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ADVERTISE.

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LIFE.

A BRIEF HISTORY IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow,—
It stings him to the core;
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name—
He sits and thinks apart;
Time blows the spark into a flame,
Burning within this heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care;
He feels the blissful path by turns,
With hope, and with despair!

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades—
Sighs, glances, tears, and vows—
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
Smiles, courtesies, and bows!

A purpose, and a prayer—
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how even hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold,
And so with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes,—
Soft looks—averted eyes,—
Each heart into the other rushes—
Each yields and wins a prize!

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—
Brief solemn words and prayer—
A trembling to the finger's end,
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses—
And so the deed is done!
And now for life's woes and blisses,
The wedded two are one!

And down the shining stream,
They launch the buoyant skiff,
Full blest if they may trust life's dream!
But ah! truth echoes IF!

If Providence with parent care,
Mete out the varying lot,
While meet contentment joys to share
The palace or the cot.

PART IV.—THE SEQUEL "IF."

If health be firm—if friends be true,
If self be well controlled—
If trusts be pure—if wants be pure,
And not too often told.

If reason always rules the heart,
If passion own its sway,
If love to future life impart
The zest it does to-day!

And oh! if faith, sublime and clear
The spirit onward guide—
Then blest indeed, and blest fore'er
The bridegroom and the bride!

Educational.

From the Brattleboro Phœnix.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF OUR VILLAGE.

Mr. JOSEPH PERRY, of Keene, N. H., an able and experienced Instructor and at present Commissioner of Common Schools for Cheshire County, recently spent nearly a week in examining our village schools and the school system adopted by our citizens. We have been shown a letter addressed to our School Committee upon the subject, and thinking it may be interesting to our readers, and useful to school districts that might be disposed to adopt the *principle of government*, so much dwelt upon by Mr. Perry, we publish the letter. In order to its being understood, we preface it with the "Rules and Regulations" adopted by our district, and so often referred to by Mr. P., which may serve in some degree as a form for other districts who may wish to adopt the *principle* which that gentleman deems so important.

Rules and Regulations for the Brattleboro Village Schools.—At an annual meeting of the legal voters of School District, No. 2, the following Regulations for the better government of the Schools in the District were adopted, and the following votes passed unanimously:

THINGS REQUIRED.

1. To be punctual in attendance upon all the exercises of the school.
2. To pay due regard to cleanliness and neatness of personal appearance.
3. To treat superiors with becoming deference, and fellow-pupils with kindness.
4. To bring from a parent or guardian a written apology for every absence and tardiness, if required by the teachers.
5. To be supplied with necessary books and stationery.
6. To have a place for everything and everything in its place.
7. To make good all damage done to the buildings.
8. To go directly to and from the school, and show proper respect for all on the way.
9. To yield a cheerful obedience to all the regulations of the school.

THINGS TO BE DONE ONLY BY PERMISSION.

1. To leave the seats for any purpose.
2. To leave the room in school-time.
3. To put wood in the stove, or open or shut a window or door.
4. To leave a study commenced, or take up a new one.

THINGS FORBIDDEN.

1. To ask a question or open a desk during the time of recitation.
2. To make any communication, either by speaking, by writing, or by signs during the time of the school.
3. To eat fruit of any kind during session time.
4. To cut, mark, scratch, or in any manner deface the desks, or any part of the school buildings.
5. To enter the school house for any purpose, except by the door.
6. To throw a ball or any missile within or at the school buildings.
7. To use profane or vulgar language.
8. To use opprobrious epithets, or in any way insult a fellow-pupil.
9. To engage in a personal quarrel, or encourage others to do so.

Voted, That in case of wilful disobedience or misconduct of any scholar, may be expelled from any school in the District, by the authority of the whole of the Prudential Committee and Teacher, and shall not be restored except on a vote of a majority of the Prudential Committee; and the Chairman of said Committee shall notify the parent or guardian of such scholar of such expulsion.

Voted, That in case any damage is done to the buildings or other property of the District, it shall be the duty of the Prudential Committee to prosecute, in the name of the District, any person doing such damage; or, in case such damage is done by a scholar, said Committee may, in their discretion, deprive such scholar of the use of the schools until such damage be repaired.

Voted, That the Prudential Committee be instructed to procure a sufficient number of copies of the foregoing Regulations and Votes to supply each scholar's desk with a copy, and each family in the District.

