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THE HEIRESS WITH THE PRETTY FOOT.

"By the bye, Fred, are you a marrying man?" said Charles Russell to his bachelor friend Frederick Somerville, as they discussed a cool bottle together at the Star and Garter, at Richmond. "By the bye, Fred, are you a marrying man?"

"My dear Charles, with a patrimony of one hundred a year, and an allowance from my aunt of a second; for gloves and shoe strings, how can I entertain such an idea? But why do you ask?"

"Because I have just heard a strange whim which my cousin Ellen has taken into her head: and 'pon my soul, if she perseveres in it, I should like some good fellow like yourself, who will take care of her and her couple of thousands a year to be her eccentric partner."

Fred's curiosity was now raised. He entreated to be made acquainted with this strange whim; and, a fresh bottle having been placed before the friends, it was not long before the generous operation of the wine, and our friend Fred's enquiries, prevented Russell from burthening himself any longer with the important secret.

And the secret was this:—Ellen Cameron, a high spirited and self-willed girl of two and-twenty years of age, and an unincumbered income of as many hundreds, having been disgusted at the treatment which a fair relative had received from one whom, after an attachment of some years, she had made her husband, vowed that, if ever she married, it should be to a man to whom she should be introduced, for the first time, at the altar where she was to become his bride.

It was a strange idea, doubtless, but young girls, who are mistresses both of themselves and their fortunes, are apt to have strange notions. Ellen was one of these. With a good heart, and excellent understanding, & a cultivated taste, she had just so much of oddity in her disposition as prompted her to make, and enabled her to persevere in this extraordinary determination.

The strangeness of the notion seemed to possess charms for the somewhat romantic mind of Somerville, who, having enquired as narrowly into the state of the case as Russell's relationship to the lady would admit, expressed himself willing, could she be prevailed on to accept him, to undergo the ceremonies of introduction and marriage at the very same moment.

"But tell me, my dear Russell, do you know any thing objectionable in her temper or disposition?"

"Nothing upon my word, Fred. No woman is perfect, and Ellen has her failings: but despite certain eccentricities and peculiarities, I do believe you would live very happily together."

"But, my dear Russell, I always vowed I never would marry even an angel, if she exhibited a *superabundance of foot and ancle*. Tell me, has my fair incognita a pretty foot?"

"On my word she has—*there is not the fellow to it, I can assure you.* But I tell you what, although it is almost unfair to Ellen, yet I will let you into a secret; she will be at the opera to-morrow night—you may get a peep at her there."

Full particulars of what box she was to occupy, together with other means of identifying her, were asked and fairly given

The following night saw Fred. at the opera, before Spagnoletti's magic tap had given the signal for the commencement of the overture. His eyes were instantly turned upon the box that was destined to contain the object of his search; but that of course, was empty. During the whole of the first act of the opera, his attention was rivetted to that spot, but not a soul broke in upon its solitude.

During the *divertissment*, which followed, and exhibited attractions so powerful as to seduce the eyes of our hero from the object on which they had so long been fixed, the box was filled; and when Fred. turned his eyes again in that direction, he felt convinced that the most prominent personage which it contained was the eccentric Ellen!

His glass was now directed for some momentous minutes to the box; and when he removed it to return the salutation of his friend Russell, who now approached him, he was muttering to himself, "By heavens! she is certainly a fine girl!"—Nor did he exhibit any selfishness with regard to this feeling; he never attempted to keep it to himself, but instantly confessed as much to Russell.

'She is certainly a very fine girl. Can't you introduce me to your cousin, my dear friend?' said he.

'Then the two thousand a year have no charms for you, Fred,' was the reply.

'Faith! but they have though, and so has your cousin; therefore, the sooner you say a good word for me the better it will be.'

Whether or not Charles, who adjourned to his cousin's, introduced the subject of his friend's admiration of her that evening, we cannot take upon ourselves to assert; but certain it is, that Ellen's opera glass was, for the remainder of the night, much more frequently directed to the part of the pit which was occupied by her aspirant, than to any other.

