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With a Cash Capital of \$100,000 and a large surplus.
He is also prepared to effect insurance, if desired, in the
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in the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. for any
term and to any amount not exceeding \$200,000 at an
easy rate.
F. H. FESSENDEN,
January 1, 1856.

EXTRA GENESSEE FLOUR,
THE UNDERGROUND CONTINUES TO BE
supplied with
SAMUEL P. ELY'S EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR,
direct from the mill and will deliver to order in any
part of the village. He would not puff it but let
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F. H. FESSENDEN,
January 1, 1856.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. C. W. HORTON, respectfully in-
forms the inhabitants of Brattleboro, that he
intends establishing himself for the practice of
Physic and Surgery in this vicinity, hoping to re-
ceive a share of public patronage.—Taking rooms at
the Revere House.
Office opposite the Post Office.
Brattleboro, Vt., July 10, 1855. (124)

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THE "BRATTLEBORO CORNET BAND" are
prepared to furnish Music on all occasions, of
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J. F. STEEN, Clerk, or
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Brattleboro, June 20th, 1855. 21

Dr. Kennedy's
MEDICAL DISCOVERY,
Is the greatest medicine of the age, for pimples,
boils, canker, erysipelas, eruptions of the skin,
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For sale at J. F. STEEN'S, STODDARD'S.
Brattleboro, June 8th, 1855. 19

The Vermont Phoenix.

New Series. Vol. 2.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

No. 7.

POETRY.

ALONE.

BY G. L. BOWLING.

My dear old wife! how still she glides,
Within the open door,
I seem to hear her gentle step
Beside me on the floor;
I lift my eyes—'tis but the wind,
The wind, and nothing more.

I sit beside the cottage fire,
It blazes warm and high,
And as I sit, I hear her knit,
How still the needles fly!
I look—and lo! a vacant chair,
And, seeing that, I sigh.

The walling wind across the moor
Is floating like a knell,
The snow is resting, soft and white,
In many a feathered nest;
And oh! it falls cold and chill,
Within my heart as well.

I miss the precious tones of love
I've heard for many a year,
And still alone, I seem to feel
Her gentle presence near;
But when I look, and see her not,
I turn away a tear.

I travel back the mist of time,
And with a thrill I sigh,
I clasp her little, trembling hand—
My graceful, girlish bride;
And oh! I love her better, far,
Than all the world beside.

And one by one, the by-gone years
Come gliding to my view;
I seem to meet her loving eyes,
So beautiful and blue,
And, meeting them, I softly smile,
The picture seems so true.

The clock upon the mantle strikes—
I start—the dream is flown,
I only hear the walling wind,
So mournful to the ear,
Perhaps it knows an aged man
Is sitting here alone.

Alone! for oh! the coffin lid
Her placid brow had pressed,
And silent now the loving heart
That throbb'd within the breast;
And oh! I yearn to lay me down
By her dear side at rest.

Poor, lonely heart! the weary thrub
Will soon be heard no more,
For I hear the heavy snow
Of many a wintry year;
And it is very sad to me
To know that death is near.

My pulse grows weaker day by day,
And I am glad to go;
I shrink not at the chilling food,
Though cold as the billow flow,
I know a Father's guiding hand
Will bear me safely through.

And lo! that blissful world beyond
I seem to enter there;
I seem to hear her welcome sweet,
Flush on the cheek and hair,
And lift my eyes to greet her own,
And see her vacant chair.

ollections and terrible forebodings, he abandoned
himself without reserve to his favorite vice.—
Many believed him to be bent on shortening his
life by excess. He thought a better, they said,
to go off in a drunken fit than to be haled by
Ketch, or torn limb from limb by the populace.

Once he was roused from a state of abject
despondency by an agreeable sensation, speedily
followed by a marvellous disappointment.—
A parcel had been left for him at the Tower.
It appeared to be a barrel of Colchester oysters,
his favorite dainties. He was greatly moved
for there are moments when those who least de-
serve affection are pleased to think that they
inspire it. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "I have
still some friends left!" He opened the barrel
; and from among a heap of shells out tumbled
a stout halber.

