

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1836.

VOL. X--No. 474.

From the Knickerbocker, June Number.

Extract from "ODDS AND ENDS."

"Thomas, Thomas, did you bring my band box down from the school?" asked a low and I thought young voice. "Yes here it is, Miss Smith," answered some one beyond the driver.

"The lady ascended the steps, and as the dim light from the lantern, which the coachman held in his hand, resting for a moment on her, I strained first my eyes and then my neck to catch a glimpse of her face, but I was unsuccessful, and was only able to ascertain that she was small, of a slight figure, and that she wore a little cottage bonnet.—But this was quite enough. I have a theory about bonnets, and I had long previous laid it down as an axiom, that a cottage bonnet *prima facie* shades a pretty or at least a young face, while *vice versa*, an old or an ugly countenance seeks the deep shade of a "poke." The lady, then, was young. Of this I was satisfied, from the tones of her voice. She was pretty. Her bonnet settled that. And beyond, and "better than this, than these, than all," she was unmarried. Don't you recollect, reader, the man called her Miss Smith, when he answered her inquiries about the bandbox?

"I have it," thought I; "what a dunce I was not to have surmised it before.—There is a ladies' seminary in this city.—She asked if her things had been brought down from the school." She is some dear little creature, who resides within a day's ride of the city, going to visit her parents. Her father has not been able to leave his business to come for her, and her brothers are all off at college; and as the stage passes the door of her parental home, it has been thought safe for her to make the journey alone. Poor little dear! it is too bad to make her leave her soft pillow and sweet dreams, to ride alone with strangers on such a night as this! But I will be a protector to thee sweet flower. I will be to thee even as a father and a brother.—The storm that rages without shall not chill thy young blood—the winds which howl around us shall not "visit too roughly" thy tender frame; and if thy strength waxes faint, and fatigue or drowsiness overcome thee, thou shalt close thine eyes and rest thy head on a bosom that will support thee as tenderly and faithfully as that on which thy infancy reposed."

These were thoughts that flitted through my mind, while my fair companion was arranging her seat, as comfortably as circumstances permitted, by my side. In a few moments the coach was again in motion.

"I fear, Miss," I remarked, as we reached the outskirts of the city, you will have an uncomfortable night of it."

"O, no," she replied, "I am fully prepared for the ride, and I think I shall get through it very well."

A long pause ensued. "The school in Troy, is very full now, I understand?" again I essayed.

"Yes, Sir, we have now one hundred and thirty-five pupils and others are arriving daily."

Another pause succeeded, during which I congratulated myself on finding my surmises correct. "Are you traveler enough," I asked, "to know that your comfort during the night will depend very much on keeping your feet warm?" And I bent down and gathered the straw from the bottom of the coach, and placed it over them.

She thanked me for my attention, and we rode on in silence. At length I began to grow drowsy, and at the same time observing the head of my companion begin to nod, I suggested to her that if she would lean against me, she would ride with greater ease. In a few moments her head fell upon my shoulder, and she seemed to sleep. "Sleep on sweet girl," thought I; "thy trusting confidence in a stranger is not misplaced.—He appreciates thy unsuspecting innocence; he understands the unsophisticated purity of thy nature, and would sooner lay down his life than startle thee by word or deed from the full security thy guileless heart secures to thee." An hour passed, and I stirred not lest I should disturb the gentle girl.—My heart melted toward her; and as the moments hastened on, I grew yet more sleepy and loving. Occasionally I gave vent to my feelings in low, broken, whining inquiries of how she felt?—was she fatigued?—did she sleep well?—was her position easy?—were her feet warm? &c. I have never been able to satisfy myself whether I was dreaming a part of the time, or whether I was awake; but it appears to me that I never loved any human being with half the tenderness I felt for my sleeping companion. So strong indeed was my devotion, that I felt that I would have taken her, without further knowledge for the wife of my bosom, and have given her for life the place she then occupied by my side.

