

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CESAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1836.

VOL. X--No. 471.



THE NEWSPAPER.

"Lo! where it comes before the cheerful fire,
Damps from the press in smoky curls aspire,
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew),
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue;
Then eager eyes surveys the part
That brings in favor subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely and conjectures of their own;
The sprightly nymph, who never broke her rest,
For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress'd,
Finds broils and battles but neglects them all
For songs or suits, a birth-day or a ball;
The keen, warm man o'erlooks each idle tale,
For 'Monies wanted,' or 'Estates on sale,'
While some with equal minds to all attend,
Pleased with each part, and grieves to find an end.
For this all readers leave, and still we look
Pleased on a paper who abhor a book;
Those who ne'er designed their Bible to peruse,
Who think it hard to be denied their news;
Sinners and saints, the wise with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and all amusement seek;
Thus, like the public inn, provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such the mental food, as we may call,
Something to men, and to some men all."

FROM THE NEW YORK STAR.

THE TRANSFORMATION.
I saw her as she left the door
To get into her carriage;
To compare 't with what I'd seen before,
Her beauty 'd would disappear—
I turned about with heart quite sore,
And began to think of marriage.
For then she seemed a lovely girl—
What dark and flowing tresses
O'er her white shoulders did unveil!
And then, (Heaven bless me!)
Her bracelet was of rarest pearl—
And one of the richest dresses!
I saw her shortly after this,
As I called one morning early;
The servant, when I asked for Miss,
I thought seemed rather surly—
Alas! my brightest dream of bliss,
Was soon in a burly-burly!
I walked in and took a chair—
Excused my early calling—
But what a "falling off" was there!
Oh, 'twas too, too galling!
I turned about and in despair,
Shrank from the sight appalling,
Her dress had now, no gem, nor lace—
'Twas just as plain 's a Quaker's!
Her roses were washed from her face—
'Twas now as white 's a baker's!
The curls that long with snow-white grace,
Were now at the Wig-makers.

FROM THE NEW YORK STAR.

SKETCH OF SANTA ANA.
Some particulars of this personage, which we have derived from gentlemen intimately acquainted with him, may be interesting to the public.

Santa Ana is about 42 years of age, and was born in the city of Vera Cruz. His father was a Spaniard of old Spain, of respectable standing, though poor; his mother was a Mexican. He received a common education, and at the age of 13 or 14 was taken into the military family of the then Intendant of Vera Cruz, Gen. Davila, who took a great fancy to him and brought him up. He remained with Gen. D. until about the year 1820. While with Davila he was made a Major, and when installed he took the honors very coolly, and on some of his friends congratulating him, he said, "If you were to make me a God, I should desire to be something greater." This trait developed at an early period of his life, indicated the existence of that vaunting ambition which has ever since characterized his life.

After serving the Spanish Royal cause until 1821, he left Vera Cruz, turned against his old master and benefactor, and placed himself at the head of some irregular troops which he raised on the sea coast, near Vera Cruz, and which are called Jarochos in their language, and which were denominated by him his Cossacks, as they are all mounted and armed with spurs. With this rude cavalry he besieged Vera Cruz, drove Davila into the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and after having been repulsed, again entered at a subsequent period, and got entire possession of the city, expelling therefrom the old Spanish troops, and reducing the power of the mother country in Mexico to the walls of the castle.

Subsequent to this Davila is said to have obtained an interview with Santa Ana, and told him he was destined to act a prominent part in the history of his country, and now says he, I will give you some advice: "Always acted up to this motto until he raised the grido, (or cry) in other words took up the cudgels for the friars and church.—He then overturned the federal government and established a central despotism of which the priests and the military were the two privileged orders. His life has been from the first of the most romantic kind, constantly in revolutions, constantly victorious, until the last fatal rencontre.

His manners are extremely affable; he is full of anecdote and humor, and makes himself exceedingly fascinating and agreeable to all who come into his company; he is about five feet 10, rather spare, has a moderately high forehead, with black hair, short black whiskers, without mustaches, and an eye large, black, and expressive of a lurking devil in his look; he is a man of genteel and dignified deportment, but of a disposition perfectly heartless; but has never evinced a savageness of character, except in the massacres in which he has been implicated in Texas. He married a Spanish lady of property, a native of Alvarado, and through that marriage obtained the first part of his estate called Manga de Clavo, 8 leagues from Vera Cruz. He has three fine children, yet quite young.

