



THE FARMER.

Son of the soil, bowed to toil,
Behold the cultivator,
Lend forth his hand to till the land,
The happiest man in nature.
Our lawyer, son, and doctor Slop,
And cousin Flash (ancestor dead,
O, a veracious chief support,
On him we are all dependant.
Without his aid the printer too,
Would be slim as any taper;
In vain he'd get some cash to get,
To pay for ty, es, and paper.
Then let us toast our country's boast,
Our country's strength—the Farmer!
May we want bread—the many head—
Who will respect the Farmer!

MILITIA TRAINING SONG.

TUNE.—"Blue Bonnets over the border"
March march ye raps and rascallions,
Who want ye, ye blackguards, march forward in order;
March march ye rascallions,
With brave carbon Pugnac, the pride of the border.
Many a mother's son
She endures his rusty gun,
Many a lad who loves run in bodes water!
Fill in and make ready quick,
Lay down and steady buck,
Don't hold down your heads like a sheep at the slaughter.
Come from the tavern where whiskey is flowing,
Come from the grog-shops where whiskey is flowing;
Come from the streets where your valor is shown,
Come with the bear pale, the cornstalks and bale!
The drums are a drumming!
The major is coming!
Turn out your toes—move your bow-legs together!
Turn out your segars away,
Now let the music play—
To the training for glory, don't mind shoe leather!
March on with me.

THE CAPTIVE BOY.

All was not consonant with the ear, in history of our country, with recollecting the our frontier settlements were, many years ago, before the power of the aborigines was broken and subjugated, so plainly laid waste and desolate, by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging and destroying, were ever property lay in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom glutted vengeance or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions that a young man by the name of Bird, with his wife and child, an infant of about six months old, was made a prisoner. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother important, such lives were spared for the sole purpose of assisting in carrying it off. They were shown the burdens, and directed to follow. The mother, knowing the fate which these circumstances awaited her in fact, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors; and having wrapped it up in her bur den, close to her breast, journeyed by the side of her husband, towards the wilderness, sorrowing, no doubt, but fearing the protection of Him whose almighty arm can succour the most unfortunate, and deliver in the greatest peril.

After travelling from sunrise, until late at night, through a long summer's day, the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured, the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife, even after so much fatigue, felt little disposition to close their eyes. How they might escape, alone occupied their minds; they matured their plan, and put it into execution; but to avoid recapture required even more vigilance and resolution, than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the cords that bound them.

They, however, set out; and, with their helpless babe, which, as by a miracle, they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began at midnight to retrace their steps; but, before day, fatigue, anxiety, and the want of nourishment, so completely exhausted these bairns, that they found the following dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness, or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already striking the east with gray, and they knew that their flight must have been already discovered; they knew too the characters they had to deal with, and, that to escape, there was not a moment's time to be lost. Distracted with opposing reso-

lition, a sense of duty to themselves usually prevailed over the parent's fondness; the mother, for the last time, passed her innocent offspring to her breast, bade her unconscious smile, check with tears, and sat it down, on the green bank of a little trickling stream, where, as she cast a last glance, after she left it, she saw it scrambling after the flowers that grew around it.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbors, and returned to the spot where the child had been left, but it was gone; and in the lapse of years, blessed with riches and a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep over their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had passed by, when, in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article of which bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their possession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners on the part of the whites, with the declaration that he was a white, found on the very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents, who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parents' joy was full; but the boy wandered thro' the rich possessions of his father with no smile. His bow and blanket was his only joy. He despised alike the dress, the habits, and the luxuries that were professed him; and his mind constantly brooded over the forest scenes and sports in which he had passed his boyhood. vain were all attempts to wean him from his native habits, and even the efforts to obliterate the recollections of his adopted home from his mind. While persuasion and indulgence were resorted to, he modestly acquiesced, but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garments of civilized life, and his favorite bow for a book, he grew suddenly disconsolate, and at last was missing in his father's house. He was seen the same evening arriving in the Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his course towards the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event, that Mr. Bird and his wife, now advanced in years, removed to a new settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence; and while a commotion one was exciting, they inhabited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood. One day the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighborhood having gone a distance of several miles to assist at a rising, she saw from her door several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet, and ascending a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, and determined to defend herself to the last.