Another hour glided by. My drowsiness got the better of my love.—Wearied with sitting in one position, I sank against the cushion on one side of the coach. My companion sank with me. My arm was around her; and thus encircling all that I then considered most desirable in life, I fell asleep.

The morning sun shone brightly in my face, and I awoke. A bonnet was bobbing in my face with every motion of the coach. My arm was around a cloak which seemed to cover a human figure. In a moment the recollection of my companion flashed across my mind. As I raised myself up, and attempted to look under the bonnet, a young Frenchman on the front seat, whom I instantly previously had observed with his features strangely distorted, gave me a short dry laugh, and put his head out of the coach. I availed myself of the opportunity to look under the bonnet. Do not laugh, reader, but pity me. There was a little lean woman sleeping on my breast, with a dark beard on her upper lip, longer and more plentiful than that which distinguishes the young exquisites of the day. Her

chin and cheeks were covered with a substance lighter indeed in color, but quite as unequivocal in character. Farther of her personal appearance I cannot speak, for I did not extend my observations. What I have already described, was sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. I awoke her, and told her that it was daylight, and sat her upright in the coach; but the next job brought her back against my shoulder. Fast asleep, I again roused her, but with the same result. I began to grow nervous. Cold chills ran over me. I bought the lady to awake—told her I was tired of holding her—and begged that she would sit upright. She said she would, but she did so for a moment only, and then fell back to her former position. This was more than I could bear; and I debating in my mind whether I should jump out of the coach, or only to the front seat, when the vehicle stopped at the hotel, which was the end of the route.

INDIAN WARFARE.

A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser gives the following circumstance, connected with the burning of the town of Roanoke by the Creek Indians:

At the time of the assault, there were in the village from 70 to 80 persons, who were taken entirely by surprise, not being in the least apprehensive of an attack. The Indians, as is almost always their custom, entered the village just before day, with forces amounting to more than three hundred warriors. They dispersed through the village, posting themselves at the doors and windows of each house in such a way as to make their work of destruction sure the moment the inmates came into the open air. As might be expected, where there was such a disparity of numbers, and the stronger party being so advantageously disposed, the savages were but too successful. The village was taken, every house burnt—twelve persons were left dead, and fifteen were missing some two or three days after the attack.

At one house there were lodged a gentleman, his wife, and two boarders, one of whom is a Georgian by birth, the other a northern merchant, for some time a resident of the village. When the alarm was made the host, though entreated to pause, ran to the door, and was instantly shot down by the savages. The other Georgian had escaped from the house, and was hastening to the forest with which the village is environed, when he also was fired upon—the ball passing through his thigh between the muscles and bone. Severely wounded as he was he continued his course and succeeded in making his escape. His companion was about to follow, when he recollected that his hostess, whose lifeless husband was then weltering in his blood which had been shed at his own threshold, was left alone with her infant child. He could not persuade himself to abandon her, while surrounded with such imminent danger, and such trying circumstances. He immediately altered his purpose, and taking the two helpless beings that had just been thrown on his protection, he hastened into a chamber, where he concealed them under a box at the same time secreting himself under a barrel. He had barely effected this when the savages burst into the house, plundering and destroying every thing before them. They entered the chamber in which he was secreted—they even seated themselves on the box which concealed a helpless mother and her still more helpless infant. He could distinctly hear their conversation, and understanding their language, he was made fearfully sensible of the perilous situation in which they were placed. The least noise from the infant, and their destruction was inevitable. But an unseen hand protected them—the child remained quiet—the savages left the room—and he at last heard their retreating footsteps as they sallied forth into the streets. He now breathes freely again. But a dense smoke with which the room is filled gives him the intimation of the approach of new danger, and warns him that it is time to leave his retreat. He finds the bed in flames—this he extinguishes, and going below, he perceives that the chairs, tables, and the like, had been piled up in the middle of the room, and the whole set on fire. A pair of water had been left. This is dashed on the ascending flames and the whole is extinguished. All this was hardly the work of a minute—it is done and he returns to his retreat beneath the barrel.