The following striking anecdote of Santa Ana, illustrates his peculiar quickness and management: During the revolution of 1829, while he was shut up in Oaxaca, and surrounded by the government troops, and reduced to the utmost straits for the want of money and provisions, having a very

small force, there had been in consequence of the siege, and firing every day through the streets, no mass for several weeks.— He had no money, and hit upon the following expedient to get it: he took possession of one of the Convents, got hold of the wardrobe of the friars, dressed his officers and some of the soldiers in it, and early in the morning had the bells rung for mass.— People delighted at having again an opportunity of adoring the Supreme Being, flocked to the church where he was, and after the house was pretty well filled, his friars showed their side arms and bayonets from beneath their cowls and closed the doors upon the assembled multitude. At this unexpected denouement there was a tremendous shrieking, when one of his officers ascended the pulpit and told the people that he wanted \$10,000 and must have it. He finally succeeded in getting about \$3,500, when he dismissed the congregation.

As a sample of Santa Ana's pious whims, we relate the following: In the same campaign of Oaxaca, Santa Ana and his officers were there besieged by Rincon, who commanded the government troops. Santa Ana was in a convent surrounded by a small breastwork. Some of the officers one night, to amuse themselves, took the wooden saints out of the church and placed them as sentries, dressed in uniforms on the breastwork. Rincon alarmed in the morning at this apparent boldness, began to fire away at the wooden images, supposing them to be flesh and blood, and it was not until after some of the officers who were not in the secret had implored Santa Ana to prevent this desecration that the firing ceased.

Many similar facts are related of Santa Ana. We have not room to say more than there is no man who has filled the space he has that is so little understood. In short, he is all things to all men. He never was out of Mexico, and the likeness exhibited of him in this city bears no resemblance to him.

COL. CROCKETT.—The Natchez Courier gives the following lament over the premature death of this singular man. Although it contains many things which we dislike, still, there are many traits of the Colonel's character correctly given:

"We ourselves on hearing the melancholy intelligence of the fall of San Antonio, felt an extra pang of grief, when we found that Davy Crockett was among those gallant patriots and foremost among them too, who nobly perished in its defence. We had hoped to see Davy coming out of war, at its termination, with new honors bound thickly round his brow. But alas! he has passed from among us, and been gathered to his fathers in the full meridian of his life. We never expect to look upon him like again. He was indeed one out of a thousand—aye, of a million. Poor Davy Crockett—we lament the fate of the sick Bowie—we feel sad and angry by turns when we think of the butchery of the gallant Travis; but there is something in the untimely end of the poor Tennessean, that almost wrings a tear from us. It is too bad—all that is good it is too bad. The quiet, the laughter moving, but the fearless and upright Crockett, to be butchered by such a wretch as Santa Ana—it is not to be borne! Can we bear it? Ought we to bear it? If we mistake not she will not. A hundred perhaps a thousand of her rifles will avenge his death. Alas, poor Davy! 'Twas a horrid fate. But, alas, poor Davy! a man and an American you met it.—By the speech of Mr. Childers, we learned (what we could have ventured to assert before) that he sold his life at a most precious price—that he hewed down the myrmidons of the usurper on all sides of him, at a most fearful rate—or in the happy phraseology of the speaker, "nobly did he go ahead at last." Alas poor Davy, though art gone forever from the earth, but thy blood cries aloud from it for vengeance. It will be rapid, terrible, awful, or we know not the nature of his countrymen.

An Affecting Incident.—A discourse was delivered on Wednesday evening in the Pleasant-street church before the 'Society for the Relief of Aged Females,' by the Rev. Mr. Stevens of Boston. The annual report of the Society was read, and a collection taken up in aid of the funds of the society. The discourse of Mr. Stevens was a production, glowing with warm and elevated feeling, chaste, and energetic in language, and fully sustained the reputation which had preceded him here. In concluding his remarks, Mr. Stevens said he would relate a part of the history of a family in Philadelphia with which he was intimately acquainted. It consisted of the parents and four children. The husband was in an employment which enabled him to maintain his family comfortably and lay by something as a provision for his old age. In the midst of his usefulness he was seized with a consumption, and during a protracted illness, the little estate which he had acquired was chiefly expended. After his death the mother tasked herself to support her little family. Night after night she was engaged in laboring with her needle for their support, the children sitting by her side endeavoring to comfort and encourage her. Her arduous exertions shortly brought on the same disease which had taken away her husband. The support of the family was thus entirely cut off. At this crisis, the oldest boy, then not over seven years of age, went from door to door begging for some employment, to keep the family from starvation. Those upon whom he thus called were too busy to listen to the story of a child. Finally, by dint of perseverance, he succeeded in obtaining a situation in the Globe Cotton Mill in Philadelphia, receiving for his services seventy-five cents per week. He succeeded in getting a younger brother into the same establishment, who was paid fifty cents per week. Their united wages—one dollar and twenty

