

From the New York Mirror.
Song of Marion's Men.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The exploits of General FRANCIS MARION, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting portion of the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting, to use their expression, "like a gentleman and a christian."

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold:

The British soldier trembles
When MARION's name is told.

Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;

We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!

On them shall light, at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear:

When wakening to their tents in vain,
They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;

And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind

And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:

We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil,

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,

And woodland flowers are gathered,
To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves;

And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that MARION leads—

The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.

'Tis life our fiery bars to guide
Across the moonlit plains;

'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes.

A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away

Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,

Their hearts are all with MARION,
For MARION are theirayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindliest welcoming,

With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring,

For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,

Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGET.

The birds when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the sea away;
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.

And thus the friends that flutter near,
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirps midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

A Knotty Case.—A Mr. Henson, a shoemaker, who resided at Woodend, near where the village house is now kept, was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions. He kept for sale in the front part of his shop, a few little matters most called for by the neighbors; such as beer, candles, fruit, bread, &c. One morning a wag stepped in, and purchased a bottle of beer.—He stood talking a few minutes, and finally said he was sorry he had purchased the beer, and requested Mr. Henson to exchange it for a loaf of bread, as the price was the same. To this the worthy cordwainer readily assented; the wag took the loaf and eat it while in the shop. As he was going out, the vendor hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid him for the bread.

"Certainly I have paid for the bread, I gave you the beer for it."

"But, then, you haven't paid me for the beer."

"I didn't take the beer. It is before you at this moment."

The worthy Crispin was astonished. He looked sedately and rubbed his forehead; but all to no purpose; the case was still a mystery.

"True," said he, "you gave me the bottle of beer for the bread, and as I still have the bottle of beer I can't demand pay for that, but I had both—one is now gone, and I have received no money." He then again gravely considered the matter, and finally abruptly broke out with this conclusion: "Siccat! take it neighbor, it is just as you say, but I'll be damned if I can see into it."

Lynn Messenger.

A novel case of slavery was lately brought before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. A Mrs. Howard, a lady who had resided in the Island of Cuba, was served with a *habeas corpus* writ, which she had brought from Havana, and whom she had

ed taking back. The object was to prevent his returning with her. Mrs. Howard, in answer to the writ, stated that the boy was her servant, and that he was free, and she did not claim him as her slave. The counsel for prosecution said that, on her arrival at the Havanas, it was intended to make him a slave again, notwithstanding that, by the laws of Massachusetts he was free, and prayed the Court to appoint a Guardian for the boy. Chief Justice Shaw, after examining the boy privately, ascertained that it was his own desire to go with Mrs. Howard, delivered his opinion, that as she had in writing, disclaimed retaining him as a slave, she could not afterwards deprive him of his freedom, in Havana, and consequently it was not necessary for the Court to appoint a guardian—and leaving it optional with the boy to go or not with Mrs. Howard.

Middletown, Conn. Sentinel.

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

An anecdote relating to the capture of the Guerriere has lately gone the rounds of the papers, which stated to have been from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence, and superior skill of the gallant American commander. The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular, although we have often heard it related with some additions and slight variations, by a person who was on board the Constitution when the occurrence took place. His version was as follows:

The Guerriere was lying too. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under her topsails—every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest,—when the Guerriere commenced the action at long shot.—Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two-pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieu. Morris immediately left his station on gun-deck to report the same to the Commodore; and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy.

"Mr. Morris," was the commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well keep so—but don't let a gun be fired 'till I give the word."

In a few moments Mr. Morris again appeared and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

"Mr. Morris," reiterated the Commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well keep so—but don't let a gun be fired 'till I give the word."

The gallant Lieutenant went below. In a few minutes the vessels having neared each other to within pistol shot distance Mr. Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter deck.

"Are you all ready for action, Mr. Morris, again demanded the Commodore?"

"We are all ready, sir—and the men are uttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy."

"FIRE then, in God's name!" shouted the Commodore in a voice of thunder.

It is added, that he wore at the time a pair of nankeen trowsers—and he accompanied this soul-cheering order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck with his right foot that the unfortunate pantaloons were split open from the knee to the waist-band.

