

sons exclusively to his pupil Hugh Cameron.

This is briefly the substance of the prophetic narrative of the host. My horses being refreshed, I mounted and pursued my journey reflecting upon how frail a thread human happiness depends. As I passed along the street, all was silent and deserted; not even a dog started to bark at me, but as the village gradually receded from my view, other thoughts engrossed my mind, and the lovely Lucy Gray and her sorrows were forgotten.

Shortly after the peace, business obliged me to take a similar journey. The sun was about setting as I found myself upon the summit of the Blue mountain, and the welcome village in the deep valley, again presented itself. My faded horse leisurely descended, carefully kicking every stone out of the way that lay in his rugged path. When half way down the height, I paused to rest the weary animal. A young woman suddenly emerged from a cluster of blooming laurels and wild honeysuckles, which grew round the base of a large projecting rock. Her dark hair was luxuriant and bound with features and simplicity. Her face lovely and blooming; yet slightly overcast with sadness, and the matchless symmetry of her small and elastic frame, was heightened by the uncommon neatness of her rustic apparel. On one arm hung a basket, well stored with rich and various mountain flowers, while the other was extended, to assist a young man to rise who was seated at a short distance from the rock, and upon whose enfeebled frame the hand of death pressed heavily. He was a cripple, deprived of his right arm, and his manly forehead was disfigured by a wound. He rose with difficulty, and stood silent; absorbed in thought.

"I fear," said Lucy, for it was the widow's child, "we have extended our walk too far. The mountain path was too rugged for you yet. You are fatigued but in a few weeks you will be strong enough to revisit the haunt you loved so when a boy."

"No, Lucy, no," he replied in a bold, tremendous voice, "I shall never again clamber to the rugged brow of yonder ridge, upon which the beams of the setting sun are now dancing. It would give a new impulse to my heart to be for a moment there; and the flagging stream of life would flow more freely; but I shall never again gaze on the setting sun from that loved spot; never again listen to the roar of the torrent that dashes down that precipice."

They disappeared behind the rock and struck into another path; I urged my horse forward, and as I descended, the drowsy tinkling of bells was heard, as the shepherd, whistling, leisurely followed his charge to the fold. The village boys were driving the herds to water; some were paddling the light canoe across the river, while others, more idle, were basking with their childish sports upon the lawn. Several women were at work with their wash tubs on the bank, and as I drew nigh, a momentary cessation from labour ensued. One of them in particular was calculated to attract notice. She was tall and meagre; her visage was sharp, swarthy and wrinkled, and every line of it denoted that the family into which it was the fate of Socrates to wed, had not become extinct even to the present age. My eyes were turned upon her, and I recognised her countenance. I accosted her, and she no sooner gave loose to her inhuman tongue than my doubt vanished. It was impossible to forget the sound having once heard it. It was the voice of the village shrew, the bandy legged drummer's wife.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK]

A Dog.—An old free Negro who lived in an adjoining county owned a dog which during the whole course of its life, had probably never had the benefit of a hearty meal. It was a perfect anatomy, the very skeleton of a shadow, remarkable for nothing but its ghastly appearance and its apparent devotion to its owner. It was likewise a cur, a race usually considered the most unpromising of all the canine species. The master died and the affectionate creature followed him to the grave. Upon returning to the house he laid himself down upon an old coat, which had belonged to his deceased master, and no effort of force or persuasion could induce him to quit it. Whenever an attempt was made to coax him away he howled seditiously, those who heard him, declared it was distressing to hear him. But when force was used he met it with savage and ungovernable fury. The neighbors, taking compassion on him, gave him food every day, but the faithful creature rejected it with indifference. He clung to the memorial which he possessed of his master, with a tenacity which nothing could shake, until death at last came to relieve his broken and affectionate heart. Who can hear of instances of such noble affection which can possibly have its origin in no mean or interested motives and not feel his sympathies deeply moved for the whole race.

Richmond Whig.

A fact is for the Printer.—Mr. Badger, late Editor of the Weekly Messenger, and favorably known for many years among the editorial corps, called at our office one day this week, and in conversation related that he had regained his health, or nearly so, by returning to his trade as printer. It will be recollected that about a year since he was compelled to resign his concern in the Messenger on account of ill health, indeed by constant application to editorial duties. Since that time he relates, he has applied himself to the trade as pressman, constantly for about nine months; that he has not only been enabled to earn \$2 a day most of the time, but has by the operation regained a comfortable vigor of body and mind. Believing the circumstance of practical interest, we are thus particular in recording it for the encouragement of the Franklinian fraternity.

CUTTING PATTERNS.

"Please, sir," said a snub-nosed girl fourteen years of age, to a country dealer in dry goods, "to send me the patterns of your calicoes and put 'em cheap for she's going to get a new gown soon, and wants to see as what I want."

