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# MAUMEE CITY EXPRESS

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Advertisements will be inserted without charge, for the purpose of circulating information, and for the benefit of the community.

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1840. J.  
**D. B. SMITH,**  
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT  
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References.  
Hanna, McCleary & Dart, Logansport Ia.  
E. P. Hopkins, Taylor, Freeman & Co., Ft. Wayne Ia.  
Taylor, Freeman & Co., Perryburg, O.  
John Hollister, Jesse Smith & Co., Cleveland, O.  
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M. K. Quinn & Co., H. H. Treat, Harward, Carl & Co., A. Ringe, Maumee City, March 21.

**WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCLING LIBRARY,** and Monthly Journal of Point Literature.—The proprietor of this popular and well known periodical has the gratification of replying to the many affectionate inquiries after its resumption, and announces to his kind friends and patrons—friends and patrons in the true meaning of the words—that he will resume the publication next January. Restored by a beneficent Providence once more to active life he hopes again to be able to give that superintendence to the publication which was his pride and pleasure for seven years. He anticipates with inexpressible satisfaction the renewal of associations with thousands of families, with either of which an acquaintance is an honor.—During his protracted indisposition, the intensity of suffering was greatly mitigated by the generous expressions of sympathy and regard received from his kind-hearted patrons; and the gloom and tedium of a sick room were much lightened by the rays of genuine friendship emitted from every quarter. This gratification, he hopes, will be judged of mildly—he certainly has no wish to make a display—but the impulse of grateful acknowledgement for such disinterested kindness was irresistible, and he could not renounce the reappearance of the work without yielding to it.

To these friends he addresses himself, solicitors for their continued support, and hopes to have the Library once more introduced among their families; and it is honored again with a place on their centrepieces, and becomes a welcome weekly visitor. He is at the same time very desirous to extend his acquaintance and form new friends.

From the arrangements made, dictated by experience, the Library, it is believed, will in every respect, be improved. The type will be enlarged, the monthly catalogues continued, and a weekly cover added. The cover will be made so as to avoid extra postage. The monthly Journal he hopes to make a great addition to the original articles, foreign and domestic literature, science, and such other subjects of respectability, as to make it a work of authority and reference.

The regularity of its former publication, not a failure in seven years, will be taken as a guarantee for the future punctuality of the Library; but there is only one way to make that permanent, viz: by payment in advance. This is a reasonable request, and one from all at a distance. The loss of a volume by deviating from this rule formerly is too heavy to be forgotten soon, and a little reflection may satisfy any one of the reasonableness of the request. The reason is too obvious indeed, to require much discussion. Five dollars are all that is asked, and the publisher risks thousands by crediting. The publisher is in a city and can be reached without trouble. A subscriber perhaps a thousand miles off; and how is he to be reached? It might cost six times the amount to collect the price. Payment in advance, therefore, is a reasonable request, and one which experience compels the proprietor to make it absolute. The few who pay in advance for 1841, will be supplied for 1841, unless otherwise ordered.

An early remittance of name is respectfully urged, so as to enable the proprietor to make proper calculations about the quantity to be printed, as he will print very few over the number absolutely subscribed for. To this he would call particular attention. To his brethren of the press, throughout the country, the proprietor returns grateful thanks for former favors, and hopes the work will be again so conducted, as to warrant a renewal of their friendly assistance. A few copies of the Port Folio are still on hand, a year of which will be forwarded in payment for advertising as much of this announcement as they may think an equivalent or two years will be sent for publishing the whole.

**ADAM WALDIE,**  
Philadelphia Oct. 1840.  
NOTICE.—All those indebted to the subscriber, either by Bond or Note, are requested to call and liquidate, or renew the same; and all those having book accounts unsettled, are requested to call and adjust the same without delay, and give their notes, if they cannot make it convenient to pay the money. Those who disregard this call will not be longer indulged.