The subject was introduced, however, at *some* period, and, after sundry blushings and hesitations, Russell's wooing, in his friends name, sped favorably; & 6 weeks after the eventful dinner at Richmond, saw a travelling charriot, with four of Newman's quickest, draw up at St George's, Hanover square, and depos it at the snug and sly vestry-door, the bridegroom expectant of Ellen Cameron and her twenty two hundreds per annum

Here he was met by his friend Russell whose obvious confusion and anxiety could not escape the notice of Fred. Somerville. He was about to enquire into the cause which produced the effect, when he was prevented by the arrival of the bride.

He would have flown to assist her from her carriage: but Russell seized him, and motioning him to withdraw, succeeded in leading him into the body of the church: not, however, before he had discovered that his intended had a *very pretty foot*, which was certainly without its fellow—*for he saw she had but one!*

He was at first bitterly enraged at the deception which had been practised upon him; but Russell soon calmed his irritation by a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

Well assured of Fred's worth, and his cousin's amiability, he had felt convinced in his own mind that their union would prove a happy one; but the circumstance of Ellen having unfortunately been deprived of one of her legs, he feared would prejudice Fred. against her. His anxiety for the happiness of both parties had tempted him, therefore, to conceal this fact—for knowing as he did, Fred's devotion to *a pretty foot*, he feared lest this enthusiastic admiration of the *extreme* of feminine beauty should lose him an amiable and wealthy woman, had he been told at once, that, although she had a *singularly* pretty foot, *she had but one!*

That this explanation was satisfactory we have asserted already; and it was made evident by the fact of the worthy clergyman being called upon immediately to perform the matrimonial service; to say nothing of the worthy clerk receiving tripple fees upon the occasion.

The marriage created a good deal of attention at the time, and ill natured jokes were cut upon the parties; but they heeded them not, and have been rewarded for it by a succession of many happy years. One of these malicious witticisms only will we record.

'So, Fred Somerville has married a woman of property, I hear—*old*, of course"—said a young guardsman at Brook's.

"Not exactly old, *but with one foot in the grave.*" T.

From the American Monthly for January.

LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

* * * I left Crawford county in July, 1833, and travelled down the river some forty miles, to the county of Pope, where I intended to take up (as they say here) a school. After travelling over a fine, rolling upland country, I descended into the bottom of a creek, called Little Piney, nine miles from the river—and came at once upon a small log house. I stopped to take a survey before entering; for I had been directed to the settler who lived there. It was like most other settlements in this country. A field of about forty acres was under cultivation,—filled with huge blackening trunks, gigantic skeletons of trees, throwing their bare withered, sapless branches forth, though a whirl wind had been among them with its crashing destruction. About the house were a lot of peach trees, scattered about with very little regard to regularity. The house itself, was roughly built of logs, and in front was a shelter made of poles, covered with green branches. The owner of the clearing was sitting in front, dressed throughout in leather, and playing lustily on the fiddle. Hearing that sound, I judged there would be no churlishness in his disposition, and I marched boldly up. He greeted me heartily, and without any attempt at politeness, and in two minutes we were on the best terms in the world. He too had been at Santa Fe, and as old travellers over the prairie, we had a claim upon one another's kindness. The heart naturally warms to one who has been through the same scenes of danger, difficulty, and privation as yourself.

With deference to those respectable gentleman of former ages, called troubadours romancers, et cetera, I incline to believe that the best and most gallant knights of olden times were much such men as the bold and stalwart back woodsmen. The same bold, brave, and careless demeanor—the same contempt of danger and recklessness of the finer courtesies and sympathies of life—the same fighting, revelling carousing, and heedless disposition; the same blunt and unpolished manners exist in the latter, which are recorded to have belonged to the former. My present host was one of the purest specimens of the bone and sinew of the West. Tall and athletic, he would hardly have feared a death grapple with a bear. His frame was close knit, muscular, and well proportioned. He combined the activity of the panther, the strength of the lion, with much of the silent, quick, and stealthy movements, of the Indian.—He had been a journeyer over the deserts and mountains, and a soldier at the battle of New Orleans. Of course he was an excellent Jackson man.

