

The Burlington Free Press.

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

BY H. B. STACY.

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[Correspondence of the Boston A. S.]

Washington, Jan. 3, 1835.

For the last three days there have been rumors afloat in relation to Mr. Webster, which may reach your ears, but which I am sure you will at once discredit. It has been idly reported that a coalition between him and Mr. Van Buren might soon be expected, and that a plot was afoot to bind the good people of Massachusetts neck and heels and deliver them over to the Magician. Of course no intelligent person will be deceived by these rumors. They are utterly gratuitous, and it is almost a work of supererogation to deny them. But as they have been uttered with an appearance of confidence in many quarters, it may not be amiss to expose their falsity.

It cannot be contested, that the administration have had the audacity to entertain hopes of our defection. Overtures have been made, and bold insinuations have been thrown out, the object of which is not to be mistaken. The Van Burens have tipped knowing winks to our Massachusetts men; and the Editor of the Globe has already begun to insinuate upon us his Satyr like caresses. The President is still of opinion that there is a deal of good sense in our State, which will get stimulated into action. All these hopes and surmises on the part of the administration will be frustrated and proved false. Our delegation in Congress, I believe, with three exceptions, sound and firm. Mr. Adams considers Mr. Van Buren the most unexceptionable candidate that has been proposed; and Messrs. Borden and Jackson are among the "doubtful."

The course of Massachusetts upon the question of the next Presidency admits of no doubt. It will be such as will not derogate from the lofty character which she has hitherto maintained by her consistent opposition to the corrupt dynasty, of which Martin Van Buren has been the guiding genius. She will remain faithful to the candidate of her choice, for to him she has pledged her support. In so doing she will vindicate her own honor, manifest her own consistency, and show that she at least appreciates the pre eminent qualifications of her Constitutional Champion. Should the election be brought to the House of Representatives, she will manifest her fidelity to Whig principles, by giving her vote to that candidate, who is most likely to maintain those principles in their strength.

She will never consent to adorn the triumph of corruption, or by apathy and inactivity to be won over into the power of the enemy.

The New York American contains a letter from Washington, dated Saturday night from which the following is an extract:—"The official recall by the French Government of Mons. Parent, has created extreme sensation here. It is considered conclusive as to the intentions of that Government, to do nothing further, towards an amicable adjustment of this perplexed, although most simple question in relation with France. Despatches from Mr. Barton have been received, and it is no longer amongst well informed circles here, that there is the slightest idea now that France will treat the late Message as an explanation of the one, at which, at the 14th of March, her Government, with the Com. Gen. took offence. Most allowable, when communicated to Congress, is only one part of the work and negotiation, to the measures to be recommended, or that are even in contemplation. I do not like to indulge in the subject, as it is too serious in its consequences to your mercantile friends, to induce me to do so, on light grounds."

TEXAS—Letters were received in this city yesterday, dated New Orleans, December 20th, announcing that the town of San Antonio de Bezar, has surrendered to the Texian forces, which at our last accounts were besieging it. Gen. Cass, the Mexican commandant, with a few of his troops had retired into the citadel; but as the town was occupied by the Texans and their prisoners, and Cass' forces without provisions, he would be compelled to surrender himself a prisoner of war in a few days. The writer refers for further particulars to the N. Orleans papers of the 20th, but as usual, they fail to arrive.

This has terminated, for months at least the war in Texas, and no one who is familiar with her resources and the character of her people, can doubt her ability to establish her independence. *N. Y. Cour.*

PROTECTIVE DUTIES ON SILK.

The importance of the culture of silk, as a branch of national economy, has attracted the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury and led him to advert to it, incidentally, in his late report to Congress. In exploring the sources of revenue, whose prolific streams are overflowing the grand reservoir, for the purpose of ascertaining and suggesting the most judicious method of reduction, he says: "The most prominent of these articles, are Wines and Silks from beyond the Cape of Good Hope. They both yield in duties over half a million per annum, or, in 1834, Wines \$345,000, and India Silks, over 171,000; all of which might well be repealed, unless Con-

gress should consider the former a judicious tax on a luxury, and the latter as an encouragement to the domestic product of silk, which is becoming widely and successfully established; and which, if deemed a proper object of incidental protection by legislation (contrary to the views lately entertained by Congress) would require a restoration of the duty on European Silks now entirely free."