five cents per week—served to sustain the sick mother and family. Things went on this way for some time; the mother was hastening to the end of her earthly career. None interested themselves in the fate of those obscure individuals. Their neighbors were a vicious degraded people, as poor as themselves.

For a long period roasted potatoes were their only food—and the small pieces of wood which they could collect in the streets their only fuel.

Finally, a female, who had been a bridesmaid to the mother, heard of her distress and sought her out. Her assistance and personal service were freely given, but alas! it was now too late; she could but smooth the pillow of death. The mother was laid in her grave by the side of her husband, and the children were left orphans. The kind lady remained by, disposed of what little furniture was left, and obtained situations for the re-education of this afflicted family. Their prospects began to assume a brighter hue. At their meeting at the end of every year they could say that the past year had been more prosperous than any before it. Finally an opening was made for the older boy to the Christian ministry, and that boy, said Mr. Stevens, is the individual who now addresses you.—[Newburyport Herald.]

THE GRAY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE.

An old paper contains the following amusing account of the origin of the above proverbial phrase, usually applied to those unfortunate and distressed gentlemen who live under the dominion of the female government, without thinking it always expedient to act the part of Petrucio towards his gentle Kate.—[N. Y. Eclog.]

A gentleman in a certain town in England married a young lady of wealth and accomplishments, but alas! he soon discovered that she was a most intolerable shrew. After enduring this earthly purgatory as long as he could, he resolved to break his fetters, by a deliberate separation. He accordingly went to her father, and with a rueful countenance informed him that he could no longer live with his daughter, and if he would receive her back, he would restore her whole fortune. The old gentleman, after ascertaining the cause of his misery, calmly informed him that he was in nearly the same situation of every married man.

The young gentleman, however, positively denied this assertion, and declared that he was the most miserable being in existence.

"Sir," replied the old man, "you must have little knowledge of the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not in the same mode.—In order, however to end the dispute, I will stake the truth of my assertion on the following expedient if you will agree to adopt it:—

"I will furnish you with five horses which you can harness to a cart, in which I will place a basket of one hundred eggs, and if on travelling through the country, and leaving a horse where you ascertain on strict inquiry, that the husband governs, and merely an egg where the wife rules, you shall find that the eggs are disposed of before the horses. I trust that you will not consider your own case so very desperate; but be satisfied to return home and regard your wife no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, you get rid of the horses before the eggs, I will take my daughter home again and you may retain her fortune.

This proposal was eagerly accepted, and our Benedict sallied forth in hopes of soon relieving himself of his five horses, and of curing his gentle mate. At the first house where he arrived, he was soon convinced that the lady governed, accordingly quietly left an egg without inquiry.

At the next house he met with no better success, and so at every other house until his eggs were nearly exhausted. At length he came to the mansion of a gentleman of great affluence, when knocking at the door, he inquired if the master was at home; and he was told by a servant that his master was in bed—that if he would alight, his mistress was in the parlor. He did so, and the lady received our traveller with much civility, and informed him, that unless his business was urgent, she did not wish to disturb her husband. "Why, really, madam," said he, "as I only wish to ask a question, you can answer it as well yourself; you may think it impertinent, especially in a stranger; but as a considerable wager depends upon it, I hope you will excuse me. Pray then inform me whether you govern your husband or he rules you. The lady replied without hesitation, that it had always been her pride to obey her husband in all things—but that if woman's word was to be suspected, in such a case, he could answer for himself, for there he came.

The gentleman at that moment entered the room and being informed of the business, confirmed every word which his wife had reported, in her favor. On this, he was requested to make a selection from the five horses in the cart, and to accept it as a present.

