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From the Boston Olive Branch.

The Adventure of Squire Stubs' Son.

BY TOM SHORTFELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

On a sultry August evening in the year 18—, I drew near my native village, one of the many delightful little 'villes' scattered here and there among the wild hills of Vermont. I had not been under the paternal roof for a year, which, however, had been a short one to me, for the old fellow, 'Time' ever sped him on golden wings, and I beneath the time-honored roof of 'Old Harvard.'—My father, 'old squire Stubs,' as he was familiarly called by the good people of our goodly village, was a man of parts; by that I mean, he was a man universally looked up to by the young and old. Was there any difference among his neighbors, it was at once referred to 'Squire Stubs.' Was there a cow or horse sick in the village, 'Squire Stubs' was consulted. Had any young miss an offer of marriage, her 'anxious mother' must have a talk with 'Squire Stubs;' of the young man's habits and prospects, who knew better than he? At a husking he always had the most prominent place, and the prettiest girl to sit beside him, to the no little annoyance of the beaux.

It may not be improper here to state, that Squire Stubs had buried his wife, (my blessed mother, God rest her soul,) when I was yet quite young; and that, since that time, his affections had been wholly bestowed on his hopeful son; and though his arms had fifty years of pith, yet his eyes were like two bright buttons, and his teeth as sound as the Bank of England.

The reader will have by this time a pretty tolerable idea of my father, whose roof, after a year's absence I was nearing. Believe me, I bore my good parent all the love *any* father could reasonably expect from a son; yet I am free to confess, other love had crept in upon me, and as a hundred bright lights from as many different windows in the distance, broke upon my vision, the thoughts of meeting my dear Julia, made the gentleman in my left side thump away like a trip-hammer.

The night was dark and close, and not a star looked out to welcome me back to my native home.' Yet I was not dejected, or cast down; for I was sure of a welcome from two little sparkles—twin diamonds, that shone so brightly, they had most likely put out the light of the stars, and putting my head out of the coach window, I tried to make out amid the darkness, (when we should come to it,) Farmer Buttermilk's cottage, which stood on the out skirts of the village. At length we came to it. I could just discern the dark outlines of the house beneath the trees that guarded its front.

'Hold up, driver, I'll get out here,' I cried; but the deafening clatter of the wheels completely drowned by voice, and coachee cracked his whip two or three times, the better to get up steam on going into the village.

'Driver, driver!' I shouted again, but there was no answer, and the horses (so it seemed to me) went faster and faster. 'Here goes, then!' and I aimed a blow with my cane through the window, which fell with good purpose upon coachee's backbone, and made it ring again.

There was a perfect sympathy between the driver's back and arms; for when his back received the blow, his arms were drawn up with such good will, the horses were nearly pulled back upon their haunches.

I opened the door and leaped out, while coachee rubbed his bruises and looked black. Slipping a silver piece into his hand, I ordered my baggage left at squire Stub's. Crack went the whip—away went the coach, and I was left standing in the road to devise some means to see dear Julia, without alarming the household, for I had a horror of a certain maiden lady of the family, denominated, 'Miss Sophia Buttermilk,' and would have 'performed a journey to the pigmies' at any time, to avoid her ladyship's presence.

CHAPTER II.

I had become acquainted with Julia Dunmore two years before, at Buttermilk's, where she was on a visit. At first sight we were favorably impressed with each other, and in the course of three weeks we were together, we had fallen horribly in love. Our parting was tender, as you may suppose, but we consoled one another as well as we could, with out repeated oaths of constancy. Since that time I had not seen her, but the flame was kept alive by our frequent correspondence. Her last letter informed me of her being again at Buttermilk's, which determined me to run down and embrace her, and at the same time visit squire Stubs, my father. So there I was.

Approaching the house which was some rods from the road, embosomed in a perfect body of trees, I found it in total darkness.—Not a solitary light was to be seen. Could it be that they had retired? It was only 9 o'clock. I would go round to the back of the house—perhaps that was lighted—perhaps she was in the garden—in the little arbor where we had passed so many happy hours. 'Dear Julia,' I sighed, and my arms involuntarily opened to receive her, when, lo! I clasped a young sapling to my heart.

