dark and tempestuous, and in drawers the formulation less than the might be depressed. drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, gen-teel loaferism, and so on, until one of these enterprising gentleman in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kind of a way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the state provides a "living" for those it considers deserving, but not just such a one as consists with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is the original maxim. It is false and detestable. The world owes you a living! How owes! Have you earned it by good service! If you have, whether on the anvil or in the pulpit, as a toiler or a teacher, you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you earned, or worse still, have done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury, without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything as fools have babbled, you are morally

a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just waking to a conscious the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his day and in his sphere. All are not called to dig and hew—or plow or plane—but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his high trust if he deserts it for idle pomp and heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and by nature and ation for an artizan, another for a sailor, and a third for a merchant; but no man was ever born fitted for an idler and a drone. Those who bee come such are the victims of perverse circumstances and a deplorably false education.

"But has not a rich man the right to enjoy hi wealth?" Most certainly. We would be the last to deprive him of it. He has a natural and legal right to possess and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others; but he has no moral right to be useless because he has superior means of being useful. Let him surround himself with all the true comforts and true luxuries of life; let the masterpieces of art smile upon him in his galleries and the mighty minds of all ages speak to him from his library. Let plenty deck his board, and the faces of those he loves gather joyously around it. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature and become wiser, nobler, larger in soul, than his less fortunate neighbor. But let him never forget as if he is properly trained, he never can that it is his selemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering -to labor for their benefit, and suffer, if need be

for their elevation.

The servile idolatry with which ignorance and volgarity have looked up to power and wealth—
volgarity have back transfelled millions have vulgarity have looked up to power and wealththe hosannahs which trampelled millions have
sung before the cars of conquerors and other scourges of the earth—are fading and flitting forever.
In the twilight which succeeds the gross darkness,
there comes a season of moral anarchy, when man
having lost faith in the juggles which once blinded
and bound them, resolve to believe riching—to
decry and prostrate all that mean above its lowest
love the laborer with his aircraft. Now the laborer with his sinews returns hatred for the contempt, once cast upon him and says.—What good is there in anything but manual labor—away with all else!—those whose labor as chiefly minutal are decrivers, and moths!" But this is a transitory abullition. The world mon learner to respect its benefactory in whatever aphore and to realize that he who truly and honerly exerts

himself in some department of useful effort, justly claim a brotherhood with all who toll

make and corn. some result state, or store

### The First Shot.

An Incident before the War of 1812. BY NORTHEAST,

NUMBER 44.

On a bright sundy day in the summer of 1800 three British war vessels, the Leander, the frigale Cambrian and gun brig Driver, lay in the New York harbor. Captain Whitby, the commander of Leader, having lost a number of men by desertion determined to supply their places by the impressment of sailors found on board of merchant very

ment of sailors found on board of merchant vessels coming into per the vanity, arrogance and hatred of America so common among the British naval offices of that period, and backed by the pretended of the Lords of the Admiralty, he searched every American vessel that came in his way, impressed our searched and laughed at the remonstrance of our authorities. On the day alluded to a fine merchant brig, manned entirely by American seamen, entered the barbor, and Capt. Whitby determined to overhaul her. A signal was given to her to come to, but no reply was made from the brig, which kept on her course. With compressed lips and darkened brows the sail ors on board deliberated whether they blood fight the vastly disproportioned force of the enemy; or the vastly disproportioned force of the enemy, or within their own sesport submit to the insult. This delay in obeying their demands greatly in-

This delay in obeying their demands greatly incensed the Britons.

