

**{NUMBER 197.**

Well, its all over, but I dont keer, theres as good fish in the sea as ever come outen it. Im not poor for the likes of Bill Warrick, havin now three sparks and one of them from Town, whose got a good grocery and leads the Quire at Church outer the Southern Harmony, the Mission Harmony is gone out n fashion.

From this delicious reverie I was aroused by the whistle of the engine, and the stopping of the cars. 'Thank you for your kindness, sir,' said another rising to leave. 'O! do you stop here!' I exclaimed quite aghast. I took the baby in my arms—yes, reader, in my own arms!—and followed with it to the door of the car. The mother received it

Uncle Ben's oldest gal Sulky is guine to marry a Virginny tobacker roler, named Saint George Drummon, and he says he is kin to Jack Randall and Pokerhunts, who they is the Lord knows.— Our Jack got his finger cut with a steal trap catchin of a koon for a Clay Club, and the boys is down on a tar raft, and old Miss Collis, and mammy is powerful rumatic, and the measly complaint is amazin. I jist heerd you have got twins agin—this lime-stone water must he astonishin curyos in its afflicts. What is the fashuns in Tennessee, the biggest sort of Bishops is the go here. My love to your old man, your friend.

NANCY GUITON.

with renewed thanks, and I had just commenced pouring forth a volley of heartfelt requests that they must leave us, when the bell rang and we were off again. I returned to my seat, but it looked desolate enough. I cast my eyes around the cars in hope to discover another baby. The search was vain, and I don't know how I should have become reconciled to my loneliness had not my eyes rested on my bouquet. Sweet visions of Margaret began to flit through my brain, and I sunk into another reverie, which was not disturbed till the bell rang again at the termination of the road. I started up, 'God bless the women!' was my involuntary ejaculation. Thank you, Sir!' said a little laughing beauty, who had occupied the seat behind me, and who now stood courtesying at my side. I blushed and glowed like a full-blown penny, and hiding my head behind my bouquet, rushed out of the car.

On the whole, though, I think I never enjoyed

for some more of escape. Alas! that vacant seat was anywhere visible. At this crisis of my discoveries, I might set for a model of Dismay. Had the lady been beautiful, or even pretty, my condition would have been endurable; but far from this, she was almost repulsively ugly. The baby was a little blue skinned, sickly thing, which looked as if it had been suckled by a bottle of stlimmed milk. Had I seen it in the street, I should have pitied it; but here, just beneath my eyes, a fellow prisoner in the same travelling car, it was too much! my very soul loathed it.

"Fortunately," thought I, "we are in a rail-road car—this purgatory will have an end. But my congratulations commenced too soon. There was a delay in starting. We set waiting a full ten minutes. The baby began to cry, and beg for 'mippy.' (I afterwards was informed by the mother that this was the baby-synonym for *milk*.) Mamma strove in vain to hush and quiet it. Numerous were her expedients to call its attention to surrounding objects. Her ingenuity amused me. 'It is baby of a better occupation,' thought I. The poor woman finding these efforts vain, com-

gle, which might be bloody, which might, indeed, involve not only the safety of his brigade, but his own future usefulness. Harry, however, with proper spirit, entreated not to be sent again to the offender, giving as a reason for his reluctance, that in consequence of the previous rudeness of the other, he was not in the mood to tolerate a repetition of the indignity, and might, if irritated, be provoked to violence. Marion then dispatched his orderly to the *South-Island*, and requested that he might see him at head quarters. He appeared accordingly, accompanied by the captain who had joined with him in the outrage, and under whose influence he appeared to act. Marion renewed his demand, in person, for the sword of Croft. The other again refused to deliver it alleging that Croft was a Tory, and even then with the enemy in Georgetown.

"Will you deliver me the sword or not, Major

nenced an attack upon baby's memory and imagination. Does Addy want a little black kitten with a white spot on its tail? Yes, Addy shall have a pretty little kitten with a white spot on its tail. — *Mother will go down to Miss Barnes, and get Addy a little kitten. Kitty! kitty! kitty! kitty!* — Come, kitty, and see Addy! Addy raised her head, and opened her large black eyes. Evidently imagination was not sufficiently active to change the figures upon the canvass carpet into 'a little kitten with a white spot on its tail,' for she screwed her little dirty face into a worse shape than before and broke into a loud scream.

