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E. A. KIMBALL.

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Miscellaneous.

THE RANGERS,

OR, TIMES PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

BY J. T. Y.

CHAPTER I.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the
world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here.'
THOMAS MOORE.

The greater importance that has been
attached to incidents of the revolution,
have somewhat obscured the no less im-
portant events that preceded it. Yet, it
was the skirmishes and struggles which
the colonies were obliged to encounter
with the Indians, together with the 'French
war,' that gave the founders of our nation
that hardihood of frame and muscle of
iron that enabled them to brave the toils,
brought on by injustice and oppression,
and to achieve a glorious independence.
Here was the nursery of those distinguished
heroes, that won for themselves, dur-
ing the revolution, so enduring a name,
and one that will ever be remembered
with grateful adoration. We are apt to
forget, when we look upon our present
prosperity, and at our future greatness,
the price at which they were purchased.—
Partly with this view, the scene of the
following tale has been laid in the midst of
those troubles, which, for a time, threat-
ened the total destruction of the colonies,
then just striking their roots in the wilds
of these trans-atlantic shores,—the germ
of a mighty nation.

In the summer of 1755, near the up-
per extremity of Lake Champlain, in a
small clearing amid the then almost
boundless forest, might have been seen a
lowly dwelling of one of the first pioneers
of that region. It was considerably in
advance of the other settlements, and
several miles from any civilized habita-
tion. Upon a small eminence, a short
distance east of this solitary home, was
seated a hardy hunter, a little past the
meridian of life. His locks had begun
to whiten, but with untimely sorrows.—
His visage, though meek and mild, was
somewhat dejected and sorrowful. His
carriage, when standing, was erect and
manlike. His countenance and limbs
showed him no stranger to those toils and
hardships which everywhere faced the
first settlers of those times. His eye was
beamed upon his daughter, who sat at his
feet, the only companion of his solitude.
In her his hopes had centered, and, in-
deed, she was one on whom a father might
place his dearest affection. Eighteen
summers had just stamped their sunny
impress upon her brow. Her hair richly
mantled her neck and shoulders, as 'dark
and glossy as a raven's wing.' The out-
lines of her form were rotund and grace-
ful. Her steps were as elastic as the
sprightly fawn that bounded through the
woody glen. The last lingering beams of
the orb of day were just retreating upon
the eastern hills, and shedding around their
tops a glow of his departing glory. Upon
the north, just visible through the tree-
tops, lay the narrow, mirrored lake,
stretching out to the dim horizon, placid,
without a breeze to ruffle its tranquil wa-
ters. The south seemed one unbroken
forest, as far as the eye could scan, while,
far in the west, the waters of Lake George
sparkled and flashed under the purple
splendor of the evening sky, and seemed
like a grand palace into which the king of
day had just retired with all his shining
magnificence. The father and daughter
were gazing upon the scene in joyful
admiration. Though far removed from
the halls of elegance and refinement, yet
they were ardent admirers of nature's
beauties, and grateful adorers of her God.
They watched intently the glowing scene,
until its splendor had begun to fade, when
the daughter, casting an anxious eye a-
round, as if her ear had caught some dis-
tant sound, listened a moment, as if to
hear it repeated.

'I wonder, father,' she exclaimed, at
length, 'that Hartwood tarries. 'Tis
already some hours since the time his
messenger said he might be expected.'
'Be not impatient, my daughter,' re-
turned the father, 'these winding forest
paths have puzzled older heads than his,
though not delayed more eager hearts,
perhaps.'

'I fear,' she returned, 'some evil has
befallen him; or, may be, this savage
chief has crossed his path.'

'Would that he had,' exclaimed the
hunter. 'Then the sword of the youth
could easily lay open to view the dark
heart of this savage. No, no; Charles
Hartwood is not one to be stopped or de-
layed by any Indian that stands between
him and his beloved.'

'This last retort put to silence the fears
of the maiden, and caused the rich blood
to mount to her cheek.

