

WEEKLY MESSENGER.

From the Boston Morning Post.
WITCHCRAFT.

The history of the devil in New England would be quite an interesting book and somewhat instructive. He enjoyed great popularity here during the authority of the first charter, and whilst the people of Massachusetts chose their own Governors. But under the second charter and the dominion of the crown Governors, politics took a different turn, and he meddled less with public concerns. His busiest time was when the clergy governed this by means of a sort of theocracy, and when none could vote but church members. In those days the most apt and relishing division of parties was into the Lord's people and the devil's people; as some temperance men now class our paupers into the Lord's poor, and the devil's poor, and poor devils.

The old writers affirm that the Indians here used to worship the devil, and that he considered the country as fairly his own. Hence he exceedingly spited our pious ancestors as intruders, and was on all occasions ready to do them mischief.

The following authentic morsel of history will show how he once got possession of an old woman, by means of the witchcraft excitement.

In 1633 at Hartford, in Connecticut, there lived a girl by the name of Ann Cole, whose beauty, sprightliness, and genuinity were the delight and admiration of all her friends.

Amongst the other exquisite powers which she possessed was that of acquiring languages in a high degree. She could talk in English, French, Indian and Dutch, and took much pride and pleasure in these novelties.

But to these attainments, so remarkable as almost to excite suspicion in pious minds, she added yet more hazardous in that superstitious age. She was a ventriloquist of the first order; and when by repeated effort she became sensible of the perfection and extent of her powers, she could not refrain from the amusement their use afforded.

Her first essays were in Dutch, and with the little ones of her own family, and their infantile astonishment and terror afforded her infinite mirth.

Then when the neighboring gossips came in to tell and hear the news, they would suddenly hear the cradle sing very prettily to its drowsy treasure, and the old tom cat by her means could master the most approved psalmody of the parish. So too the very chairs where they sat would greet them with how do you do; and if the visitors started up with surprise, "pray keep your seat ma'm," would follow in a low persuasive tone.

But although Ann Cole never suffered these pastimes to subside without an explanation, yet some remained skeptical, regarded her with suspicion and propagated strange stories; insomuch that before she was aware of the consequences the rumor had extensively circulated that she was possessed by devils, who held frequent conferences in her, in a strange variety of languages.

The imputation of witchcraft fell with a blighting influence upon this ingenious young creature; she became melancholy, and in the end surrendered her own judgment to the delusion. She seemed even to consider herself in the case common report had made her, and that her body was troubled by evil spirits, who used her organs of speech uncontrolled, for their own benefit.

When reduced to this state of mind by her misfortunes, she consented that two pious and learned divines might approach her, and when any conference took place hear and write down its particulars; and the scheme was successful. The devils were caught through ignorance or inattention to their safety; and the devout listeners heard them discourse of persons in league with them to do mischief. They spoke particularly of an old woman by the name of Grunsmith, who had long been suspected, and was then actually in prison upon charge of witchcraft.

This discovery exceedingly gratified the two clergymen, for until now they could obtain no satisfactory evidence against the woman. They therefore left Ann Cole, to live and to struggle on with her peculiar troubles, and visited Mrs. Grunsmith in prison. Her surprise was great indeed when they informed her what they had heard. But on sharp interrogation she acknowledged some familiarity with the devil, yet stoutly denied that she had signed his book, or made any formal covenant with him; although at the coming Christmas she had agreed to be ready for a high frolic, at which all was to have been finished.

Upon this confession Mrs. Grunsmith was hung, and the Connecticut ministers and magistrates were thus the favored and thankful instruments, according to history, of preventing the diabolical compact. Nor did they seem to consider that they had punished no actual crime, but merely the intention to commit one; and that they had moreover done the devil a good turn, in thus hastily giving him possession of his woman;

although some at the times supposed that Ann Cole was the real object of his wishes.