A true copy of Record.
Attest, F. H. FESSENDEN, Clerk.

KEENE, N. H., Nov. 1850.

To the School Committees of Brattleboro, East Village: GENTLEMEN:—As early as the summer of 1844, six years ago, I heard, incidentally, that the Common Schools of Brattleboro had been organized upon an entirely new *principle*—a principle that recognized the duty and the prerogative of the *people*, in their *collective* and *corporate* capacity, not only to attend to the *external* affairs, but also to direct and control the *internal* police and government of the schools, in such a manner *as the highest good of the community might seem to require.*

This doctrine, novel and startling as it was, and directly opposed to the theory and practice in New England from the Common School—an institution which has immortalized its illustrious founders—obtained favor with the intelligent citizens of your enterprizing village. After a full and fair discussion by the people in Convention assembled at sundry times, the grand, fundamental principle was finally established, that it was not only their absolute *right*, but their *bounden duty* to prescribe the laws by which their schools should be governed, and thus to relieve the teacher from the *terrible* responsibility of framing his own statute.

In accordance with this vital principle, a system of "RULES AND REGULATIONS" was reported by a Committee appointed for that purpose, and *unanimously* adopted by the district. All the Common Schools were provided with copies of the laws, and the teachers, by and with the advice of the School committee, were charged to see that they were carried out according to their true spirit and intent, in their respective Schools.

Aware of these facts, and being fully persuaded of the truth and efficiency of the new theory, I have constantly felt an intense desire to visit your schools, and see, with my own eyes, *how* the system worked. I had the greater desire to do this, in consequence of having been recently and unexpectedly called to act as Commissioner of Common Schools for Cheshire County the current year. From a careful inspection of your schools, and by comparing their practical operation with that of the schools of Cheshire county, I tho't I should be able to determine the comparative merits of the two systems.

It appears that the village of Brattleboro originally constituted *one* district, and *one* school. As the population increased, the schools were multiplied in this one district, to meet the wants of the people: so that at this present time, there is still one district and *six* schools: four "Primary" of the same grade, composed of children from 4 to 10 years of age; one "*Intermediate*," of a higher grade, composed of scholars who have completed the course of studies required in the "Primary," and who are admitted on examination; and one "Central," the highest grade, composed of scholars who have finished the course prescribed in the "Intermediate," and who are also admitted on examination. In the "Central" school, the children have an opportunity of completing their school course of study, and of graduating from year to year in the possession of a complete English education, well qualified to discharge the multifarious duties of life.

The four Primary schools are situated so as to accommodate the different sections of the village. The Intermediate and the Central schools are located in the same building, upon a beautiful elevation in a central position—the Intermediate in the lower, and the Central in the upper part. Every school room is fitted up with single desks, so that every scholar is completely insulated, and is significantly taught by this arrangement that *he has nothing to do with his neighbors in the school room.* All the fixtures are beautifully contrived with a special view to the comfort and convenience of the scholars. On one side of the Central, I noticed a perennial fountain of cold water gushing from a pipe, and as pure as old "Croton" itself where the scholars may quaff a beverage on a sunny day, more delectable than the fabled nectar of Jove.

The number of scholars in each, now averages about 60, and in the coming winter, I should say that there would be 375 scholars in all the schools.

I have just returned from an inspection of your Common Schools, which has occupied the greater part of a week. As a whole, they have fully met my expectations. Fame has not transdended the bounds of truth. The picture was not overdrawn. The reality verified, after a trial of ten years, (the revolution took place in 1839—40,) the glowing tale of the early visitor who first called my attention to them.

One of the Primary Schools, composed in part of Irish children, "*raw recruits*," exhibited some symptoms of restlessness, inattention to study, and an occasional violation of the "RULES," of which they were probably unconscious, and which will be corrected after they shall have become acquainted with the true economy of the school.—The other three Primary schools were in perfect keeping with the spirit of the rules, and exhibited strong evidence that they felt the influence of the power behind the throne, more potent than the throne itself.

In the Intermediate and Central schools, the order was perfect. Solemnity was depicted in every conntenance, and study engrossed universal attention. No levity, no indecorum, no departure from the strictest propriety sullied the character of either of these schools. Every evolution was made with military precision. It seemed to me, while sitting out an entire session, that the parent of every child was virtually present, in the "Rules and Regulations," attached to the lid of every desk, and constantly meeting the eye of the occupant, and admonishing him of his duty; so guarded and so dignified was the deportment of every pupil.—Every scholar seemed to act and move as if he were in the presence of his parents. The directions of the teachers were implicitly and cheerfully obeyed. No muttering, no hesitation, as if the authority of the teacher, or the propriety of his requisitions were called in question.

