The People's Press.

AND

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

NO 44. WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1833. VOL. 1

Published every Wednesday Morning, by
THOMAS LORING.

TERMS.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to Yearly Advertisers.

☞OFFICE on the South side of Market Street, below the Court House.

☞EXCHANGE☜

FOR CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

ROBERT SIMPSON, has just returned from the North with a general and well selected assortment of Goods in his line of business, which he is very anxious to dispose of on advantageous terms as above—purchasers will do well to call and examine. An outline of his assortment is here presented

GROCERIES.—A good supply of articles in his line, and of fair quality.

LIQUORS.—Cognac Brandy, Jamaica, W. India and N. E. Rum, Rye Whiskey, Apple Brandy—also Port and Malaga WINE.

SHOES.—Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes of every variety—also, WOOL HATS by the box.

Crockery, Glass and China Ware.—A very pretty assortment of these articles.

TEAS.—Gunpowder, Hyson, Young Hyson, and Sun Teas.

LOOKING GLASSES.—Parlour and Mantle Glasses, some very splendid and worthy attention—also Dressing and Toilet Glasses in great variety.

Brass Andirons, Shovels and Tongs—very handsome.

HOLLOW WARE—Every article of Castings for domestic use.

IRON, assorted.—SALT, Alum and Vat.

NAILS, all sizes.

TOBACCO, Cavendish, *first chop.*

DRY GOODS, in variety.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

NEGRO CLOTHS.

Single and double barrelled Shot Guns and Fowling Pieces, Trace Chains, Cotton Cards, Stone Ware, Baskets, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Patent Smoothing Irons, cross cut Saws, Fancy Soap by the box, Axes and Hatchets of approved sort, Powder and Shot, Shoe Thread.

—*ALSO*—

Bacon, Lard, Cheese, and Butter, constantly on sale—all of which is offered at economical prices.

ROB'T. SIMPSON.

October 30, 1833. 43-tf.

Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, grateful for past favors, take this method to inform the inhabitants of Wilmington and its vicinity, that they have just returned from the North to their old stand with

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Gentlemen's Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes, of every description,

of their own manufacture; all of which they will sell cheap. They have also in their employ first rate workmen and will make to order, any article in their line with which they may be favored, of the best materials, and in the most fashionable manner.

G. & C. BRADLEY.

N. B. Repairing of all kinds done at the shortest notice.

October 30, 1833. 43-26t.

Notice.

AT the last session of the County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the County, of New Hanover, letters of administration on the estate of James Ward, dec'd. were granted to the subscriber. All persons having demands against said estate are hereby notified to present the same for payment within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred of recovery.

LOUISA WARD, *Administratrix.*

October 30, 1833. 43-4t.

Notice.

ALL persons against whom I hold Bonds and Notes, as Guardian to John and Sarah Green, are requested to make payment by the first of January next. Longer indulgence cannot be given, as it will be necessary to make a full and final settlement of the Estate, at that time.

J. H. WATTERS.

October 30, 1833. 43-9t.

Notice.

E. DICKINSON has taken in co-partnership Mr. RICHARD MORRIS. The business in future, will be transacted under the firm of E. DICKINSON & Co.

ELIJAH DICKINSON.
RICHARD MORRIS.

Wilmington, N. C. Oct 30, 1833. 43-3t.

☞I am a young man of 22, by no means ugly—my business a lucrative one, and a citizen of this place. Any young single lady of respectable connections and rank in society, wishing to enter into a matrimonial alliance, will please address through the People's Press and Advertiser.

T. T. O.

October 30, 1833. (paid 125.) 43-2t.

Notice,

THAT CHARLES SNEAD late of this County having died intestate, and for the purpose of better securing the perishable property, and special letters of administration having been granted to the subscriber, a sale of said perishable property, consisting of CROP, STOCK, and PROVISIONS, will take place at the late dwelling of deceased on Saturday, the 16th November next, on a credit of six months.

E. B. DUDLEY, *Adm'r.*

October 27, 1833. 43-3t.

☞*Refectory.*

MR. JOHN PAGE, from France, begs leave to inform the public that he has opened an EATING ROOM, in Dock Street opposite Mr. Baxter's Store, where gentlemen can be accommodated at any hour of the day, or night, with OYSTERS, BEEF STEAKS, POULTRY, PASTRY, &c. &c., cooked in the best style; and he hopes, by strict attention, and accommodating his customers, to receive a share of patronage.

☞COFFEE and TEA served at any hour in the morning or evening.

October 30, 1833. 43-tf.

For Liverpool.

THE Staunch Coppered and Copper fastened Br. Brig Industry, Capt. McNeill, has most of her cargo engaged and will meet with despatch, can take about 400 bales Cotton, on freight, on immediate application

TO G. W. DAVIS & Co.