The savages entered and finding their efforts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her; but the first hand that was thrust through the trap door was severed by the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at the moment, that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated, and instantly disappeared in the woods; while almost at the same moment Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the deliverers of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, laid flat there appeared before her the scared hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I draw the inference that it is habit that endears the savage to his native wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits, and delight in blood and treachery; and that between the natural passions, affections, and dispositions of men, there is no difference except such as are created by education and custom.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

It was a cold, frosty night in October, 1777, that I encamped in the woods, along with a party of volunteers, among the highlands of the Hudson. We had marched long and rapidly through the woods and marshes, over mountains and hills, until we were quite exhausted. We were in hopes to reach the head quarters of Gen. Gates that day, but the difficulties we encountered in passing the wilderness, prevented our arriving at the place of our destination, and compelled us to encamp eight or ten miles distant from the main army. Our encampment for the night was upon a considerable rise of ground, nearly destitute of shrubbery up on the top, with the exception of several large pines, and fronted with a thick growth of underwood. On one side of us was a deep gulch, some thirty or forty feet in depth, at the bottom of which ran a small stream of water, rushing through its bed with precipitous fury. During the day we had discovered in the course of our march several traces of Indians, and

consequently were not without our fears of surprise.

Our company consisted of only fifteen athletic young men, all volunteers from my native town, and were on our way to assist Gen. Gates in checking the progress of Burgoyne. We were all armed with rifles, and had plenty of ammunition; accordingly we prepared ourselves for any attack that might be made upon us. Our watch was set, and each man stretched himself before the fire, with his trusty rifle fast locked in his arms, and notwithstanding ending the chilling frost, were soon wrapped in profound repose.

About twelve o'clock I awoke and enquired of the guard if all was well. He answered "yes." I lay down again, but could not go to sleep—I felt extremely uneasy—a fearful foreboding was constantly before me—something whispered that danger was near. After remaining about an hour, I arose again, threw some wood on the fire, and enquired of the man if he imagined any danger to be near. He answered that as yet he had seen no indications of an enemy, "what?" said he. "I know not what it is, but something tells me, that we shall have business before morning." I thought so too, and determined to remain upon the watch with him. We had not watched long together before we were startled by the cracking of a dry stick, followed by a dead silence. We turned our eyes in the direction of the sound, but could perceive nothing. We listened but all was still as midnight. Concluding that it was the falling of a limb that had alarmed us, we were again lolling into conversation when a rustling of the leaves put us on our guard, and listening attentively we could clearly distinguish a low, consonant whispering upon the side of the fire opposite us. Looking intently through a small opening of the bushes, we discovered an enormous Indian in the act of reconnoitering our camp. Our situation enabled us to have a fair view of him without discovering us. I told my companion to lie upon him, and I would serve him in case he did not kill him. He leveled his rifle with the coolness of a marksman and fired. The savage uttered a terrible shriek, and springing high in the air, fell dead without a groan.

"He has got enough to guess—and now look out for another shot," said my companion as he hastily reloaded his piece. The noise of the rifle awoke our companions, who started upon their feet and demanded the cause of alarm. We briefly informed them, and all stood breathless, tremulous uncertain how to act. In the mean time I seized a firebrand and started to look after the fallen Indian—but his scarce reached the spot when a tomhawk whizzed past my head with the velocity of lightning, and struck fast in pine a few feet behind me. A horrid yell echoed through the forest, followed by a shower of bolts, and immediately a band of grimly painted savages stood before our camp. Two of our men fell dead—the rest instantly sprang for the trees, leaving me between the two parties, and for several minutes a shot was not fired. During this interval I discovered the Indian who had hurled the tomhawk at my head, not twelve feet distant, in the act of raising his gun to shoot. I immediately wrenched the tomhawk from the tree, and sprang upon him. My sudden onset forced his gun, already cocked, from his hand, and as it fell to the ground, it went off. I aimed a heavy blow at his head, but raising his club he warded it off and closing with me, exerted his utmost to force me to the ground. Long and fearful was the struggle. Each one exerted his utmost strength and agility to bring his antagonist under. While the guns of our comrades were rattling around us, we fought and struggled with desperation—no advantage being gained by either—both had our equals. At length my man threw his arms around me with a desperate grasp, and pulling back on the gun, commenced rolling me over and over towards the precipice. My arms were within his, and he clasped me so firmly to himself, as to resist all efforts to disengage myself.