After witnessing the practical operation of your schools, organized as they have been for ten years, I am, if possible, more confirmed in the belief that your system of School Discipline, prescribed and sustained by the people, is the only safe and true one, by which all our common schools should be regulated and governed. It fully means the wants both of the school and the teacher, and completely carries out the design of the Institution, by imparting to the greatest number, the greatest benefit of which it is susceptible. So much for the common school *heresy* of Brattleboro, as it would probably be called by the School Philosophers of New England.

Any one, who will seriously reflect upon the operation of our *stereotyped* system of School Discipline, depending for its authority, upon the *Teachers alone*, must be convinced, that if it be continued, the character and influence of our schools will not be materially changed for the better; as it is a sound principle in philosophy, that the same causes must produce the same effects.

I can look upon the teacher of the common school in no other light than as the *minister* or *servant* of his constituents, the PEOPLE.

When the people act primarily in organizing the school, the teacher is relieved from the awful necessity of framing his own laws, and exposing himself to the risk of failing to secure the sanction of the people to his *Code*, which is essential to success.

The conclusion of the whole matter, then, is this; *our School Reform must commence, be continued, and ended, in a radical change in our School Discipline; and consecutively, in the provision of a devoted, and thoroughly and specifically educated corps of teachers.*

A system of "RULES AND REGULATIONS"—that is, the PEOPLE of every District, *personified*, must go before the Teacher, and make every School Room a safe and pleasant abode both for the teacher and his pupils. In this way, and in this way alone, may every school reflect the type, or become the model of a well regulated family.

Mr. Jefferson, in his celebrated 'Notes on Virginia,' says that a view of the passage of the Potomac (after its junction with the Shenandoah,) through the Blue Ridge, is worth a voyage across the Atlantic! I would apply the same remark to the Schools of your village.—If I could not witness their organization, and practical operation, without crossing the Atlantic, I should cheerfully submit to the trouble and expense of such a voyage.

Eleven years ago, it was considered disreputable to send children to the common schools of B——. The citizens depended almost entirely upon private schools, (of which there were six at the time of the revolution,) involving an immense expense, for the education of their children, defective as it was. Now, a private English School cannot live in the shadow of the Common Schools.

The six private schools in successful operation in 1839, became defunct, one after another, soon after the new organization, and they have never revived. The popular sympathies are enlisted in favor of the once poor, neglected, and despised Common School.

Very respectfully,
Your obt. servant,
JOSEPH PERRY.

Miscellaneous.

DODGE'S ELOPEMENT.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Dodge, the eccentric and unequalled delineator: or, as the ladies call him, the "incomparably ugly man," appeared "on change" again last week, and the next evening after his appearance, Milliken's fashionable saloon—Dodge's head quarters—was at an early hour densely crowded with the "members of the order," to listen to the rib-tickling account of the many incidents ever to be met with in the life of a Concert Singer.

Many a time and oft, have we shaken our sides with uncontrollable laughter, as the tormenting sentences of dry and spontaneous wit fell from the lips of the joker, as unconcerned and as careless as drops of spray from the overhanging cliffs at Niagara.

But few, however, of the many rich things related by him in our presence, have left the laughter in us, like the following:—but, in order to be fully appreciated, the reader should *see* Dodge tell the story.

Dodge, some years ago—about the time he quit teaching the art of wax fruit and flower making, and, fortunately, took up that of concerting, at which profession he has, according to repute, amassed an independent fortune—made a break across the mountains, and one fine morning found himself in the city of Cincinnati.

Here he took passage in the afterwards unlucky steamer, the B——S——, bound down the Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez and New-Orleans.

The boat was densely crowded, being stowed full on deck with agricultural implements, horses, cord-wood, Dutch emigrants and other hardware; while the cabin was filled up with trunks, gals and boys, men and women, and such like plunder.

After supper, Dodge, having by letter of introduction, made the acquaintance of a very useful personage, the captain of the boat, they arm in arm took a peep into the ladies' saloon; it was quite full, and one of the ladies was playing the piano elegantly, while some some others, having a greater taste for vocal than instrumental music, were humming over a few of the late fashionable productions of Balfe, Glover, Dempster, and other eminent composers.