The garden lay at the back of the house, and was surrounded by a high fence, the better to secure farmer Buttermilk's pears and plums from the attack of the half-grown boys of the neighborhood. There was a door on the back side which let into it. I would steal round and give Julia a surprise. It was as dark as a negro's pocket, as I have said once before, and to avoid again being led into the unpleasant mistake of embracing a tree, I made my way along with both arms extended before me.

I had gained the length of the fence, and was about turning the corner, when (I was always unfortunate,) I stubbed my toe, and Joe Stubs found himself pounce upon that very necessarry animal to the meat-eating world, a female of the swine creation, and a half dozen of her little responsibilities. Her sowship gave one very exemplary squeal, which her little tribe attempted faintly to imitate, and at the same time fixed her powerful jaws upon some part of my person and left an abiding impression of her affections upon me, never to be forgotten, and I was particularly conscious, too, that some part of my unmentionables had gone to *parts* unknown.

If I gave utterance to expressions forbidden in the scriptures, surely I might be forgiven, for did ever any one have such a dish of pig and pork served up to him, without the redeeming presence of asparagus and tomato-sauce. However homely and insulting was the thrust I had received, there was no help for the wicked, so I pocketed it as well as my torn flesh and garments would allow. Getting once more on my feet, I inly determined to see my adventure to the end, well knowing that the darkness would keep my accident from the tender gaze of my dear Julia.

I found the garden door open, and entered. I record this with pleasure, as it scented not a little of good luck. As 'one good turn deserves another,' so good luck follows good luck. My star was in the ascendant. There was a bright light gleaming from the window, which brought my heart some inches nearer my mouth. It was from Julia's room; and wishing to get a nearer view, I moved with cautious steps towards the house.

'It might proceed from Miss Buttermilk's room.' I confess that this thought brought me to a stand still; as nothing short of martyrdom would tempt me to look into an old maid's room. Love certainly is the strongest of all passions—forgive the assertion, ye worshippers of Bacchus—for it overcome my dread of encountering Miss Buttermilk. Taking a bee line for the light, it brought me rather unceremoniously into 'tall grass,' say about knee deep.

To avoid stumbling I was obliged to lift my feet high in the air, a la horse with the spring halt, and place each down some two feet in advance of me. The second or third step, my foot came down into something rather 'juicy.' What the deuce could it be? I described sundry circles in the unknown substance with my foot; but with all my guessing I could not satisfy myself, as—according to the nature of things, being a yankee—I should do; so, stooping down, I gave it the advantage of my hand. Involuntarily my hand went to my nose.

'Confound Miss Buttermilk's milk!' I exclaimed, but the next minute was ready to laugh at the accident. I had set my foot down into a pan of milk which had been placed in the grass to cool.

But the merriment I was pleased to indulge in at the expense of a bedaubed boot, which by this time, no doubt, had lost its rich coat of 'Day & Martin,' was interrupted by the creaking of the gate on its hinges, and, as gates open not of themselves, at least not since the days of Solomon, it was presumptive proof that 'somebody was coming.' I listened. Presently the dark figure of a man stole by me, and approaching the window, gently rapped on the glass.

What kept me from crying out, I know not, unless it was amazement at the fellow's presumption; but true it is, my tongue refused to do its office, and I felt riveted to the earth.

About fifteen awful seconds of time had gone to make up the sum of eternity, when the door noiselessly opened, and a female habited in white, stepped forth. I was certain it was Julia, for who else of the family would be dressed in white? But what had Julia, my Julia, to do with meeting a man clandestinely, at night?

'By the beard of the holy Prophet! the fellow's hugging her! I'll crucify him!' My blood boiled in my veins—my heart almost stopped its pulsation; but it was all unheeded by the happy couple, who, after the first transport of meeting was over, passed down the gravelled walk and entered the arbor.—'Oh! profanation of profanations! the very spot that heard her vows of constancy two years since—two short years, now sees her in the arms of a rival. Perfidious woman! but your pleasure shall be short lived. *He* shall give a full account for all this.'