**JOHN E. HUNT,**  
Maumee city, April 8, 1837. 24  
**OPIMUM,** Sulphate of Morphine, Laudanum, Black-drop and Paregoric, for sale by **E. KITTS,** June 15.

**FORT PUTNAM.**  
The Highlands of the Hudson! Who that has sailed beneath them can forget their stern sublimity? Towering aloft into the sky, now covered with dark green woods, and now lifting their hoary brows on high, they stand, as for ages they have stood, the dark sentinels of the arroyo Hudson.

Every one who has ascended the North River remembers the bold bluff, termination of the Highlands a short distance above West Point. As it is the last, so it is also, the finest of this peculiar scenery. Here the plain crossing the river attains its utmost height, the mountains increasing in altitude at every new elevation, rising and rolling one above another, until old Fort Putnam, the army, towering high over all surrounding heights, far away into the heavens.

The promontory, as it were, on which West Point is situated jets out into the river boldly for some distance, and meeting with a corresponding sinuosity on the other shore causes the river to assume somewhat the form of a horse-shoe. Directly on the rear of the plain on which the academy is located rises a bold, frowning hill, crowned with the hoary ruins of Fort Putnam, the first object seen by the traveler, as he approaches either from above or below. It is now fallen into decay, and time has sadly depopulated it of its glory; but the crumbling walls, and dilapidated arches still attest how impenetrable it once was.

It was a golden day in July when leaving a gay party at the Hotel below, we stole away for a quiet afternoon ramble to old Fort Putnam; and after loitering idly on the way, and stopping anon to gaze upon the wild landscape around, we stood at length beneath the dilapidated gateway of the fortress. We were still however, some distance from the battlements. The road before us was at an angle of forty-five degrees, covered with loose slippery stones that seemed to defy approach. But a gay laugh overhead caused us to look up, we beheld a fair girl gazing down at our perplexity. In an instant we were at her side.

The view from the battlements of the fortress is sublime. The plain lies far beneath you, with every thing on its surface spread out to you as a map.—The hotel—the white tents—the gay parties around—the various buildings of the academy, and the neat dwellings of the officers attached to the Point were all distinctly seen. The river winding in a semi-circle around the fortress gives it the command of both passages above and below. A white sail here and there upon its surface drooping lazily down with the tide—a steamboat sending forth its volumes of smoke, as it sailed majestically onward, the shadows of the clouds lying along the surface of the water, and darkening the hills a moment, formed a picture as brilliant as it was varied.—Now and then the sound of a bugle floated up from the campment, or the report of a gun boomed out, echoing and re-echoing amid the hills.

The position in which the fortress stands is almost impregnable. Situated on the brow of a steep, rugged hill, rising boldly up from the valleys on every hand, and overlooked by one height in the vicinity, it commands not only the passes of the Hudson, but the whole country around. It would be impossible for any force to command the navigation of the Hudson so long as Fort Putnam might be garrisoned by an enemy. Its possession in the War of the Revolution was therefore all important to the American arms. Had it fallen into the possession of the British, the granary of the state, north of West Point, would have been open to the army stationed at New York, and it would have been almost impossible ever to have wrested the province from their hands. But despite the treason of Arnold, and the disaffection in the valley of the Mohawk, Providence ordained it otherwise.

The only position, in the vicinity, overlooking the fortress is a rugged eminence in the rear, surmounted by the present fortification, under the superintendence of Kosciusko, an outpost was stationed on the height, defended by a slight barricade. The object of Arnold was to betray this post into the hands of the British; when the main fortress would have inevitably fallen. A well-manned battery from thence would quickly dismount every gun on the walls of the fort beneath.

The front of the fortress, looking towards West Point, stands at the top of a hill, shelving downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, covered with a thick dense forest. To charge up such a road would be worse than madness.—In the rear, on the side facing Redoubt Hill, the approach is altogether impossible; for a precipice shoots perpendicular downwards for a score of feet, and

then sinks away in ragged, abrupt steps hundreds of feet below. On every side therefore this ruin, in its days of strength, must have been impregnable.