We had approached within a few feet of the brink, when arousing all my energies I broke through his grasp, and rose upon my feet. With a hideous yell the ferocious savage sprang upon me, and seized my left arm, dragged me desperately forward to the edge of the rock. A moment more and all would be lost—I summed up all my strength and aimed a blow at his head with the hatchet which I still held in my hand, but in the struggle, it missed him. Uttering a cry of defiance he attempted to wrest it from me, but a second blow sent him with a terrible shriek of despair into the yawning gulf below.

Breathless with horror at the danger I had escaped, I returned to the assistance of my companions. The horrid yell of the savages, as they resounded among the hills, and the sharp, quick report of the rifles as they echoed through the woods, filled the stoutest heart with terror. Still we maintained our station, but the savage chief, enraged at our obstinate defence, placed himself at the head of his warriors and rushed forward to storm our camp. A well directed shot

from our party stretched the haughty savage lifeless upon the ground. His followers seeing the fall of their leader uttered a cry of horror and fled precipitately into the forest, leaving their dead in our possession. We did not choose to follow them, but thankful for our preservation, waited the return of morning and the next day arrived in safety with the remainder of our party, at the head quarters of Gen. Gates.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

The Orphan boy—How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child of his mother, exudes universal commiseration, and commands affection from every bosom. We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life; and our prayers and our hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his, on the grave of her whose maternal heart has ceased to beat; we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His is then but cannot supply her loss. In vain the whole circle of his friendships bleed their efforts to alleviate his sorrow, and to fill the place occupied by her departed worth; a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known, and rightly valued one when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels as soft as hers—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant! Never shall we find again, in this wide wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness as he experienced from his mother! The whole world are moved in compassion for that motherless lad, but the whole world cannot supply her place to him.

A judge was trying a prisoner accused of treason, and while delivering his charge, and minutely recapitulating and commenting on the evidence, the jury and counsel fell fast asleep! The Sheriff who had the charge of the prisoners, being soon seen to nod; a spectator who happened to be awake, and apprehending that the prisoner might escape, suddenly exclaimed, "wake the Sheriff." "Never," said the Judge—"the Sheriff may have their nap out—for the prisoner is fast asleep."

Police Office—A strapping and tolerably well-dressed female, four-and-twenty years of age, by the name of Lucy Ann Biss, complained a few days since at the police office, that a trunk containing wearing apparel and sundry valuable papers had been stolen from her by a colored man by the name of Samuel Seabury. A warrant having been issued on the complaint, Seabury was arrested and brought to the office, together with a bundle supposed to contain the stolen articles. The lady was exceedingly volatile upon the subject of her loss, which she said in addition to her clothing, which he did not estimate very highly, consisted of valuable papers, such as a note of a person at East Haddam, for \$20, which was running at interest, sundry bills for tuition at a school she had taught at Bozrah, and numerous selections from various periodicals, all rolled up in a piece of the New York Courier & Enquirer, which she would know again the moment she laid eyes on them. The bundle being now united, the first articles presenting themselves was a shaving box and pair of razors. "Are these yours?" said the magistrate. "No, they are not," replied the lady—"I never used any such things heaven knows; they belong to Seabury." Several other things were taken promiscuously from the bundle which the lady selected and put in appropriate heaps, as belonging to her self or the sooty culprit. The question being asked how the articles became intermixed, the lady was somewhat embarrassed for an answer—but the culprit explained the mystery, by alleging that having once been on friendly terms they had all been placed together, but that latterly the lady having been in the gallery of the Bowery Theatre with the mate of an East River sloop, he had seen cause to question her fidelity, and as the means of recalling her to a sense of duty he had removed the things in the hope of removing her also out of the mate's reach.