The Captain and Dodge stood for some time in respectful silence, when the lady at the piano very politely requested aid from some one to assist her in that glorious, soul exhilirating and never-dying old duet, the "Canadian Boat Song."

This was Dodge's *cue*, he very readily stepped forward, begged permission to lead off.

"If you please, sir," said the lady, whose angeliferous voice Dodge vows nearly took away his breath.

However, our hero pitched into the "Boatman" like a load of coal, and says that, united with the angelic voice of the Mississippi nightingale, he fairly made "Rome howl."

After the "Boatman" came a few selections from the Operas lately published; and the night being now far advanced, to wind up, Dodge was obliged to favor the ladies with a description of the trip to Niagara Falls.

"Egad old fellow," says the noble Captain, meeting Dodge in the social hall, about midnight; "you get along swimmingly among the ladies—why you sing like a bird."

"Oh, yes, I sing a little," said Dodge.

"And, egad, you thumbed that's lady's guitar into fits."

"Well, I rather guess I *did* torture it some," replied Dodge: "but tell me, Captain, who the deuce is that lady dressed in black, that sings like a nightingale and plays with the finish and perfection of a professor?"

The Captain being a noted wag, and the terror of all jokers on the Mississippi river, here suddenly conceived the idea of selling the Yankee, with a joke, which should come *high* among the New Englanders, in ages to come as a maddle "sell."

"That lady, my dear fellow, is a-a—widow!"

"You don't say so!" says Dodge.

"Yes, but I do though, and more than that, she's rich, rich as mud, sir—rich as mud! worth seventy five thousand dollars! young and beautiful in the bargain—a good chance for a Yankee boy, just commencing in life, like you, sir!"

"She's certainly very beautiful," says Dodge.

"Beautiful as an angel!" suggested Dodge.

"Unequalled by any other on the river," rejoined the Captain; "why, sir, she sings like a seraph."

"How long has she been a widow!" inquired Dodge.

"A little over a year now, since her Captain was placed under the sod."

"Ah! then her husband was a *Captain*, was he?" says Dodge.

"Yes; he *was* a Captain, but he got blowed up, poor fellow. This steamboating is a risky business for a man that cares anything about life, sir! risky business! but then if you get the widow, and you can do it, sir, like a knife, if you only cotton strong enough, for she likes you already—I saw it in her eye—you can retire on some large plantation and spend the rest of your days in indescribable and unbounded luxury!"

"Well, Captain, hang me, if I ain't a mind to spread myself for the young widow, and try my hand at courting for the first time in my life!"

"Go it, my boy, I'll back you with all my influence; if I wasn't already a married man, I'd surely go in for that charming woman; but you'll win—young—good-looking—"

"Don't don't, if you please, Captain?" said Dodge.

"Hang it, Dodge, you musn't be so modest."

"But, Captain, gas, soap, putty—think of my feelings!"

"Then you sing and play like a book; the widow *loves* music, she loves music to distraction; and now, my boy, strike while the iron is hot! Why, sir, if I could sing and lead the guitar equal to you——"

"Hold on, Captain, hold on; I understand all about that; but now tell me all about the young and beautiful widow; give me her name, age and residence."

"Her name," replied the Captain, "is Amaantha Bronson; age, about twenty-four; residence, New Orleans, and as we shall probably be about ten days running down, you'll have a fine chance to exert yourself; so take my advice, and make the best of your time."

"I will," says Dodge, and he didn't do anything else; for, always having an eye open for "fly-traps" and "spring-guns," his suspicions were aroused by the Captain's attempt at flattery and his seeming disinterested endeavors to bring about a hasty avowal of love for the young and accomplished and really beautiful lady.

So, setting his wires to work, he lost but little time in discovering that the Captain had been under the delightful chains of Hymen but about two weeks, and the pseudo widow was no more nor less than the identical, charming, and idolized wife of the Captain.

"Now," says Dodge to himself, "as the Captain has planned a joke, he shan't be disappointed: I'll only change or slightly alter the plot, and if I don't in the end give him a regular "eye-opener," then he may have the pleasure of informing his friends how he "done the Yankee brown."

