

**JUDICIAL OPINION.**—The other day a man not very learned in the law, was committed to jail, as he said, 'on suspicion of debt.' He didn't like the 'construction' very well, and gave his opinion on imprisonment for debt in the following clear and logical style: 'There's neighbor Hardscabble, and I; we were boys together. We used to go to the same "school ma'am" when we wa'n't bigger than a mug o' cider. By some twistification of luck, he's got rich and I poor. He keeps a store where he buys and sells for profit.—(I always got a-long, to be sure, by hard service—as Tom Tough said: till a while ago.) Says I, one day, neighbor Hardscabble, I want a few dollars' worth of your comfortable, and, if luck turns right, I'll pay you one of these days. So he let me have 'em. The long an' short of it is—I couldn't pay him when he wanted it; and now I'm here. Now if I ought to be put in jail for getting trusted, he ought to be put in jail for trusting me!—*Independent Politician*

The U. S. Gazette translates from the Courier Des Etats-Unis, an anecdote, which proves how dangerous it is for a man to stand still a few weeks, while the Spirit of the Age is rushing on like a steam chariot. A poor fellow in the simplicity of ignorance, tried to hurra in a manner that would please the Magistrates; and not having read the newspapers he did not know that what was loyal in June was very un-loyal in October.

June, 1830.

**Judge.**—Gen d'armes bring the prisoner into court.—What is your name, Sir?

**Prisoner.**—Peter Thomas, may it please your honor.

**Judge.**—Peter Thomas, you stand accused of having uttered seditious cries against our illustrious king. The citizens have trembled with horror at hearing you vociferate 'down with Charles the X!' that noble heir of the most ancient monarchy—the father of his people, whose paternal reign restores France to her ancient splendor. We must, guard him against the insults of such a wretch.

**Prisoner.**—I was, saving your worship's presence, a little in my cups, when that escaped me, as my friend here, the officer, can testify, especially as he had been drinking with me and then, instead of helping me home, he ran and entered the complaint against me.

**Judge.**—The court condemns you, Peter Thomas, to pay a fine of 16 francs, to undergo three months imprisonment, and pay costs of court.

October 1830.

**Judge.**—Municipal Guards, bring the prisoner into court.—What is your name?

**Prisoner.**—Peter Thomas, may it please your honor.

**Judge.**—Peter Thomas, you stand accused of having uttered seditious cries against our illustrious king. The citizens have trembled with horror at hearing you vociferate 'hurra for Charles X!' that imbecile and cruel tyrant—the last of an odious family, which fell in aiming a blow at France. His name is forever proscribed.

**Prisoner.**—May it please your honor, I had just come out of prison, where I had been confined three months, without the possibility of reading a newspaper; and I was so happy to breathe again in open air, that, without dreaming of offence, I cried 'Hurra for Charles X!'

**Judge.**—The court condemns you, Peter Thomas, to pay a fine of 16 francs, to undergo three months imprisonment, and pay the costs of court.

**Go-Betweens.**—There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbour every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective, which else were inert; for three fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

**To Cure Sore Eyes.**—'Good morning land-lord,' said a man the other day as he stepped into a tavern to get something to drink.

'Good morning sir, replied mine host—how do you do?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said the man, raising his goggles and wiping away the rheum, 'I'm plagued most to death with these here peskey sore eyes. I wish you'd tell me how to cure 'em.'

'Willingly,' said the merry host.—'Wear your goggles over your mouth; wash your eyes in brandy—and I'll warrant a cure.'

N. Y. Cons.

*A few questions asked and answered, according to our way of thinking.*

Who is the best man? Not he who makes the greatest show, or the most noise. But he who does the most good at the least expense.

Who is the best Farmer? Not he who has the largest farm or the most land. But he who does all his work at the right time, and in the right way.

Who is the best Lawyer? Not he who makes the most writs, or gets the most money. But he who has the most knowledge, and uses that knowledge honestly.

Who is the best Politician? Not he who rides the fence till he sees which side is the strongest, or who intrigues with the ignorant, the vicious, and the profligate, to get himself into office. But he who reads candidly, imparts the information he has acquired honestly, and is faithful in all situations.

N. H. Post.

Joseph Bonaparte has stated to those with whom he is intimate in London, that it is his intention to reside in England, and if possible to

get an act of "denizenship." He has taken a large house—a very handsome one 23 South Crescent Hyde Park, and is in treaty for a magnificent Estate in the vicinity of Brentwood, in the county of Essex. Rumour as usual has sent forth a thousand conjectures relating to his motives in visiting Europe, and it was said on the 31st of August an envoy extraordinary from the Court of Spain, delivered to His Majesty an autograph letter, containing a solicitation to remove the ex-king from England, and a remonstrance in the event of a refusal.

N. Y. Commerce.

The residue of the estate of Madame Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, is estimated to amount to fifteen millions of dollars, after all the legacies are paid. This immense estate is left to the eldest in the male line of the Bonapartes, in perpetual entail. Joseph is the present heir.

**S T R A Y B U L L**  
Rising 2 years old, came to the premises of the undersigned about 4 months ago, the particular marks are as follows,—black sides, white back, belly, and tail.

The owner may have said Bull by paying the expences incurred, on application to

JONH M'INNALLY.

Battery Point, Dec. 22.

## CHEAP GOODS.

**THE** Subscriber begs leave to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally, that he has received by the late arrivals, a Supply of the following Goods:—

Fine black, blue, and olive brown broad Cloths; printed Cottons; Bombazens and Bombazetts; book and jaconet Muslins; white, brown and striped Shirtings; Flannels and Blankets; Island and American Homespun; Joeskins, Fustians, and Oenburghs; Ladies Stays; silk, worsted and cotton Shawls; silk and cotton Handkerchiefs; heaver, cotton, silk, and kid Gloves; Ribbons, Lace, Net, and Veils; worsted, cotton, and lambs' wool Stockings; Gentlemen's beaver Hats and fur Caps; Gausey Frocks and Scotch Bonnets; silk, worsted and swansdown Waistcoating; Gentlemen and Ladies' Shoes; Gro de Naples and Sarsnet Silks; Knives & Forks; Razors and Scissors; pen and pocket Knives; Britannia table & tea Spoons; plaited and iron do. Spectacles and Snuff Boxes; plane Irons, Files, Locks, Bars and Hinges; Candlesticks, Looking Glasses, Watch Seals, Keys, Chains, and 1 fine silver Watch; a few fine Gold Broaches; watch chain, Rings; soap, Candles, Teas, Sugar, & Tobacco; and a quantity of excellent Rum, which will be sold by the puncheon or two galions; a few barrels of excellent Baking Apples, and a quantity of Annapolis Cheese,—all which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash.

PETER CURRAN.

December 15.