

THE ISLAND-TOMBED HERO.

On the lone barren isle, where the loud roaring billows
Assail the stern rocks while the wild tempests rave,
The hero lies still—and the dew-dropping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, bend over his grave;
The sea-storm may rage, and the hoarse thunders
rattle,—

He needs not,—he hears not,—he's free from all
pain:

He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle—

No sound can awake him to glory again!

O! shade of the mighty! where now are the legions
That rush'd to conquer when thou led'st them on!

Alas! they have perish'd, in far chilly regions,

And all but the fame of their triumphs is gone!

The trumpet may sound, and the cannon-peal rat-

tle,—

They need not,—they hear not, they're free from all

pain:

They sleep their last sleep, they fought their last

battle—

No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal! the tomb cannot bind thee—

For like thine own eagles that soared to the sun,

Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind the

earth—

Such fame as no mortal before thee had won!

Though nations may combat, where war thunders

rattle,—

No more on thy steed shalt thou sweep o'er the plain,

Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy

last battle—

No sound can awake thee to glory again!

From the Richmond Palladium.

The well known ballad, "Old Grimes is dead," &c. has lately been going the rounds, followed by a description of other members of the family. It appears that our correspondent has found the tail end.—Ed.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

Old Grimes' dog is living yet,
But very old is he;

He used to be a famous cur
For barking up a tree.

He rambles o'er the fields all day,
At night brings home the cows—

His name is Towzer, but for short,
The children call him Towz.

A faithful servant he has been
And in no duty slack—

His color, spotted, black and white,
His tail curls o'er his back.

His mouth had once a Crockett grin,
But not to mischief prone—

They feed him now on mush and milk,
He cannot gnaw a bone.

This dog was never known to bite
A stranger passing by—

When hungry he delights to eat,
And drinks when he is dry.

The memory of such a dog
Should always sacred be,
And those who doubt what I have said
May go themselves and see.

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A few days ago, on a visit to our neighboring village, Aberden, on the other side of the river, we took from a public door the following unique Advertisement.

Maysville Monitor.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS TAKEN UP

A cow that is estray,

The owner is unknown to me

Or when she run away.

When I describe it shall be,

In pretty good old style,

My residence from Aberdeen

Is just about one mile.

She is marked with crop and under bit

In the earth's called the right,

And as for colour I shall say

She's only red and white.

No other marks that I can find,—

Her age I have not told,

But if she lives to next spring

She will be eight years old.

The owner I invite to come,

Not hesitate, nor stay,

For she does eat my corn so fast

I want her took away.

And in compliance with the law

The property must be proved

And you must see my charges paid

Before she can be moved.

Brown Co. Ohio.

A***** H*****

Marriage Extraordinary. In Woodstock N. B.

Mr. J. Munson to Mr. Henry Allen. It appears

that Munson and S. L. Page of Hollowell, originally

came from Connecticut, and set up business in

Hollowell on a very extensive scale; shortly after,

Mr. Page went to Connecticut and brought back

Henry Allen as a clerk in the store. Every body

was well pleased with Henry Allen, and he was of-

fered the highest wages when he left Mr. P's em-

ploy, but he would listen to no offers but those of

Mr. Munson who was about establishing himself in

Houlton. Here again Henry Allen displayed the

same activity; exciting the admiration of the men

by his judgment in business, and knowledge of

accomplishment, for he appeared to be quite young; but

the astonishment of the ladies at his accomplishment

was without bounds; for no woman in the

country could sew, iron, or manage household af-

fairs equal to Henry Allen, as he frequently exer-

cised his skill in these matters at his boarding

house. But the *denouement* came at last—he

went over to Woodstock with his employer, put on

woman's clothes, and was married to him as a

Miss—. It seems she had been engaged to

Munson in Connecticut, but her father refusing to

sanction the match, she ran away, and ended the

courtship in the above manner. *Hancock Adr.*

Beautiful Quotation.—Rev. D. Griffin in his

speech before the American Society, appealed to

the sex, who, like ministering angels, love to hover

about the chambers of sickness, who owe so

much to Christianity, and introduced this beautiful

quotation:

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,

Not she denied him with unholly tongue;

She when Apostles shrunk could danger brave,

Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.