My object being, as I said before, to get a school, I opened the subject to my host, and inquired what might be the prospect? Why said he if you would set in right straight, I reckon thar' might be a right smart chance of scholars got, as we have had no teacher here for the best end of two years.—Thar's about fifteen families on the creek, and the whole tote of 'em well fixed for children. They want a school master pretty much, too. We got a teacher about six months ago; a Scotchman, or an Irishman, I think. He took up for six months, and carried his proposals round, and he got twenty scholars directly. It weren't long, though before he cut up some ferlicues, and got into a priminary; and so one mornicg he was found among the missing.

What was the trouble.

Oh! he took too much of the escence of corn, and got into a chunk of a fight—no great matter, to be sure—but he got whipped, and had to leave the diggings.

And how am I to manage to get a school?

I tell you. You must make out your proposals to take up school; tell them how much you can teach; write it as fine as you can, (I reckon you're a pretty good scribe,) and in the morning there's to be a shooting match here for beef; nearly all the settlement (laying the accent on the last syllable,) will be here, and you'll get signers enough.

I followed his advice. The neighbors gathered in the next morning; I was duly introduced to them, and soon had twenty scholars subscribed. Reader, didst ever see a shooting match in the west? I dare swear you never have, and therefore there may be no tediousness in a description of one. I hate your set descriptions laid out formally, in squares and parallelograms, like an old fashioned garden, wherein arthath not so far advanced as to seem like nature. You can just imagine the scene to yourself. Conceive yourself in a forest, where the huge trees have been for ages untouched by the axe Imagine some twenty men; tall, stalwart, brownhunters; equipped in leather, with their broad knives by their sides, rifles in hand; and every man with his smoke blacked beard in his hand. The rivals in the first contest were eight sturdy fellows middle aged and young men. The ox for which they were to shoot was on the ground, and it was to be the best six shots out of eleven. The four quarters, and the hide and tallow, were the five prizes; they were to shoot off hand at forty yards, or with a rest at sixty, which is considered the same thing.—Two judges were chosen, and then a blackened board, with a bit of paper on it about an inch and a half square, was put up against a tree. Clare the track! cried the first marksman who lay on the ground at his sixty yards with his gun resting over a log. The rifle cracked, and the bullet cut into the paper. Put up my board! cried another—John, shade my sight for me! and John held his hat over the sight of the gun. It cracked, and the bullet went within half an inch of the centre. My board! cried another—I'll give that shot goos! and he did—fairly boring the centre with the ball. The sport soon became exciting. It requires great steadiness of nerve to shoot well, for any irregularity in breathing will throw the bullet wide of the mark. The contest was longer than I had anticipated; but it was decided without quarrel or dispute. The judges decided, and their decision was implicitly obeyed. The whole eleven shots of one man who won two quarters could be covered with a half dollar.—You have made a show of Davy Crockett; but there are thousands of men in the West who are better marks men, better bear hunters, and every whit as smart as Davy himself.

Speaking of him, however, reminds me of an anecdote of him, which may perhaps be contained in his autobiography; if not, it is too good to be lost, for it does him more honor than the fact that he has been in Congress. Before he was a candidate, or had any idea of being one, there was a season of scarcity in the Western District, where he lived. He went up the Mississippi, and bought a flat-boat load of corn, and took it to what he calls his old stamping ground. When a man came to him to buy corn, the first question he asked was: Have you got the money to pay for it? If the answer was in the affirmative, Davy's reply was, Then you can't have a kernel. I brought it here to sell to the people who have no money. It was the foundation of his popularity.

