

Life statement Extraordinary.—The following curious advertisement we find, under the above head, in the Brattleboro, Phoenix, of Dec. 14th. It will be seen, on perusal that "Alfred Harris, of Brattleboro, yeoman," maintains that he is a "single man," with a pertinacity of purpose which few mortals—taking the wilfulness of Alfred's would be sponse into the account—could boast, with a due regard to the truth.

I, Alfred Harris of Brattleboro, yeoman, am, or at any rate was, last week, a widower with seven children; I am told that their Honors the Court of Chancery, are to decide whether I am still a I think, a widower, or a married man.—My means are rather limited, and the support of my family and the performance of my domestic duties having hitherto fully occupied my time, I have confined myself to the shades of private life. My present appearance before the public is any thing but desirable to myself, but having been informed that such a course is necessary, I can think of no better mode of giving the proper notice or caution than to lay before the reader a few passages in the last week of my biography.

"The facts are," that on the evening of Friday last I found myself suddenly in the custody of an officer, by virtue of a warrant which set forth and alleged, among other things, that I had in June last cultivated too intimate an acquaintance with one Martha M. B. Weston, a young and vagrant spinster. This young woman had visited a cousin of hers at my house, once in March and once in October—between which time I had not seen her. On the following morning I was ordered by a magistrate to find security to the amount of \$300, or to marry the damsel, or to go to jail. Now, for a man with a house full of babies to convey away the bulk of his property, was, in my view, a serious matter, and the jail is no joke, and to marry a woman a body dislikes is the least amusing of all. I was in much perplexity, and instead of advising, as I ought to have done, with clearer heads than mine, and getting a wife and vent in my. I did as Cato and Lord Brougham had done before me—I consoled myself—I drank—and forgot my sorrows. What passed in the latter part of Saturday I cannot, from my own recollection, clearly state. But I learn from others that my opinion of matrimony seemed to grow brighter with every glass; and that the justice and constable having exhausted their patience in waiting for my decision, I stood up before the presiding magistrate, and held Miss Weston's hand while the justice attempted to marry us, and while both the lady and myself were uttering sentiments any thing but conjugal.

On Sunday I found myself rational—I sought an interview with the lady, and heard her confess what I knew from the beginning; that she had committed perjury. She further admitted that her pressing calamities had all been feigned; that she had proceeded in her plot till frightened by its very success, when she determined to tell the truth. A medical gentleman was able to confirm her confession, and what I had asserted is vain to the civil authority and all my other friends, was now as clear as preaching, namely, that they had the wrong pig by the ear, or, rather, that they had had no occasion to meddle with the ear of any pig at all.

Now, what I have understood, is this—that I MAINTAIN I AM A SINGLE MAN. I have already been dunned for some of this wretched woman's debts, but I have not paid them, and I will not pay them. Let no one trust her on my account, for she is not my wife. I will fight this question with my last innocence.

ALFRED HARRIS.

Brattleboro, Dec. 14th, 1834.

A Man dieth and fadeth away, he giveth up the ghost and where is he?

Al! where is he? Gone to that country "from whence no traveller returns," to give an account of his journey. From whose dread shores, no returning tide has ever flowed; no backward footsteps can be traced. That land of doubt, of darkness and of death; where nation after nation, generation after generation, are swallowed up and are heard of no more forever. The curtain of death drops, the veil of eternity conceals all within; man passeth, and is seen no again.—Alas! he has given up the ghost, and where is he?

But yesterday, we saw him in health vigorous, gay, proud in strength, and confident in happiness. His spirits were buoyant with hope; exulting in the fair promise of life and its numerous enjoyments. To day the scene is changed—he has given up the ghost, and where is he? Who can point the alteration a few short hours have made? Who can look forward to as many more with confidence, that they will be his? Infancy but opens its tender eyes, to cast a single look at life, and closes them again forever. Childhood breathes but a few short days, of innocence and joy, when its last sigh tells its departure to another world. Youth, gay, aspiring youth, with all its airy visions, its dreams of bliss, and brilliant anticipations, scarcely claps the cup of joy till death unmakes its hand, and life, with all its promised blessings, fades from its view, and is lost in the grave. Manhood, bold and hardy manhood, whose sturdy frame has buffeted the dangers, the cares and toils of life, nerved with the hope of glory and of gain, takes but a few firm and hasty strides, when his knees are unstrung, and he too, sinks to rest, and is seen no more. Age, feeble, decrepit age, wearied with the long and toilsome march of life, totters to the grave, loaded with trouble and bowed with care, and calmly lays down its grief worn head, and sinks to rest. Alas! infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and age, are daily passing away—they give up the ghost, and where are they?