An elegant black charger struck the gentleman's fancy, but the lady preferred the gray mare. The husband urged many reasons why he preferred the black horse; but Madame still persisted in her preference for the gray mare. "It is impossible," she exclaimed, "that you will not take her—I but I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the obedient husband, "if it must be so"—"you must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take my horse and endeavor to live happily with my wife."

SAFE REMEDY FOR RESTLESSNESS AT NIGHT.—A man who kept a small rumbling establishment was a professor of religion. One evening while attending a religious meeting, he arose and began to make some remarks, another member arose

and interrupted him by saying, brother I do not like to hear you speak in meeting; it troubles me very much. Why said the other.—Because you are engaged in a traffic, which you know is the cause of the destruction of thousands of your fellow beings. I say it kindly, but I must be faithful. The rumseller was silent. On returning home his wife perceiving that all was not right, says to him, Husband, what is the matter you look very sad? Why! said he, brother such a one has reproved me in meeting for selling ardent spirits. I am glad of it, said she for when you are gone I have to deal it out myself, and my conscience would hear it much longer. He went to bed, but not to sleep. From his restlessness, his wife perceived that his reflections were not of the most pleasant kind; but not a word was said by either.—All at once he says, Wife, I have a good mind to get up and cut down my sign.—Do said she and I'll get up and hold the candle for you. No sooner said than done. He sprang out of his bed, and with the assistance of his wife laid his sign prostrate on the ground. He went to bed and slept soundly till morning. So quiet was his conscience, and so undisturbed his sleep, that his rum drinking customers came for their bottles before he awoke. He got up and went to the door.—See, said they, them cursed cold water folks have been cutting your sign down. True, said he, so they have; and I am the cold water man myself. So gentlemen you must go some where else for your bottles this morning. Now if any rum seller doubts the happiness of that man, let him make the same experiment and see.—[Tex. Rec.]

Fortune Telling.—The Baltimore Transcript states that there are in that city no less than twelve professors of the art of divination or fortune telling. Most of them perform their incantations by the use of cards; but one old woman, wiser or more gifted than the others, pretends to delve into the mysteries of futurity by looking into an empty junk bottle! Strange as it may seem, the patrons of these vagabonds in the "Monumental city" are not confined to the low and vulgar. Some very genteel, respectable people—particularly ladies—run after these impudent impostors, to inquire after their future fate—as though "a tall, and mean, and meagre hag" knew more of the "shadows of coming events" than the beautiful and fascinating creatures whose bright eyes might if they would pierce into futurity even though it were a nother millstone.—Silly creatures! if they believe the predictions of these hags, they stand at least an even chance of making themselves miserable for life; if they do not, they certainly carry their time and money to a very bad market.

INFERENCE OF AFFECTION. There is a good deal of casting about involuntary affection in the world, and all that, but a young lady should never let such foolish notions, gathered from books of romance, enter her head. She should allow the pride of mind to keep her above every foolish and vain running off to fancy preferences towards this precious fop, and that idle attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle, that no love can last if it is not based upon a right and calm estimation of good qualities; at least, that if the object upon which it is lavished be not one whose heart and whose head are both right, misery will surely be her ultimate portion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of affection, and a lady who allows herself to be betrayed into such a silly kind of affection without knowing a word of the man's character or disposition, is guilty of an indiscretion which not only reflects unfavorably upon her good sense, but argues badly for the nature and groundwork of that affection.

A farmer in Northampton, Mass. with a loaded team and horses, arriving at a small hill on the outskirts of the town, the animals refused to proceed any further, whipping or coaxing was of no use—night coming on, the farmer got a post, drove it into the ground and tied them, where he left them all night. In the morning he returned and found them in the same place, his mode of correction having wrought the desired effect—*one gee ho*, and off they started, glad to get home to their well stocked manger.—Nothing like hunger for stubbornness.

A young gentleman addressed a young unmarried lady the other day, on the appearance of fine weather after the long storm, thus—"I congratulate you, Madam, on having a little sun." The lady, blushing, exclaimed, "Oh, you vile wretch, would you insult me?" "By no means," returned the gentleman, equally confused, yet unable to explain. A few minutes elapsed, when the sun pouring into the window ended the difficulty.