The village is now in possession of the savages. The flames are doing their work of destruction at a rapid rate. The groans of the dying, the shout of victory mingling with the war-whoop, the report of musketry and the crash of falling buildings, contrasted with the stillness of approaching morning, are borne in fearful sounds to those who are still surrounded by real danger. The savages again return to the house they had just left. They set fire to the piazza. There is now but one alternative. The flames are ascending to the roof of the house; a few moments delay may be fatal—something must be done or he may be consumed by a more ruthless enemy than the foe without. At this crisis he had the presence of mind to observe that the dense smoke which proceeded from the burning house was borne by a fresh breeze to a neighboring thicket. This suggested the means of escape, and taking the widowed mother and her helpless infant, for whose safety he had encountered so many dangers, under cover of the smoke, he reached the thicket unperceived, and finally escaped.

Seldom has a person in times of imminent danger, exhibited more presence of mind, more determined resolution, more daring courage than was exercised on this occasion.

Neah-E-Mathla, Creek Indian Chief.—A Georgia paper gives the following interesting account of the character and capture of this Chief, who, with his warriors, was

men and children, lately surrendered to Gen. Jessup—and are confined, with the exception of women and children, within the pickets of Fort Mitchell, amounting in all to about one thousand—and, as a writer says: "they are of all ages, from a month old to a hundred years—of all sizes, from the little pupose to the giant warrior."

"The second Chief of the nation, and the principal warrior of all the Creeks, Neah-E-Mathla, has been taken prisoner—arrested suddenly and unexpectedly in his hostile and murderous career, and bound hand and foot in stubborn and unflinching iron. As a warrior, he was possessed of a spirit calculated at once to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies, and to inspire his followers with an unwavering confidence; hence the moment it was ascertained by the warriors that he was in reality a prisoner at Fort Mitchell, a portion of them resolved upon their course, and marched forthwith to the camp of Gen. Jessup and surrendered their arms.

On Thursday, the 22d inst. we visited Fort Mitchell, our only object being to catch a glimpse of that warrior and chief, whose name has so strongly marked the page of history, and whose undoubted courage and unexampled bravery has become a by-word throughout the land.—Neah-E-Mathla. We were not disappointed in our visit. We were conducted within the pickets, when our attention was at once arrested by the person of the celebrated warrior chief, reposing with all his native grace, his hands and feet being bound with heavy irons his body seemed to be at perfect ease, but there was a restlessness about his eagle eye which told the story of inward tumult, disappointment and mortification.

He is an old man; he says he lacks but 16 years of being an hundred years old.—He looks like an old race horse, his flesh being worn away by severe exercise. His bones are prominently exhibited under his skin, which is all over wrinkled with age, there is something peculiarly striking in his countenance, and the entire expression of his face give evidence of his intelligence.—From a conversation had with General Jessup, we learned that he had formed an exalted opinion of the military talent of the old warrior. He stated to us, that the camp of Neah-E-Mathla was one of the strongest military posts he had ever seen. Its location was marked with great judgment, and the whole plan and arrangement was such as to convince him that Neah-E-Mathla was a man endowed with military talents of a very high order. Gen. J. remarked that he could take possession of that camp with 700 men, and defend it against four times that amount of force.

The capture of this chief, as near as we can ascertain, was attended with the following circumstances. Gen. Jessup had left Tuskegee with about 700 men, intending to make a direct march for Neah-E-Mathla's camp, which was located on the waters of the Hatchachubbee. He continued to be joined by additional forces while on his march, until the number of his entire army amounted to 2700, of which 1200 were friendly Indians. He had penetrated the country until he ascertained that he was within about seven miles of the hostile camp, when he came to a halt hard by a fine cool spring, and a flourishing oak field, where he was refreshing his men and their horses. While thus engaged, a few of his men had wandered a little distance from the main body of the army, when they discovered an Indian approaching on horse back, whom they recognized as being old Neah-E-Mathla. He had a piece of white cloth tied round his head, and a white garment of some sort hoisted upon a stick, both of which were designed to manifest his disposition for peace.