It does not appear that one of the flatterers
or buffoons whom he had enriched out of the
plunder of his victims came to comfort him in
the day of trouble. But he was not left in utter
solitude. John Tutchin whom he had senten-
ced to be flogged every fortnight for seven
years, made his way into the Tower, and pre-
sented himself before the fallen oppressor.—
Poor Jeffrey, humbled to the dust, behaved
with abject civility, and called for wine. "I am
glad, sir," he said, "to see you." "And I am
glad," answered the resentful wretch, "to see your
lordship in this place." "I served my master,"
said Jeffrey, "I was bound in conscience to do so."
"Where was your conscience," said Tutchin
"when you passed that sentence on me at Dor-
chester?" "It was set down in my instructions,"
answered Jeffrey, faintly, "that I was to
show no mercy to men like you, men of parts
and courage. When I went back to court, I
was reprimanded for my lenity."

Even Tutchin, acrimonious as was his nature
and great as was his wrongs, seems to have
been a little mollified by the pitiable spectacle
which he had at first contemplated with vin-
dictive pleasure. He always denied the truth of
the report that he was the person who sent the
Colchester barrel to the Tower.

A more benevolent man, John Sharp, the ex-
cellent Dean of Norwich, forced himself to visit
the prisoner. It was a painful task, but Sharp
had been treated by Jeffrey, in old times, so
kindly as it was in the nature of Jeffrey to
treat anybody, and had once or twice been
able, by patiently waiting until the storm of
corusc and invectives had spent itself, and by
dextrously seizing the moment of good humor,
to obtain for unhappy families some mitigation
of their sufferings. The prisoner was sur-
prised and pleased. "What!" he said, "dare
you own me now?"

It was in vain, however, that the amiable di-
vine tried to give a salutary pain to that seared
conscience. Jeffrey, instead of acknowledging
his guilt, exclaimed vehemently against the
justice of mankind. "People call me a murder-
er for doing what at the time was applauded by
some who are now high in public favor. They
call me a drunkard because I take punch to re-
lieve me in my agony." He would not admit
that, as President of the High Commission, he
had done anything that deserved approval.

His colleagues, he said, were the real criminals.
Some were drunkards, some were debauchees,
some were profligate, and some were tyrants.
He spoke with peculiar asperity of Spauld, who
had undoubtedly been the most humane and moder-
ate member of the board.

It soon became clear that the wicked judge
was fast sinking under the weight of bodily and
mental suffering. Doctor John Scott, prebendary
of Saint Paul's, a clergyman of great sancti-
tude, and author of the Christian Life, a treatise
once widely renowned, was summoned, prob-
ably on the recommendation of his intimate
friend Sharp, to the bedside of the dying man.
It was in vain, however, that Scott spoke, as
Sharp had already spoken, of the hideous butch-
eries of Dorchester and Taunton. To the last,
Jeffrey continued to repeat that those who
thought him cruel did not know what his or-
ders were, that he deserved praise instead of
blame, and that his clemency had drawn on him
the extreme displeasure of his master.

Disease, assisted by strong drink and misery,
did its work fast. The patient's stomach re-
jected all nourishment. He dwindled in a few
weeks from a portly and even corpulent man to
a skeleton. On the 18th of April he died, in the
41st year of his age. He had been the Chief
Justice of the King's bench at 35, and Lord
Chancellor at 37. In the whole history of
the English bar there is no other instance
of so rapid an elevation, or of so terrible a fall.

The emaciated corpse was laid, with all privi-
leges, next to the corpse of Monmouth in the
chapel of the Tower.

BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON.
(Continued from the Rutland Herald.)

The published accounts of the Battle of
Hubbardton are vague and conflicting. This is
to be accounted for by the fact that the
American army at the North was in a state of
disorganization, and no officer of higher grade
than Colonel of a regiment were present on the
American side at Hubbardton. Col. Francis
was killed, and Col. Warner was hardly in a
frame of mind to report to Gen. St. Clair, who
was within a few miles of him (at Ashford)
when the battle was fought, heard the guns,
and might at least have aided Warner to re-
treat in order, instead of showing, as he, (St.
Clair) did, a decidedly clean pair of heels.

What is usually considered the most reliable
account of the battle, is that contained in the
private journal of Capt. Greenleaf, an officer in
Col. Francis's regiment; which private journal
is preserved in the Library of the Massa-
chusetts Historical Society. Col. Ethan Allen,
after his return from captivity, wrote out a his-
tory of the war. That portion of it relating to
the Hubbardton Battle, he probably derived
from Col. Warner; but Allen, though perhaps
equally brave, was the antipodes of Warner in
the matter of modesty, or else saw things
through a lens of much higher magnifying
power. He states the American loss at "about
thirty men killed," and that of the enemy at
"three hundred killed, including a Major
Grant." Such a disproportion as this could
hardly have been true, although the fact that
Col. Warner's men were all marksmen, and
fired as fast as they could load and aim, most
in the broken and wood ground, have given
them great advantage over an enemy that knew
not how to fire except by platoons.