We naturally slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us leave Crockett and come to school keeping. My school house was a small log house, with a fireplace the width of one end—no floor—no boarding or wether boarding—a hole for a window, and one for a door. In that place I taught a collection of urchins two months, and then was taken possession of by the fever and ague, which lasted me another month and ended my school keeping in this mortal life. I was to get my pay, half in money and half in pigs; and I managed to get three dollars of the former and omitted to say any thing of the quadrupeds. That made four and a half months, during which I had labored at mine office and vocation. For the first six weeks I got just enough to pay my board; and for the last school, as I said before, three dollars. How many pigs I may have at this day in Pope county, it is impossible for me to tell.—However, while I was employed in this thankless office, I wrote 'hapes' (as my predecessor in the school would have said) of poetry, part of which I have since published in a book. If it did not make me famous, it ought to have done it; for it was all I got for my three or four months hard work.

A correspondent (if indeed there be not more than one) of the Boston Courier, is furnishing that paper with letters from aboard, as if from various members of a family. The subjoined is one which would stamp the writer as the American Mrs. Ramsbottom

THE OAKWOOD LETTERS.

AUNT SALLY TO MRS. BUTTERNUT.

At Sea, Jan. 16th.

Well, I never!-mercy on us! My stars!—Oh, Mrs Butternut! Mrs Butternut!—To think we should ever live to come to this! And to think that a body like me should ever come here to sea—where there's nothing to be seen! Would you ever believe that any body could live so far off? I never would. Here we are—I won't say how far, because I don't know—I kept no account, and there's never a milestone on the road, all the way we've come. The sailors find the way by counting the logs just as the Indians do, going through the woods; but I don't understand it, for never a mite of a log or a stump have I seen growing on the sea at all. Oh! Mrs Butternut! I'm in such a flustration of the intellects that I don't know how to begin; and there's an end of it, only here we are all out at sea and still in the land of the living. Mrs Butternut, was you ever sea sick? I thought I should have died all the time, every live long day for a fortnight! There's nothing but what I've undergone; but thank my stars, I got over it. Howsomever, we are all grass and hay, as the Psalmist says.

I've taken my pen in hand, Mrs. Butternut, and mean to tell you the whole story, just as it happened, and errors excepted, as the saying is. I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of Methusalim, and ten times longer. Such a time as we had!—I'm all over in the hydrostatics when I think of the sea, yet here I am with the very depths of the ocean tumbling over my head, a body may say. But to begin the story with setting out. We all got safe to Boston, and sung aboard in the cabin, and set sail as pleasant a day as ever the sun shone upon and the almanac said, 'much fine weather about this time.' But would you believe it, Mrs. Butternut! to think of the deceitfulness of moral man! The very next day a tornady, and the next day a squall of wind, and the next day a cat's paw, as the sailors call it, and so on, day after day—day after day harrykins and tornadies, and cat's paws and the Lord knows what, to the end of the chapter. There we were, tumbling and tossing, all day and all night and no more rest than a ground tier butt, as the sailors say; and ready to bounce out of bed, because the ship wouldn't stand up straight, but kept tipping over board every instant minute. Sich a tantarra! I was ready to fly out of my skin.

As long as I live I shall remember the day we first tried to eat dinner; it was a Friday afternoon just about sun down, or it may be a little before; it blew a harrykin and a tornady togeth er. I was lying down in the birth and wishing for a comfortable drop of tea, for I could'nt eat any thing. Whiz! Hum! Rumble! roared the wind. Thump! Splash! went the waves. Bang! Whack! Rattle! Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! Crash! Crash! went the plates and the dishes and the knives and the forks and the pots and the pans and the mugs and the jugs and the bottles and the glasses! all smashing higgledy up together! Such a spot o' work! Oh! Mrs. Butternut! there was I all the time,—sick—sick—sick—sick! 'Captain,' says I what is good for the sea sickness? 'Patience and water gruel,' says he. 'Pork and molasses says our Zach! Oh! the sarpent! to make me laugh when I was so sick!