The dead return not to inform us of their destinies. The grave, cold silent, and unapprising, tells no tales of its inhabitants. Knock at its door, it

opens to receive, but gives nothing back, its cry is continuous, clear and loud, give, give, give!—World on world cast their unnumbered millions at its feet, its cry is yet heard, its appetite is still eager and unsatisfied. Where then, are our friends, our neighbors, and our kindred gone? They have passed away, they will not return to us, they have "given up the ghost, and where are they?" Can no one tell us? Yes—He who made us; He who upholds and preserves us, who watches over, guards, and protects us; who loves and pities us, who sent his Son into the world to redeem and save us; and guide our wandering footsteps home to him—He, He, indeed, can tell us. In the volume of truth, He has told us. They have gone to another and a better world, where they wait for us, where we too shall speedily follow and join them.

Let us, then, pass cheerily on. Let grim death drop its sable curtain—let the tomb open wide its portals, and eternity spread its veil over us, and in a few brief moments, we shall land upon those shores, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Where "the son of Righteousness shall shine upon us"—where He who redeemed us shall bid us welcome—when Angels in full chorus, shall chant the psalm of joy at our entrance into the realms of blessedness, and the society of our friends, to part from them no more forever.

North American.

From the Franklin Mercury.

PUMPKIN APPLE SAUCE.

For all House-wives—all Whig wives—all Anti-mason's wives—Working-men's wives—and all other good wives—and to all that hope to be wives—Greeting:

Know ye, that I have a special communication to make to you, touching a certain article of manufacture, wherein you have, or ought to have, a great regard.

Be not alarmed, fair reader. I am not going to lecture you upon your corsets, curls, or cut-throats; busts, bonnets, or butter, gowns ginger-bread, or gravy staves stockings, or starch; nor upon any engagements or non-engagements of your village—nor any other petty scandal—political or matrimonial of the times. But what I am going to tell you about, is a plain, simple matter of fact Recipe.—For making two bushels, of apple sauce out of one bushel of apples—alias, For converting good yellow pumpkins of the field, into right good apple sauce as ever was eat—to wit:

Take a good, ripe pumpkin, pare and slice it into pieces as nearly resembling quarters of apples as you can, stew the pumpkin thus prepared in a sufficient quantity of boiled cider to cover it, for about thirty minutes—then add a quantity of apples pared and quartered, equal to the pumpkin. Stew the whole for thirty minutes longer, and it is done, as good apple sauce as ever graced the table of the President of the United States, or the president of a bank, or a Mrs. president of a knitting society.

Fair reader, do you believe it? Then do as I have done, try it. It is an old saying, that "the proof of the pudding is in eating." For, as the poet says,

"I've eat and sure I ought to know."

If you please, do as my wife did, good creature, knowing I was a famous lover of good hot apple sauce. A dish, hot from the pot, of the aforesaid pumpkin and apple sauce was brought on the table. Wife, said I (and I was perfectly ignorant, and honest, too, qualities which do not always go together in these days, like yoke fellows,) wife, what excellent apple sauce you have here, and I helped myself fastidiously the second time. Soon she began to pucker, as Maj. Downing would say, and seen the whole female department were in a titter. I started, and the more they laughed, the more I blushed, what I don't offend do, they were in ecstasies. At length I was relieved, and the whole secret was revealed, which was, that the apple sauce that I had so much praised, by word and by practice, was, in truth, one half pumpkin.

Now, my friends, and I hope all the ladies are my friends, all misses and mistresses, damsels young and matrons wise, if you have any apple sauce-loving children or husbands, when you wish to please, or hope to have, and in the last respect you have my best wishes for your success, to all such in these days, when apples are scarce and high, I would say try the foregoing recipe, and if you are not successful and satisfied too, that I am a great benefactor to the apple sauce club, then you may call your obsequious a pumpkin-head.

CORUS YERKS.

Barnardstown, Dec. 1834.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Letters from Lisbon, received in London, of 24th November, state that the province of Algarves, was in a state of insurrection against the Queen's government, and that bands of Guerrillas were traversing the other provinces under the flag of Don Miguel.

The London Times of December 6, announces that Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who took a distinguished part in the conspiracy of 1793, has been ordered by Lord Wellington to quit Ireland immediately.