But I am getting somewhat before my story,
and while I am about it, I may as well give
what you have as yet failed to give, as account
of the Hubbardton battle. It was at that dark
period of the Revolution, when Washington
had been driven from New York, and the
American forces from Canada, that Gen. Bur-
goyne commenced his famous campaign. As

he advanced to Ticonderoga with a well-ap-
pointed fleet and army, Gen. St. Clair, who
commanded at that post the broken and demor-
alized remnant of the American army of the
North, did not consider himself capable of de-
fending it, and commenced a retreat by way of
the old military road which had been cut dur-
ing the preceding years from Number Four
(now Charles Town N. H.) to Ticonderoga.—
This road passed through Rutland, and when-
ever it crossed the mountain at Mt. Holly or at
Shrewsbury and Plymouth, I am not positive-
ly informed. The larger portion of the bag-
gage of the army was sent by way of the lake
to Shennoboth, (now Whitehall) where it was
overaken and captured by the British. Col.
Warner's regiment of Green Mountain Boys,
and Col. Halle's regiment of Connecticut riv-
er men, occupied Mt. Independence, on the
Vermont side opposite Ticonderoga, and with a
Massachusetts regiment under Col. Francis,
were the last to retreat, and formed in fact the
rear guard of the retreating army. Gen. St.
Clair, with the main body reached Castleton on
the 6th of July 1777, but the three regiments
forming the rear guard encamped at Hubbard-
ton. A military man at this day, viewing the
battle ground, might be led to inquire why it
was that the Americans encamped under the
southerly brow of the hill—thus enabling their
enemies to take them at disadvantage. A part
of the strategy of war in those days was to
keep out of sight; and as it is quite uncertain
how large a portion of the battle-ground was
then clear of wood, it may not be well to call
in question the military knowledge displayed
on the occasion. Suffice it to say that, early
on the following morning, a large British force
under the command of Generals Phillips and
Reid came in sight. The meeting was ap-
parently unexpected to both parties. Col.
Halle surrendered his regiment without firing
a gun; but Colonel Warner and Francis par-
aded their men and gave the British a warm
reception. The battle lasted nearly two hours
in one form and another—the object of both
parties appearing to be the possession of the
brow of the hill. So well directed was the
fight of Col. Warner's men who occupied the
right, that the British line broke and gave way,
but it soon reformed, and, receiving reinforce-
ments, charged and broke the line of Col.
Francis's regiment at the point of the bayonet.
Still, Warner's men were picking off the red
coats, in the language of a veteran who used to
tell me of the battle in my boyhood days,
"about as fast as they wanted to," when the
order to "wheel" to the left was understood to
"retreat," and that line broke also. Had the
men under Col. Francis been supplied with
bayonets, the fate of the battle might have been
different. As it was, Col. Warner drew off
his men in tolerable order, and arrived the next
day at Manchester. St. Clair retreated from
Castleton either by way of Rutland or Poult-
ney to join Gen. Schuyler near Albany, and
was soon afterwards deprived of his command.
Col. Francis, as I said before, was killed, and
a somewhat romantic story is related of a British
officer, who became possessor of his watch, and
gave it up to the mother of Col. Francis.

Burgoyne were marching as prisoners to Bos-
ton.

The ground where the battle was fought at
Hubbardton is celebrated by nature for a strong
defence. In the comparatively unsettled state
of the country at the time, it commanded al-
most the only opening from Ticonderoga into
Western Vermont, through which a retreating
army could pass; and had, Gen. St. Clair taken
less counsel from his fears, he might have
maintained it against a much larger force than
that under Phillips and Reid.