Mrs Butternut! the more I think of it, the more I don't know how to begin; so that my letter will be, for all the world, like Dickinson Dodd's courtship with Hannah Bunker, that ended before it was begun: I did nothing but lay groaning all day long, and wondering how I could be sich a mortal dunce as to leave my own native home, where I was born and bred with the pleasant green cornfields and the meadows and apple trees and the huckleberry bushes and all—to come here and be touzled about by harrykins and tornadies. Oh! the days that I have seen! I'd give all my old shoes that I could once more hear the music of our barn yard, where we used to have the turkeys gobbling and the geese squawking and the ducks a quacking and the cocks crowing and the hens clucking! But not a living mortal of a fowl have we seen the whole voyage, except a poor, miserable, half-starved chicken, which the sailors said, belonged to one Mother Carey—much good may she get keeping poultry.

Dear Mrs Butternut, I must leave off, for I can't say any more, only that if I was once more safe at home, I should be as happy as a calm at high water, as the sailors say. I like to have forgot to mention the terrible loss I have had—my black satin bonnet got cast away the other day, when it was blowing a cat's paw, and was all crumpled up to smash, so that I never saw any more of it; but one of the sailors told me he spied a pig running off with it out the lee scuppers. I don't know where that is, so I give it up for lost. My dandy grey russet got awfully spattered by the tar and salt water, and I'm afraid it was never wash out. Oh! Mrs Butternut? it was a terrible spot of work, you may depend. But folks that travel at sea must expect to see trouble.

Write to me the first post. I want very much to know what sort of preaching they have at the west parish, and how Deacon Dogskin likes the new minister. Between you and me I an't without my fears—folks an't what they used to be. Oh! Mrs Butternut! mankind are all miserable heathen, as the Psalmist says. Do tell me how the Doctor's wife carries her head, and whether Squire Bunch is really to be married or not. Yours,

SARAH OAKWOOD.

HAIR CUTTING.

A writer in the Medical Intelligencer of this week, talks very sensibly against the present fashion of cropping short the hair on the back of the head and neck. He says:

In olden times, when wigs were worn, our grandfathers were used to live all the days of their lives:—now we are fortunate if we live them half out; and these are filled up with suffering and disease. Every anatomist knows that, forth from behind the head, issues that large but most delicate and susceptible organ, the special cord. It traverses the whole length of the back, and, from every point of it nerves grow out and penetrate and encircle the body. On the integrity of this organ depends the health and vigor of the greater portion of the trunk and extremities, and the certainty with which a vast number of painful but little understood diseases can be traced to disorder in this silver cord, has been beautifully and forcibly, illustrated in the recent work of Mr Teal—a work full of practical wisdom, and valuable to every medical practitioner.

Now if any part of the living fabric requires to be guarded against exposure, it is a spinal cord, especially at the point of its out coming from the skull.—Yet what do you see in the streets of every city and town and village? Amid the chill blasts of winter, we see the head warmly protected by a close hat or fur cap, and the back well covered by warm and comfortable garments but this very spot, the back of the head and neck! between the collar and the cap, left exposed to the cold, to the wind and the storm: As it were studious to open widely as possible this wide avenue of disease, the warm covering that a kind and careful Providence had provided for this part, is almost impiously cut short by the universal fashion of the day, and hence come a host of obscure painful and fatal diseases, that were rarely witnessed until this mode of hair cutting was adopted.

I ask not for the restoration of the venerable wig, though I believe in my heart it was a great promoter of health and long life, to abandon this abominable practice, and follow the dictates of science, and the teachings of nature, who has furnished for this critical portion of the body, a warm and abundant covering.—Boston pap.

Means of Getting a Living.—It is said that in London there is a class of people whose *Profession* is to rise before day and commence their peregrinations about the town, searching for objects lost the previous night and evening by the million and a half who swarm the streets. These persons often make fortunes. Their gains cannot but be enormous, especially as stealing, and begging, and pocket picking, are probably collateral sources of emolument. Another one of the London profession is *dust sifting*, in which very valuable jewels, money, etc. etc., often reward the perseverance of the industrious.