Our letters from Pampalona of November 27, state that Mina had made a sortie at the head of a strong column, for the purpose of procuring provisions, but was driven back into the town. Villa Franca had been captured by the army of the King.

The London Courier states that two British vessels, loaded with munitions of war for the Queen of Spain, have been seized by the orders of Lord Wellington.

N. Y. Mer. Adv.

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.—Mr. Child's Frugal House-Wife.

CONSCIENTIOUS MISER.

An old Dutchman, named Shamm, who lived in one of the wretched hovels that stand in the rear of Sheriff street, and whose apparent poverty and manifested sufferings from a dreadful case of *hernia* had long excited the sympathy of his humane neighbors, died on Friday last of asthma and a complication of other diseases. He was well known to be of a very obstinate and eccentric disposition; and, although he had been confined to his bed several weeks, he not only rejected all medical aid, but persisted to the last in his singular habit of sleeping in the whole of his wardrobe which consisted chiefly of a pair of breeches, that at some remote era had been constructed velvet, a sailor's jacket, and a frieze overcoat; which all exhibited accumulated proofs of the old man's attachment. On Wednesday he sent for Mr. M. Van Duersen, a respectable countryman of his, residing in the neighborhood, who had often given him charitable relief and privately requested him to make his Will! To this gentleman's great surprise he bequeathed various sums of money amounting altogether \$3,700, to children and grand children residing at Newark and Albany; and confidently informed him where this property was deposited. He then narrated to Mr. Van Duersen the following remarkable facts in his history:

He stated that about twenty years ago he was a porter to a mercantile house in Hamburg, and, having been long in its employ, was frequently entrusted with considerable sums of money for conveyance to other establishments. In an hour of evil influence he was induced to violate his trust, and to abscond to this country with a large sum. Having arrived, he invested the greater part of it in the purchase of two houses, which adjoined each other, and which, before he had effected an insurance on them, were burnt to the ground. Considering this a judgment of heaven upon his dishonesty, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to a severe course of industry and parsimony, with the single object in view of making full restitution to the persons whom he had injured, or to their descendants.

He adopted another name, and, with the means he had left, commenced business in this city as a tobacconist; and although his trade was a retail one, and he had again suffered a heavy loss from fire, he had succeeded five years since, in acquiring sufficient property to accomplish his just and elevated purpose. He then, accordingly, sold his stock in trade, and was preparing to transmit the necessary amount to Hamburg, where the mercantile firm he had defrauded still continued, when he ascertained that it had a branch establishment, or agency counting house, at Philadelphia. Thither he went, and paid the sum of fourteen thousand dollars; being the equivalent to the original sum he had embezzled with a certain rate of interest. The latter however, was generously returned to him by a son of one of the partners, and this, together with some surplus money, he has bequeathed as above stated. For the last five years he has lived in utter obscurity, and in severe accordance with his long formed habits of parsimony.

His executor, Mr. Van Duersen, found the above named sum of three thousand seven hundred dollars, principally in double-ee, curiously concealed in a certain private department of the tenacious breeches before specified; and it was ascertained that the old man's dreadful case of *hernia*, was a case of something far less objectionable.

And the remainder of his money was found under the patches of his jacket, with the exception of a small sum in shillings and sixpences discovered in an old snuff jar, which seems to have been the depository of his current funds.

New York Cour.

Cold weather at Albany.—The Argus, of Monday, states that Sunday was the coldest day known there for the last half century.

At the Academy, higher part of the city—
7 A. M. 27 degrees below zero.
6 " 20 " do. do.
10 " 17 " do. do.
12 M. 8 " do. do.
1 P. M. 2 " do. do.
2 " 1 above zero.
2 " 2 " do.

At sun down, the mercury fell below zero. In the lower parts of the city the cold was still more intense.

At the Manor House, Gen. Van Rensselaer's, at 6 A. M. thirty two degrees below zero!

At Gen. S. Van Rensselaer, Jr.'s, at half past 7, thirty two degrees below 0.

At Mr. Edward Brown's, in Steuben street, at 7 o'clock, thirty-one and a half degrees below 0. At 8 o'clock 304 degrees below.—This is an old standard thermometer; and the mercury on this occasion was four degrees lower than by the same thermometer on the cold day in 1817.

The thermometer at the Argus office, with a western exposure, was 25 degrees below zero at 9 A. M. At sundown, 24 below.