'But see! see! father,' she in a moment
exclaimed, pointing to the foot of the hill
beyond their home, where a huge stag
had just sprung from the bushes, and was
bounding to the right, towards the lake,
as if terrified at so uncommon a sight as
a human habitation. The hunter now
snatched his rifle and sped away after the
flying deer. The maiden watched him
until the distant trees hid him from her
sight, and then took the path homeward,
to prepare for his return. Once she thought
the leaves rustled and bushes moved
by the side of her path; but as nothing ap-
peared, she passed it by unnoticed. The
hunter, meanwhile, cautiously pursued
his fleeing game, until he saw him stop a
short distance in advance, upon the mar-

gin of the lake, to drink, as if unconscious
of danger. He levelled his rifle upon
him, and fired, but missed his mark. In
an instant, another rifle flashed, and the
deer lay panting upon the shore. The
hunter sprang forward to secure the fal-
len game, not thinking but that the se-
cond report was only an echo of his own.
He scarce had reached the spot, when,
to his surprise, a canoe was drawn upon
the shore, and a manlike youth stood be-
fore him.

'Charles Hartwood!' exclaimed the as-
tonished hunter, and eagerly clasped the
youth to his breast.

'Pardon,' said he, at length, 'so rough
a greeting; but it is so long since a civi-
lized being, save my daughter, has blessed
my sight, that my joy will urge me to ex-
cess. Besides, your appearance has call-
ed the scenes of the past, vividly to mind,
mingled with which, are recollections that
never fail to make my heart sad.'

'The past, you know, my friend, is gone,'
responded the youth. 'The present and
future are all we have to do with. But
how fares my beloved Ella?'

'She yet is joyous,' returned the hunter
'even in her severest hardships, and is
now anxiously waiting your arrival; but I
have more to tell you, though in the first
place let me ask—where is your band?—
why are you here alone? You surely did
not come unattended?'

'No,' responded the youth. 'I have left,
just behind, a band of noble fellows, as
hardy and true as ever fell to the lot of
mortal to lead.'

'That is well,' exclaimed the hunter, in
return, 'they may have an opportunity to
prove their courage, ere long,—there may
be danger brooding over us, which, if I
rightly read your heart, may affect your
peace.'

'Speak!' responded the youth; and if
danger is before us, or hovers over her I
most value on earth, this,' and he touched
a small bugle, that hung at his side, 'shall
call a score of brave men, that are good
for a hundred of the enemy.'

'Not now, my young friend,' returned
the hunter, 'but are you sure they are with-
in call?'

'Not half a mile down the shore,' re-
plied the youth, 'just around yonder
point.'

'Enough,' exclaimed the hunter, now
let us away.—Ella will be impatient of my
staying, and will be glad to welcome you.'

The hunter then placed his heavy bur-
den upon his shoulder, and, followed by
his newly arrived guest, took his winding
path homeward. Scarcely had they passed
one fourth of the distance from the top
of the bank that sloped back from the lake
to the hunter's home, when, directly in
their path, in front, up started the dark,
frowning form of a savage chief. A tom-
ahawk was poised in his hand, and hung
high in air above the hunter's head, with
deadly aim.

In an instant the sword of the youth
flashed from its scabbard, and struck the
weapon from the Indian's hand. The
chief darted one of his most savage scowls
upon the youth, who, till now, had escap-
ed his notice, as he leapt in front of the
hunter with his naked sword, as if to turn
the wrath of the Indian upon himself. A
moment—a fierce war whoop rang
through the forest—but the Indian had
vanished.

'Thou preserver of my life!' the hunter
exclaimed, grasping the hand of the youth,
—'I was unprepared for this surprise,
though it is not the first time I have met
his indignant frown. I will now tell you
all, even the danger I had so darkly hint-
ed.'

He then related to his hearer, while
they pursued their way, the events of the
few preceding hours, all of which the
reader shall have in our own good time.