Such were some of the thoughts uppermost in my mind, on seeing them enter the arbor where I had spent so many happy hours, and I doubt if Othello was more extravagant in his jealous jesticulations, than I on this trying occasion.

I bore my wrongs with a dignity that would become Socrates, till I heard my name pronounced by the loving swain; which was the last drop needed to run the dish over.—'Exulting over me!' I cried, 'then is this swo'—milk 'Heaven's gift.' And withdrawing my foot, which from amazement at what I had saw, I suffered to remain in the pan of milk, I raised it, and with milky purpose rushed towards the arbor.

The sound of my voice roused the lovers from their enchanting tete-a-tete and brought the gentleman to the entrance, no doubt to ascertain the nature of the attack.

'Beware of the foul fiend!' I cried, and emptied the contents of my pan upon him, completely inundating him from head to foot.

The enemy was fairly routed. Miss, screamed very prettily, and rushed in doors; Mr. rushed past me, and made his exit at the gate without a passing remark.

CHAPTER III.

Left master of the field, I stood arms folded a la Napoleon; the perfect image of a quandary. I forgot the injury done my person—I forgot the rent in my trowsers; I thought only of the rent in my heart, and how I could best revenge myself on my unknown rival, and reward Julia for her unfaithfulness. But I cudgled my brains in vain.

'I'll go home and sleep upon it,' I tho't, being in the habit of referring all difficult questions and matters to my night thoughts—perhaps I should have some dreamy revelations.

On arriving at home, I learned from our 'man of all work,' that my father had retired, despairing of seeing me until the breakfast hour the next morning. I rather rejoiced at this, little caring to see my father in my present plight, well knowing that I should not escape without a severe lecture; and even John's eyes opened a few hair breadths wider, on beholding my haggard looks, and garments all 'tattered and torn.'

I went to my room, but how I passed the night, will not interest the reader. It failed to interest *me*, even.

The next morning found me in the sitting room at an early hour. The sleep that had visited my pillow brought with it potent spells, to cool my blood; and I now had not only dismissed suicides and duels from my mind, but the faithless Julia, at least so I tried to believe, from my heart, forever. 'She isn't worth an honest man's anger,' I said, seating myself in an old fashioned cushioned arm-chair by the open window, and the cool morning breeze helped not a little to complete the work that the dreamy god had so prosperously begun. Opening a book which I took from the shelf, I was soon lost in Moore's Lalla Rookh.

As in most old-fashioned houses in Vermont, my father's bed-room adjoined the sitting-room. I do not know that I have mentioned it before, but my father was noted for his early rising. This morning, however, he did not make his appearance until nearly 7.—He greeted me kindly, and said, that he did not retire until late on last night, hoping he should see me before he slept. I made some excuse for not being at home earlier, and hoped that he had enjoyed good health since I saw him last.

By some unaccountable mistake, my father had left his bed-room door open, and my eyes—always getting me into some scrape, took a survey of the interior. Unwittingly an exclamation of surprise broke from me.—My father followed the direction of my eyes, and instantly his face become crimson.

'Joseph, was that you?' he said, with marked severity.

I am not by nature irreverent, but there lay my father's coat and trowsers most unmercifully sprinkled with cream; and in spite of any efforts to the contrary, I gave up to the most extravagant laughter.

'Joseph! leave the room! leave the room, this moment!'

I 'sloped.'

It is remarkable what a change came over my feelings toward Julia. The discovery I had made set all right. It was plain that the blandishments of the amiable Miss Buttermilk, had seduced the too susceptible heart of my good father from his former love; and it was equally plain that it was to that lady, and not Julia, I had proved myself so ungallant on the previous evening.

After breakfast I took a stroll over the fields, and past farmer Buttermilk's on my way. Julia was delighted to see me, and the happy hour I spent with her had but one detraction,—I was obliged to sit a little too much on one side of the chair.

Law Professorship.

We are gratified to state, that the Trustees of the University of North Carolina have established a Law Professorship, of which his Honor, Judge Battle, has been appointed Professor.