Whether the culture of silk is of sufficient importance to entitle itself to the same encouragement and protection, as is extended to other branches of domestic industry, is a question which appropriately falls within the legitimate powers and province of Congress to decide. Though there may exist a difference of opinion with respect to the propriety and expediency of an interference on the part of Congress, yet all must admit it to be an important topic of inquiry. No sooner was it discovered that the soil and climate of a portion of the United States was adapted to the culture of cotton than it engaged the attention of Congress. An inquiry into its prospect of becoming a great staple product of the South, forced upon Congress a conviction of the necessity of encouraging its growth by protective duties. Legislative aid was immediately extended to it, which, under various modifications, has been continued to the present day.

The friends and promoters of the culture of silk in the United States, are decidedly of opinion that it is entitled to the fostering care and fatherly protection of Congress—they have carefully investigated the subject, both as it respects its feasibility, its profit and its bearing upon the interests and the independence of the country—they have collected a mass of information in relation to every step in the process from sowing the seed of the mulberry to the finish of the fabric, and are in possession of facts and estimates, which, to their minds, are perfectly satisfactory that it is destined to be the second, if not the first, staple product of the Northern Middle and Southern States.

This information they are willing to communicate, and are communicating through the medium of their publications; but they are not disposed to obtrude it upon the attention of Congress, lest it should be construed into an indirect solicitation for Government aid to an individual enterprise. As individuals they ask no assistance—they are prosecuting the business with a satisfactory hope of success and ample remuneration; but as a great national object, they believe it is entitled to the protection of Government, and that its general introduction will be long procrastinated unless it is extended.

As the business is yet in its infancy, and the information in relation to it limited to, comparatively, a few individuals and they scattered throughout the several States; it is respectfully submitted to the consideration of Congress, whether an investigation of the subject, by a Committee, would not be desirable, and have a salutary tendency, either as promoting the interest of a new, but promising, article of national wealth; or checking a visionary and illusory project which most ultimately end in disappointment. Should Congress appoint a Committee to investigate the subject, all the information necessary to a full understanding of the subject matter of their inquiry, will be within their reach; and should it result in a conviction that the legislative action is called for, various plans and projects will be laid before them for their consideration, and recommendation.

From facts and information in our own possession, we believe the importance of the subject, in a national point of view, calls for the immediate attention of Congress, and we hope a Committee will be early appointed at the present session, to investigate it. The length of the session will give them abundant time to collect the facts and make a report. The country expects it, and its importance demands it. *[Silk Courier.]*

A patient Laid.—"Ben," said a father the other day, "I'm busy now; but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, Pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

James Hogg, usually called the Ettrick Shepherd, a poet and novelist, died at his residence on the banks of the Yarrow, on the 21st of November. He had been ill 3 weeks of a bilious fever. He was born in the same year with Walter Scott, and would have been 60 years old, had he lived till the 25th of January, 1839.

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife who happened to be getting up at the moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say my dear, if I had my new silk gown on!"

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY WILLIS.

It is a melancholy task to reckon with the departed year. To trace back the curious threads of affliction through its many colored wool, and knit anew its broken places—to number the missing objects of interest, the dead and the neglected—to sum up the broken resolutions, the deferred hopes, the dissolved phantoms of anticipation, and the many wanderings from the leading star of duty—this is indeed a melancholy task, but, withal, a profitable, and it may sometimes be, a pleasing and a soothing one. It is wonderful in what short courses the objects of this world move. They are like arrows feebly shot. A year—a brief year, is full of things dwindled and finished and forgotten. No thing keeps evenly on. What is there in the running calendar of the year that has departed, which has kept its place and its magnitude? Here and there an aspirant for fame still stretches after his eluding shadow—here and there an enthusiast clings to his golden dream—here and there (and alas! how rarely) a friend keeps true, and a lover his fervor—but how many more, that were as ambitious, and as enthusiastic, as loving as these, when the year began, are now sluggish, and cold and false. You may keep a record of life, and as surely as it is human, it will be a fragmented and disjointed history, crowded with unaccountableness and change.—There is nothing constant. The links of life are forever breaking, but we rush on still. A fellow traveler drops from our side into the grave—a guiding star of hope vanishes from the sky—a creature of our affections, a child or an idol, is snatched from us—perhaps nothing with which we began the race is left to us, and yet we do not halt. "Onward—still onward—" is the eternal cry, and as the past recedes, the broken ties are forgotten, and the present and future occupy us alone.

There are bright chapters in the past, however. If our lot is cautious and broken, it is also new and serious. One friend has grown cool, but we have won another. Our chance was less fortunate than we expected, but another was better. We have encountered one man's prejudices, but in so doing, we have unexpectedly flattered the partialities of his neighbor. We have neglected a recorded duty, but a deed of charity done upon impulse has brought up the balance. In an equable temper of mind, memory, to a man of ordinary goodness, is pleasant company. A careless rhymer, whose heart is better than his head, says:

"I would not escape from Memory's land,
For all the eye can view;
For there's a door set in Memory's land,
Than the one of rich Peru.
I lean the letter by Memory's wall,
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind."