The greater portion of the scattered inhabi-
tants of Rutland county, after the battle of
Hubbardton, sought safety in flight to Manches-
ter and Bennington. My own paternal grand-
father occupied one of the few log houses then
existing in Rutland. It was situated on the
interval in West Rutland, about half way be-
tween the present residences of Capt. Abner
Mead and Mr. Jos. A. Deland. As the re-
treating soldiers came past, nearly exhausted
with running, and spread the alarm, the men,
women and children "stood not upon the order
of their going, but went." They possessed
but few valuables, and these they left or took
with them, just as their alarm rose or fell, for
the moment. One family left the fat bullock
over the fire, and took only a few apples! My
grandfather hastily hid a tin dipper! In the
wood nearby, and left a family of pigs in the
pen. On his return after the surrender of Bur-
goyne, he found most of the hidden articles,
(among them a salt mortar, which I now hold
as a family relic, but his pigs had disappeared.
He knew pretty well where to look for them.
A toy family named Lee, inhabited the neigh-
boring town of Ira; and in their possession he
found his pigs in such good condition that, in-
stead of being sold, he could not find it in his
heart to deprive them of all pay for their
trouble, and he gave them two of his pigs.

A few days afterwards this whole family of
Lees were "taken with a leaving," and sought
safety in Canada.

In plain sight of the Hubbardton Battle
ground is a high rugged peak, which overlooks
a large extent of country. In his famous ex-
pedition for the capture of Ticonderoga, Col.
Ethan Allen ascended this peak in order to take
a look at the distant fortress which was the
goal of his ambition. As every thing looked
quiet at "Old Ty" and its neighborhood, Col.
Allen was highly elated at the prospect, and
named the peak "Mount Sinai," which it re-
tains to this day. Perhaps the Colonel in-
tended the name of Mount Pisgah; but he was
not always correct in his applications of scrip-
ture.

On or near the Battle ground are now an
orchard and a school house—bright emblems of
the privileges which those who fought the pa-
triotic part at Hubbardton assisted to secure for
their children. No longer disturbed by "war's
alarms," the scenery in the vicinity is (or was,
at the time of my visit) of surpassing grandeur
and beauty. Why people should travel to Switzer-
land for mountain scenery, when Vermont affords
as much of it as the most ungenial temper-
ment or taste could possibly desire, is one of
those vagaries in human nature which hardly
pay the trouble of investigation.

Somerville, Mass. E. C. P.

SINGULAR.—The Gloucester Telegraph states
that the schooner Shooting Star, of that port,
was taken upon a marine railway last week,
for the purpose of discovering a leak in her
bottom. Upon examination, a place about one
foot in length and eight inches in width was
discovered to be worn nearly to the thinness of

a wafer. On taking off the plank, two pebble
stones, each a little larger than a hen's egg
were found, and their constant rolling, caused
by the motion of the vessel, had worn the
plank, which was upwards of two inches thick,
nearly through. It is supposed that they
were dropped inside of the ceiling when the
vessel was built, and remained there. Had
the vessel gone to sea again without discover-
ing the leak, she might have suddenly filled
and no case could have been assigned for it.

THE LATE COMMODORE MORRIS.

This distinguished veteran officer of the
United States Navy, as has been stated, died
at his residence in Washington on Sunday af-
ternoon, after an illness of nearly three weeks,
caused by pneumonia combined with pleurisy
and acute bronchitis. The Providence Journal
publishes an able obituary recounting the prin-
cipal events of his honorable and useful career.
Commodore Charles Morris was born at Wood-
stock, Conn., in October, 1781, and at the time
of his death was seventy-two years of age.—
He entered the navy as a midshipman when only
19 years of age. Com. Stewart entered one
year before him, and for some time past has
held the rank of senior Captain. Morris first
obtained notoriety and notice from his com-
mand of the Constitution, which he was with the
Hartley States. He was a midshipman on
board the Constitution, Commodore Preble's
flagship, on the occasion of the recapture and
destruction of the frigate Philadelphia in the
harbor of Tripoli, in 1804.

Every one is familiar with the history of that
most righteous though ignominious war.—
Com. Donner, then a Lieutenant, became its
hero. Morris was then but twenty years of
age, yet notwithstanding his youth, he distin-
guished himself in more than one perilous en-
counter, where intrepidity, quick sound judg-
ment and energy were the essentials of success.
He was the first to stand on the deck of the
Philadelphia, and commence the work of her
destruction. It is a high proof of the confi-
dence of his superior officers that he had been
appointed to the special duty of setting fire to
the cock-pit and after store-rooms. He com-
manded a gun-boat at the close of the war, but
at the close of the war, though he had been
but five years in the service, was promoted
to a Lieutenant. On the breaking out of the
last war with England, he was attached
in the capacity of executive officer to the frigate
Constitution, Capt. Hull.

