

*Life-strenuous Extrachary*—The following onions 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 words to be a part of 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 widow, 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 adusing, as I ought to have done, with clearer heads than mine, and getting a written *voir dire*, I did as *Cato* and *Lord Brougham* had done before me—I consulted 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 an occasion to meddle with the ear of any pig at all.

Now, what I have understood, is this—that I **MAIN-TAIN 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 ninepence.

ALFRED HARRIS.

Brattleboro, Dec. 14th, 1834.

*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 custards, busts, bonnets, or butter, gowns ginger bread, or gravy stays stockings, or starch; nor upon any engagements or non engagements of your village—not 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:

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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 lustily 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 often do, they were in **extasures**. 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, whom 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 obtuse servant a **pumpkin-head**.

**CORUS TERRÆ.**  
Bernardstown, 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 day of **Don Miguel**.

The London Times of December 6, announces that Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who took a distinguished part in the conspiracy of 1798, has been ordered by Lord Wellington to quit Ireland immediately.

Our letters from Pamplona 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 **Lore Wellington**.

**N. Y. Mer. Adv.**

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

open 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 us, 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, 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.*

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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, whom 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 obtuse servant a **pumpkin-head**.

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