

BOBSON'S DREAM.

The most extraordinary professional dream on record is, without all doubt, that well known one of George Dobson, coach driver in Edinburgh, which I shall here relate; for, though it did not happen in the shepherd's cot, it has of late been related there.

George was part proprietor and driver of a handsome coach, in Edinburgh, when such vehicles were scarce; and one day a gentleman, whom he knew, came to him and said,

"George, you must drive me and my son here but to a certain place that he named somewhere in the vicinity of Edinburgh."

"Sir," said George, "I never heard tell of such a place, and I cannot drive to it, unless you give me very particular directions."

"It is false," returned the gentleman, "there is no man in Scotland who knows the road to that place better than you do. You have never driven on any other road all your life, and I insist on your taking us."

"Very well, sir," said George, "I'll drive you to hell, if you have a mind; only you are to direct me on the road."

"Mount and drive on, then," said the other, "and no fear of the road."

George did so, and never in his life did he see his horses go at such a noble rate; they snorted, they pranced, and they flew on; and as the whole road appeared to lie down hill, he deemed that he should soon come to his journey's end. Still he drove on at the same rate, far, far down hill, and so fine an open road he never travelled—till by degrees it grew so dark that he could not see to drive any farther. He called to the gentleman, inquiring what he should do; who answered, that this was the place they were bound to, so he might draw up, dismiss them and return. He did so, alighted from the dicky, wondered at his foaming horses, and forthwith opened the coach door, held the rim of his hat with the one hand, and with the other demanded his fare.

"You have driven us in fine style, George," said the elder gentleman, "and deserve to be remembered; but it is needless for us to settle now, as you must meet us here again to-morrow, precisely at twelve o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said George; "there is like wise an old account, you know, and some toll money," which, indeed, there was.

"It shall be all settled to-morrow, George, and, moreover, I fear there will be some toll money to-day."

"I perceived no tolls to-day, your honor, said George."

"But I perceived one, and not very far back neither, which I suspect you will have some difficulty in repaying without a regular ticket.—What a pity I have no charge on me!"

"I never saw it otherwise with your honor," said George, jocularly; "what a pity it is you should always suffer yourself to run so short of change!"

"I will give you that which is as good, George," said the gentleman, and he gave him a ticket written in red ink, which the honest coachman could not read.

He, however, put it into his sleeve, and inquired of his employer where that same toll was which he had not observed, and how it was that they did not ask toll from him as he passed through!

The gentleman replied, by informing George that there was no road out of that domain, and that whoever entered it, must either remain in it or return by the same path; so they never asked any toll, till the person's return, when they were at times highly capricious; but that the ticket he had given him would answer his turn, and he then asked George if he did not perceive a gate, with a number of men in black standing about it.

"Oh! is yon the spot?" says George; then I assure your honor, yon is no toll-gate, but a private entrance into a great man's mansion; for do not I know two or three of the persons yonder to be gentlemen of the law, whom I have driven often and often? and as good fellows they are too, as any I know—men who never let themselves run short of change! good day. I'll be o'clock to-morrow!"

"Yes, twelve o'clock, noon, precisely," and with that, George's employer vanished in the gloom, and left him to wind his way out of that dreary labyrinth the best way he could. He found it no easy matter, for his lamps were not lighted, and he could not see an ell before him; he could not even perceive his horses' ears; and what was worse, there was a rushing sound, like that of a town on fire, all around him, that stunned his senses, so that he could not tell whether his horses were moving or standing still, George was in the greatest distress imaginable, and was glad when he perceived the gate before him, with his two identical friends, men of the law, still standing. George drove boldly up, accosted them by their names, and asked what they were doing there; they made him no answer, but pointed to the gate and the keeper. George was terrified to find at this latter personage, who now came up and seized the horses by the reins, refusing to let him pass. In order to introduce himself, in some degree, to this austere toll man, George asked him in a jocular manner how he came to employ his two eminent friends as assistant gate keepers.

"Because they are among the best corners," replied the ruffian, cheerfully. "You will be an assistant here, to-morrow."

"The devil I will, sir?"

"Yes, the devil you will, sir?"

"I'll be d—d if I do then—that I will."

"Yes, you'll be d—d if you do—that you will."

"Let my horses go in the mean time, then, sir, that I may proceed on my journey."

"Nay?"

"Nay?—Dare you say nay to me sir? My name is George Dobson, of the pleasure, Edinburgh, coach driver and coach proprietor too; and no man shall say nay to me, as long as I can pay my way. I have his majesty's licence, and I'll go and come as I choose—and that I will.—Let go my horses there, and tell me what is your demand."

"Well, then, I'll let your horses go," said the keeper, "but I'll keep yourself for a pledge."