The shades of evening had spread them-
selves over the earth, when the daughter,
who had been anxiously watching her fa-
ther's return, heard his voice in conversa-
tion without, and started up to greet him
humbly, not suspecting who his companion
might be. But, as she heard a voice in
reply, its familiar tones brought to her
remembrance the recollection of her ex-
pected lover, and the warm blood from her
loved beating heart spread a crimson glow
over her face, that told well the feelings
of her bosom. Soon the door swung on
its hinges, and Charles Hartwood stood
before her,—the next moment she was
clasped to the bosom of her betrothed lov-
er. It needed no rules of etiquette, in
those times, and under such circumstances,
to welcome so dear a friend and desirable
a guest, as Charles Hartwood. So, while
we leave the joyful lovers to follow up
their rapturous greetings, with kindly
speeches and heart felt emotions, we will
bring the past events up to the present
date.

CHAPTER II.

Our fathers, silvered o'er
With age, their fate deplore,
Our wives, and children dear,
With many a gushing tear;
Protection from our arm require;
Can we hear,—and forbear
To save—or at their feet expire?
GEORGE PAXTON.

Charles Hartwood was a young man of
sterling ability and sound integrity, whose
ancestors were among those that had fled
from oppression in the Mother Country to
seek a home in these western wilds. He
was an only son, and had received such
an education as the institutions of that
time could afford, and the only heir to a
considerable estate in the eastern part of
Massachusetts colony. He became ac-
quainted with Ella Morton while in the in-
stitution at _____, admired her for her
loveliness, and esteemed her for virtues, so
it is needless to say, when he left the in-

stitution to pursue professional studies, he
was betrothed. Mr. Morton, her father,
was a merchant in the city of B_____,
and accounted a wealthy man. The
match was what the world would have
called a desirable one, and the lovers had,
in imagination, gilded a bright path in the
future, along which they expected to tread.
But the first rough breeze of fortune can
break the web of earthly hope. Scarcely
had Charles Hartwood left the institution,
when Mr. Hartwood, through the default
of a partner, was declared a bankrupt.—
And, to add to his misfortunes, his wife,
the sharer of his prosperity, who had been
laboring under a disease, now fell its vic-
tim. His spirits sunk under the load of
affliction, and he called upon death to
brandish again his dart, and strike a se-
cond blow. The first misfortune he might
have borne with comparatively cheerful
heart, but now the sod seemed to lie over
the last vestige of earthly hope. He had
mistaken his daughter's character,—'tho'
bred in comfort, and even affluence, yet
she had a heart to meet the rudest shock
of adversity. She was like the garden
flower, that, when crushed, becomes more
fragrant. She it was that assuaged the
storm of grief, that beat so loud in her fa-
ther's breast, and lulled to tranquillity the
troubled waters. Yes, now he would
live for the sake of his own dear
daughter, yet he could ill brook the cold
frown of the world, that was ever ready
to smile on him in his prosperity. Just
then the tide of migration was setting to-
wards the west, he fell into its wake. He
joined a party whose destination was be-
yond the Hudson, and when they reached
the place of their separation, he sought out
the beautiful spot, with which we have al-
ready acquainted the reader. It was with
sad emotions that Ella Morton took
leave of the place of her nativity, and her
tried circle of friends. But, for her
father's sake, she would make any sacri-
fice, or forego any pleasure. She there-
fore cheerfully accompanied him to the
place of his seclusion, but not without in-
forming her lover of what had transpired,
and the place of her residence; so that
a correspondence was kept up be-
tween the two, as often as circumstances
would permit. Ella seemed to herself like
one cut off from all civilized society, yet,
an affectionate letter from Charles Hart-
wood, occasionally, would bring sweet re-
lief from all her self-denials. It would be
needless, perhaps, to relate the sufferings
and hardships that they were obliged to
endure for the few first years. They were
then common, and have been experi-
enced by many of our first settlers. But
nature bountifully provided for them, in
the wild game that filled the forest, and
covered the lake.

A few years soon had passed, when
Charles Hartwood, having completed his
studies and entered upon his profession,
found himself in possession of a fine es-
tate, yet wanting one thing to complete
his happiness, and that his long-loved and
long-wished-for Ella Morton.