Dodge had, something like a week previous, sent on his bills and advertisements to the editors at Natchez, stating that he would be at that stirring little town during the races, and would, at fifty cents a ticket, treat the inhabitants and visitors with a series of mirthful, musical, and social entertainments.

Not letting any person on board know at what place he intended to stop, telling the Captain he would settle his fare when he left the boat, he improved every spare moment with the widow over the music portfolios and piano, until the old steamer came pulling alongside of the levee, at Natchez.

Ascertaining from the Captain that the steamer would leave in about three-quarters of an hour, he gave his baggage in charge of a resident in town, who was just about leaving the boat. Then, watching the Captain until he had entered the counting room of one of the large stores "under the hill," for which he occasionally brought goods from New Orleans, the vocalist immediately went to the Captain's wife, and very coolly informed her that through the mismanagement of one of the agents, the boat would be obliged to remain about twenty-four hours at Natchez, and that her husband had accordingly accepted an invitation of some friends to visit the race ground, and wished the vocalist to come up, as soon as convenient, in a carriage, with the Captain's wife. Not dreaming anything wrong, the lady hasitily threw on her shawl and declared herself ready for a start.

Stepping on shore, Dodge hailed a colored coach-man, gave him a shining doubloon, and in a smothered voice, ordered him to drive ten miles in an easterly direction, and then, without a single question, turn around and slowly return.

Leaving Dodge and his fair companion to enjy their pleasant drive, after a tedious confinement in a noisy and clattering steamer, we will now return to the Captain, who, at the appointed time, gave the steamer's bell the accustomed number of rings, hauled in the plank, bid a good day to his friends, and shoved out into the muddy river.

After seeing that the additional freight was well balanced, ropes and chains properly stowed away, and everything, in sailor's phrase, "all taut," which occupied nearly an hour, the Captain entered the ladies' saloon to scrutinize his new passengers, and pass an agreeable half hour with his sweet and affectionate wife.

Not seeing his lady, he repaired to her state room, where he found the usual variety of out and inside dresses, night caps, slippers, stockings, &c., but no wife, whereupon, feeling a little uneasy, (the honey moon not yet being passed,) a general search was made from stern to stern, but without the least success.

For a moment the Captain stood like a statue. A thought struck him! Where was Dodge?

Some one remarked that he had not been seen since the boat left Nathez.

With the speed of a madman, the Captain rushed to the stateroom of the Yankee singer, when, to his utter astonishment, he found that the baggage had all disappeared, and on the bed lay a letter, directed to Captain ——, of the steamer B—— S——. The letter was quickly torn open, when, to add still greater fury to his frenzy, his eyes fell on the following.

Dear Sir:—Thinking that you might possibly have the pleasure of relating to your friends, how you caught Dodge *napping*, by persuading him to make a declaration of love to your talented and truly accomplished lady, you tried your utmost, both by mispresentation and personal influence, to get me in the meshes of your skilfully woven net: and thinking that when we get among the Romans, we are justified in doing as the Romans do, I have by the same method, taken possession of your beautiful wife, without *her own* or *your* consent.

Your lady shall receive that attention and kindness, that none other better than a Bostonian knows how to bestow; and unless you conclude to "about ship," acknowledge the corn and immediately take possession of the prize, (which, between you and myself, I consider the most manly and wisest course,) I shall, if it meets her approval, take her under my charge in the next steamer bound for the Crescent City.

Yours for *fun*, let it come at whose expense it may—in a *horn*.

OSSIAN E. DODGE, Boston Vocalist.

P. S.—Enclosed you will find the amount of my *fare*, and inasmuch as I have taken possession of *your fair*, it is perfectly *fair*, that you should take possession of my *fare*.

In a voice of thunder, the Captain gave orders for the action of the engine to be reversed, and taking possession of the pilot house himself, he had, for a time, an excellent opportunity of cooling himself down into something like a state of reflection and reason.

Being naturally of a generous, noble-hearted and lively turn of mind, he was soon obliged to acknowledge to himself, that the "infarnal Yankee" had outwitted him, and that after all, if his wife had received that attention promised in the letter, it would be better not to make a fool of himself, by a great splurge and show, but handsomely acknowledged that he had been whipped by his own weapons: returned the vocalist the amount of his fare, and then present him with a life ticket for the steamer B—— S——, current at all seasons of the year.