There is a man now living in London who has for years devoted himself to one single branch of usual profit, from which, I am told he has accumulated an independent property. He lives in the courts and about the register offices, and watches to ascertain when any amount of property, by the thousand vicissitudes of events and changes of law, is transferred from one person to another. This happens more often than would be lightly credited by those who have never examined the subject, and it also frequently comes to pass this transfer takes place by a mere casualty—the death of a man—whose next heir is the legal inheritor of his wealth without his knowledge, and who has thus unsuspected by himself, often a right to large property—Our hero makes a business of informing himself of all these affairs, and when one becomes entitled to any property, he immediate writes to the yet unconscious favorite of fortune, hinting that he has some thing very important and agreeable, which shall be communicated upon the payment of ten or twelve pounds —This, of course, in the first excitement of delight is cheerfully complied with, and they do say the old gentleman's worth a *plumb*.—*Fay.*

From the Cincinnati Christian Advocate

Poverty in Cincinnati.—Not long since two or three ladies called upon some poor families, to distribute a few articles of clothing furnished by the Methodist Sabbath School Benevolent Society for the children, that they might appear in the Sabbath school, and found them in a pitiable condition. One family consisting of father, mother, and five children, occupied two rooms, without a chair table, bedstead, or any bedding, except a bundle of rags in a corner, which one might conveniently carry under his arm. They had no fuel but what the children could gather in the streets, and it is presumed very little to eat. The female children had no change of raiment, and for the time being sat shivering with some old rags pinned round them, while their mother was washing their dresses. Now suppose the worst construction which the case admits of, that the head of the family has been intemperate, and let all his earnings go to support the coffee houses licensed by our city council, that they may deal out destruction in a legal way, are his wife and children to go unpitied and unprovided for on his account? Who is entitled to more sympathy, the poor widow and her orphans who have to support themselves only, or the poor wife & her children who have to support themselves and a drunken husband and father, and to endure his abuse into the bargain? Certainly the latter.

Who would suppose while surveying the external grandeur of our city, that "the Queen of the West" presented such sights of woe? What stranger attending our churches on the Sabbath, and observing the display of broadcloths, silks, artificials, carpets, cushions, tassels, and organs, would suspect that these pretended christians had among them the suffering poor, whose wants are unheeded. Answer, ye unfeeling aristocrats and men in authority, who legalize drunkenness, with all its poverty and misery, that ye may spend the proceeds on your lusts to gratify the wishes of your deluded constituents. Answer it, ye "poisoners general," who vest your capital in distilleries and dramshops, to make your fortunes by prostituting the bread stuffs of the hungry poor, and converting them into libations to the devil. Answer, ye praying hypocrites, who profess to love God and man, while the poor around you are suffered to freeze and starve. Answer, young ladies and gentlemen who spend your time and fortunes at balls and theatres instead of employing them to relieve suffering humanity. In the meantime much credit is due to those benevolent associations and individuals who are using persevering efforts to alleviate the miseries of the destitute, and bring their children under salutary Sabbath school instruction.

Politics of Lower Canada, and symptoms of Revolution.—We sometime ago noticed the formation, on Public grounds of a rifle corps by the British descendants in Montreal, in spite of the disapprobation of the Governor General. Finding this scheme presisted in, Lord Gosford had issued a royal proclamation, denouncing the penalties of the law against all persons entering into such association. Meantime, the Constitutional Association of Montreal have issued an Address 'to the Inhabitants of British America,' setting forth, after the manner of our Declaration of Independence, the grievances under which Britons in Lower Canada labor, and inviting a Congress of Deputies from all the Provinces of British America, for the purpose of deliberating on all measures affecting the common weal.—*N. Y. Amer.*

More Indian Murders!—News arrived in town yesterday of two men being killed in Baker county by a party of 40 or 50 Creek Indians, and several others wounded. We have not time to state particulars.

It thus appears as though the Creeks and Seminoles were acting in concert in their savage warfare.—*Georgian Telegraph.*