Description of Isaac Hill's Message. The following is the description of His Excellency's communication to the legislature of New Hampshire. It is admirable for its comprehensiveness and brevity: We have placed this interminable yarn upon our outer pages for the edification of those of our readers who may have the patient endurance to wade through it. It is a long tirade against every thing in general and a good many things in particular. It abuses Congress, the Monster, and the abolitionists—blows up the Tariff, Internal Improvements, and the scheme for the distribution of the Surplus Revenue—soft soaps the democracy, Gen. Jackson, and such cattle—and dissertates on Courts, Currency and Colleges—Mulberry Trees, Gold mines, Geology and the Militia. A small portion of the document,—that which relates to his Excellency's official duties,—is well enough—but the remainder is mere electioneering slang—the dog's earcd virtue and thread bare twaddle in which his Excellency so much delights.—[Dover Enquirer.]

MECHANIC'S WIVES.—Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes—There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels, not a puppet to be dangled by fops, an idol for profane adoration; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt, the source and mirror of vanity. We see her as a wife partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband; dividing the labors by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them; placing all her pride, all her joy, in the merited approbation of the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructor of the children she has tended from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, preparing them to become men and women in their turn.

Brooks thus describes one of a numerous species that cross the Atlantic, and after revelling in Parisian follies for some six or eight months and paying a flying trip to the different cities of the continent, ensuring the good will of those particular friends who are always willing to assist the gullibility of the strangers, returns home with monstache and imperial; so transformed that his best friends scarce know him.

"I saw in September, a young American in Switzerland who had been so long in Europe [two years only] that he had forgotten his own language; and though he did condescend to speak English at times he lapsed it so through the hairs of his mustachios, and he was so very graceful in all his gestures, that he seemed to be the very best fool I ever saw on earth. I took him for a fool, and a fool, especially such a fool, is a man out of the ordinary way, from whom something is to be learned. I sought his acquaintance, and obtained it. Judge then, what was my surprise to find this man whom I fancied to be a fool, to be a very sensible man. Yet every body made fun of him. He was the butt of all company. And why? Simply because he had *no Americanized himself*, and had some where picked up a voice and a manner which he thought to be mighty fine, but which nevertheless, was neither that of a man nor brute beast. Such a voice, alas, in the U. States, would be a bar to all success in almost every thing—for by it the man made himself ridiculous, and ridicule is a weapon as strong in one sense as the arrow of death is in another."

The U. S. sloop of war Vincennes, which arrived at Norfolk a few days since from a voyage around the world, had sailed 59,500 miles since leaving the United States in November 1833. Says the Norfolk Beacon.

"The Vincennes proceeded to the Navigator Islands at one of which, [Otewhy] a part of the crew of the whale ship William Penn, had lately been cut off. Having approached within a few miles of Otewhy, the ship was disguised to prevent premature alarm, and soon received a visit from the natives. These were all detained on board, while an armed force of sea men and marines was sent on shore, with orders to take, alive or dead, the Chief Popotuna, who had committed the outrage upon the William Penn's boat, or, in case of escape, to burn all the property which could be ascertained to belong to him.—Landing, in obedience to these orders, the party proceeded, under the guidance of a European resident, several miles into the interior, searching the villages through which they passed for the criminal, but carefully avoiding all violence toward those who had not been engaged in the murder. During these proceedings no interruption was experienced from the natives, who were themselves frequent sufferers from aggressions of this same Popotuna, and seemed generally desirous to be relieved of his presence; he had, however, taken the alarm and made his escape into the interior of the island, so that after a fruitless search several hours, his houses were reduced to ashes, and his property destroyed wherever it could be found. Having effected this and taken measures to ensure a friendly reception to any ships that may in future visit the island, the Vincennes took leave of Otewhy, in the confidence that the punishment which had been inflicted on a real aggressor, had not been productive of better effects than the justice with which the innocent had been carefully exempted from the smallest share of it.

Crew of the Ship Mentor.—It is no doubt well recollected that the ship Mentor, of New Bedford, was wrecked on a reef near the Pelew Islands, in 1832; and that Capt. Barnard and a portion of his crew who were saved, were permitted to leave the country upon condition of his leaving two men (one of them his brother-in-law) as hostages for the payment of sundry articles to the chiefs. On Capt. Barnard making proper representation to our government, the ship Vincennes was despatched to bring the two men away, and Com. Aulick was ordered, in case they had been destroyed, to punish the islanders by putting them all to death. The Vincennes arrived at Norfolk last week, on board of which the two seamen came passengers, and on their arrival here we conversed with them, and they gave us a detailed account of their privations and sufferings while detained by the natives on the island. The names of the men were Horatio Davis, of Cambridgeport, and James Meader, of New Bedford. They state that the Vincennes was not able to