It was a good thought suggested by an ingenious friend of mine, to make one's will annually, and remember all whom we love in it in the degree of their deservings. I have acted upon the hint since, and truly it is keeping a calendar of one's life. I have little to bequeath indeed—a manuscript or two, some half dozen pictures, and a score or two of much-thumbed and choice authors—but slight as these poor mementoes are, it is pleasant to rate their difference, and write against them the names of our friends, as we should wish them left if we knew we were presently to die. It would be a satisfying thought in sickness, that one's friends would have a memorial to suggest as whom we were gone—that they would know we wished to be remembered by them, and remember them among the first. And it is pleasant, too, when alive, to change the order of appropriation, with the ever-varying evidences of affection. It is a relief to vexation and mortified pride to erase the name of one unworthy or false, and it is delightful, as another gets nearer to your heart, with the gradual and sure set of intimacy, to prefer him in your secret register.

If I should live to be old, I doubt not it will be a pleasant thing to look over these little testaments. It is difficult now, with their kind offices and pleasant faces ever about one, to realize the changes of feeling between the first and the last—more difficult still to imagine, against any of these familiar names the significant asterisk which marks the deal—yet if the common chances of human truth, and the still more desperate chances of human life, continue—it is mortifying to think what a miracle it would be if even half this list, brief and youthful as it is, should be, twenty years hence, living and unchanged.

The festivities of this past of the year always seemed to me mistimed and revolting. I know not what caused the reflections of others take, but to me it is simply the feeling of escape—the released breath of fear after a period of suspense and danger. Accident, misery, death, have been about us in their invisible shapes, and while one is tortured with pain, and another struck into the grave beside us, we know not why or how we are still living and prosperous. It is next to a miracle that we are so.—We have been on the edge of chaos, continually.—Our feet have tottered, our bosoms have been grazed by the flick shafts of disease—had our eyes been spirit-keen, we should have been dumb with fear at our peril. If every tenth sunbeam were a deadly arrow—if the earth were full of invisible abysses—if poisons were sown thickly in the air, life would hardly be more insecure. We can stand upon our threshold and see it. The vigorous are stricken down by an invisible hand, the active and busy suddenly disappear—death is caught in the breath of the night wind, in the dropping of the dew. There is no place or moment in which that horrible phantom is not gliding among us. It is natural at each period of escape to rejoice fervently and from the heart; but I know not, if others look upon death with the same irreplaceable horror that I do, how can they joy so thoughtlessly trifling. It seems to me matter for

deep, and almost fearful congratulation. It should be expressed in religious places and with the solemn voice of worship; and when the period has thus been marked, it should be speedily forgotten lest its cloud become depressing. I am an advocate for all the gaiety that the spirits will bear. I would reserve no particle of the treasure of happiness. The world is dull enough at the best. But do not mistake its temper. Do not press into the service of gay pleasure the thrilling solemnities of life. I think any thing which reminds one of death, solemn; any time, when our escape from it is thrust irresistibly upon the mind, a solemn time; and such is the season of the new-year. It should be occupied by serious thoughts. It is the time to reckon with one's heart—to renew and form resolutions—to forgive and reconcile and redeem. *N. Y. Mirror.*

POETICAL CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.—The following extract is taken from the N. Y. Mirror. It is a happy effort to exhibit what however far exceeds all human description. The pathos and beauty and eloquence and Divine truths of the Holy scriptures are, alas, too little known and felt. Were the lids of this book more frequently opened, much of the doubt and darkness which now hang over the minds of many who profess to receive it as "a lamp to their feet and a light to their path," would be dispelled, and many who now reject its rays altogether, and wander in the darkness of error and folly, would find it an unerring guide to lead their footsteps in the ways of Virtue and in the paths of Peace.

Had the Bible been without its poetical character, we should have wanted the voice of an angel to recommend it to the acceptance of mankind. Prone as we are to neglect this banquet upon which the most exalted mind may freely and fully feast, we should then have regarded it with ten fold disdain. But such is the unlimited goodness of Him who knew from the beginning what was in the heart of man, that not only the wide creation is so designed as to accord with our views of what is magnificent and beautiful, and thus to remind us of his glory; but even the record of his immediate dealing with his rational and responsible creatures, harmonize with all our most tender, refined and elevated thoughts. With our established ideas of beauty and grace and paths of sublimity either concentrated in the minutest point or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep, from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyry in the clouds, from the wild ass of the desert, to the lamp within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming leopards to the eagle upon the thorn and hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedars of Lebanon—from the crystal stream gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wild waters of the deluge—from the barren waste, to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey, from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude, from the tear that falls in secret to the dim of battle, and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the sally on his throne—from the monarch clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that doth not, to the scarping vision of the blast, from the still small voice, to the thunder of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore, there is no impression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture, no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply, and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaption and of sympathy comprehended in the language and spirit of the Holy Bible.