The Marriage Vow.—Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so little even remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife—“Love, honor, and obey.” How many wives “love, honor, and obey” their lords? How many even think of doing so? and yet there is an oath recorded against them, every simple violation of which is a distinct perjury. No woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well that she may obey him with discretion and safety. She yields herself at the altar to his disposition, from which even an attempt to fly, is a crime. A wife who contradicts her husband is forsaken.—No matter what manner of man he be, she must “obey,” if she keep her oath. She has made no reserve on condition at the marriage ceremony. She has not said “I will honor and obey, if he shall deserve it.” Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal “yes,” to take this view of the subject. They have a duty to perform to their husband, whether he be kind or unreasonable, and they must remember the poet's words,

“War is no strife
To the dark home and detested wife.”

“We shall get through this world.—Never knew a man stepped,” said a melancholy wag. When we reflect on this subject, we shall all set this down as a matter of fact, a solemn truth worthy of record on the choicest tablet of memory: worthy

“A lone to live
Within the book and volume of the brain,
Unmixed with baser matters.”

We have all got a passport, and let us travel on cheerfully with it, we cannot be stopped, though we may be delayed, or travel slowly; but we shall all come to our journey's end at last, though we travel by divers routes.—Cheer up then ye melancholy! cheer up ye weary heavy laden; the great march of life will bring to a halt at last, take courage, you will all get through the world—for “no man was ever stopped!”

Very Sublime.—Some wag has perpetrated the following couplet, and started it on a long journey through the newspapers:

“There is nothing in life so shocking,
As a fine girl with a hole in her stocking.”

Boston Tea Party.—The Oswego Republican says that George R. T. Hewes is now “living in that country, who was born in Boston in 1734, that he is supposed to be the last survivor of the little band of patriots who drowned the tea in Boston harbor sixty years ago.” Not so fast Mr Yorker, we have one man as far down east as Belfast Maine, who helped to do that little chore. He lives about a mile and a half from this village, and we see him riding down our streets almost daily.—He can mount his horse in the level road nearly as nimble as any our young men. John Cochran was born in Boston, and he will bet upon his head to out jump, outrun, out-ride, and out-live the York tea man. *Belfast. July*

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post, describes a tarrapin taken there as a most curious monster. It had two distinct bodies, eight legs, two tails, two heads, and but one neck. The point of junction is at the breast, and it is supposed that it would be impossible to separate without destroying both these animals.

It appears that Avery has left Bristol with his family, but it is not stated, nor, we believe, understood for what destination. Mrs. Avery is said to be a most amiable woman, who has met with severe domestic afflictions. On this subject the Fall River Monitor says—

“She could a tale unfold that would make a Crocodile weep. She could tell of scenes at Lowell, of transactions at Bristol and elsewhere that would move the heart of a savage. But like a tender woman who feels that her destiny is fixed, she suffers nor complains not. She has the sympathy of all who know her.”

A sad mistake.—A certain Lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her. “Come along sir.” A would-be very witty gentleman stepped up to her one day and accosted her with “Is it me, madam, you called?” “Oh, no, sir,” said she, with great composure, “it was another puppy I spoke to.”

Anecdote.—The late Dr. West having married a very tall lady, whose name was Experience, was asked his opinion of matrimony: to which he replied, that, “by long Experience he found it to be a very comfortable.”

The Northampton Courier mentions a discrepancy in the observance of the Sabbath at the Society Islands.—Mr. James Colton of Northampton, who has recently returned from whaling voyage, in the Pacific Ocean, found at the Sandwich Islands that Sunday and other days of the week correspond with those on board the vessel; but when he arrived at the Society Islands he was surprised to find the English missionaries and natives observing his Saturday or their Sabbath, and every day in the week thrown back one day. This discrepancy (says the Courier) he understood originated as follows: The first English missionaries who established themselves at the Society Islands sailed eastward by the Cape of Good Hope, and the American Missionaries who first planted themselves at the Sandwich Islands sailed westward by Cape Horn, and when they reached the other side of the globe, there was a day's difference in their reckoning, though neither had committed any error.—This, it is suggested, is always the result when vessels sail in opposite directions and meet half way round the earth.