October 30, 1833. 43 1t.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting any of the Crew of the *Br. Brig Industry*, as debts of their contracting will not be paid by either the Captain or

G. W. DAVIS & Co. *Consignees.*

October 30, 1833. 43 1t.

Mrs. Hooper's School,

IS removed to Mr. McIlhenny's brick house at the south eastern corner of Toomer's Alley, where she has commodious rooms.

October 30, 1833. 43-3t.

New Store.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having formed a Co-partnership under the firm of

MACREE & MACAUSLAN,

respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have commenced business at the old stand formerly occupied by George Ware, where they offer for sale a good assortment of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Cutlery.

All of which they will sell low for Cash or barter for Country Produce.

JNO. M. MACREE.
JOHN MACAUSLAN JR.

October 30, 1833. 43-tf.

For Sale.

75 Hhds. Prime Molasses,
10 do do Sugar,
150 Bundles Hay,
65 Brls. Northern Whiskey,
30 do Back Country, do
15 do do Peach Brandy,
15 do Monongahela 4th proof Spirits,
45 do N. E. Rum,
150 do Mackerel,
200 do Irish Potatoes,
200 Bags Coffee,
20 Boxes Soap,
50 Casks Lime,
20 Boxes Tea,
20 Baskets Champaigne Wine,
Nails, Beef, Pork, &c. &c.

LAZARUS & WHITMARSH

October 30, 1833.

NEW GOODS.

ALEX'R ANDERSON,

HAS just received from New York, a large and general assortment of GOODS, suited for Fall and Winter Sales; which he will sell low at wholesale and retail on the most accommodating terms.

HIS STOCK CONTAINS

Blue, Black, Brown, Bottle-Green, Olive, Claret, and Steel-mixed Cloths, of various qualities.
Silk Velvets, Valencia and Silk Vestings.
Cassimeres and Sattinetts, some very fine.
Rich Silks, Bombazines, Merinoes, Circassians and fine Calicoes.
Merino Shawls; Thibet wool do.; Silk and Gauze do.; Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, Muslins, &c. &c.
Hosiery of all kinds.
Tuscan Braid, Leghorn and Straw Bonnets.
Hats of all qualities; some very superior.
A large and well assorted stock of NEGRO CLOTHS.
Blankets, wool Hats, and Shoes.
Brown and Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings.
Coloured Domestics, low priced calicoes.
Rose Blankets, Flannels and every other descriptions of Dry Goods.
HARDWARE, Iron and Hollow-ware.
Groceries of all kinds, among which are fresh Teas of the best quality, Loaf Sugar and Choice Wines.
White Lead, Glass, Putty, Paint Oil, Lamp Oil, Cut and wrought Nails and Spikes, besides a variety of articles in his line which he continues as heretofore to keep on hand.

October 23, 1833. 42 tf.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE SUBSCRIBER has just returned from the North, and is now opening at his old stand, the new brick Corner, South East of the Town Hall, a well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

of all descriptions in common use.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Hardware and Cutlery, Guns, Pistols &c.

A handsome collection of

CROCKERY WARE.

Jugs, Jars, Churns, &c. &c.

A few Sets of new style **CHINA.**

A large and general selection of **SHOES,** of all descriptions.

HATS and BONNETS.

ALSO, Brown, Havana, Loaf and Lump SUGARS; COFFEE; **TEAS** of the choicest qualities.

Wines, Cheese, Segars, Chocolate.

TOBACCO OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Salt, Iron, Grindstones, &c.

In fact a good assortment of every thing in common use by town and country customers, all of which he offers at moderate prices for Cash or Country Produce.

HENRY NUTT

October 23, 1833. 42-tf.

Female Boarding SCHOOL.

THE SEMINARY for Young Ladies recently under the Superintendance of Mr. WALKER ANDERSON, in the vicinity of Hillsborough, will in future be continued on the same principles, under the direction of the Subscribers.

INSTRUCTION in the Ornamental Branches of FEMALE EDUCATION, particularly MUSIC and DRAWING, will be given by the same experienced and well-qualified Teachers who have formerly had charge of that Department.

The Session will commence on the 15th of January, 1834.

WILLIAM E. ANDERSON.
SAMUEL J. JOHNSTONE.

October 14, 1833. 42-t1March.

THE MURDER HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near;
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!