Shopkeeper—Who is your ma'am?
Girl—My ma'am is Aunt Oily Dee sir.

Shopkeeper—Your sister was here yesterday and took patterns of all the kinds I have.

Girl—Yes, sir, I know that—but then she sewed them all up for patch work, and would'n give me any, but told me to go shopping myself.

A Fact.—A gentleman formerly of Vermont, but now living in the state of New York, having been in poor health for about two years past, repaired to the Richmond (N. Y.) Springs. After drinking of the waters for two or three days, he was taken with retching and vomitings. In one of these turns he threw up a living snake, upwards of two feet in length, and of the diameter of common sized thumb. This may be depended upon as a fact.

Barbarous Outrage. About six years ago, a poor man by the name of Little, becoming indebted to his landlord for the sum of ten or twelve dollars for rent, was unable to pay, and the landlord consented to wait provided his daughter, who was then just over twenty-one would become jointly responsible. She therefore signed an obligation with her father and has since been getting a decent living and aiding in supporting her infirm parents and a blind sister, by folding sheet for look-binders. The landlord a short time since, put the account into the hands of a hanger on in the purloins of our courts for collection. He dunned in form, and was told that poverty had laid a heavy hand on the family, and time must be granted. The account was in consequence left with a lawyer and sued, judgment obtained and execution issued. The father was first arrested and imprisoned, but finding that he was unable to pay a farthing, he was released, and the daughter dragged from her family and friends, and locked up on Monday last under the same roof with felons and vagabonds. So barbarous an outrage could not be kept long concealed—even the officer whose duty it became to execute the process upon the helpless girl, was so moved by her situation that he offered to pay one half of the amount provided she could pay the remainder. But she had it not in her power and there was no alternative but to be incarcerated. She remained in jail two days, and yesterday owing to the humane interposition of some book-binders in her behalf, she obtained her liberty on payment of the costs and lawyer's fees.

We have hardly told half the story. The officer who carried her to jail, assures us his heart has not been so touched by any circumstance which has come within his observation or knowledge for many years. It is due to the keeper of the jail to state, that he rendered every facility within his means to make the situation of the distressed girl comfortable. Her character is believed to be without a stain and beyond reproach, save that of poverty. The law of July, 1831, exempting females from incarceration, does not apply to her case, as the debt was of previous obligation.

It is only necessary to add, that this flagrant and inhuman outrage was committed in the enlightened and benevolent city of Boston. Shame! Shame!

Marriage at sea.—In the ship Economist, which left Cromarty about ten days ago with emigrants for Quebec, a marriage took place under circumstances of an unusual description. After the vessel had been a day at sea, a disconsolate damsel made her appearance on deck from the hold, in which she had contrived to secrete herself amidst the luggage. With her lover by her side, the young lady proceeded to inform the captain that she was private-

ly married to her companion; but that in order to frustrate the connexion, the relations of the bridegroom had determined on sending him off to America. On learning this intelligence, she resolved to embark with him for the wilderness of the west, and had entered on board the vessel. She now wished the captain to perform a sort of marriage ceremony to satisfy the passengers on board, and render her situation more agreeable and respectable. The captain entered into the spirit of the scene; a wag on board drew up a contract, a rich and rare document, and in presence of all on board, assembled on the deck, the pair were duly and indissolubly united. After the ceremony, the happy couple were saluted by the ships artillery, and by three long and loud cheers from the crew and passengers.

Inverness Cour.

Shopping Extraordinary.—Some days ago a flock of twenty or thirty sheep destined to the shambles, passing up Courtland street were prevented from turning, Broadway by a string of carts, hacks, omnibuses and foot passengers, which for a few moments completely blocked up the street. Being driven into a huddle near the turning post, an adventurous wether, impatient at the confinement, stepped briskly across the sidewalk to the door of Mr. Hart's Bazaar (opening on Courtland street) and with a sudden spring effected his entrance—a movement which was immediately imitated by the whole flock. Here they were so much delighted with the perfumes, cosmetics, appliances of the toilet, &c. with which the establishment is richly and admiringly provided, that they should share in common with beings equally innocent and unsophisticated, that for a long time they resisted all efforts to dislodge them from the scene of their enchantment. The bewildered astonishment depicted in their countenances, and their occasional remarks uttered in the laconic style peculiar to them caused no less mirth to the crowd whom the occurrence collected at the doors, than their visit did vexation and embarrassment to the inmates of the Bazaar.