The conduct of Dacres, before and during the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy.

Mr. Reed a young man belonging to Brewster, Mass. at present respectable ship master out of Boston, had been pressed on board the Guerriere, a few weeks previous to the engagement. When the Constitution was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Capt. Dacres, that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate, that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties which were assigned him, and that it could not reasonably be expected that he would fight against his countrymen—he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English Captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings that he did not wish the Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen, and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit, to render assistance to the surgeon, if it be necessary—Reed left the spar-deck after the Guerriere had commenced action. Several shot were known to have taken effect, but the Constitution had not yet fired a gun—much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without any resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's man, who was in the battle of Nile, who gruffly observed, with a significant shake of the head—"That d—d Yankee knows what he's about."

A few moments passed away, and the Constitution poured in her tremendous broadside—every gun was double shotted and well pointed, and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived.

Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturbable, but harmless Yankees, gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying, and sixteen poor mutilated wrecks were tumbled

down into the cockpit, from the effects of the 1st broad side!

Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing and a gun could be brought to bear upon the enemy, but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the Guerriere, which a few hours before was just considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly, unmanageable mass when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think that he had got into an ugly scrape from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose even a feeble resistance to his more fortunate foe.

Capt. Hull sent an officer to take possession of the Guerriere. When he arrived along-side, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate, if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," said he.

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American Lieut.

"Not precisely," returned Dacres, "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and we will resume the engagement."

"Why, I am pretty much hors de combat already" said Dacres—"I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war, or an enemy. I have no time for further parley."

"I believe there is no other alternative. If I could fight longer I would with pleasure—but I must—surrender—myself—a prisoner of war!" *Exeter News Letter.*

WEPPING.—Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for an old lover. They will weep for any thing or nothing. They will scold you to death for tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence and weep when you are absent.—They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or to a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard; they will weep because they cannot have every thing in their own way, married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife she weeps he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath; & risen in the morning quite subdued with tears, and a curtain lecture? Women weep to get hold of their husbands secrets, and they also weep when their own are revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanities will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The "widow of Ephesus," bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.

Which he Warrants for durability and workmanship, equal to any in the western country; which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, will please call and judge for themselves.

ed at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could resume our experiments. *Diary of a Physician.*

Schoolboy's Question. Three boys at school, learning their catechism, the one asked the other how far he had got? to which he answered, "I'm at a state o' sin and misery." He then asked another what length he was? to which he replied, "I'm just at effectual calling." They were both anxious, of course, to learn how far he was himself, and having asked him, he answered, "Past redemption."

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received from

PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries,

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

ALSO, FROM **Pittsburgh,**

IRON, NAILS & GLASSWARE.

Which they will sell low for Cash or on time.

N. & G. SPARKS.

Oct. 25, 1832. 41-1f

**Lawrenceburg
CHAIR MANUFACTORY.**

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public in general that he has established the chair making business, on High street, opposite the market house, where he will keep constantly on hand a large and splendid assortment of



Which he Warrants for durability and work-

manship, equal to any in the western country; which he will dispose of, on reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, will please call and judge for themselves.

W. M. ROGERS.

Feb. 11, 1831.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from the city of NEW YORK, in addition to his former stock, the following articles:

Blue and Steel-Mix Satinets;

Red & white Flannels (assort'd qualities);

20 Pieces (part newest style) Rich,

Dark Fancy Prints;

Assortment of Circassians;

Mackinaw, Rose, and Point Blankets;

Drab Cloths;

Olive & Drab Lion Skin Coating;

Tibett, Wool & Cashmere Dress Handks;

Tartan Plaids;

Men's Seal-Skin Caps & Beaver Gloves;

No. 1 & 2 Tickings, &c. &c.

Which he is now prepared to sell to his customers and all who may give him a call.

JOHN P. DUNN.

Oct 18, 1832. 40-1f

SCHOOL LANDS FOR SALE.

SCHOOL Section, No. 16, Town 9 Range 11, east, will be offered