David Crocket.—Hezekiah Niles, in his last Register, gives the annexed sketch of Colonel. It may not be amiss to add that more than one half the stories told of him have been manufactured by wags out of whole cloth. The “bacon and greens” story when he denied with the President, is said to have been fabricated and imposed on him by a facetious member of congress from New York.—

“It was a misfortune of the Colonel to have received no school education in his youth, and since to have had but little opportunity to retrieve that defect—but he is a man of strong mind and of great goodness of heart. The manner of his remarks is so peculiar that they excite much attention, and are repeated because of their originality; but there is a soundness, or point, in some of them, which shows the exercise of a well disciplined judgment; and we think it not easy for an unprejudiced man to communicate with the Colonel without feeling that he is honest.

“We have had some opportunity of knowing the calibre of many members of congress for twenty-five or thirty years past, and we have met with many, very many, far less capable of ascertaining truth than Colonel C—much less attentive to the duties of their place—and of no more real use than one of MacLiz's automaton, so constructed as to pronounce to pronounce the *aye* and *no*. But the Colonel does not say *a year n*—for, whether right or wrong, *the vote is his own.*”

“We have seen often times asked, what sort of a man is Colonel Crockett? and the general reply was—just such a one as you would desire to meet with, if any accident or misfortune had happened to you on the highway.”

Murder of the King's English.—A wealthy owner of real estate was about erecting a splendid house upon a large lot, and was disclosing the plan of it to his neighbor. “I have employed,” said he, “a man who has *erected* many buildings; and my design is, for to have eruct an edifice with a beautiful Portico in front on the streets, and Piazza behind, with a bath-house contiguous.”

Mr. Webster's New Bible.—The New Haven Palladium has the following remark on this work, which is just published.

He has done no more towards altering the Bible than those who translated it from the original tongue. Different nations have translated it in their own language, and Mr. Webster has done no more than to suit the language of the present age to its meaning.

Many words have in the course of time become changed in their sense. For instance—the word *preyent*, once signified to go before, or, to anticipate; it now means, to hinder, to stop; the word *discover* meant uncover. Mr. Webster has very properly corrected these

faults of our language, they are not the faults of the Bible. The following are other specimens of his improvements. He substituted *sixty* for *three score*, *cows* for *kin*; *persons* for *fol*; *button* for *tache*; *boiled* for *solden*; *staffs* for *staves*; *shun* for *esches*.

The Palladium asserts that no essential controversial alterations have been made by Mr. Webster.

MARY JEMISON.

Died at Seneca village, New York, on the 19th ult. in the 91st year of her age. In recording the demise of this individual, it will not, at this time, be out of place to give a brief sketch of her life. She was born in 1724, in one of the Eastern States, and when but two years old, we believe, her parents, feeling that general enterprise which glows in the bosoms of Yankees, emigrated to the western part of the State of New York and located near the now village of Canandaigua. In 1754, when the turmoils, the difficulties, and all the cruelties of war, generated by, and kept

in horrid commotion between the Red men of the forest and the settlers of the West, who was, after her near relatives were destroyed by the Indians, according to the general usages in Indian warfare, taken prisoner. She underwent more servility—witnessed more horror, endured manfully the ravages of war and the hard fare of the savage life, better, and with more fortitude, than, perhaps, any other individual we ever heard or read of. She was called the beautiful, pretty *squaw*; and the Sachem of the tribe a few years after her capture, married her in the Indian form at which time she had a powerful influence with the tribe. She had four sons who died in “single combat,” we believe, with each other, and has left two well educated daughters to inherit the rich legacy she received from her Indian friends and the Grand Sachem of the tribe. Mrs. Jemison, notwithstanding the earnest frequent entreaties of her friends could never be persuaded to leave the red man's home, and she continued with them till the day of her death. She has left an immense property on the borders of the Genesee river, amounting, we believe, to ten or fifteen thousand acres, of the most fertile land, a great part of which is under good cultivation.