COLLINS.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassilis between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road or rather a pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or the desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighboring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the death-like stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and perpetual cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural strength, suddenly sink into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listenened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding place in the storm." *Surely*, thought he, *though alone, I am not forsaken;* and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavored to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh; "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year." "Are you *alone?*" inquired the old woman, in a harsh tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy; "I am alone *here*; and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "*Then* you are welcome;" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

To compose his agitated nerves to rest, but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality.—He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavored to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a clink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived it was only a *goat* that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbor within a dozen miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy"

"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha! ha!" said the other, with a sneer, "you say so, do you?"

"I do," answered the first gloomily; "the Murder Hole is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow is dead and buried to your hands in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief *there.*

"Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there?—it sucks them in like a leach!"

"How do you mean to despatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed to the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take.—This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, "*The boy has fled—let loose the blood-hound.*"

These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavored to accelerate its speed, panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed, to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to [illegible] of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the Pedlar's wounds bled so profusedly, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance.—Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighborhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to peices by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls, (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern *inn* (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any *discord* be heard in the house or any *murder* committed in it, *this* is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relate—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths,—when she describes, with all the animation of an *eye-witness*, the struggle of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance, when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the blood hound,—it is *then only* that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

FROM THE MONTGOMERY, ALA. ADVERTISER.

The Case of Owens.—The Columbus, Geo. Enquirer, of Saturday last, contains the following information:

"The Superior Court for Russell county, Alabama, has been, during most of the week, employed in investigating the murder of Owens—Judge Harris presiding. The Solicitor General, Col. Pickett, has been employed in ferreting out the testimony, which was exceedingly difficult to come at, as it appears no persons were immediately present, but the detachment of troops who were concerned in the murder: we learn that the Solicitor addressed a letter to the commander of the Fort, Major McIntosh, stating the difficulty, and requesting a surrender of the file of soldiers who were present at the killing of Owens to the Sheriff of Russel county, in order that an investigation might be had, and at the same time forwarded the Globe of 24th August, which contains an article stating that the commander at the Fort had instructions to aid the State in the investigation. To this request, the commander replied that he had received no such instructions, and that he would not comply, and that the soldier who shot Owens, did it in the execution of his lawful duty. Process was then issued out for certain soldiers and suspected persons in the Fort, but without success; the Major informing the Sheriff upon a demand being made, that he would not give up a man. An attachment was then issued against the Major for contempt of the Court, which was also disobeyed, the Sheriff returning that he could not take the Major without danger of his life.

"It appears also that a subpœna was issued for Lt. Manning and served, but he also refused to obey it. We learn under this state of things, and upon the affidavit of the Sheriff, that the force of the county was inadequate to serve process on persons in the Fort, that the presiding Judge despatched a messenger to the [illegible] We have also further [illegible] for murder have been found against divers Soldiers at the Fort, and also against other individuals who were concerned in the transaction.

"It now remains to be seen whether the military authority is to control the civil. Here is a handful of United States soldiers within the border of the State who hold themselves above the laws of the country, and set the laws and the officers at defiance. Will Alabama submit to this?"

In addition to the above, we copy the following from the Columbus Democrat of the same date:

"Next week we understand the United States' Troops take up the line of march from Fort Mitchell, to expel the intruders upon public lands in the Creek Territory. The intruders, it is said, are determined to keep possession while the commander at Fort Mitchell has positive orders to remove them. Time will show us the issue."

We agree with an evening paper of Tuesday, that it is perfect folly to attribute the accidents that occur on board of Steamboats, to any thing but carelessness. There are as many steam engines in the heart of this city, as there are Steamboats on the waters adjacent to it, and yet we can recollect but three explosions; one a long time ago at the Manhattan Works, Mac Queen's, a year or so ago, and the late one at the Dry dock. All these are attributable and attributed to carelessness, and if good engineers be employed on board of Steamboats, prudent men, who will not put as much steam upon their boilers as they think they can about bear, no more danger can result on board, than has resulted from the use of them on shore. We trust the suggestion we published yesterday, will be considered and ripened by able persons, and that before the close of the next session of the Legislature, a commission may issue to such men as Mr. Robert Stevens, Mr. Allaire and others in our city, who have both knowledge and experience in these matters. We are satisfied the public would consider their lives, when entrusted to persons who should bear a commission signed with their names, as out of the pale of danger.—*N. Y. Standard.*

Anecdote of Kean.—Sitting one night at the back of the front boxes at Convent-Garden Theatre, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the under-bred box-lobby loungers of the present day stood before him, whose person, being large, covered the sight of the stage from him. Kean took fire at this, but managing his temper, he patted the box-lobby gentleman on the shoulder with his walking-stick, and with much *seeming* civility requested of him when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the stage, to let him and the gentleman with him know of it; "for you see, my dear sir," added Kean, "that at present we must totally depend on your kindness." This had the desired effect, and the lounger walked away.