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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Hartford Columbian.

The old Boy and the old Girl.

A LEGEND OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

The time, was the year 1690; the scene, the growing colony of New Amsterdam; the place, a snug little Dutch house; and the subject of the following tale, David Stoats, and his wife. And who was David Staats? He was a little short built fellow, not very rich, and not very smart. In former days he had been very comfortable; but owing to after circumstances, all comforts had long departed. He had accidentally become acquainted with Miss Amelia Gull. She was nearly six feet in height, with a face of brass, and a voice like the sound of a cracked coffee-pot. Nearly fifty years of age, yet in spite of all her efforts, she had never succeeded in becoming a belle; she had never even received an offer, and, as time wore on, she began to be seriously alarmed lest it should be her fate to live and die an old maid. Therefore, as a last resource, she set her cap for David Staats. Poor David was an unsuspecting soul. The tender, languishing smile of Amelia Gull deceived him, and in an evil hour he made her Mrs. Staats. But, although he had un-Gulled *her*, he soon found that she had gulled *him*. The pleasant glances of his wife vanished, and in their place came a look partaking strongly of the nature of vinegar. Every one said he was a fool, and he began to believe it. She ruled him with an iron hand.—David never had much courage. He was never able to face the wrath of a man, and how can he be expected to triumph over the anger of a woman? Amelia's will was law. Whatever she commanded was done, for he knew the penalty of disobedience. Under his accumulating tortures, his flesh fell off: long drawn sighs frequently burst from his overcharged heart, and it was very evident to all that he was unhappy. Every body pitied him except his wife, and she extended her rule more and more every day.

It was an exceedingly stormy night. The rain swept down in such torrents that it seemed as if another deluge was coming to devastate the earth. The thunder burst on high, as if the very heavens were splitting, and many a fallen chimney gave evidence of the violence of the wind. David Staats sat by his fireplone, musing on his troubles. The storm without was unheeded; there was a second tempest agitating his breast, which forbade him to think of any thing else. At last he made up a praise worthy resolution. His thoughts became words, and he muttered something like the following: "Thunder and lightning, just as if I was going to mind *her!* I'm her husband, and she's my wife. Then she ought to obey me. But instead of that, she lords me round, just if I was that dog. Come here, Zeb—lie down; you're my only friend," he continued, as the intelligent animal slowly raised himself, and licked his master's hand. "Now isn't it too bad that she should scold for to make a brute of me? Well, we'll see, the next time she says any thing to me, I'll be darned if——"

"You will, will you?" he heard in an angry tone close to his ears. Gracious heavens! the speaker was, her eyes glowing with anger, like two coals of fire. She entered the room unperceived by him, and had heard the whole of his muttered soliloquy. "Take that for your pains!" she said, and he received a blow on the ear which nearly knocked him over; "and that!" and he felt a similar application on the other side of his head, which set him reeling again. "Now go and get some more wood; don't you see it is almost burnt out, stupid?"

"But my dear, it rains!" said David, in a supplicating tone, his courage evaporating as of the end of his fingers.

"And what if it rains?" replied the gentle Amelia, "do you think I am to go? And how dare you to bring that dog in this room, with his muddy feet? There, off with you, bother you!" and giving poor Zeb a kick that sent him to the other end of the room, and raising the poker to point rude enquiries, the crest-fallen David and the dog sneaked out together, while the amiable wife with a snigger, said, "a pretty fool to think of ruling me, we'll see, indeed!" and went to bed. David soon came in, stamping with cold, and the wood in his arms; but although his wife was asleep, he did not dare to let in the dog, but with a heavy heart left him to howl at the storm. Sitting down to his fire, he continued his thoughts—the time, however, keeping them to himself.

"Every one laughs at me, and they think I'm a coward: but I only wish they would try it, that's all. I wish I had never married her, or could get rid of her in some way. I really believe I would give my soul to the devil, if could bring that about."

He accidentally looked round just then.—He started in affright, for sitting at his side was a little man, dressed in a full suit of black. Could it be the devil himself? He glanced down at the intruder's feet.