Valuable Machine.—A “curious creature” some where down East, has invented a machine for making orations on any given subject. It is only to throw in letters of the alphabet and they will come out a speech. He “calculates” on vending a good number at Washington next winter and is now hard at work at a mill for grinding quartz pebbles into mill stones.—*Courier & Eng.*

Wabash and Erie Canal.—Here is another magnificent work under way in the west—another tie between the lakes and the Mississippi. Indiana Young as she is, is determined not to be behind Ohio in enterprise. Thirty two miles of the line of this Canal, extending from within a mile of the Maumee to Huntington on the Wabash, will be completed within one year.

We have once before spoken of the fertility of the soil through which this canal is located, the cheap price of which it may now be had, and the rapidity with which it is settling. An economical laborer, at the wages paid upon the canal, can, in one year, make himself the proprietor of a tract of land—land unsurpassed in richness in America—sufficient to render him and his family not only independent, but wealthy. And this land can be procured within five miles of the line of the canal. The advantages of a settlement in that district are too obvious to require specification. The settlers, when the canal is completed, will have the choice of the New York, Montreal and New Orleans markets, in this respect enjoying equal facilities with the inhabitants residing upon the Ohio canal.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

The route of the Mad river and lake Erie rail road is said to be as follows: Commencing on the lake, at Sandusky city, thence running 35 miles in a south western direction to Tiffin, in Seneca county; thence southerly, along the Sandusky river several miles, crossing the Tyamochite and through the Wyandot and Seneca reservations. Crossing the Scioto river, and from thence to Bellefontaine, in Logan county—From Bellefontaine, seven miles, it strikes the valley of Mad river, and along this valley fifty miles, by way of Utica and Springfield, to Dayton, its southerly termination. Perhaps no state in the Union can boast of a greater portion of land for beauty and fertility, than that through which this line of road passes.

Gen. Vance, one of the commissioners of this road, has opened books for subscriptions to the stock in the cities of Albany and New York. The route was surveyed by V. P. Antwerp, Esq. U. S. civil engineer, who speaks very flatteringly of the feasibility of the projected undertaking.—*Ohio Argus.*

Importance of Newspapers.—“The basis of our government, (says Mr. Jefferson in a letter to Col. Carington,) being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.”—Dr. Johnson, than whom, perhaps, there never was a closer observer of the world, speaking of newspapers, gives them a preference as a medium to all other means. He observes that nothing adds so much to the glory of a country as a free and independent press, which faithfully records all vicissitudes of politics and power; notices the moral and physical career of nations; records all accidents by flood and field; aids the cause and dissemination of knowledge; and while it amuses, also instructs. With such manifest advantages (he adds) who is there that will neglect an object so worthy of regard?

Steamboat Fare.—An Irishman, with his wife and child, wished to secure a deck passage down the river, made application to the captain in the following manner:

“Captaining!—are you the mate?”

“To be shure not—but what is wanting?”

“What do you charge for a deck passage for three of us to Cincinnati?”

“Four dollars each.”

“Four dollars a pace!—But that's dear—Well Captaining, do you ate us, or do we ate ourselves?”

“Bat yourselves; to be sure.”

VAGRANT IMPOSTORS.—Under this head, the Westchester Herald gives the following facts:

“There are a number of middle aged well dressed men, who traverse the United States through, and impose on the generosity of the public. They have printed petitions pasted on muslin which state, that they have been wrecked and lost their all, on a voyage from Europe to this country; others, that they have been wrecked among the Turks, and their families at this time held in slavery, and they wish to raise funds to purchase their liberty. They generally have the name of the captain with whom they were wrecked signed to the petition, and sometimes one of the frames which keep up the

Caution to the Ladies!—A ludicrous scene came near being exhibited in the old church in this town Sunday before last. We give it as a special admonition to ladies who wear capacious great sleeves, to beware what they harbor and conceal in them. The individual to whom we allude attended the church, and during the service, she thought she felt a commotion inside of the frames which keep up the