He was ordered to halt, but gave no heed until one of the party of whites had approached within a few steps of him and threatened to shoot, when he "came to," and was immediately taken to Gen. Jessup and made a prisoner; he had with him his son and daughter, and the niece of Neah-Mico. The two females were released—his son is confined with him at Fort Mitchell. On being questioned in relation to the object of his travel, at the time he was taken, he stated that his life had been threatened in his own camp, and that he was hastening with all speed to Fort Mitchell, where he intended to give himself up; and when Major McIntosh was about putting irons upon him, he remarked, "you need not do this, for I am friendly;" this statement, however, was universally discredited. The opinion upon which we rely is, that he was passing from one portion of the army to the other, it having been thrown into confusion and disorder by the approach of Gen. Jessup, of which they were apprised, and that his object was to unite his warriors and make them fight.

BARGAINS.—It was Dr. Franklin or some other sensible man, no matter who it was, that said, "any thing purchased which is not wanted is dearly purchased," and he was right, for the accumulation of useless articles, either in dress or furniture involves what may be termed a total loss. Thus, take into the account the purchases of young house keepers and we shall find three distinct classes; necessary, useful, and ornamental. In the scale of purchases, one is positive the other is probable, the third very doubtful. "One of my particular grievances," said a friend to us the other day, "is the unerring inclination of my wife to buy bargains. She is the most amiable woman in the world, and this very amiable woman clines her to lend a willing ear to the gossip. She daily hears of new stories and great bargains. She reads the auction sales, particularly of furniture, with nearly as much pleasure as the psalms of David, and my pantries are crowded with glass ware, chandeliers, fish knives, china jars, tea and dinner sets, ottomans, fire screens,

window curtains and candelabras, in sufficient quantity to set up a third cousin in a furnishing warehouse, and all of which was purchased at an average of ten per cent. above the store price; and the fact is, my friend, she is so well known as an errand jobber at these furniture auctions, that young couple who wish to begin the world with economy, cry out, "no bargains to-day; here is the indefatigable Mrs. M., all before us, and she is the very life and soul of competition." When I go home to dinner, somewhat fatigued with the day's business, probably a little discommodated with some operations, she is sure to meet me with a smile and a hearty welcome, and these domestic amenities conclude, she usually breaks out thus, "My dear, I have just heard of a very cheap lot in Canal at of burnt goods—very cheap indeed—very little if any burnt—painted muslins, beautiful for four shillings, only half price—black lace edgings at two cents a yard—think of this, and a variety of things uncommonly cheap—some wet goods too—I must go and see them." "But, my dear, why go and see them; you want nothing, you have all your summer and a great part of your winter dresses already." "Yes, my love, but I may want them hereafter, you know; next summer probably, and they are so cheap; I am sure to pick up a bargain." The next day before I had time to put off my frock coat and slip on my linen jacket, and take a cool glass of claret and water, I am requested to take a seat on the sofa and look at the purchases. Gracious me! Linen with burnt edges quite rotten; damask toweling and table cloth ditto; painted muslins with the colors running out; wet stockings, lots of bells, cotton balls, cards with rusty scissors, old fashioned Tuscan hats, cotton umbrellas stained and spotted; such an assortment of unnecessary and damaged articles and at high prices, under the mask of economy, was never before spread on a parlor carpet for inspection.

We must confess that this ardent attachment to bargains is an evil which should be eschewed by every thrifty housewife. If a dress is wanted go to a store, buy a good article and pay a fair price for it; you then have pleasure as well as profit. Instead of filling up bureaus and pantries with trash which is useless and costly, nothing will be purchased unless required, and what is required will be durable, useful and satisfactory.—New York Star.