A Victim.—Dr. J. L. Wilson, of Cincinnati, has preferred certain charges to the Presbytery against Dr. Beecher. These charges are 1st Heresy. 2d Denial of Total Depravity. 3d Perfectionism. 4th Slander of the church. 5th Hypocrisy. Dr. Wilson is a Presbyterian divine of high standing in Ohio. If he is defeated in the Presbytery, he will carry the charges to the Synod; and if defeated in the Synod he will carry them to the General Assembly.

A great man gone.—Died on the 18th of

March, 1834, John Morris Esq., Middlefield Newtown, Montgomeryshire. The London Star says this weighty individual weighed 13 hundred pounds in the coffin. His body was lowered into the grave by a windlass prepared for the purpose.

From the St. Louis Republic of Jan. 13.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The most extensive fire which has ever happened in this city, broke out on Saturday night last, about seven o'clock in the ware house occupied by Mr. Geo. H. Callendar, on Water street. This house formed one of a connected row of stone buildings, in the occupancy of Messrs. Callendar, Risely & Stearns, Russell & Lindley, J. & W. Finney, Hill, McGunagle & Way, H. K. Otley & Co, and Sproule & Buchanan. When the engines reached the ground, the flames were shooting up from Mr. Callendar's Store, and nearly at the same time the tenement occupied by Risely & Stearns was in a blaze; the wind bearing directly across the whole line of buildings. It being found impossible to prevent the destruction of these two houses, attention was directed to the safety of the others. The determined efforts of the several Engine, and Hook and Ladder companies, and of the other citizens generally, fortunately proved successful in arresting the ravages of the fire before it had done much injury to the third tenement occupied by Russell & Lindley; and even the second floor of Rise & Stearns store was saved.

So little hope was entertained of stopping the progress of the fire, that it was deemed prudent to remove the goods from the entire row of buildings; but as the work was performed unskillfully and carelessly, great damage was done to most of the articles. From this cause all the merchants we have named will sustain more or less loss. Messrs. Callendar, Risely & Stearns, and Russell & Lindley, are the heaviest sufferers; the first was partially, and the last fully insured. Risely & Stearns had no insurance; their own loss, and that of individuals who had stored with them, will exceed \$10,000. Hill, McGunagle & Way were fully insured in this city; and Otley & Co. in New York. We have not been able to ascertain any satisfactory estimate of the entire damage sustained by the fire, but suppose it to be between 30 and 35 thousand dollars, including the houses; of which not one half is known to be insured. The buildings which were destroyed were owned by D. D. Page, Esq. He had no insurance upon them; and his loss is about \$5000.

The weather is said to be more severe than for many years past. The coldest weather here, by the thermometer, was one morning this week, when the mercury, at sunrise, was 4 degrees below zero.

In Philadelphia, at 6 A. M. last Sunday, it stood 2 below, and on Monday, 6 A. M. at 4 degrees below zero.

At New Brunswick, on Monday, 5th instant, at day light, the mercury stood 13 degrees below zero.

At Newark, on Monday, 5th instant, at 8 A. M. 13 below zero—being 19 degrees colder than any in last winter.

In Canada, it is said, so many successive days of severe frost, were never known.

National (Canada N. Y.) Republic.

It is said that in the olden time, before hanging was brought to its present perfection, it was customary to give the criminal his choice of the tree on which to swing. Now it happened that a witty son of Erin had been detected in a crime which brought him to the undesirable alternative of choosing the tree on which he would be suspended, and Pat very judiciously selected the gooseberry. It was objected by the officer that it was too small. But Pat persisted: Indeed your honor it is rare tree, and since Patrick O'Flanagan is never a hurry to be hanged he'll just wait till it grows.

WEST POINT ACADEMY.

Mr. Editor.—With feelings of pride and satisfaction as an American citizen, I am happy to see the Free Representatives of this nation moving in unison with the wishes of the Democracy of the country respecting this Institution.

When I say that West Point is a nursery of Aristocracy, at war with the genius and spirit of our government, I speak in language that will meet with a hearty response from the great body of this nation. Who are those favorite sons of fortune that have been paid, clothed and educated at public expense?

Have they been the sons of soldiers and war worn veterans, who spilt their blood in the service of their country in her darkest hours? If so, then there might be some apology for its continuance.