The surface of the ground within the walls is now rolling and uneven, and covered with a verdant crop of grass.—The walls are broken, ragged and crumbling. The vaults beneath are, however, in a state of high preservation, and still bear evidence in their smoky roofs of the war. In some places the battlements have fallen away for many feet. Time has laid his hand upon the grand old structure—time has marked its hoary walls for its own—and over the whole fortress there is an air of desolation and decay. But it is not the decay over which we might mourn. No foreign foe has ever penetrated its walls. No British soldiers in their pride, desolated it, but desolated because there never could be need for it in our happy land.

The only emergency in which Fort Putnam could now be of service, would in case of civil war, when the city of New York might be in the hands of one party, and the upper country and valley of the Mohawk in the hands of their antagonists. May God ever avert that day!

The command of the passes of the Hudson was not, however, the only benefit which might have been derived by our forefathers in the revolution from this important post. It formed a point on which they might retreat in case of disaster—a nucleus around which the defeated army might once more be gathered. Smaller than a fortified camp, it yet answered every purpose of one.—Fort Putnam was indeed only the centre of the post. It was the keep of the fortress. Half way down the hill, a palisade fence encircled the whole, and even the plain below was protected by the guns of the battery above. The wide surrounding country, contained between the Hudson in front, and the chain of hills in the rear, would thus be protected from the enemy, and might have been, in a reverse of fortune, the situation of the army. The fortified camp at Ulm, in the campaign of Austerlitz, had nearly checked the career of Napoleon, and the line of fortification along the frontiers of France, have been the bulwark of the nation.

The sun had almost touched the summit of the green old hills, and the shadows lay long and sombre upon the waves beneath, when we turned our steps once more toward the plain beneath, and bid farewell to Fort Putnam. As we pursued our listless walks along the day gradually declined. The evening sun was heard in the valley beneath, and the roll of the drum rose faintly from afar. On the distant crest of the highlands, across the Hudson, sunlight lingered like a parting smile of summer; while an solitary eagle wheeled in airy circles around the brow of old Cro's nest.—At that instant a horn floated up the hills around, echoing distinctly amid the hills, and we passed again in our delight. But at length the shades of evening warned us to quicken our pace, and in a few minutes we stood again upon the plain. We turned to take a last look at the fort. Dim and white it lay, on the western horizon, crowning the hill behind us; but even as we looked it became a shapeless mass of sand, and soon faded entirely from sight.

**A MARRIAGE ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.**  
BY A CAPTAIN IN THE GUARDS.  
I can vouch for the truth of the following anecdote, as I received it directly from one of Napoleon's noblest and bravest *Chefs de Guerre*—Duroc, Duc de Frioul.

About the middle of May, in the year 1813, the French army occupied the Saxon village of Wunshelitz, not far from Bautzen, in Lusace—a locality rendered famous in French history. Napoleon had taken up his quarters in a cottage, and was, at about midnight, busy with his map, when which he played a sort of game at chess with pins and colored sealing wax. Beyond the walls of his humble dwelling was heard the busy notes of preparation; for on the morrow, the battle was to be fought.—The aspect of the emperor was perfectly calm; his measures taken; and throwing himself into a chair, he now desired only somewhat to relax his mind, in order that he might be the more vigorously prepared for the events of the following day.

In the midst of these reflections, Duroc entered, his hands being full of despatches. "Ah, Duroc, any news?" "Sir," replied the marshal, "according to your orders, three regiments of the guard have taken up position on the Spree, and—" "Pooh, my dear marshal," returned the emperor, "I know all that; *Je tiens en bataille* what news from Paris?"

Duroc knew the words of his master to a nicety. "I have received, Sir,

and his adores unalterable attachment. How does it ride?" Duroc's gaze had fallen upon the fire, and on looking up he saw that Napoleon was fast asleep, but the emperor soon awoke and bed his eyes.