This Department will contain two Classes, of which the first, called the *Independent Class*, will consist of such Students of Law, as have no connexion with any of the College Classes; and the second, called *College Class*, will consist of such *irregular* Members of College as, with the permission of the Faculty, may be desirous of joining it.

The plan of studies comprises Blackston's Commentaries, Stephen on Pleading, Chitty on Pleading, Greenleaf on Evidence, Chitty on Contracts, Cruise's Digest of Real Property, and Williams on Executors, together with Lectures on the Municipal Laws of the State, as modified by the Acts of the Legislature, and decisions of the State Courts.

A complete Course will occupy two years for the *Independent* Class, and two years and a half for the *College* Class, at the end of which the Degree of Bachelor of Law will be conferred on such Students as, by their proficiency, may be deemed entitled to it.

The Professor of Law receives no salary from the Trustees of the University, but is entitled to demand from each member of the *Independent* Class, $50 per Session for the two first Sessions of the Course; and $25 afterwards; and from each member of the *College* Class, $25 per Session.

The Professor of Law, and the members of the Independent Class, will not be subject to any of the ordinary College regulations.—*Raleigh Register.*

We are pleased to be able to state that all the Sheriffs of North Carolina came up promptly to their settlements with the Comptroller by the 1st inst., the limit fixed by law. Better revenue officers can no where be found. We learn that, upon an accurate calculation, the revenue of the State, instead of diminishing has increased some $4,000.—*Standard.*

Rail Road from Raleigh to Fayetteville.—The North Carolinian, Observer and Standard are discussing the propriety of making a rail road from Fayetteville to this city.—Such a medium of communication would benefit both places, and should the road then be extended, as it no doubt would, to intersect the South Carolina road, it would operate greatly to the advantage of the Raleigh and Gaston road, and afford increased facilities for travelling and the transportation of produce; and we should, therefore, be glad to see the work accomplished, and with the Observer, think it will be done in the course of time, but that we are not yet prepared for the undertaking. The contemplated turnpikes are of vastly more importance; the State has ordered a survey, as a preparatory step, and has a fund with which to make them; let them be first established; let the Neuse be thoroughly improved and put in order for steam navigation; and then for the Fayetteville road!—*Raleigh Register.*

A Story about a Snake—not "a Snake Story."—Mr. J. G. Templeton and his brother Elam Templeton, both of Iredell county, killed a snake on the plantation of the latter, in June last, which had *two heads*. They were walking together through a corn field on the low grounds of Davidson creek, and here in the act of stepping over this singular reptile before they discovered it. They istantly drew back, and having procured a missile, struck it several blows on the head, and having bruised it severely, concluded they had killed the snake. Upon their approaching it, however, it offered battle from the other end of its body, and then for the first time, the idea of a double headed snake occurred to them. They killed it, and on examination found that it had two perfectly shaped heads, one at each extremity of its body, with eyes, mouths, and tongues in each, between which there was no perceptible difference, except that one was a little larger than the other. It measured in length, 5 feet 5 1-2 inches. Its color black. What say naturalists about this odd serpent? *Salisbury Watchman.*

Terrific Surgical Operation.

To the Editors of the Richmond Whig:

Gentlemen—A few weeks since you announced to the public a successful operation—the removal of two-thirds of the lower jaw—by Prof. Warner, of this city: On Friday last, in the presence of about fifty spectators, he removed the entire jaw from the angle on one side to that of the opposite, with an enormous tumor [osted sarcoma]. The portion of the jaw removed, is that which contains all of the teeth. The tumor weighed over 2 1-2 pounds. The horror of the operation can only be appreciated by those who witnessed it. The calmness, deliberation, skill and promptness of the Surgeon, inspired the spectators with confidence that all would be well, and in twenty minutes from the time the first incision was made, the operation was completed. Now, the fifth day from the operation, the man is doing well, taking food, and giving promise of speedy restoration. Within the last ten days, I have seen Dr. Warner remove a scirrhous mamma, large malignant tumour, perform successfully the operation of Lithotomy, and extract a large stone from the bladder of a boy four years old. I doubt whether any operator in this country has performed as many important operations during the last six months as Dr. Warner; and when it is recollected that the Medical students have had access to them how confidently and earnestly may every friend of Virginia urge the Medical College of this city upon the consideration of all who are engaged in studying the Science of Medicine in this and the neighboring States.