Their curiosity being at length satisfied, and the bystanders making room for their egress, the wether aforesaid, having reconnoitred a moment, made another desperate spring of four feet high to clear a straw lying across the path, and rushed into Broadway, followed in like manner by his whole suit; no mischief had been done except the overturning of a paint pot, which an old vixen of a cow spurned in great disgust as it reminded her of the fleecings she had endured, and which were associated in her recollections with the painting of her nose.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—If you would be truly valuable, esteem not yourself chiefly according to your money and lands, but on the grace of your person and mind; read a little more; read divinity, morality history, innocent poetry, and the lives of generous lovers. You dress well and have the belle air and mind—be as polite in your language as in your dress, and learn to write a neat style, I mean so as to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars but as gentlemen. As you are ingenious, a little application forms you good house wives, but to improve the beauties of the mind, and carriage will cost no more. Blend both accomplishments together, and do not, as some be mutes and statues in company, or as others, perpetual drums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads to them neither mistake a low bow for pure good manners, nor a well dressed head for quality; nor a fashionable coat for an estate; serve cringing for true love, nor a smooth tongue for sense. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom, and cast a tender eye on him who has steady manly virtue, prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of his mending at heart the main chance.

From the Hillsboro (Ohio) Democrat.

OUR WANTS.

We want to see our country prosper and preserve peace, and at the same time her Independence.

We want to see the Baltimore and Ohio rail road extend west of the Ohio river to St. Louis.

We want the best man in the United States, elected President, in the year 1836.

We want the slave-holders of the South to talk less and work more.

We want the members of the congress to make shorter speeches and fewer of them.

We want the next Legislature of Ohio, to alter or abolish the present Militia Laws.

We want the same Body to throw every local bank bill under the table.

We want to hear the opinions of candidates publicly expressed, previous to the election.

We want to be preserved from the ravages of the Cholera, the venom of vipers, and the folly of fools.

We want a liberal Advertising cus-

tom, and full five hundred new subscribers to our paper; and, last, though not least,

We want every man in arrears, to come forward and pay up, for money we must have.

IMPORTANT TRIAL.—A gentleman just arrived from Bangor, (Maine,) has given us the particulars of a case of recent occurrence, which is said to have excited considerable sensation. An unlicensed grog-dealer, named Treadwell, keeping a shop at what is called the Point, with the assistance of an understrapper, named Woodward, undertook, on Tuesday last, to furnish an Irishman with as much wine as he could drink for twenty-five cents. The Irishman drank a pint of stuff which was drawn for him as 'port wine,' and walked off. In about half an hour he returned and drank two pints more. The result was death. Woodward was apprehended on complaint of the coroner, who held an inquest over the body. On Friday last he was examined, and required to recognise in the sum of \$500, for his appearance at the next (June) term of the Supreme Judicial court for trial, on a charge of manslaughter.

The Cherokee Phoenix, an Indian newspaper, printed at New Echota, in characters invented by Sequoyah, a native Cherokee, (who elevated himself, by that invention, to a rank with the most ingenious of mankind,) has been discontinued. The object of the establishment of this paper was more particularly to vindicate the rights of the Indian people, and to expose the lawless depredations committed upon them by the whites. But we suppose its conductors have found out by this time, that the Red Men have no rights, and that therefore they cannot be wronged.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

Something new.—An agricultural friend has related to us the following: He has observed for some weeks, that two of his cows gave but very small quantities of milk in the morning; at night they gave the usual quantity, but in the morning, it was not unfrequent for them to withhold it altogether. He could not account for it, but satisfied they must have been milked, yet with all his precaution he could not discover the offender. Yet the evil continued—until a few days since, when it was discovered that a couple of good sized hogs were stationed—one on each side of one of the cows, "playing the part of the calf," with a good share of self-complacency. The cows and hogs had been kept at night in the barn yard together; and it appeared that the grunters had so far ingratiated themselves into the good graces of the cows as thus to be indulged with the first milking.—*Auburn N. Y. Journal.*

BELTING.—We hear that a rather curious event occurred at the door of the parish church yesterday morning. A gallant young Lothario had rendered himself the uncontrolled master of a gay lady's heart, and with the consent of the parents each, the day which was to unite two fond lovers in one flesh and bone was eventually fixed upon. Yesterday they drove to church, there to seal their solemn vows—the lady high with hopes of matrimonial felicity. But "the course of true love never did run smooth," and "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," are old proverbs, the truth of which received a decided exemplification on this occasion. The youth, instead of approaching the altar of Hymen, sat down in an adjoining pew, and stated to his friends, to the utter astonishment of the bridal party, that he had latterly changed his views with regard to matrimony. Luckily, the intended bride was of strong nerves, and instead of falling into a fainting fit as many in her situation would have done, she mustered up all her courage, and urged both within the church and without under the porch, and through the Place d'Armes, her claims upon his affections, and stung his conscience with remorse in the contemplation of his perfidious conduct, should he now refuse to make her his wedded wife. Such an appeal to his honor, urged in the strongest language of which female eloquence could make use in such cases, was too powerful to be refused, and our Lothario, most gallantly taking the lady by the hand, declared himself ready for the sacrifice, and in a moment after was kneeling by her side at the altar, where the matrimonial benediction was pronounced in due form.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Pedestrianism.—The Boston Evening Gazette mentions that Col. Hackett, of South Carolina, has finished his undertaking of walking two thousand miles in seventy days, living on bread and water. "He has, as will appear by his certified report, exceeded the distance near four hundred miles, and gained in weight 24 lbs. He has visited nearly all the towns in the New