How gracious, then—how wonderful and harmonious, is that majestic plan by which one ethereal principle, like an electric chain of light and life, extends through the very elements of our existence, giving music to language, elevation to thought, vitality to feeling and intensity and power and beauty and happiness to the exercise of every faculty of the soul!

A NEW CURIOSITY IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The above engraving represents a specimen of a natural production, which was shown us a few evenings since, that is neither fish nor flesh, beast nor fowl, animal, vegetable nor mineral! It was procured in Plymouth, North Carolina, and brought to this city in a glass of Alcohol. The thing, for it is without a name, is both entomological and vegetable. When its entomological nature ceases, its vegetable nature commences; and when its vegetable character has arrived at maturity, its entomological character develops itself and its vegetable existence disappears. In other words it is alternately a plant and an insect. As an insect, it is perhaps about one inch in length and three tenths of an inch in circumference. It is of a brownish color, shaped like a wasp, destitute of wings, head similar to a beetle with two antennae or horns; has near its head on either side a short leg shaped like those of the mole, with broad, serrated extremities and intended, doubtless, like those of the mole, to assist the insect in penetrating the earth. It has also two posterior, legs the purpose of which shall be seen. When the insect has attained its growth it disappears beneath the surface of the ground and

dies. Immediately after its death the two posterior legs, just spoken of, begin to sprout or vegetate. These two shoots soon appear above the earth, and the insect plant soon attains the height of about six inches. It puts forth branches and leaves resembling ferns. The extremities of the branches bear a bud, which contains an embryo neither leaves nor flowers; but an insect! As the insect develops itself and grows, it neither falls to the ground, or turns upon its mother plant, but feeding on its leaves until the plant is exhausted, when the insect returns to earth again and again the plant shoots forth!

The true nature of this insect plant, or vegetable insect, we know not what to call it, is entirely inexplicable to us. It may be surmised that an insect has here associated itself with the seed of a plant, in such manner, that they produce and mature each other. Or, it may be supposed, that nature has invested this specimen of existence which attributes the nearest possible assimilation to those of both the vegetable and animal kingdom, yet belonging not exactly to either, nor entirely to both. It may seem to be the hinge point at which the animal kingdom merges into the vegetable, and the vegetable into the animal kingdom. It is certainly a wonderful curiosity, and we believe that it is not only entirely unknown to naturalists, but has never before been publicly described.

We understand that a gentleman in Philadelphia, of whom the specimen we saw was procured, is cultivating a quantity of them which he has obtained from North Carolina for the purpose of furnishing the Museums. We hope to be able to furnish a more particular account of this insect vegetable hereafter. In the specimen we saw, the plant had grown about three inches, and the insect was yet preserved in its original and nearly perfect state.—*Trans. Mag.*

MARRIAGE AFTER BURIAL.

Two Persian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes who early contracted a strong friendship for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectation of being joined together for life. Unfortunately the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished for union, a man, far advanced in years and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals. Her friends could not resist the temptation of a son in law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her and patiently submitted to her fate. But the anxiety of her mind prayed upon her which apparently carried her off and she was consigned to the grave. As soon as the melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in, and probably as great was her pleasure at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her part, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage. The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging that the husband by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law, and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to await the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.—*C. Celebra.*

ECCENTRICITIES OF A MAD MAN.

Mr. ***** a lawyer in Vermont, doing a good business, at once became insane, and took it into his head to abandon the practice of the Law, and engage in basket making. He was at first, a very awkward hand at this new employment, but, by dint of perseverance, he soon became skillful and could weave a basket as well as he had formerly woven an argument at the bar. He followed this business about six months when taking a new notion into his head, he abandoned it for that of chair bottoming. The material used in this occupation was bark, which he stripped from the trees in early summer, when it peels most easily. Having come home, one day, covered from head to foot with mud, he was asked where he had been, that he got so thoroughly bedaubed. He answered that he had been in a neighboring swamp after elm bark, of which he exhibited a strip about 40 feet long.

"Do you mark this?" said he triumphantly.

"Yes; but how does that account for your being so muddy? It isn't usual to find mud on the top of a tree."