And with that he let go the horses, and seized honest George by the throat, who struggled in vain to disengage himself, and swore, and threatened, according to his own confession, most bloodily. His horses flew off like the wind, so swift that the coach seemed flying in the air, and scarcely bounding on the earth once in a quarter of a mile. George was in furious wrath, for he saw that his grand coach and harness would all be broken to pieces, and his gallant pair of horses maimed or destroyed; and how was his family's bread now to be won! He struggled, threatened, and prayed in vain the intolerable toll man was deaf to all remonstrances. He once more appealed to his two genteel acquaintances of the law, reminding them how he had of late driven them to Roslin, on a Sunday, along with two ladies, who he supposed were their sisters, from their familiarity, when not another coachman in town would engage with them. But the gentlemen, very ungenerously, only shook their heads, and pointed to the gate. George's circumstances now became desperate, and again he asked the hideous toll man what right he had to detain him, and what were his charges.

"What right have I to detain you, sir, say you! who are you, that makes such a demand here? Do you know where you are, sir?"

"No, faith I do not," returned George; "I wish I did. But I shall know, and make you repent your insolence too. My name, I told you, is George Dobson, licensed coach hirer in Pleasance, Edinburgh; and to get full redress of you for this unlawful interruption, I only desire to know where I am."

"Then, sir, if it can give you so much satisfaction to know where you are," said the keeper, with a malicious grin, "you shall know, and you may take instruments by the hands of your two friends there, instituting a legal prosecution.—Your redress, you may be assured will be most ample when I inform you that you are in HELL! and out at this gate you pass no more."

This was rather a damper to George, and he began to perceive that nothing would be gained in such a place by the strong hand, so he addressed the inexorable toll man, whom he now dreaded more than ever, in the following terms:

"But I must go home at all events, as you know sir, to make my two horses, and put them up, and to inform Christy Halliday, my wife, of my engagement. And, bless me! I never recollected till this moment, that I am engaged to be back to-morrow at 12 o'clock, and see, here is a free ticket for my passage this way."

The keeper took the ticket with one hand, but still held George with the other.

"Oh! were you in with our honorable friend, Mr R—, of L—y?" said he. He has been on our books for a long while; however, this will do, only you must put your name to it likewise; and the engagement is this: you, by this instrument, engage your soul, that you will return here by to-morrow at noon."

"Catch me there, Billy!" says George. "I'll engage no such thing, depend on it;—that I will not."

"Then remain where you are, said the keeper, for there is no other alternative. We like best for people to come here in their own way in the way of their business; and with that he flung George backward, heels-over-head down hill, and closed the gate.

George, finding all remonstrance vain, and being desirous once more to see the open day, and breathe the fresh air, and likewise to see Christy Halliday, his wife, and set his house and stable in some order, came up again, and in utter desperation, signed the bond, and was suffered to depart. He then bounded away on the track of his horses, with more than ordinary swiftness, in hopes to overtake them; and always now and then uttered a loud wail in hopes they might hear and obey, though he could not come in sight of them. But George's grief was but beginning, for at a well known and dangerous spot, where there was a tanyard on the one hand, and a quarry on the other, he came to his gallant steeds overturned, the coach smashed to pieces, Dawtie with two of her legs broken, and Duncan dead. This was more than the worthy coachman could bear, and many degrees worse than being in hell. There, his pride and manly spirit bore him up against the worst treatment; but here, his heart entirely failed him, and he laid himself down, with his face on his two hands, and wept bitterly, bewailing, in the most deplorable terms, his two gallant horses, Dawtie and Duncan.

While lying in this inconsolable state, some one took hold of his shoulder, and shook it, and a well known voice said to him,

"Geordie! what is the matter wi' ye now, George?"

George was provoked beyond measure, at the insolence of the question, for he knew the voice to be that of Christy Halliday, his wife.

"I think you needna ask that, seeing what you see," said George. "O, my poor Dawtie, where are a' your junkings and prancings now, your moopings and your whinnings? I'll ne'er be a proud man again—bereaved o' my bony partner!"

"Get up, George; get up and bestir yourself, said Christy Halliday, his wife. "You are wanted directly, to bring in the Lord President to the Parliament House. It is a great storm, and he must be there by nine o'clock. Get up rouse yourself, and make ready—his servant is waiting for you."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

ODE TO A BEEF-STEAK PIE.

I gaze upon thee, beef-steak pie,
With empty maw, and longing eye,
But truly thou art a mocker;
For thou'lt not seem so very nice
I mustn't go and hax the price—
I'm minus in my locker.

Oh! that I might assault you gratis,
With lots of gravy, crust and latys,
Wash'd down with quarts of stout;
How I would bolt in the luscious fare
Nor envy London's worthy mayor,
A mansion house tuck out.

But not to Scroggins' be decreed
Upon the beef-steak pie to feed,
Alas! for the expense!
No longer, tantalizing, cause
Moisture to trickle from my jaws,
Hence, tempting wittles, hence!

Tho' sad it is to say farewell,
I can't abide your savory smell
It causes strange distortions;
O! if, all ready for attack
Some friend should whisper, "go it Jack!"
I'd spoil your fair proportions.

With joy my knife and fork I'd thrust
Within thy brown and tempting crust,
Starvation not afraid of;
And while your scent rejoiced my nose
Your entrails I would soon expose,
And see what you were made of.