"So you are looking for them, are you?" said the stranger, lifting up his cloak and presenting to view the prettiest pair of hoofs that ever grew on man or beast. "Or if you want any other evidence, look here!" and unbuttoning his coat, he slowly unbound from his body a long black, beautiful, shiney tail, which he drew through his fingers with all the ease and grace with which an exquisite handles his silver-topped cane.

"Now isn't that a beauty? I take particular delight in it. Just see how soft and silky it is," continued his Satanic majesty, handing the tail over to David, who recoiled in affright. "Oh! you are afraid of it, are you? Well, some are, sometimes," he added, as he rewound it round his body, buttoned his coat, and smiled complacently.

David said nothing, but he looked as if he would gladly have been away.

"It's a stormy night," said the devil, starting a new theme.

"Yes, s-s-sir," gasped poor Staats.

"How's the crops?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"Glad to hear it. Why, how cold it is here. Why don't you put on some more wood?"

"The w-w-wood's w-wet," David managed to get out.

"O! is that all? I can easily fix that!—now see," replied the devil. He put his foot on the pile. There was a sudden hissing; a thick steam arose; it filled the room, so that no object was visible. When it cleared away the wood was dry. His majesty piled it on the fire, until it was so insufferable hot that David could hardly breathe.

"Ah, well now it begins to be a little comfortable. I thought as it was raining I would just step in and see you for a few minutes. I was going to get a small invoice of souls that are waiting for me at the next town. Besides that, I intended to thrash an artist who painted me with a pair of horns, which is an insult to my dignity that I cannot well pass over; for you must know," said the devil, "that I can whip any person alive."

Staats thought of his wife, and looked incredulous.

"You don't believe me, I see; but I will make you a bet. I will free you from your wife and give you a bag full of gold, if you find a person that will whip me. If you can't find such a person, I can have your soul. Do you agree?"

A sudden thought struck the host. "Yes," he cried, eagerly. The devil's eyes sparkled. He felt sure of winning. They shook hands on it.

Suddenly David Staats threw the poker over to the other side of the room. Next the shovel went the same way. Finally, he threw down with a great crash the dresser, full of plates. This had the desired effect. Mrs. Staats woke up.

"What's that noise, David?" she screamed.

"You go to grass," her husband answered, as he imitated the loud bark of poor Zeb.

The lovely Amelia sprang up in a perfect torrent of anger.

"How dare you let that dog in again?" shouted she, as she bounced into the room. "And what are *you* doing here? you villain," as her eye fell upon the devil, who sat wondering at the scene, and whom she mistook for some company which her husband was entertaining unbeknown to her. A smoothing iron was instantly raised; his majesty remembered his bet; he trembled; he turned to face the vixen; the smoothing iron flew through the air, he dodged it; another one was caught up; the terrified guest made a precipitate retreat; she followed; he gained the door; she was close behind him; she caught hold of his coat tail; he stamped on the ground; it opened; down he went with incredible swiftness, but she still kept hold. The last that David Staats ever saw of his wife, she had hold of the shrieking devil with her left hand, while with her right she still pummelled him. The earth closed up, and all was still. That night David let his dog in, and together they passed a more pleasant evening than they had spent for some years before.

The next day he found at his bed-side a large bag of gold with the following note:

"*Dear Sir:*—I acknowledge that I have lost. You fairly took me in. If you had told me that you intended to bring forward your wife, I should certainly have backed out. I send you the bag of gold with this letter.—As for your wife, I would have had hard work to carry her off according to the agreement, if she had not come voluntarily.—But she prefers to remain in my dominions, as the place agrees with her temper better than any other.

Your faithful friend *till death*,

"Belzebub.

"P. S.—Will you take back your wife if I give you another bag of gold? She kicks up a terrible rumpus here. She has just chopped off three inches of my tail."

But as David Staats never did take back his wife, it is heedless to say that he was ever after a happier man.

Marriage of John Ross.

HARTWELL'S HOTEL,
Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 3.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Another grand wedding party has come off at this delightful house, so celebrated for affairs of this nature.