THE FOUNDATION OF ST. PETERSBURGH.—Before the Nova falls into the Gulf of Finland, it sends off two branches to the right, and the three streams from the grand outline of its delta. Exactly midway between these two branches, there was a very small island separated only by a narrow channel. The main body of the river therefore, was in its front, the small channel behind, and behind that an immense morass; while on the other side an arm of the Neva embraced the morass, of which they formed an island. It was this spot which Peter chose for his citadel; and here he set to work with an earnestness of enthusiasm, a "regia animositas" which has few parallels in history.

It was necessary to elevate the surface of the island by means of earth transferred from other places, to cut timber, to transport stones, even before the actual task of constructing the fortress commenced; and the number of laborers required was therefore, immense. These consisted not only of the troops, of the Swedish prisoners, of the neighboring ingraims and Caroleans, even of the people of Olonez and Novgorod; but also of vast numbers of laborers from the interior governments of the Empire; of Cosacks, Tartars, Calmucs, brought from their distant solitudes to build a city between the Baltic and the White Sea. Forty thousand men were thus employed at one time; races, tongues and creeds were intermixed; and the young women of the Neva, the mothers of the future capital, received husbands from the banks of the Don and Volga.

To provide instruments of labor for such a multitude would have swallowed up a revenue much greater than that of Peter's. Besides, that was not their own affair. The Czar merely commanded them to do such a thing—he did not interfere with the mode in which they were to set about it. They had neither pickaxes, nor hatchets, nor shovels, nor carts; but they had their fingers to dig, their hands wherewith to carry, and if force was necessary, they could turn their captives into sacks. In this manner the work progressed with a rapidity which was astonishing. In a few weeks the face of nature was changed, and instead of two fishing huts in ruins, there arose the walls of a formidable fortress. It is needless to say that in the mean time, the workmen slept on the damp ground, and in the open air; and that it was very often a matter of impossibility in such a wilderness as this, to supply forty thousand Elijahs with their daily meals. The buildings of St. Petersburg it is estimated cost the lives of upwards of three hundred thousand men.—Ritchie's "Russia and the Russians."

MONOMANIA.—We are "fearfully and wonderfully" made; not only in our physical, but in our mental conformation. Man is a strange animal, it must be confessed, and altogether "past finding out." The workings of the human mind, exhibit more singularities than human mind itself is capable of fathoming. The instances of eccentric deviations from the ordinary standard of mental action—the vagaries exhibited by people laboring under what is called a Monomania, or insanity on a single subject, are various as well as curious. We have known a learned and sedate judge, who imagined himself a kernel of Virginia corn, and was thrown into utter horror, whenever he came in contact with a dung hill fowl, lest he should be picked up and swallowed. We have known another very discreet person, who considers himself nothing more nor less than a glass candlestick, and of course always walked with the utmost care and

circumspection, for fear of being broken to pieces by some unlucky collision with other objects.

The Boston papers contain the statement of a case almost as odd, which has occurred lately in Massachusetts. Mr. Andrew C. Davison, formerly of Boston, and who has been detained some time in the State Lunatic Asylum, sued out his writ of *Habeas Corpus*, commanding the superintendent of the Institution to show cause why he detained Mr. D. in custody. The case came before the supreme court at Worcester, and Davison managed his application himself; being opposed by Mr. Park, a lawyer standing in Boston. It appeared in evidence, that Davison spent their time in making fun of him—that the bells are constantly ringing to the tune of "Cock eye Davison," and that the children about street, are eternally whooping the same dismal ditty! The result of the trial was, that poor Mr. Davison, must go back to the Asylum—the Court being of opinion that he was an unsafe man to be at large in consequence of his feelings towards certain individuals, brought about by this singular monomania. *N. Y. Courier.*

Carrying out the Gag Law.—The following letter was written, if we mistake not, to the Editor of the State Journal, by the Hon. Mr. SLADE; and Mr Van Buren is in favor of such proceedings, say!

WASHINGTON, June 13, 1836.