get within 70 miles of where they were, therefore a whale boat and three cutters were sent with 140 men, well armed, to take them. The ransom promised the chiefs was 200 muskets; but when they found such a force sent against them, they gradually reduced their demands, and eventually only two were given them. During the stay of Davis and Meader, they were very much debilitated for want of nourishing food, nothing being obtained but tava root, cocoanuts, and occasionally a few fish. The natives make no efforts to cultivate anything for their support, although the soil is tolerably good. They are a very listless, idle people, with very little intellectual powers. Not having proper apparatus, Meader says that he heard at one time was so long that it reached his middle. There is now living on the island a man of about 90, who will remember Capt. Wilson who was there many years since, and who wrote the history of Prince Le Boo. There are three Englishmen (the only whites) now on the island; one of them is quite a young man, formerly belonging to sech. Dash of Boston. Com. Aulick offered to bring them away, but they declined.—Davis and Meader have furnished us with many very interesting particulars relating to the Pelew Islanders, which we are obliged to omit. They express many thanks to Com. Aulick and his officers, for their kind treatment when on board the Vincennes. They were on the island 3 years and 7 months.—[Hulton's N. Y. Bulletin.]

CASE OF MR. BARNES.—We learn from Pittsburgh, that on Monday last, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, decided by a vote of 134 to 94, to sustain the appeal of the Rev. Alfred Barnes from the decision of the Synod of Philadelphia, condemning his doctrine, and suspending him from the Ministry. The delegation from the said Synod, being a party in the case, were of course not permitted to vote; but had they been so permitted there would still have been a majority of 20 or 30 in favor of Mr. Barnes.

The question on his complaint, embraces certain points in the proceedings of the Synod yet to be decided. It was supposed there would be introduced in the shape of a minute, some explanatory declaration, intended to take off the force of the above vote, but the impression was that they would not pass.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

Methodist Bishops.—Rev. Beverly Waugh of the city of New York; Rev. Wilbur Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. and Rev. T. A. Morris, Editor of the Western Christian Advocate, have been elected Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference lately in session at Cincinnati.

Important to Whitesmiths.—It is perhaps not generally known amongst mechanics, that the salt called *prussiate of potash*, which may be had of all the chemists, is now much used in case hardening. The process is easy, and saves a great length of time. The method is to powder the salt, and sprinkle it upon the iron when in a state of redness; it will be found to run like oil, and when plunged into cold water, will be found to be as hard or even harder than iron case-hardened in the usual way.—[Newburyport Herald.]

Go ahead! astonishing expedition of the press.—It would seem that the Harper press is going forward with a rail-road velocity. These enterprising publishers have just issued 'Tales of the Woods and Fields,' 278 pages, in one volume—the whole edition stereotyped, printed, and bound in thirty six hours! So much for steam and stereotypes.

A duel has lately taken place near Tallahassee, between George Ward, Esq. brother of Lieut. Ward who was shot by Col. Parish, and Col. Allston, Parish's brother-in-law. The parties met with four pistols apiece, at fifty paces with the privilege of advancing, Ward fired his pistol without advancing, and without hitting his opponent, though the ball passed close to his ear. Allston's two first shots were without effect.—Ward's second shot struck Allston on the hip but a silk handkerchief save him from injury. The third shot of both parties were likewise ineffectual.—Allston's fourth shot, fired at twenty five paces, hit his adversary in the shoulder which staggered him; but he recovered and fired again and inflicted a severe wound on Allston. Both gentlemen were like to recover.

Two justices of the Peace and of the Quorum in Taunton, Mass. have recently forbidden the marriage banns of a man and woman, on the ground that the parties were not of sufficient ability to maintain themselves and were not of competent ability to make a contract of marriage. In giving this decision, the editor of a Boston paper remarks—"If the principle which appears in the above decision should be generally recognized, it will prove an effectual check to the extension of pauperism, inasmuch as it will tend to prevent its being transmitted as an heirloom through succeeding generations."

INDIAN SHREWDRINESS.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y—, to the chief of the Little Otowaw, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproach before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

An old lady reading an account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was said to be "the father of the Philadelphia bar," exclaimed "Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children!"