OBSERVER.

Kentucky Tobacco Crop.—The Hopkinsville (Ky.) Gazette of the 13th inst., says: "So far as we have any information in regard to the tobacco crop of Green river country, it now promises to yield something like an average amount in quantity, and the quality decidedly superior to any crop for several years. The drought prevailing during the months of June and July seemed to cut off the prospect for a fair growth of tobacco, and our planters were induced to top their tobacco eight leaves, which is unusual in this section. The seasonable weather through the month of August gave a rapid growth to the crop, and we now feel assured that for largeness and richness of leaf, the present crop promises every thing that could be desired."

An Ocean Bound Republic.—The Philadelphia Ledger, says, "The Continent, the whole Continent, and nothing but the Continent," ought to be the watchword of every American. "We should not rest till every European power, excepting Russia (!) is driven from the continent, and the whole of it is united under the Federal flag of the Stars and Stripes!" Thus we go!

Alexander A. Everett, recently appointed Minister to China, and who had proceeded as far as Rio Janeiro on his voyage, has returned home in consequence of ill health. He reached New York, in the ship Courier, from Rio, last Friday.

The papers announce the sudden death of Orville Bradley, a distinguished citizen of Hawkins county, Tennessee. He was a member of the late Road Convention at Abindon, he had no family, and devises a princely estate to a niece, at whose death it is to be applied to the education of the poor children in Hawkins county.

The Louisville Journal says: "A notorious scoundrel named Hart, was recently brought to this city from New Orleans on the requisition of the Governor of this State. He was examined and committed to prison, from which he was bailed by Col. R. M. Johnson and another individual. The scoundrel purchased about two thousand dollars worth of bagging in this city, *on the responsibility of letters from Col. Johnson*, which he paid for in forged acceptances. Col. Johnson was fully aware of the fact that his letters had given the scoundrel facilities for swindling, and yet after the man was brought here and was in a fair way to be punished according to his deserts, Col. Johnson interposed between him and justice, and bailed him out!"

Something New.—We noticed the other day, in glancing over the advertising columns of the New York Tribune, the offer for sale, in that city, of an article described as being, when shut, a walking stick of but little more than the ordinary size, and when open, a chair of capacity sufficient to afford a convenient seat for a single individual, and of sufficient strength to sustain a weight of from 200 to 3000 lbs. For thus giving publicity to this item of intelligence, we claim the particular gratitude of the gentlemen-loafers; inasmuch as we thereby bring to their knowledge the fact of a desirable substitute for horse-blocks, curb-stones and lamp-posts, has been placed within their reach. Of course it will be speedily introduced into general use, and will only be laid aside on the invention of a high-heel boot with the attachment of a low-pressure steam-engine, which, by dispensing entirely with muscular exertion in walking, will, in consequence, supersede the possibility of fatigue and necessity of rest.—*Knoxville Register.*

Caudled to Death.—A man named Huffman drowned himself in the Ohio Canal on the 7th ultimo, in consequence of his wife's tongue giving him no peace at home.

Choctaws.—There are now, (says the Missionary Hearld,) four female boarding schools among the Choctaws, sustained mainly from the public funds of the nation; but under the immediate care and instruction of the missionaries. In these and other schools connected with the mission, there are about two hundred and fifty pupils, of whom about one hundred are boarded in the mission families. There are also many schools taught on Saturday and the Sabbath, principally by Indian teachers, embracing 6 or 700 adults and children.

Duelists Incarcerated.—The St. Louis Gazette says: Messrs. Colt, Barr, and Wilson, the principals and participators in a duel fought a few months since in Illinois, are now undergoing ten days imprisonment in the county jail, having been sentenced for that time by the Judge of the Criminal Court.

From the Rhode Island Journal.

The "Progressive Democracy."