This was in the year 1755, when the
dark clouds of war, that had hovered like
evil omens over the political sky of the
colonies, now had gathered together and
grown thick and black, and were just be-
ginning to disgorge their fiery tempest
over the land. The memorable project
of the union of the colonies for mutual de-
fence against the French and Indians, had
already been matured and signed at Albu-
any, and the storm of war had burst forth.
Some daring exploits had been accom-
plished by hostile Indians, and some brutal
murders committed upon the most ad-
vanced settlements. The pulse of the
colonies beat high and warm—all flew to
arms to defend their fire-sides, their par-
ents, their wives and babes from the hor-
rid scalping-knife and tomahawk of the
blood-thirsty savage. Indignation strung
every mind, but revenge guided the heart
of those whose friends and relatives had
perished under the crimsoned hand of the
Indian. Armies were raised for aggress-
ive movements. Small bodies of inde-
pendent Rangers, under their own lead-
ers, were formed, and sent to scour the
land of the enemy, (and in the words of
their instruction), 'to distress the French
and their allies, by sacking, burning and
destroying their houses, barns and canoes,
and to endeavor to waylay and destroy
their convoys of provision, by land and
water.' Charles Hartwood saw his coun-
try demanded his services, and he was
ready to yield the sacrifice. He joined a
small party of friends, of like mind with
himself, who elected him their leader, and
were sworn, till death, if needed, to share
each other's fortunes. After receiving their
instructions, they plunged into the track-
less forest, each with his well tried
rifle in his hand, and a sense of justice at
his heart. The Rangers, in general, owing
to the migratory movements of their
march, and the rapidity of their change of
place, were comparatively safe from any
large force of the enemy that might be
sent against them. They seemed to hover
around the enemy's camp like a bird of
prey, to harass, or cut off any stores that
might be sent for their relief. As an eagle
darts upon his unconscious victim, so the
party of Hartwood seemed ever present
when least expected, as if by magic,
where any advantage might be gained.—
Oh, when he seemed even within the en-
emy's grasp, he, with his gallant band,
would disappear as if by enchantment, and
the next moment be striking some masterly
blow, to the chagrin of his purgers.

Thus spending a few weeks in the
country of the foe, chance at length
brought him in the region of the Lake, so
that he resolved to turn aside, and resting
from the tug of war, spend a while in the
society of his friend, and the beloved

companion of his former days. He ar-
rived, at length, within a short distance of
their home; having previously sent a mes-
senger to inform them of his intentions.—
After having found a safe retreat for his
band, upon the shore of the Lake, he
sprang into a canoe that one of the party
had found concealed near by, belonging,
probably, to some Indian that was then
somewhere in the region, and met the
hunter as before described.

It was a time of trembling anxiety to
the hunter, when the war broke out. He
was situated in the heart of the Indians'
country, who, generally, were sworn en-
emies to the whites,—but he put his trust
in that Being who holds the destiny of all
nations in his hand, and feared no ill.—
Time passed on. The solitary dwelling
of the hunter had as yet escaped the plague
of savage warfare. There were, in the
immediate vicinity, but a few Indians, of
a fast-decaying tribe, whose chief was a
tall, athletic youth. He once had supped
at the hunter's home, and slept beneath
his roof. He had gazed off, and ardently
upon his daughter, and sighed. As he
was about to depart, he drew the father
aside, and unfolding to him his love, de-
manded the fair maiden for his bride.—
But as the father told him of the far-off
stranger, to whom she was betrothed, the
Indian chief took his departure with a sor-
rowful countenance, though lit up, now
and then, with a frown. This the father
did not see, but thought him still kindly
disposed. But danger often threatens
most where there is no fear.

It was the day previous to the arrival
of Charles Hartwood, that a message came,
informing the hunter and his daughter of
his expected visit. It was a day of rejoic-
ing. It was that afternoon, while her
father had gone on the chase, that Ella
had wandered a little from her home,
and in the fullness of her heart, was living
over again the past. She delighted to
linger in memory upon the happy hours
she had spent with her betrothed, and in
her joy, broke forth in a song that they
were accustomed to sing together, in by-
gone days. The sound of her mellow,
rich-toned voice rang through the forest,
while the chorus was joined by the sweet
symphonies of the sylvan choir, in charm-
ing melody.