Have the cadets been selected for their merits? Let us examine the records of the Academy, let us know who these young heroes are. Are they the sons of the farmer, the mechanic? Do they sires get their bread by the "sweat of their brow?" No. With few exceptions, rare indeed, they belong to the silk stocking gentry, those who think, (as the immortal Jefferson said,) they are ready booted and spurred to ride the people, and whose principles are, "take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor."—*Union Obs.*

Ignorance and Pride go together.—It is with nations as with individuals;—those who know the least of others, think the highest of themselves. The Chinese pretend to despise a European ingenuity, but they cannot afford a common watch. When it is out of order they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living

one. The Persians think that European and American merchants, who come to them to trade, live on a small barren island in the northern waters; for why should they come to us, say they, buy things, if they can get them at home?

"Whomsoever shall shed man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

A more striking verification of the above description seldom occurs, than the one related below. A young man of dissolute habits, without parents to restrain him, and with wealth at his control, came from the south, to attend medical lectures in one of our western colleges. He took board at a private house, in company with several of his fellow students, with one of whom he soon disagreed, and armed with three pistols and a dirk, he attacked him at the door of his own room, and there shot him dead. He was arraigned for trial, but the tears of an aged mother, and the eloquence of the counsel prevailed, and the verdict of the jury was excusable homicide. Encouraged by this unexpected release from the hand of justice, he resumed his former career of trampling on the laws of God and man, regardless alike of the counsel of friends and the threats of enemies. At the theatre one of the actors did not perform his part to please this reckless spectator, and he drew a pistol and laid the actor a corpse upon the stage. Another actor seeing whence the shot came, returned the fire, and the murderer, who the murdered were at the same moment sent into the presence of their God. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

Marriage Extraordinary.—A short time since a marriage took place in an eastern city under the following circumstances: A vessel arrived there from Europe, having on board several emigrants, bound to the Wabash. Among them was a German, and also another German and his sister, the parties being strangers to each other. On the passage the first named gentleman became enamored of the young lady, offered his hand, and was accepted. On landing they repaired to a public house, but not being able to speak a word of English, could not be understood by any of the inmates, although it was apparent that they had some particular object in view. A clergyman of the Episcopal church was sent for, but not being acquainted with the German language, he tried the gentleman in Latin, and the lady in French. The parties soon understood each other, and the result was, that they wanted to be married forthwith. A gentleman who had recently returned from the University of Göttingen was then called in, and the ceremony was performed at the clergyman's house, according to the service of the Episcopal church; the clergyman reading in English, while the interpreter translated the responses, which were followed by the bridegroom and bride in their native tongue.

New York Transcript.

In Minorea, the hog is converted into a beast of draught; a cow, a sow, and two young hogs, have been seen there yoked together. In some parts of Italy, swine are employed in hunting burrholes. (the *Lepusaster tiber* of Linnaeus.) A cord is tied round the foot of the animal, and he is led into the fields where this plant is found, and, wherever he begins to dig, it is a sure sign of the plant being immediately. The hog possesses the sense of smelling and taste to perfection. Hogs seem to have a great dread of wind; on its approach, they fly to their sty with great precipitation; and, before a storm, they frequently initiate its coming by carrying straw in their mouths.

From the Troy Whig.

Coroner Landon was yesterday called to view the bodies of two men found dead in a cooper's shop, in the town of Lansingburgh, about two miles above the Waterford bridge. From the testimony disclosed at the inquest, it appeared that on Christmas day they had furnished themselves with a large jug of whiskey; that in the evening they shut themselves up in the shop which was occupied by one of them; that they continued their drunken orgies until the next night, without any fire in the shop, and that their bodies were discovered by the neighbors on Saturday morning, at a broken light of glass in one of the windows lying on the floor of the shop frozen entirely still; the most prominent object near the face of one of them being the whiskey jug. Verdict of the jury, "that they came to their death by freezing in a state of intoxication."

The Philadelphia Enquirer states that a great sensation was produced in Southwark, Thursday evening, in consequence of the death of two individuals under circumstances of the most melancholy character—a young man and a young woman, deceased, and attached to each other, it would seem, for between whom a quarrel had taken place, which led to the fatal event we are about to relate. It is stated that the body of the male was found late in the afternoon, in the room of a lodger in the neighborhood of South and Fifth streets, perfectly lifeless, and with the throat cut near to the ear. Within a few feet lay the young man with his throat cut in a similar manner. He died shortly after the arrival of the physician. A case knife was found on the floor between them. Both parties were quite young.

Small Pox.—This baneful disease is raging totally among the slaves in the western part of Georgia. Why do they not vaccinate?