"Soon after I delivered my speech on slavery in December last, I received a letter from a stranger in Virginia, who I have since learned is a reputable citizen of that State—speaking in terms of approbation of the speech so far as he had seen a sketch of it in the papers, and freely communicating to me his views on the subject of slavery with various facts concerning its operation in that state. I replied to his letter, and at the same time sent him a pamphlet copy of the speech. Some time after this, I received another letter from him stating that the speech had reached his Post Office and had been destroyed by the Post Master as an incendiary publication, and what was worse, that my letter had also been destroyed. He addressed the Post Master General on the subject; but his letter received no attention, as he had in fact no right to expect it would, after the course taken by the Post Master General last fall, and the policy on the subject developed by the administration at the opening of the present Congress.

The fact is that the whole policy of Van Buren and his friends, the President, the Postmaster General, and the faithful in both Houses of Congress, for the last eight months has been to sustain the slavery policy and conciliate slave support. To find Northern men doing this as a matter of policy is contemptible in the extreme. We expect all this from slaveholders—Judge White, for example. But nothing can measure the indignation which we ought to feel towards a Northern man who has no excuse arising from the prejudices of education, &c. but whose motives stand out in bold relief, with corruption broadly stamped on their face."

Col. Tecumseh Johnson was hissed at the Park Theatre in New York on Saturday evening. Some officious collar man in the pit called out—"Col. Johnson of Kentucky is in the house; let us give him three cheers;" whereupon a hissing ensued, as if a dozen bomb constructors had been and duly let loose upon the audience.

Political Anecdote.—Two friends were speaking the other day upon the approaching presidential election. One of them remarked that the greatest difference which he could see between Gen. Harrison, and Martin Van Buren was this:—Gen. Harrison, in peace and in war, had supported his country.—Mr. Van Buren, in peace and in war, has been supported by his country.—Logansport Telegraph.

A Great Business.—Yesterday morning a gentleman dressed in a new suit of black cloth and Traders Bank and presented a check for \$3,500, signed by A. S. Willis. The Teller looked at the check and looked at the presenter. He looked at the presenter and re looked at the check. The presenter was very fashionably dressed, was very urbane and in a great hurry. A short examination of his books convinced him that the check was a forgery. The gentleman was very daintily handled lest there might be a mistake. He stormed, and raved, and swore, and threatened the bank, the President, Directors, and the Stockholders—he would raise the whole Union—he would play the very devil. An officer was sent for and he came. The gentleman was politely searched, and on him were found checks, all forged, to the tune of \$47,344, on different banks in this city.—He was taken to Upper Police Office and safely secured for further examination. Where he gave in his name as Mr. William Thomas.—N. Y. Herald.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—The Lockport Balance of the 29th says—"On Saturday morning last, just as the boarders had left the breakfast table of the Central House Tavern, in this village, the massive stone wall on the side next to the dining room, gave way and fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it floors, partitions, furniture, and every thing else, from the third story all the way down to the cellar. In digging alongside of the wall for the purpose of erecting an addition to the building, the earth had been removed so near its base, as with the aid of the late heavy rains, to undermine the foundation. The upheaving of a earthquake could scarcely have left a more chaotic mass of ruins than was presented by the downfall of nearly one entire broadside of that massive edifice. Had this

accident occurred in the night time, or even a few moments sooner than it did, while the boarders were at breakfast, it might have destroyed a number of lives, but fortunately no one was hurt."