Spirit of the Age.

Singular Marriage. The Bridgeport, (C.) Far-

mer mentions a marriage which took place on Fri-

day week, at the old Pequonock meeting house

—neither party being over ten years of age! It

was understood that the parents of both parties had

given their consent.

Spirit of the Age.

A True Story. A village schoolmaster said to one of his pupils, a very small boy who had just gone ahead of his class for spelling best, "well done, my little fellow, you shall have a feather in your cap." The boy burst into tears. "What is the matter?" said the master? "I don't want a feather in my cap," replied the lad. "Why not?" "Because when father has a feather in his cap he always comes home drunk, and scolds at mother and whips her." *Temperance Recorder.*

Economising Courtship. In the same amusing work, is the following description of Grant's courtship: He says: "My brother got tired of attending store, and went off to Philadelphia. I was now in great trouble; we were beginning to make some pennies by the store, and I did not like to give it up; neither did I like to give up my nail-making for this was sure. So I resolved to push my courtship, calculating, that if I got married, I should have a shop-keeper of my own but if not, to sell off and leave the city: for I could not live in New-York and see her the wife of another; and in the mean time, to keep both. For this end I rose at four o'clock A. M. and made nails till eight; opened store; at eight P. M. shut up, and went to nail-making till twelve. My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded, and where my girl lived. She used to come to the window: I helped her in, where she staid sewing or knitting till midnight; I working and courting, thus killed two birds with one stone." *N. Y. Paper.*

An excellent movement. A correspondent informs us that a new society is about to be formed in this city, to be called "The Anti-Tight-Lacing Society." Such a society would doubtless be the means of doing much good. If our belles could be persuaded to join it, an astonishing improvement would soon take place in their physical constitutions and their general health. Consumption would be less frequent, and pale cheeks, and features evidently distorted by excessive pain, which is endured with the fortitude of a stoic, for the sake of a genteel frame, would be of rare occurrence. The days of *hour glasses* would be numbered, and *posturity*, would have cause to bless the founder of the "anti-tight-lacing-society." We say with Davy Crockett, "go ahead" girls. *N. Y. Merc. Jour.*

Increase of coloured population in the United States. The probable increase of negroes, free and slaves, in the United States for the next half century, at the rate of increase that took place between 1820 and 1830, will be such as to amount in 1850 to 10,440,963, which will be nearly equal to our present white population. In Virginia east of the Blue Ridge, the slaves have gained upon the whites in forty years 105,176. For the same number of years in South Carolina, the slaves have nearly trebled their numbers, while the whites have not quite doubled theirs. In North Carolina, the whites have increased 64 per cent. and the slaves 145 per cent. In Georgia, while the whites have more than doubled five times, the slaves have been more than doubled seven times. During the same time (forty years) in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, the whites have increased about 80 per cent, while slaves have increased 112 per cent. The only drain to the coloured population is the American Colonization Society, which is inadequate to the removal annually of a number equal to their increase.

Portsmouth Journal.

NOTICE To Canal Contractors AND LABORERS. *WABASH & ERIE CANAL;* Embracing ONE LARGE AQUEDUCT over the St. Mary's River, near the town of Fort Wayne; ONE AQUEDUCT over Clear Creek; TWO DAMS across the Wabash River; SEVEN or EIGHT LOCKS; SEVEN or EIGHT BLUFF BANKS; several LARGE CULVERTS; and other heavy works on the Canal Line, between Huntington and Treaty Ground. Plans, Profiles of the route, and specifications of the work to be let, will be exhibited at Fort Wayne, Huntington, and Treaty Ground.