"Bring the d—d Tankes to, if you have to sinhin," sung out Capt, Whitby to the guines.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the response, and the next moment a gun loaded with ball, was pointed and fired. The shot hit the merchantism on the taffrail and quarter rail and the splinters flow in all distances.

rail and quarter rail and the splinters flew in all directions. One noble tar named Pierce, was struck on the neck by a splinter and had his beed almost torn from his body. His death shrick was heard far around, as, tooking up to his country's flag, as if asking its protection, he fell back and expired. The sudden commotion on the marchantuman caused by the murderous shot was cheerved by Capt. Whitby, and, though ignorant of the amount of mischief done he permitted the brig to land without further molestation, at the fly market. The news of this atrocious attack spread like wildfight through the city. All classes became excited, and an immense crowd gathered on the wharf. A procession was formed, and the body of the murdered seaman was taken to the old city hall where the custom-house now stands. On the following day it was attended to the grave by a wast body of etizens, many of whom were mounting badges with

custom-house now stands. On the lottowing day it was attended to the grave by a mat body of the tizens, many of whom wore mounting badges with the motto. Free trade and sailors rights. The hatred of English arrogance, caused by this event, was immense. It was the first throb of the national heart, which grew more and more excited antil the beginning of the war in 1818.

About two weeks accommodate towar the beginning of the war in 1818.

About two weeks accommodate towar the mean under the sharre of a daring your life. The mean under the sharre of a daring your life. The mean under the sharre of a daring your life. As was left to take care of the boats, which were under the sharre of the boats, which had not been accommodated to the boats. The mean mean the work with the war and the work of the work of the wind the work of the wind the work of the dogs meddle with us at their perfluter means them stand firmly together. Or reaching them are wind the consider the manner the war them addressing the manner the war them addressing the manner the war them and firmly together. Or reaching them

large and the stand fit may together. On reaching the majoring them stand fit may together. On reaching the stand in the boats surrounded by cing his id excited crowd, who made no signs of You A passage for Roberts and his men.

You Passage for Roberts and his men.
I reckon," he way or we will force it," mid he pla.

Murmurid on his sword.

and no one with have asked it a leetle more civilly.

"Force will one of the crowd addressed.

British sail wand curves were heard on all sides ward.

A brief but way, men," was ordered, and the were knocked dwith buill dog daring, sprang fortering thair have.

were knocked dain bell-dog daring, sprang for tering their boat, headed by Sam Mitchel aggle ensued. Numbers Hercules and fearless alse seamen were just ensuele. Sain struck the small party of butchers, the body of the fearless to the earth. Lion, dashed into the and though the from the grasp of the condition of the line of the

procession then formed and preceded by a party of butchers carrying the beef, they marched to the old Tontine Coffee House, from the steps of which a number of appeaches were made. From thence the beef was taken to the old Alme House and given to the inmates What report Lieut Roberts made of the adven

ture no one knew; but neither Cant Whitby or his officers ever thought it prodent to come an shore in daylight, and the reward of the officered by Mr. Jefferson, then President, for the large of Capt. Whitby, induced him in a few weeks to leave for England, minus beef. He was there tried on demand of President Jefferson by a naval court martial for his conduct but the testimony of a martial for his conduct but the testimony of a New-Yorker, who went to England as a witness, saved him from richly marited pumishment. What this testimony was, has never transpired, but, it must have been good, since somebody wears a magnificent gold watch therefor, which is yet lead as an hericom in the family. New York Sanday.

Morning North Astrourt A lawyer and a doctor were di cussing the antiquity of their respective profes and each cited authority to prove his the most ar

cient:

"Mine," said the disciple of Lycongus, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law!

"True, rejoined Esculpius, but my profession is coeval with the Creshin itself. Old Mother

Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body and that was a surgical appration. I want

tog in his shop, while there is a leakage at home in his kitchen. What a small kitchen restricted Queen Elizabeth, after sping through a handsome. mansion. It is by having so small a hitchen," replied the covier, "That I am enabled to keep so arge a bouse."

The strongest cast of love and divelies of which we remamber to save heart, says an exchange a that of a Kastnely gallant, who got into a bollow lass; where he lived a whole week, pasping through a knot hole at his true love, as the act sewing bearskin agetherate a this window.