Aaron Burr.—The ensuing Court of Sessions is likely to be occupied with a trial of more than ordinary interest, on account of the developments expected from it, and the previous notoriety of some of the parties concerned. The person to be tried is a colored woman named Maria Williams, and amongst the witnesses for the prosecution are the celebrated Aaron Burr, now upwards of eighty years old, Mrs. Burr, his wife, formerly Madame Jumel, and a young widow lady, the daughter of a lawyer at Troy. The subject matter of the trial has arisen from a suit, instituted about a year back, by Mrs. Burr, to obtain a divorce from her husband, on the ground of his having committed adultery with the young widow above alluded to, and the principal witness in support of Mrs. Burr's charge against her husband, was Maria Williams, who has been indicted for perjury. Mr. Western conducts the case for the prosecution, and it is said that the prisoner is also to be defended by able counsel.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Centenary Nuptials.—Mr. John Hodge, a venerable bachelor, who fought at Braddock's defeat—who served through the war of the Revolution, and who is little over one hundred and two years of age, was married lately in Columbia county, Georgia to a buxom young lady of forty, named Elizabeth Bailey. It is impossible to say what feeling impelled Mr. John Hodge to so youthful an indiscretion; but the world will, we hope, as we do, join fervently in wishing him and the object of his young love, a happy honeymoon, and a pleasant progeny of prattlers to soften his descent into the vale of years, if he should live to grow old. *N. Y. Cour.*

Execution.—Benjamin F. Norris, alias Joseph Thompson, was executed at the town of Concord in the county of Iroquois, on Friday the 10th ult. Probably a more hardened individual has seldom been bro't to the gallows in any country. Before his execution he confessed he had stolen a great number of horses, assisted in setting fire to a bank and the Pearl-st. House in Cincinnati, had been confined in the Ohio Penitentiary for rape, had shot four men in Ohio, had knocked down and robbed a man in the streets of Cincinnati, and had been concerned in other crimes with certain individuals whose names it would not perhaps be proper to mention.—Chicago American.

The Courier, of Lowell, Mass. contains the following paragraph, which if true, is most miraculous:—"Mr. Michael David of Chelmsford, last Sunday, took from his desk a pistol, and without thought or examination, supposing it unloaded, raised and snapped it at a lady in the room. Now it so happened that the pistol was loaded with shot, and its contents struck and dashed the lady's comb from her head—the fright of which sent her head-jacking on the floor."

Mr. J. J. Roberts of Ky. has conveyed his whole estate of \$30,000 to trustees for the benefit of the Baptist Mission to China, and is about to sail himself as a Missionary to that country.

Early associations.—The present Prince of Orange brother-in-law of the Emperor Nicholas, and heir apparent to the throne of Holland, having been educated at Oxford, is about to enter two of his sons at that University. The father in his recent visit to England, wore the Waterloo medal conferred upon him for his gallantry as aid to Wellington on that occasion.

Entire Swine Thief.—A man was lately sentenced to the Mass. State Prison three years for stealing six thermometers, an old hat, two sheets, a hen, a hatchet, 6 pigs and a pair of stockings. We admire his taste.

G Groggy Marriage.—At Towanda, Pa., Mr. Junius Waters, aged 16, to Mrs. Louisa Waters, aged 34. The very best receipt for grog—fresh water and old whiskey.—[Petersburg Constellation.]

Job printing.—"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her specks at the advertising page of a country paper—"Poor Job! they've kept him printing week after week ever since I learnt to read, and if he wasn't the most patient man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long now!"—*Dedham Advertiser.*

SQUIRE GABLE'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

You bromish now, you goot man dare,
Vat stans upon de voer,
To have dish voman for your wife,
And lub her ebmore;
To feed her well mit our crout,
Peans, puttermilk and sheen,
And in all thing to lend your aid,
Dat will vroman her ease.
Yes, and you voman standing dare
Do bledge your vord, dish tay,
Dat you will take for your vspannd
Dish man, and him opey;
Dat you will ped and poard mit him,
Wash, iron and mend his clothes,
Laugh when he smiles, weep when he sighs,
Dut share his shys and toys.
Vell den, I now vifin dese yalls,
Mit choy and not mit krief,
Brounce you poth to ge von mint,
Von name, von man, von peef;
I poobish now dee sacred panes,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Peafe me vife, Got, Kate, and Poll,
Dut all dese gazing eyes.
And as de sacred Scripture say,
Vot Got unites agadder,
Let no man dare unnder sever;
Let no man dare unnder put,
Ant you bridekroom ture here you slup,
I'll not let go your collar,
Peafe you answer me dish ting,
Dat ish—sare is mine tolling!