The frigate sailed from the Chesapeake in
July, 1812, and when but a few leagues from
the coast, found herself in the very midst of
Commodore Bruke's fleet. The morning mist
arose from the ocean, and revealed her presence
to the enemy. Her capture seemed inevitable,
but Lieut. Morris conceived and successfully
carried out a plan which completely filled the
British of their anticipated victory. This al-
most unparalleled feat of seamanship was ac-
complished by a combination of towing and
sawing by means of the Constitution's boats
and anchors, though only after a prolonged and
incessant chase of sixty hours from all the
ships of the enemy.

This feat was the celebrated *Guerrero*, and
during the same season, while Morris was still
First Lieutenant of the Constitution, the two
vessels met. Coming into close quarters, Morris
himself rushed into the fray.

With the result of that most remarkable and
important naval battle, all the histories have
made us familiar, and it is unnecessary to say
more than that in the fight with muckety and
short swords, Lieut. Morris received through his
body an almost fatal wound. In September
of the next year (1813) Morris was promoted
for special services to the rank of Post Captain,
passing over the heads of some of his seniors,
and over the intermediate grade of Master Com-
mandant. His commission dated from the day
of the capture of the *Guerrero*. Early in the
succeeding year he was put in command of the
sloop-of-war *Adams*. During his cruise in this
vessel, he captured several ships of the enemy,
was chased a number of times by a superior
force, but succeeded with admirable skill in elu-
sion, and was obliged to put into Penobscot
Bay and up the river as far as Hampden,
for repairs. Presently a large British squad-
ron appeared at the mouth of the river, and
landed an overwhelming force to attack and cap-
ture the *Adams*. But sooner than see his ves-
sel fall into the hands of the enemy, he preferred
to destroy her at once; soon after which
event the war came to an end.

After his close he was appointed to many
important commands both by sea and shore.—
On the return of Lafayette to France in 1825,
Com. Morris was appointed to the command of
the National ship which bore him over the At-
lantic. Out of fifty-five years of active service,
twenty-one were passed upon the ocean, and
during all this period his faithful and ab-
sences have amounted to but two years.

His last cruise was in 1841, in the Delaware
ship-of-the-line, when he took charge of the
squadron on the coast of Brazil, and afterwards
that in the Mediterranean. "Upwards of thirty-
one years Com. Morris has spent in honorable
and arduous posts at the navy yards, or in the
bureau of the government. For many years he
has supervised the Naval Academy at Annapolis
with sound judgment and liberal views; and
at the time of his death he was Chief of the
Bureau of Hydrography and Repairs at Wash-
ington. His services upon shore have been no
less effective and valuable than those in his
younger days at sea, and there is no doubt that
if the great improvements in our naval service
could be traced to their sources, he would be
found to have originated a large proportion of
them. For the wisdom which has guided the
policy, dictated the discipline, and formed the
character of the American Navy, we are in-
debted to an one more than to Commodore Morris.

In February, 1815, he married Miss Harriet
Bowen, daughter of the late Dr. William Bowen,
of Providence, R. I., a beautiful and accom-
plished lady, who at the head of a numer-
ous family survives her distinguished husband.
In private life, says the Providence Journal,
Com. Morris was hospitable, communicative
and benevolent, and being entirely free from
anything like bravado or arrogance, he com-
bined in his manners to a rare degree, unaffected
simplicity and manly dignity. His ideal of
character was lofty, but he looked leniently upon
the faults of his fellows. In the intelligent,
affable, high-minded man, the true-hearted kin-
dness, the faithful friend and instructive compan-
ion, every one forgot the distinguished officer,
the hero of battles, and the confident and ad-
viser of Senators and Presidents. Such was he

FINANCIERING.

One of the most remarkable and successful
cases of financing we find in the Editor's
Table of the Pioneer Magazine.

Baron Rothschild sat in his office counting
his gains, and calculating the risks of certain
lunacy, which had been offered him, when a
sneaky, hapdome young man entered, and re-
quested the loan of two thousand pounds.—
"What is the security?" said the Baron, with-
out looking up. "My note!" was the reply.

The great money-lender turned and surveyed
his applicant, scrutinizing him from head to
foot. There must have been something honest
in the young man's face, for the Baron was evi-
dently pleased with the result of his scrutiny.