The dangerous form in which the radicalism of the day exhibits itself—doubly dangerous from the well-established fact that the more ultra the doctrines the more certain they are of the countenance and ultimate adoption of the Democratic party—is hardly appreciated by moderate men, who are unable to keep themselves acquainted with the onward tide of Democratic progress. There is in New York a body of ultra Locofocos styling themselves the National Reform Association. These are the men who first started the Sub-treasury scheme, and laid the foundations of the Locofoco party, which, although ridiculed and denounced by the Democratic organs at the time of its origin, soon swallowed the Democratic party, and forced all its worst doctrines into the creed of Democratic faith. These are the men who first stirred up the rebellion in Rhode Island, and who commenced the anti-rent agitation in New York.—Grown bolder by the success which they have met in their dictation to the radical party, they now avow all the doctrines of open agrarianism. The following extracts from some of their recent publications will show how far they are prepared to go:

"Every citizen of this State who has gone to the grave *landless* and *in poverty*, has *gone there a* PLUNDERED *man; plundered by society of his rights to a home*; and his life, in all probability, greatly shortened by the *robbery*, that a few might be surfeited to repletion. Every citizen of the State who has now *no right to a freehold*, is a PLUNDERED MAN of an inestimable right which *belongs to him by virtue of his existence. Every man has an indisputabl right and title to land enough to live upon; and no one has a just title to a foot more than is necessary for the subsistence of his family, while another is without land.* Land is an inalienable right.

PLAN OF RESTORING THE LAND OF NEW YORK TO THE PEOPLE.

To secure to every Farmer a Farm.

1. No one hereafter shall, under any circumstances, *become possessed of more than one hundred and sixty acres of land in this State.*

To secure to every Mechanic or Professional man a lot.

2. No one hereafter shall, under any circumstances, *become possessed of more than one lot* in a city or village, (the size of which may be regulated by the city or town authorities.)

To abolish at once the Feudal Tenures.

3. There shall be a special court of commissions, composed of land holders and (poor) lacklanders, proportioned to the numbers of their respective classes in the State, who shall, in all cases where land is held by a twenty years or more, a life, or a perpetual lease, determine, on principles of *equity*, (WITHOUT REGARD TO LEGAL WRONGS,) what (or whether any) compensation shall be paid to the *claimant in full extinguishment* of his claim.

To abolish mortgages.

4. The homstead lot or farm shall be inalienable except at the will of the occupant, and then only transferable to a landless person.

To abolish monopolies by never-dying bodies without souls.

5. Every corporation, of whatever name or nature, now holding land, shall be allowed *five years* to dispose of the same to landless persons, under the above restrictions, excepting the lots and buildings occupied for their business."

This in a few years is to be the established Democracy of the country; for this is the latest and the worst, and in no instance has the latest and the worst failed to be the most successful doctrine in the Democratic party. It follows from Dorrism, and Dorrism is modern Democracy, inevitably; for the "landless" exceed in numbers the landholders, and the power of the majority to overthrow the rights of landed property is just as plain as those other powers which have been claimed for it in this State.

Renewing the Old System.—Mr. Van Buren's plan of paying for writers, at the public expense, it seems, is renewed in good earnest by the present administraton. The Sub-Editor of the Union is said to be a clerk in the 6th author's office, at $400 per annum. The Philadelphia correspondent of the same paper is a Custom House officer, and it is not unlikely that the New York correspondent has a perquisite of the same sort. With such motives, who can doubt the value of "public opinion!"—*New York Express.*

A Good Joke.—The following is communicated to the Richmond Whig. Of course it is only intended as a joke;—

It is said that the day on which Mr. Clay arrived at the White Sulphur, Col. Singleton of South Carolina, had invited Mr. Andrew Stephenson, Judge Peter V. Daniel, and John Tyler, to take tea in his cabin. Mr. Clay being unaware of the fact, determined about twilight, to visit the Colonel. The three worthies above mentioned, had already arrived, before candles were lighted. Col. S. was standing in the door, as Mr. Clay approached. "How do you do, Mr. Clay?" said the Colonel, in a loud voice. Tyler sprang out of the window, ditto Peter V., Stephenson following suit. When the lights were brought, the Colonel was surprised to find that his visitors had sloped.