But all in vain 'tis mine to sigh
For thy contents, oh, beef-steak pie,
And wherefore should it fret 'um?
You artier all, perhaps are made
Of ex with vile decenzo decay'd,
Or some infernal wet 'um.

At Kenwyn, during divine service, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west end of the church. The parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of his pew, and, doubtful where he had left off, asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?" "Why, down parting the dogs, minister, to be sure," replied Roger, to the no small amusement of the congregation.

Why are Women Beardless.

How wisely nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on women's chin to grow,
For how could she be shaved (what'er the skill)
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still.

Snow fell in Boston on Saturday night and Sunday, to the depth of 8 or 10 inches.

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AN APPRENTICE.

ANY subscriber wanting an APPRENTICE, to the HATTING BUSINESS, a lad of from 15 to 17 years of age, from the country, would be preferred.
Ira Mendenhall.

Vevay, November 23.

Receipts & Expences.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES of
Switzerland county, from the first Monday,
in November, 1830, to the first Monday in Nov.
1831, both days included.

RECEIPTS.

By amount for store & tavern licenses, 201 95
show license, 5 00
law process, 28 suits, 14 00

Revenue, due for 1829, \$220 95
do do 1830, 120 44
do do 1831, 274 76
Amount due from individuals, 1369 05h
Interest on same, 52 50

\$2540 41

EXPENDITURES

To Grand and Petit Jurors, \$130 00
Constables, attending courts, 25 50
Wood, candles, &c. for courts, 4 12h
Associate Judges, 48 00
Support of Paupers, 817 93
Supervisors of highways, 14 40
Wolf scalps, 4 00
Improper listing, 47 50
Books for Recorder's office, 13 75
Books for Clerk's office, 42 62h
Jailor, for keeping prisoners, 110 95
Listers, of property, 70 00
Apprehending U. Morgan, 7 06
Repairs to the court-house, 52 25
Election, return judges, 2 25
County treasurer, on settlement, 32 00
County commissioners, for services, 30 00
Clerk, for extra services, &c. 100 50
Sheriff, for extra services, 43 50

\$1,096 42

NOTES.

1. At the last May session, there was cancelled and burnt, county orders, jurors and road road certificates, amounting to \$1231 50
2. Since May term, the treasurer has received county orders, &c. which he has ready to pay over, \$522 60
3. The board will, at their next meeting, ascertain the amount of county orders and jurors certificates in circulation.
By order of the county commissioners.
EDWARD PATTON, clerk.

Vevay, Novemb 9, 1831

BLANKS.

Blank Deeds, mortgages, constable's bonds for the delivery of property, appeal bonds, summons, subpoenas, capias, executions, &c. &c. kept constantly FOR SALE, at this office.

J. D. WESTON, M. D. SURGEON & PHYSICIAN

FREDRICKSBURG KENTUCKY

A solicitation of many of the citizens of Switzerland county, is induced to offer his professional services to the public. From the known business of the citizens of Indiana and Kentucky, who have professed him their friendship, and by assuaging his part, he is determined to merit public patronage, and private confidence.

Having received the advantages of two of the best colleges in New England and New-York, he will not hesitate to perform any operation in SURGERY, dictated by prudence and the welfare of the patient.

His office is at FREDRICKSBURG, Kentucky.—He will be at the house of ANTHONY GARNETT, Esq. Troy village, on THURSDAYS, of each week, where his friends can learn the names and business, which shall receive his prompt attention.

* A SHERIFF, will be kept at squire Brown's, for his friends to cross the Ohio river, free of expense. Fredricksburg, Gallatin co. K. Nov 25.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a court of Probate, held at Vevay, within and for the county of Switzerland, on the third Monday, in November 1831, by WILLIAM C. KEEN, Judge of said court.

EDWARD PATTON and IRA MENDENHALL, administrators of the estate of WILLIAM B. PATTON, late of Vevay, deceased, having suggested that the personal estate of said decedent, is not sufficient to pay the joint debts, which he owed at the time of his death, pray for an order to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said decedent, which consists of in lot of town of Vevay, number 129, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

ORDERED.—That notice thereof, be given to the heirs and devisees of said decedent and all others interested in said estate, by three successive publications in the Weekly Messenger, a newspaper, printed and published at Printers' Hall, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate court to be holden at Vevay, on Monday, the 5th day of March next, at noon to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioners should not be granted.
EDWARD PATTON, clerk.

Vevay, Nov. 25.

ESTATE OF HIRAM STOW.

All persons indebted to the estate of HIRAM STOW, late of Jefferson township, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, or all persons having demands against said estate will present them for examination, according to law.
The estate is solvent.
Gallon township, Dec 9

HONAN STOW, adm'r.

ANDREW DILLMAN'S ESTATE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of ANDREW DILLMAN, late of Jefferson township, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, or all persons having demands against said estate will present them for examination according to law.
The estate is solvent.

CHARLES GILBERT, adm'r.
Jefferson township, December 13