John Ross, the celebrated Cherokee chief, was married in the President's parlor of this hotel last night to Miss Mary B. Stapler, of Wilmington, Delaware. He is about 55, and she is only 18 years of age; she is a very beautiful girl and highly accomplished, and belongs to the Society of Friends, or did. Her father was formerly a highly respectable Quaker merchant of this city.

She was given away by her brother, and attended by a sister and niece of John Ross as bridesmaids. He had collected several of his daughters and nephews from boarding-schools, &c. in New Jersey, to be present at the wedding, and, after the ceremony, a family party of twenty of the Ross's (all half-breed Indians) sat down to a most sumptuous banquet, for the preparation of which he had given Hartwell a *carte blanche*, and a most elegant affair it was. Ross is considered to be worth half a million of dollars. He purposes sojourning with his beautiful bride at this excellent hotel for a short time; after which he goes straight to his wild home in the South-western prairies.

A Prize Fight near Boston.

A brutal prize fight came off near Boston a few days since, the following account of which we find in the Times:

The combatants were Prof. Joseph Long, so styled, an American, and Jack Smith, an Englishman, well known as a tough, but not large professor of the pugilistic art. Long's weight is about 150, and Smith's some dozen or fifteen pounds less. The bets of the immediate backers were about $300 a side.—The pugilistic party numbering over a hundred, all too in profound secresy, started on Monday about two o'clock, A. M., and after various demonstrations, reached the "Little Brewster," one of the lower Islands in the harbor, and within the county of Suffolk and the limits of ward 4, at half past 8 o'clock, A. M. The fight commenced at 9 o'clock, and continued *two hours and a quarter*. The bets were heavy, and mostly in favor of the Englishman. *One hundred and six rounds* were fought. During the first rounds and till the 70th bets were freely offered in favor of Smith, but there were no takers. Up to this time Long was punished severely, and the bottom, as well as the agility of Smith seemed to be superior to his opponent's. But the tables were soon turned—and although the falls on both sides were heavy, Long's fist did great execution, and Smith's came lazily to the work—till at the 106th round, the latter staggered and was so blinded by the punishment he had received, that his seconds interfered, talked about a foul blow being given, and the fight was closed. During the last rounds, it was necessary to lance the eyes of Smith, in order to let him see his opponent.

Very Modest.—A lady in New York recently stopped her paper because it told a bear story embracing *naked* facts. A lady in this city did the same thing, because the editor speaking of an orator who made a political speech, said he *stripped* the subject of all its false covering.

A Hard Case.—Rev. C. Spear attended the recent hanging of Hall, the murderer, at Middletown, Conn. Here is a part of his report:

"I went out to make observations during the scene; and the better to effect my object, I appeared entirely ignorant of what was going on. 'What are they doing there?' said I, pointing towards the pen. 'They are hanging a man,' was the ready reply. 'What!' said I, 'hanging a man in this age of civilization and refinement!' 'Yes,' said the fellow, 'and if you are not in favor of hanging, you ought to be hung yourself!' 'And I suppose,' said I, 'you would like to do it.' 'Yes, I should.' One fellow was swearing away most lustily: '*It is too bad*,' said he, '*here I pay taxes to support the Government, and can't have the privilege of seeing the man hung!*'"

Iron.—Some idea of the extent of the iron manufactories of Pittsburg may be derived from a knowledge of the fact that upwards of *one hundred and forty tons* pig metal is melted here daily, and converted into all the varieties of wrought and cast iron. The stock is supplied by the various furnaces on the Alleghany, Monongahela, Juniata, Conemaugh rivers, and the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, all of which forward to Pittsburg as their main market for the sale of metal.

The latest song of a despairing lover, and the most expressive that we have heard for many a day, is the following:

Gone—gone forever am the hope
For which so long I've trusted;
Ann Maria has taken slope
And I am done and busted.

POLITICAL.

From the American Whig.

Facts For Mechanics.