The magistrate not a little surprised at the facts elicited by his examination of the culprit, ascertained from other witnesses that they were true in the main and consequently dismissed the complaint, at the same time ordering a restoration to the lady of her clothing, notes, bills and poetry, and that she should pay the officers fees for serving his warrant. The order having been complied with, both parties were, after remark upon the disgraceful relation in which they had stood to each other, discharged.

Our reporter who was present at the examination, with a view to afford some criterion of the lady's poetical taste, if at the subject upon which her mind was inclined to dwell, retained possession of the following, which accidentally dropped from the selections and scraps before referred to, as being rolled up in the New York Courier and Enquirer.

"On a Lady, who, for the third time,

prosecuted for a Breach of Marriage Promise.

the tender heart of Julia Ann Has thrice been rent by cruel man, And thrice took legal sashes, But who can blame the tender maid, That she should fly to legal aid To help her mend the breeches? For the costly stuffs of old Were stitched with threads of shining gold, So here's a oily gold thread can Stitch up the heart of Julia Ann."

N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

"Falmouth.—Sale of a wife by private contract.—On Thursday, Geo. Weare, of Mylor, met a respectable dressed man at the New Inn, in this town, for the purpose of disposing of his wife. Weare offered to sell her for 50*l.*, highly recommending her excellencies and personal attractions, and as one every way adapted to make a man happy and comfortable, and stated his only reason for parting with her was, that he was more fond of the cup of Bacchus, than of the society of woman. The other party considered the price far to exorbitant, and offered to give 5*l.*—Weare was a little surprised at the disparity of the offer, but, after some litter parley, and he wanted to have a good drop of the creature" that night, and would sell his wife for 10*l.* The bargain was immediately struck, and the purchaser paid that sum, and Weare gave up the possession of the partner of his joys and sorrows and treated the purchaser with "a drop of the creature," and wished him and his bargain a long and happy life."

Longevity.—Died, at Braneyfield, in Caroline co., on Sunday last, Miss Catherine Rankins, aged one hundred and nine years. She was a native of Virginia, and was born near Port Royal. She distinctly recollects the place where the town was built to have been a wilderness. The wars with the Indians at the foot of the South Western Mountains were freshly impressed on her memory. She recollects with much force the great excitement in Virginia which was caused by Braddock's defeat; while the war of the Revolution was but an event of yesterday. She cherished towards England all the affectionate attachment of the early colonists, and mentioned it only by the endearing epithet of home. To the latest period of her life she was a loyal subject of the sovereigns of England, and viewed Virginia as still in a state of rebellion. Her health until the last month was good, her spirits cheerful, and her mind unimpaired by the pressure of her numerous years.

Richmond Enquirer.

"*Matrimony is all a lottery*," says some of the books, and it seems to be so in India, for a late Calcutta paper advertised a lot of half a dozen young ladies, one of them with "two young children," to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Tickets at twelve rupees a piece. The "march of improvement" is so rapid now-a-days, that there is no telling how soon it may reach us. It would be an interesting sight to see half a dozen dandies cutting cards for the first choice in an assortment of cherry checks, or a bevy of braisers exchanging dry knock or pit-hanging quoits for the best ruddy haired damsel to be picked out of forty.

The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honors and antiquity of their kindred:—A dispute arose between Campbell and McLean upon the verier subject. McLean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan McLean was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" said McLean. "The flood you know that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean, "my clan was afore a flood." I have not read in my bible," said Campbell, of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark. "Noah's ark!" retorted McLean in contempt, "who ever heard of a McLean that had not a boat of his own?"

Welch Flannel: a rational reasoner for marrying. "How could you do so imprudent a thing," said a curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision?" "Why, sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason; we had a blanket a piece; as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

The Charleston Patriot of the 17th ult. says, we understand that the Bank of South Carolina of this place have declined receiving the United States Deposites.