"Would two thousand be sufficient, young gen-
tleman?" said he, "I can let you have ten as
well as two." "Two will answer my purpose
now," said the would-be-borrower, though I
could of course use ten thousand. "I do not
say that I will lend it," said the Baron, "but I
can put you in the way of getting ten times
that amount, if you know how to take advan-
tage of opportunities. The young man trem-
bled, surprised at the usual complaisance of a
man who in money matters had the reputation
of being very severe. He feared that he was
about to propose some doubtful operation, and he
stammered—"Any honorable proposition."

"I would make no other," said the Baron, with
dignity; "come, we'll take a walk upon the
stairs."

Instead of offering his arm to his new ac-
quaintance, he took his, and thus they prome-
naded Lombard Street. The Baron learned the
name and business of his companion, and the
object for which he wished the money.—
Hundreds of people met them, and bowing to
the great money king, turned as they passed to
look at and wonder who could be his com-
panion. Some of the richer and more influential
denizens of that money street stopped to have
a chat with him and to these the Baron intro-
duced his young friend, with the remark—that
any favor they could do him would be consid-
ered as a personal favor to himself. Many of
these were men whose wealth and influence
were so great, that their very names com-
manded the involuntary respect of our young friend.
He saw his advantage at once. Arriving at
the end of the street, the Baron affectionately
took leave of him, saying—that if he did not
obtain the money elsewhere, he might come to
him in the afternoon—and with a knowing wink,
he got into his carriage and drove off.

Our young friend turned to walk back on Lombard
Street. He met one of the men—a very Cres-
cus—to whom he had been introduced by the
Baron. This person, desirous of cultivating
an acquaintance which had such an auspicious
introduction, held him in conversation, in the
course of which his friend promptly asked
the loan of £5,000. The rich man could not
refuse—the applicant had been introduced by
Rothschild; nay, had been as good as endorsed
by him—and then the sum would be doing a
favor to the great man. The notes were count-
ed out.

A few steps further the young adventurer
met another of his new acquaintances, and
while talking with him he carefully displayed
the bank notes he had just received, and ob-
serving that he had a large amount to make up
for a certain great operation, and not wishing
for private reasons, to apply to his good friend
the Baron, he would feel obliged if his new
friend could lend him £10,000. The latter, ac-
tuated by similar motives as the other money
lender, counted out the desired amount and
took a note, with the unknown name in ex-
change. And so the young man went on bor-
rowing from each of his new friends until he
had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds.
All this he deposited with Rothschild, receiv-
ing only the £5,000 which he had originally
desired. The next day there was a great stir
among the rich men on "Change, and many
were the conjectures they made as they "com-
pared notes" about the Baron's friend. "Time
flow on. No one had seen the unknown money-
borrower, and some of the lenders began to
think they had been victimized. The Baron
was mute to all their inquiries, and they knew
not what to think. When, just before time for
payment arrived, each one received a notice
from the stranger acquaintance, to the effect
that if they would present their notes at the
banking-house of Rothschild they would be
paid. One who held a note for £20,000 went
there out of curiosity, as he said; when, lo!
it was cashed. The news went like wildfire.
All came with their notes; and all, as soon as
presented, were paid; and upon this affair Mr.
Goutte established a credit, which enabled him
soon afterwards to establish the banking-house
of Goutte & Co., whose credit at the present
day in England, is almost equal to that of the
great Rothschild himself, to whose affluence his
founder owed his fortune and success.

"A VICTIM."

Mr. Russell formerly resided in Schenectady.
He now lives in Albany. Russell appears to be
the victim of unpropitious circumstances.—
Russell has an unhappy faculty of doing things
contrary to law.— On Tuesday, Mr. Russell
was arrested for the eleventh time since
anxious set in. We give his examination.

"Well, Russell, you are here again, I per-
ceive."

"Yes, sir. The fact is, I'm a victim.
Blame me if I care what Bobby Russell
does, he is sure to violate some law or other.
When I comes to Albany, I says to myself,
Russell, my boy, we'll take a hunt to-morrow,
and try them fox hounds. Well, sir, out I
goes, and what do you think? Before I got to
the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on
the shoulder, and says, 'old fellow, that's agin
the law.' What's agin the law, I replies;
and he says, 'having dogs in the street without
muzzles.' He accordingly arrested me and
brought me to the police court. The result of
that piece of fun