We find, in the Rochester Democrat, an article which should be read by every mechanic in the country. There is not a branch of manufactures which would not suffer immeasurably by the operation of Mr. Polk's views on the tariff. The question of the importance of protection for our manufactures, has long been settled in the minds of those who have examined the subject. Yet there are some who do not advocate such a measure, whose prosperity depends upon it. The Democrat says:

Let us support our own mechanics, in preference to the mechanics of France and England. Polk's anti-tariff doctrine will injure the American hatter, tailor, and shoe-maker:

It will injure the HATTER; for if the present protective duties are removed from dressed furs and manufactured hats, the English hatter will send in his hats, made by men who work for two shillings a day, and sell them at lower prices than they can be sold for by the American hatter who pays his journeymen from ten to twenty shillings a day.—☞ Mr. Polk is opposed to a protective tariff!

The repeal of the tariff, as advocated by Gov. Polk, would injure the TAILOR. If we have no protective tariff, wearing apparel of every description will be brought into this country from England. Whenever a locofoco wanted a suit of clothes he would send to Canada for them, or go to a clothing store in the city, whose shelves would be filled with coats, vests, and pantaloons, *made in England*. When this shall happen what will become of American TAILORS? Where will our journeymen tailors find work? Who will employ them? They would find every Polk locofoco wearing *English made* coats, vests, and pantaloons, because the price of labor in England would enable the English clothier to send his wares here and sell them cheaper than they could be made in this country. What say American tailors to such a policy? Do they want to see their fellow citizens wearing coats made in England? If they do, they should vote for Polk, who goes *against a protective tariff*. But if they wish to make the clothes worn by their fellow-citizens, they must vote for HENRY CLAY *and a protective tariff*.

The repeal of a protective tariff would injure the BOOT AND SHOEMAKER. In France the journeyman shoemaker works for from 20 to 30 cents per day. This enables the French boot-maker to sell his product cheaper than the article can be made by American mechanics, who pay their journeymen from 100 to 200 cents per day. To prevent the ruinous competition of the French boot-maker, a heavy duty is laid upon boots and shoes; and the French boot-maker, after paying this duty, is unable to sell his boots cheaper than as good an American article can be sold for. The result is, all our citizens wear American made boots and shoes, and so give employment to tens of thousands of American journeymen boot and shoe makers. But Gov. Polk wants to *repeal* the existing tariff, and to reduce the duty so low that French boots and shoes might be sent in here and sold at prices below that which the American boot and shoemaker can afford to sell for. If this is done, every one will buy French boots and shoes; or else our own journeymen shoemakers will have to work for half their present wages. Do our shoemakers wish to see American farmers, and mechanics, and laborers, and merchants, wearing French boots and shoes? If they do not, and wish to still make boots and shoes for their fellow-citizens, and receive fair prices for their labor, they must stand by the friends of a protective tariff, and VOTE FOR HENRY CLAY, and NOT for James K. Polk, who wishes to employ the French and English rather than American boot and shoemakers!—

Locofoco Victories, alias Outrages.

Some time since we noticed an account of a diabolical outrage perpetrated by certain Locos, headed by one Godfrey Pope, upon a few peaceable Whigs, who were at work in a mill not far from Louisville. They went in the night, enticed them out, and beat them most shamefully. Not long afterwards a large body went over to Indiana to have a jollification, and on returning past a Whig house, where there was a Clay pole with a flag, they attempted to knock it down, and on being remonstrated with by the lady of the house and her little sons, (she being a locofoco widow,) threw stones at her, and hurt severely one or two of her little children. The Clay Club of Newark, N. J., have offered a reward of $100 for the apprehension of certain scoundrels who were returning from a Locofoco meeting at Belleville, and on passing a house where there was a Whig pole and flag, threw brickbats, &c. at it; an old lady, 70 years of age, went out and begged them to desist, when she, horrid to relate, was beaten in a most shocking manner, and left almost lifeless. It is perhaps wrong to attach blame to a party for the conduct of certain of its members, but when such repeated acts of violence are perpetrated, by bodies of Locofocos at a time, one cannot resist attributing it entirely to the disorganizing spirit so rife in that party. That love of strife and blood, that sprung up under the campaign of Jackson in 1828 and '32, has not yet been wholly eradicated from the popular mind, and unless the lovers of good order now step forward and crush the hydra in its infancy, there are those now living who will witness the most dreadful scenes perpetrated under the influence of party spirit.—*Hopkinsville, Ky., Gazette.*

A Chance for the Braggers.