SEALD PROPOSALS for the construction of the work will be received from the 24th to the 29th of April, at Fort Wayne and Huntington, and from the 24th of April to the 1st of May, at Treaty Ground, where the awards of the Contractors will be made. From the large amount of work that is to be let, it is hoped that a general attendance will be given by Contractors, as the amount which will be put under contract, will, in some small degree, depend upon the number of Contractors who may attend the letting.

32 miles of the WABASH and ERIE CANAL, are now under contract, and progressing with considerable activity. The state of Indiana has made provision for an energetic prosecution of the work. During the present year, MORE THAN SIXTY MILES WILL BE PUT UNDER CONTRACT; and from

2 TO 3000 LABORERS will be required for THREE or FOUR YEARS, for the operations contemplated. Almost any number that may come to the line will find ready employ at **GOOD WAGES FOR CASH**, in a healthy country, where **LANDS ARE CHEAP** & easy to acquire. The Canal route is mostly located in the centre of a rich body of **NEW LANDS**, which are sold at low rates, and for three-fourths of the purchase money, on a long credit. Many emigrant and native laborers during the last year, from the proceeds of their labor alone, purchased tracts of land of 80 and 160 acres, and became respectable settlers and land holders. Perhaps there is no part of the United States where money can be employed to so great an advantage; where property can be so easily obtained, or where it is so rapidly increasing in value.

If you are a lawyer, stick to your briefs and follow hard after your precedents; if you are a doctor, stick to your epistles, and hold to your pills; if you are a clergyman, stick to your text, that your flock may stick to you; if you are a merchant, stick to your day-book, and let it not with truth be alleged that you forsake your ledger; if you are a tailor, and have a thumbful of brains, you will stick close to your needle, if you ever expect your goose to lay golden eggs. In short, whatever business, profession, or occupation you have decided to follow, why then follow it, ay, follow it close, and you will get money.

I will tell you a story. My father had two sons, Timothy and Robert, *alias*, myself and Bob. Now it so happened that we were of very different dispositions. I was patient and persevering; Bob was impatient and changeable. Whenever I fairly got hold of any thing, I went through with it, with any thing. It was so almost from our very interested families, we cried for bread and butter, I never

quit my slice, but patiently kept my jaws a wag-

ing until I had fairly made an end of it; whereas my brother Bob had no sooner taken one or two mouthfuls, and perhaps licked off the butter from the rest, than he threw away his slice, and began to cry for apple-pie, or dough-nuts. And what was the result? Why, he lost his bread and butter, he missed his apple-pie or dough-nuts, and got a whipping in the bargain.

"Heigh! heigh! heigh!" said he, sobbing and rubbing his skin, and looking wistfully towards my slice as it was fast disappearing, "Heigh! heigh! heigh! Tim, I wish I hadn't fling'd away my bread-and-butter now."

But notwithstanding this repentance and regret, it would be just so the next time. Bob could never patiently go through with any thing. I recollect, when we grew a little bigger, our grandfather gave us some willow cuttings, which he told us to stick into some moist ground, and they would take root, and in time be great trees.

We did as we were instructed. I stuck out my willow stick, and waited patiently for it to take root and grow. Bob likewise stuck his into the earth; but so impatient was he, that before his willow had been planted twenty-four hours, he pulled it up to see if it had begun to take root.

"Plague take it?" said he, "it haint got no roots at all." Gran'pa lied about it, so he did. It'll never be a big tree in the world."

However, Bob stuck his willow down again, to give it another trial. But he went the very next day, and the day after, and indeed every day, and pulled it up as before, to see if it had taken root. The consequence was that it never took root, but withered up and died. Mine, on the other hand, being undisturbed, had time to shoot downwards and to spring upwards; and it is now a large tree, six feet in circumference, and makes a glorious shade.

There was the same difference between me and Bob in other things. When we went to school, Bob, though quick to learn, could never be