The last strain of her song had scarcely
ceased to echo in the distant glen, when a
tall savage sprung from behind a neighbor-
ing tree and stood by her side,—a moment
more, and she was clasped to the breast
of the Indian chief. She uttered a pierc-
ing shriek, and fainted.

'Nay!' exclaimed the savage, 'I have
thou shalt find in me a mate,—thou, my
bride, shall sing to me thy sweetest songs
in a distant home.'

Saying this, he encircled her waist with
his brawny arm, and bearing her aloft,
bounded to the forest.

'Stand!' cried a voice in thunder, as the
Indian sped around a small thicket, too
difficult to penetrate. 'Stand! or fire!'
The Indian paused, and to his astonish-
ment beheld the father, but a few feet
in advance, with a loaded rifle to his shoulder
and his eye already leveling the barrel at
his heart. Quick as thought, he trans-
formed the nerveless form of the daughter
in front, for his shield. The rifle dropped
from the father's hand. Oh! what would
the young savage then have given for his
own rifle?—but that, he had left behind,
in his haste to escape. He now felt for
his scalping-knife, but that, too, had been
lost in his flight. The father saw his de-
fenceless state, and snatching his own
dusk from his girdle, sprang forward, and
would have sent the blade to his heart, had
not the savage regarding his motions, drop-
ped the burden and took refuge by flight.
Again the father's rifle was to his should-
er, and the laden messenger sped along
its course. But so unnerved was the fa-
ther's arm, when danger had passed, that
the whizzing ball only grazed the flesh of
the fleeing Indian, and served but to
quicken his steps. He now snatched up
the lifeless daughter, bore her to the near-
est stream, and bathed her temples in its
cooling flood. She soon revived, and,
opening her eyes, exclaimed—

'Oh! my father! am I safe?—am I re-
scued?—is it not all a dream, waking from
which, I shall find an awful reality?'

The father pressed her to his bosom, as
it to assure her of her safety. When she
was sufficiently recovered, he accompan-
ied her home and explained the cause of
her rescue. He was just returning from
the chase, when attracted by her scream
he had hastened to her relief, and surpris-
ed the Indian just when he thought his
retreat secure. A few hours served to
quiet her fears, and the danger she had
encountered was almost forgotten in the
joyful anticipation of meeting her lover.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Remarkable Prophecy of Cobbett, re-
specting Ireland and the failure of the Po-
tato. [From the London Economist, Dec-
19, 1846.]

'To the Editor: Leamington—My Dear
Sir:—Last evening I met at dinner, a Ro-
man Catholic priest, a Doctor Smith, from
Connemara county, Galway who re-
lated the following conversation he had
with that extraordinary man, Cobbett, in
1826. While speaking of Ireland, Cob-
bett said, that the dirty weed, alluding to
the Potato, would be the curse of Ireland.
'How so?' replied Doctor Smith, 'what
must the people do without it; they live
upon it. They have had it in cultivation
188 years.' Cobbett answered, 'they
must go back to the same food they were
accustomed to live upon previously to the
general cultivation of the dirty weed; and
that is to grain, as wheat, oats, &c. You

have four millions of souls in Ireland, and
eight millions of acres of uncultivated
ground. This ground must be drained
and brought into cultivation, and you
must again grow wheat, oats, rye, &c.—
The potato will not last more than twenty
years, when it will work itself out, and then
you will see to what a state Ireland will be
reduced. You must return to the grain
crops; and Ireland, instead of being the most
degraded, will become one of the finest
countries in the world. You may
live to see my words prove true, but I
never shall.'

Doctor Smith made a note of the above
in 1825, and the same opinion and prophe-
cy concerning the potato occurs in one of
Cobbett's books, Cottage Economy, or
Cottage Comforts, I forget which.