The Winchester, Virginia, Republican contains the following:

"We are authorized by a gentleman of Fauquier to offer his Mill property in Warren county, which has just been completed, with six pairs of burrs and other machinery, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, as a stake against fifteen thousand dollars in money, or the same amount of property, upon the general result—namely, that Henry Clay will be elected President of the United States over James K. Polk. All further information on the subject will be furnished at this office, on application.

"Mr. Bushrod Taylor's bet of $10,000 to $8,000 on the general result is yet untouched, and, with all the boasting about Polk's anticipated success, no one has yet ventured to meet it."

When Gen. Jackson, in 1824, was a warm tariff man, (it will be recollected that he was a member of the U. S. Senate in that year and voted for the tariff bill,) he emphatically asked, in his letter to Dr. Coleman of North Carolina, "Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus produce?" And that question is just as pertinent now as it was then—and so is the answer, which we give in Gen. Jackson's own words, to which we respectfully invite the serious reflection of the friends of Young Hickory: "Except for cotton," said Gen. Jackson, "he has neither a foreign nor a home market. Does not this clearly prove, when there is no market either at home or abroad, that there is too much labor employed in agriculture? Common sense at once points out the remedy. *Take from agriculture in the U. States 600,000 men, women, and children, and you will at once give a market for more breadstuffs than all Europe now furnishes us.*" The Whig party are disposed to act upon the counsel of the leader of the Democracy, though his own disciples are repudiating his creed. We have taken, not 600,000, but about four millions of men, women, and children from agriculture, who, instead of making their own breadstuffs, buy our's. And if Gen. Jackson was correct in his computation, that the abstraction of 600,000 persons from agriculture would give us a more extensive market for breadstuffs than all Europe, it is not difficult to ascertain the immense benefits which result to the agricultural interest from the expansion of the manufacturing system, nor to estimate the injury which would accrue to the planter and farmer by its overthrow.—*Lynch. Virginian.*

Some people seem to be surprised at Mr. Polk's uniform votes in Congress to deprive the old revolutionary soldiers of their pensions. We don't think it at all strange that he pursued this course, for we presume that he finds himself in a predicament similar to that in which the Cincinnati Atlas says a zealous loco in this state was placed when asked a few days since if he intended to vote the Whig ticket, he replied, "No! confound the Whigs! *they hung my grandfather in the Revolutionary war.*"—*Phil. Forum.*

The Locofocos claimed Kentucky before the election. The people decided for Clay and Frelinghuysen. They claimed North Carolina also: but the old North State repudiated them by a decided vote. They considered Indiana as certain for themselves, when lo, the election returns came in and the Whigs were victorious! Now, they swear positively that these election returns only prove that Polk is certain of being elected!—According to Locofoco logic, then, his prospects increase as state after state declares for Clay and the country.—*Huntsville Adv.*

Hon. Edward Stanley.

It is gratifying to us to find that this undaunted patriot, has been returned to the House of Commons of North Carolina, from the patriotic County of Beaufort. He is truly a gallant fellow, and most gallantly have the people come forth to do him and themselves honor. To represent such a people as those of Beaufort, is a distinction of which any representative might well be proud; nor is it less distinction for such a people, to be represented by so fearless and incorruptible—so able and so eloquent—a champion as is Edward Stanly.—*Amer. Whig.*

Is it not strange that at the north the friends of "Polk, Dallas, Free Trade, and Texas," are requiring pledges of their nominees for Congress, that they will sustain the Tariff of 1842, and oppose the annexation of Texas? What does the Richmond Enquirer think of this "holding with the hare, and running with the hounds?"—*Lynch. Vir.*

Mr. Polk has grown up by the side of Old Hickory.—*Polk's Biography.*

So has the Whig party of Tennessee.