About the time that the Captain was raging the wildest, Dodge was explaining to his fair companion the manner in which her lawful lord had compromised her honor & dignity, and representing her as a widow, and the proper person to receive the addresses of any and all young men, who might by accident or otherwise, engage a passage in the same steamer.

Little by little, in his usual shrewd manner, the vocalist revealed the complicated plot, from beginning to end, until the whole conversation, plans, &c., were brought to light, including even the cap-sheaf of the whole—the letter left in the state room.

The lady trembled, wept violently for a few moments, and finally wound up with a merry ringing laugh, exclaiming—

"Oh, *won't* he be angry for a few minutes! But he's a noble fellow, and will, in half an hour afterwards, be willing and happy to forget and forgive. But he shan't *forget*, as long as I have a tongue. Oh *won't* I bector him! But, Mr. Dodge, hadn't we better have the driver hurry? For the Captain will return immediately on the receipt of your note, I know he will; for, oh, sir, we are very fond each other; indeed we are."

Dodge ordered the driver to increase his speed, and if he should discover a steamer coming up the river, to immediately inform them.

"Dah's one comin' now, Massa," immediately replied the driver.

"What's her name?" inquired Dodge.

"Reckon Massa's from de norf; don't know nigger can't read," rejoined the laughing prince of darkness.

Dodge and his fair companion immediately took a view of the distant steamboat from the wind of coach, and soon satisfied themselves beyond a doubt that she was none other than the identical B—— S——.

"Wha does Massa want nigga drive to now?" inquired the wonder stricken, but respectful driver.

"Natchez, under the hill," replies Dodge, "and govern yourself according to the speed of yonder steamer, as we wish to board her."

"Yes sah."

As the bowline was thrown ashore, Dodge and the pseudo widow alighted from the carriage and walked slowly down towards the boat.

The Captain, overcome with joy, at the sight of his young and beautiful bride, sprang from the traffrail, and soon had her clapsed in his arms. After a hug, a kiss, a few words in private, he turned round to Dodge, who stood looking on like one convinced he had no right to enjoy the scene, and exclaimed,

"My dear fellow, this is happiness, and no mistake; but I'll own up that I've been sold; completely sold; and that you're to much for me altogether. And now, sir, if you'll promise me that you will never relate the facts of this case south of Mason & Dixon's line, you shall be entitled to a cabin passage on my boat from the present time to the fall of 1999."

"I am much obliged to you, Captain, for your offer," replied Dodge, "but should prefer not to accept it, as jokes that are paid for are not, as a general thing, so long remembered, or so well enjoyed, as those founded on affection for the viddera."

"Hit again, by the great father of rivers!" exclaim'd the Captain, "but I'm now behind time, and must hurry off; so, God bless you, my dear fellow, but don't, amid the exciting scenes of concertizing, ever forget Captain ——, or the steamer B—— S——, or your elopement with another man's wife."

On his arrival at New Orleans, the vocalist found a letter in the post office, containing, together with the good wishes of the Captain and his wife, an elaborately finished gold ring, on which was engraved the Captain's name and residence, and underneath, in very fine lettering, the simple but impressive word, "SOLD."

Dodge showed us the ring, and amid the shouts of the fraternity, exclaimed,

"Boys, I have preserved this ring with great care and attention for a wedding gift, but I've'nt as yet found the first woman who had the courage to offer herself, and it's all nonsense for me to mention the subject, for they'd insist upon it 'Old Dodge' was coming another of his jokes."—*Boston Museum.*

A HIT AT THE CHIVALRY.

We find in the New York Tribune, the following capital *hit* at the non-intercourse resolutions of some of the towns and cities of the Slave States.

The Hobbs Hollow Gazette, published at Hobbs Hollow, in Jersey, publishes the following "spirited resolutions" of the chivalry of that "gallant" place:

At an enthusiastic meeting of the Planters of Hobbs Hollow, held at the "Oyster and Turnip" Inn, Nov. 20, 1850, Gen. JOHN PIKE in the Chair, and Col. E. L. SQUD Secretary, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, The people of Hobbs Hollow have, since the formation of the United States Government, pursued the vocation of planting oysters and garden vegetables, and selling the products of our plantations in the New York Market—and whereas the city of New York, regardless of our rights, has pursued a system of "aggression" upon our institutions; and whereas the said city is growing rich and populous by feeding on our oysters and vegetables, which they purchase from us—thus impoverishing us—and whereas we cannot look with composure on the growth and pro-