"Ah! *mon bon Duroc! tu a fini!* I heard all, or nearly so; give me that sheet of paper; so—signed fill it up with my authorization of marriage; few words; so—ah!—that will do. Hush! what's the hour? Duroc! Duroc! 'tis time: a *cheval a cheval! mon cher!*"

Duroc survived the battle of Bautzen, with added honors, and became the happy husband of one of the handsomest and best wives in Christendom.

**THE COMPLIMENT AND NOTHING MORE.**—One of the heaviest of the heavy German soldiers had the duty of mounting guard at one of the ducal hunting seats; and not to perplex the poor fellow, one single notion, and no more, was rammed into his noddle—namely, that he would present arms to the duke should his highness pass that way. He was then left to his cogitations, which we need hardly say, were of that class described by Dilden in his song of "The Jolly Young Waterman," who were told, was "thinking of nothing at all." Tired of this transcendental monotony, the man had recourse to the universal German solace: his sausage and his schnapps. The better to enjoy these, he laid his firelock on the grass, and looking against a tree, discussed his creature comforts with due voracity.

While thus engaged, he saw an unpretending person approach, dressed in the common German hunting dress—a sort of green smock frock leathers, and continuations. "Good appetite to you," said the new comer, "what are you eating?" "Guess!" gruffly answered the peasant soldier. "On perhaps *Rothweurst!*" said the Duke (for the sportsman was no less a personage). "No; something better than that!" "Probably *Lebuweurst!*" "No; something better than that!" "Metwurst!" (*Rothweurst, Lebuweurst, and Metwurst* may be called the positive comparative and superlative degrees of the Common sausage). "Yes. And now you know all about my sausage, pray you are you." "Guess!" said the Duke. "Oh perhaps you are one of the Duke's jinglers?" "No! something better than that." "Then you may be one of his mid-camps, in disguise!" "No; something better than that!" "Perhaps you're the Duke himself?" "Yes." "Duroc! just hold my sausage a moment for my orders are to present arms to you. The Duke always related this anecdote with infinite glee.

**POLITICAL COURTSHIP.**—The Sunday Mercury tells the following Yankee anecdote. Jonathan walks in takes a seat, and looks at Sukey. Sukey rises up the fire blows out the candle, and don't look at Jonathan. Jonathan hitches and wriggles about in his chair, and Sukey sits perfectly still. At length Jonathan musters courage and speaks—Sew, ke! Well Jonathan—I love you like pizen and sweetmeats. "Dew tell!" Is a fact and no mistake—will—now will you love me, Sew, ke? Jonathan Higgins, what am your politics? "I'm for Van Buren straight." "Wall sir! then you can march straight hum, cors I want have nobody that suit for Harrison—that's flat." Three cheers for old Tip! sung out Jonathan. "That's the so!" says Sukey, when shall we be married, Jonathan? "Soon as Old Tip is elected." "Ahem, a hem?" "What's the matter—Sukey? 'Sposin he ain't elected!" Jonathan didn't go away till the next morning, but whether he answered the last question, his department knoweth not.

**FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.**—Flora—ah! dearest Flora I am come to—oh! you can decide my fate—I am come my Flora—ah!  
"I see you, Malcolm, perfectly.—You are come; you tell me interesting intelligence certainly. Well what next?"  
"Oh, Flora! I come to—to—"  
"To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?"  
"Yes!"  
"Well do it like a man then, and not like a monkey!"  
"Plague take your self possession!" exclaimed I suddenly starting from my knee, you make me ashamed of myself!"  
"Proceed, sir," said Flora.  
"You like brevity, it would seem?"  
"Yes," replied Flora.  
"Then will you marry me?"  
"Yes!"  
"Will you give me a kiss?"  
"You may take one."  
"I took the proffered kiss."  
"Now this is going to war, knight," said Flora, "when a thing is to be

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