From the American Whig.

The Contrast of Parties.

The *Whigs* are in favor of a SOUND NATIONAL CURRENCY, in order that when a man labors, he may be paid in money which will pass any where at par value, so that industry may get its full reward.

The *Locofocos* are opposed to the only rational plan, by which such a currency can be produced, and have, by their ill judged policy, destroyed the best circulating medium with which any country was ever blessed, and are now for fastening the Sub-treasury upon the country, which would supply good money for government and its officers, and *bad* money for the people.

The *Whigs* are for an ECONOMICAL GOVERNMENT; the revenue to be raised by a Tariff, imposing such duties on imports, as will encourage and protect the industry of the mechanic, manufacturer, laborer, and farmer, and provide a certain market at home, for the surplus produce of the latter.

The *Locofocos* are for "*free trade*," *the destruction of the Tariff*, and, consequently, for defraying a large portion of the expenses of the general government by Direct Taxes; a course of policy which would unsettle all existing relations in society, impose heavy burthens upon the people, deprive the industrious of employment, operate in favor of European workmen, and ruin every man in this country who supports himself by a mechanical or agricultural profession.

The *Whigs* are for restraining the president in the exercise of the Veto power, in order that the hands of the People, through their Representatives, may be strengthened, and that the Law making power shall be made to conform more to the popular will.

The *Locofocos* are for continuing to the president his present *kingly prerogative*, the Veto, by which it is within his competency, in the first instance, to *defeat* a law, though that law might be called for by the unanimous vote of the people's representatives—and to defeat in the last resort, unless two-thirds of the members of both branches of Congress should re-enact it; thus giving to one man a power imminently dangerous to the union, and destructive of the voice of the people.

The *Whigs* are for distributing the proceeds of the Public lands among the states—to whom it belongs—in order that the states may be enabled to pay their debts, and the people be relieved from their taxation.

The *Locofocos* are opposed to this, and prefer to see the states remain involved in debt, and the people oppressed by taxes.

The *Whigs* are for restraining public officers from interfering in elections, otherwise than by freely voting their sentiments, so that the people, who pay them for their services, may not be embarrassed by their official intermeddling.

The *Locofocos* are for organizing the Public Officers into a corps of active electioneerers, to control and overawe the people in the exercise of their elective franchise.

The *Whigs* are for limiting the incumbent of the Presidential office to one term, so as to take away from the President all temptation to neglect the business of the nation, in the furtherance of personal efforts to secure a re-election.

The *Locofocos* are opposed to this; and, of course, favorable to a system of log-rolling, which is destructive of the public welfare, inasmuch as every President from the moment of his first election, will be engaged in working for a re-election, instead of devoting his time and abilities to advance the country's welfare.

The *Whigs* are for *reducing* the Public Expenditures, so as to lessen the burthens of the People.

The *Locofocos*, under Mr. Van Buren, INCREASED the expenditures to an alarming extent, and it is fair to infer, if they had possession of the government, that they would do so again.

This is a brief though *impartial contrast* of the principles and objects of the two parties, and it remains for the people to say which they will choose—the *Whigs* who perform what they promise, and whose only aim is their country's good—or the *Locofocos* who promise but to disappoint.

United States Senate.—It is worthy of remembrance that the Whigs have carried every state thus far since the present campaign opened, in which a United States Senator is to be chosen, and lost none. Our victories in Connecticut, Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana, are thus rendered doubly satisfactory.—*Wilmington Chron.*

The Coolest Thing Yet.—The Rochester Daily thinks that the Whig Editors would become Locos if they only would read the works of Jefferson and Madison! When the world knows that Madison recommended and signed the Charter of the U. S. Bank in 1816, and was to the day of his death the able and ardent champion both of a Bank and a Protective Tariff, it is hard to imagine what a man can mean by such silly effrontery.

The Mormons have publicly resolved to take no part in the approaching Presidential Election. This lifts a dead weight of 1,500 to 2,000 votes off the Whigs [illegible] and will [illegible] them to make a [illegible]