England States, and will return home on his abstemious diet, travelling on foot. He is in perfect health and good spirits. On his return, he will proceed south to Philadelphia, at which place, to comply with the wishes of some professional gentlemen, he will undertake to walk forty miles a day for six days on a prescribed amount of food. After this, it is said, he will prepare for publication his notes on diet, and publish them, to be distributed gratis in the places he has visited. His object, as he states, has been, not to exhibit himself as possessing more physical power than others, but, he says, he believes that any man can perform the same. The time and distance was selected to prove this—First, the distance per day is answerable to ten hours labor, and the time (the heat of summer) to show the effect of the diet in predisposing the body to stand the effect of heat.

Cotton Seed Oil.—Judge Clayton, of Georgia, has made a useful discovery for the cotton growing states, in regard to the properties of cotton seed. He says that by the aid of a machine, which he describes, half a gallon of oil can be extracted from a bushel of cotton seed, and that it will sell in N. York, Philadelphia, &c. at a dollar a gallon. He estimates the annual value of cotton seed, for the production of oil, at three millions of dollars, and says that the time is coming when planters will as soon throw away their corn as their cotton seed.

Singular Prescription.—"I heard the other day," said Greenville, "that some distance up the country a poor fellow was lying on his bed dying; he had been given up by the surgeons, but was still visited by them, more from matter of form than for any hope of his recovery. His brother officers had been giving a party among themselves; the wine circulated freely, and, in short, they drank so much as to be lost to every sense of feeling. With one consent they all sallied forth to the dying man's bungalow—one taking a cracked pipe, a second an old violin, a third some tumbler, &c. and the rest tom-toms, or any thing they could lay their hands on to make a noise. They then marched around his bed, playing 'the dead march of Saul.' Whether his anger at such treatment or his excitement brought about a reaction I know not; but true it is from that moment he gradually recovered, and is now able to laugh at the joke, thank them for it, and disappoint the subaltern below him, who had marked him out as a sure step."

A stone was recently found in a lot near Auraria, in Georgia, weighing between twenty and thirty pounds, with large particles of gold thickly interspersed in it from the size of a pepper corn to that of a marble. This is an unusual circumstance, gold being almost universally found in grains. The specimen is one of the richest ever seen, and has been broken up and sent to New York, the owner keeping the finest pieces.

Phil. Daily Adv.

Mutability.—The mutability of human opinion and praise, has never been more strikingly exemplified than in the career of the Duke of Wellington. After the pacification of 1815, while Napoleon, Las Cases and Bertrand were on the desolate rock of St. Helena, suffering the contumacious usage of Sir Hudson Lowe, Wellington was the glory of London—the idol of an hundred drawing rooms—the lion of the metropolis; a mere glimpse of him, was a matter to boast of and remember. Now the tables have sadly turned. Great as has been his powers in the region of Trippe Saib, in the war of the peninsula, or on the bloody field of Brussels—immense as is the renown which through him has descended upon the British arms—numerous as are the orders which glitter upon his breast—there is none, now, so poor as to do him reverence. Strange reverse of sentiment! He can look upon statues to his honor, (made from artillery which his armies had captured when Napoleon's eagles were swept away before him) from the windows of Apsley House, broken by the fury of popular mobs, and boarded up to prevent future encroachments. He shares with the King and Queen, the honors of the multitude as his carriage dashes thro' the parks and squares of London.

U. S. Dragoons.—Capt. E. V. Sumner's corps of U. S. Dragoons, or Rangers, destined for the Indian service, arrived here on Sunday morning, in the steamboat Uncle Sam. They were the finest looking raw recruits we ever saw. All New Yorkers, selected by Capt. S. himself, from the northern and western counties of this State, within the age of twenty-five years, and as nearly as possible five feet eight inches in height. All possessing good English education and of strictly correct habits. Such youth with such a commander, who merits the performance of no menial service from any member of his detachment, and faring as they fare, can not fail to prove useful and become an ornament to the service.—*Buffalo Journal.*