"No; but you may sometimes find it at the bottom, though. I'll tell you how I found it.—I cut the bark near the root of the tree, and then strip it upwards, expecting it would come to an end and break

off, and run itself out after a while. But it hung on like a suit in chancery—strip, and strip, until it ran up forty feet and as broad and strong as ever. Then I said to myself, there's no use in pursuing this thing any farther, and so I'll enter a *judicial*. I wished at least to save a *judicial*, I forgot. I'm not a lawyer now. Well, as I was saying, I looked at the subject to see how I could secure the bark. It was too strong for me to break off. At any rate, thought I, there's more than one way to skin a cat, as a butcher would say. If I cannot break off this bark, I can climb up by it. No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the strip, and placing my feet against the tree, ran up hand over hand. By this method of climbing, you will perceive my back must have been downward, and nearly in a horizontal position—my feet being braced against the tree and my head standing from it in an angle of nearly ninety degrees. Having arrived at the proper height, I was then in a quandary, how to get my knife out of my pocket, and how to get it open after it was out. If I let go with one hand, I was afraid the other would not hold me. However, says I, it's neck or nothing. I'll try the experiment at any rate—so I gripped powerfully with my left hand, while I took my knife out with my right, and opened it with my teeth, whipped off the bark as clean as law would dock an entail.

"And what do you think was the result?"

"Why you came flat on your back, of course."

"Right gentlemen of the jury—a very correct verdict indeed, I came down flat on the mud. Never was a client laid flatter on his back than I—and never was one so completely bedaubed with filth and mud. But thanks to the yielding nature of the soil! I saved my bones, and only brought away the mischief on my coat. I gazed my canvas, too—which is more than I can say of all my undertakings."

The company laughed heartily at the ex-lawyer's account of his exploit—while the latter, hanging his coat in the sun and that the mud, like the old woman's grease, would rub off when it was dry.

He continued, a while longer, to follow his occupation of chair bottoming, when, suddenly becoming sane again, he resumed the practice of the law, and has, ever since, preferred laying his opponents on their backs, in a legal way, to being laid on his own in so ludicrous a manner as that above related. *N. Y. Trans.*

Hard Times and Waste.—Virtue wants more admirers; Wisdom more supplicants; truth more real friends; and Honesty more practitioners.

The best of us are not what we are, but what we seem to be.

Religion wants less said about the theory, and more done in the way of practice.

Philanthropy wants a residence, and fidelity an asylum.

The horses attached to the New Bedford stage took flight while standing at the Marlboro Hotel, on Tuesday evening, and ran over Dock square, where they were thrown down. Of eight persons in the coach, none were injured.

THE members of the Burlington Fire Company are hereby notified, that the annual meeting of said Company will be held on J. Howard's Hotel, on the fourth Wednesday, the 27th day of January, instant, at seven o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of choosing ten Wardens, a Clerk and Treasurer, and for transacting all other business required by the charter and laws of said Company.

The Trustees congratulate the members of the Company, and of the several Engine Companies, and the householders of the village, that during the past year, not a single building has been destroyed by fire, within the limits of the Company. The cry of fire has several times been heard on our streets, but the prompt attendance of our Engine Companies, and the vigilance of this company and of our citizens generally, have extinguished the "hullabaloo" before a great fire had been kindled. All the alarms of fire which we have heard, the past year, have commenced and continued with more smoke than fire, and ended as they should do, a mere excitement.

Since the last annual meeting a number of subscribers have been added, as members to this company, and several liberal donations have been received from benevolent individuals. More than \$200, has been raised by voluntary subscription to construct cisterns and wells, for the use of this company and the accommodation of the public, a part of which has already been expended for these purposes. The recent national calamity by fire in the city of N. York, where 674 tenements and property to the value of 14 millions of dollars were consumed, in the short space of 15 hours, speaks volumes of caution to every reflecting mind, and warns the most unwary to take care of fire.

The Trustees deem it not appropriate to attribute the quiet enjoyment of this fireless city of many of our citizens to the well organization of our Engine companies and the vigilance of this company, but much remains yet to be done. There are now only 103 members of this company, while there are about 300 householders in the village. The company needs funds, but they need the aid of individual exertions, as well as funds. A cause so general deserves general encouragement; and the Trustees again call upon every household in the village to attend the meeting and join the company—Burlington expects every man will do his duty.

By order of the Wardens
LYMAN CUMMINGS, Clerk.
January 4, 1836.

THE Subscribers will pay the highest market price in Cash for
Rye,
Oats,
Beans,
Peas,
Delivered at their Store.
HICKOX & CAVAN.
Burlington, Dec. 10, 1835.