During the debate in the senate on the
bill for the relief of Ireland, General Cass
alluded to the suggestions which had been
made to convey the national offering to
Ireland in one of our ships of war. 'It
would be,' said the senator, 'a beautiful
tribute to the advancing spirit of the age.
The messenger of death would become a
messenger of life; the agents of destruc-
tion, agents of preservation; and our eag-
le, which has flown above them, and car-
ried our arms to the very coast of Ireland,
would thus become the signal of hope,
where it has been the signal of defiance.
I shall lend the bill my support with great
pleasure.'

"THE BEST OF HUSBANDS"

From Punch.

This is a very rare animal; but he is to
be found. The existence of the unicorn
has been successfully disputed; and that
very handsome and graceful animal, in-
stead of being harnessed to Her Majesty's
state carriage—as so assuredly the species
should be, could eight of them be procur-
ed—is merely employed upon heraldic du-
ties, namely, to support Her Majesty's
Arms. But the good husband—let all our
virgin readers take heart—is not fabulous.
We cannot, certainly, precisely mark out
his habitat. We do not think the creature
is to be found at public masquerades, or
billiard rooms, or in soiled boots danc-
ing the Polka at the Casino de Venus, de
Bacchus, or any other casino of any other
disreputable bestial deity. The habits,
too, of the Best of Husbands vary with
the best of wives. Some are best for one
particular virtue—some, for another—and
some for virtues too numerous to specify.
Some Best of Husbands are always buying
best of wives new gowns; some best, a-
gain, are continually taking their better-
best to the opera, or play; in fact in ten
thousand different modes do the Best of
Husbands show their superiority to the
second best, and the middling, and the
fine ordinary, and those merely good for
families.

But Mr Brown, the best husband of the
best Mrs Brown, did—according to that
excellent—in the most devoted manner
displayed the paramount excellence of his
marital qualities. Mrs Brown herself, on
Thursday last, informed her dear
friend Mrs Smith of the peculiarity that
blessed her with one of the best of men.—
Mrs Smith had dropt in to talk of nothing,
and have a dish of tea. Mrs Smith had
left her bonnet, muff and cloak, in Mrs
Brown's bedroom, and was seated at Mrs
Brown's fire. Mrs Smith put her hands
to her head and softly sighed.

Mrs Brown. What's the matter, my
dear? You don't look well. Nothing
particular, I hope?

Mrs Smith. Oh no, nothing. Only
Smith again as usual.

Mrs Brown. Poor thing! Well, I do
pity you. What is it?

Mrs Brown. Oh, my love, that Club.
He was't home till two this morning, and
I setting up, and—yes, but you are a hap-
py woman. I've no doubt, now, that Mr
Brown—

Mrs Brown. Bless you, my dear! He
was reading the paper to me all the even-
ing.

Mrs Smith. Ha! Mr Brown is a good
man.

Mrs Brown. A good man, my dear?
If I were to tell you all, you would say so.
In fact, he's the best of husbands, and one
little thing will prove it.

Mrs Smith. What's that, Mrs Brown?
Mrs Brown. Why this, Mrs Smith—
You would not once think it of the dear,
kind soul; but he's so fond of me, that all
this bitter cold weather, he always goes
up first to bed, to—warm my place! Now,
I call that—

Mrs Smith (raising her eyes and folding
her hands, exclaims—)

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

The gentlemen employed by Capt. Pit-
man in the Providence office presented to
him a handsome silver pitcher, upon his
leaving them to join the army of Mexico.
Captain Pitman's company left Providence
on Thursday, and repaired to Fort Adams
Newport harbor.—Boston Post.

"CAN SHE SPIN?"

A young girl was once presented to one
of the English monarchs—we believe
James I.—as a remarkable prodigy, her
cause she was so deeply learned. The
person who presented her was boasting of
her proficiency in the ancient languages,
assuring the king she could both speak &
write Latin, Greek and Hebrew. 'These,'
said the monarch, 'are rare attainments
for a damsel; but pray tell me, can she
spin?'

'How vulgar!' exclaims a pert Miss
scarcely in her teens, as she turns for a
moment from her humdrum occupation of
torturing some unfortunate piano—'how
vulgar to ask such a question! If the