Scissors! thought I, burying my face in a large

—? was the answer which Marion made to this suggestion.

—'I will not,' was the reply of the offender. — 'These words,' says Horry in the MS. before us, 'I could forbear no longer, and said with great warmth. — By G—d, sir, did I command this brigade, as you do, I would hang them both up in half an hour!' Marion sternly replied—'This is none of your business, sir: they are both before me!—Sergeant of the guard, bring me a file of men with loaded arms and fixed bayonets!' — 'I was silent,' adds Horry, 'all our field officers in camp were present, and

boquet I carried in my hand. The perspiration fell in big drops from my forehead. I wished myself a brick wall, though it is said that even walls have ears. At this moment, I felt something tugging away at one of the roses in my boquet. I looked up and found the *baby* had seized the choicest of the bunch, and was clenching it firmly in her dirty little fist. O, what desecration! My flowers, my beautiful flowers, presented to me by the lily hand of my lady-love, from whom I had just tenderly parted—my dear, beautiful flowers, to be mauled in this way by a little dirty, squalling baby! Bah! I was ready to faint.

I looked lightning, and was about to greet thunder, when I was arrested by—what do you guess, gentle readers? What do you suppose could have checked the righteous indignation of a spirit so out-

when the second refusal of the sword was given, they all put their hands to their swords in readiness to draw. 'My own sword was already drawn!'

"In the regular service, and with officers accustomed to, and bred up in, the severe and stern sense of authority, which is usually thought necessary to proper discipline, the refractory offender would most probably have been hewn down in the moment of his disobedience. The effect of such a proceeding in the present instance, might have been of the most fatal character. The *esprit du corps* might have prompted the immediate followers of the offender to have seized upon their weapons, and thought annihilated, as Horry tells us they would have been, yet several valuable lives might have been lost, which the country could ill have spared. The mutiny would have been put down, but at what a price! The patience and prudence of Marion's character taught him forbearance. His mildness, by nature,

gaged in its holiest and tenderest feelings? Pity my weakness, when I confess it was a *smile*—yes, a little smile from that little foolish baby! I could not help it—I strove against the infirmity—but soften my heart would, like snow in a south wind; and before I was aware of my danger, I had smiled in return!

"Pretty flowers, ain't they, Addy?" said the mother, casting down her eyes, modestly. "Forgive me, my beautiful Margaret; but there was something in that modest look that brought *thee* to my thoughts. All the soft, and all the heroic traits of woman's character occurred to me. Thinking of Margaret made me feel like a lover to the whole sex."

the offender entirely in the wrong, so justified his severity, as to disarm the followers of the criminals. These, as we have already said, were about sixty in number. Horry continues:— Their intentions were, to call upon these men for support—our officers well knew they meant, if possible, to intimidate Marion, so as to [make him] come into their measures of plunder and Tory killing'. The affair fortunately terminated without bloodshed. The prudence of the general had its effect. The delay gave time to the offenders for reflection. Perhaps, looking round upon their followers, they saw no consistent spirit of mutiny in their eyes encouraging their own; for 'though many of these refugees were present, none offered to buck or support the mutinous officers:—and when the guard that was ordered, appeared in sight, the companion of the chief offender was seen to touch the arm of the other who then proffered the sword to Marion, saying, 'General, you need not have sent for the guard.' Marion, refusing to receive it, referred him to the sergeant of the guard, and thus doubly degraded the dishonored major of Continentals—for he was such—disappeared from sight, followed by his associate. His father punishment was of a kind somewhat differing from those which are common

The woman isn't so ugly, after all,' though I—  
The mother is in her face!

Baby still clung to my flowers, looking up all the while, and smiling in my face. 'What does that smile insinuate?' thought I. 'Ah, the sex begin their arts early. The baby is certainly the mother of the woman. This little piece of coquetry here, has put on her pretty wiles to seduce a flower from me. Shall I be boy enough to yield? I pursed up my mouth, and locked together my teeth, resolving to come off victorious.

'The gentleman is very kind to let you look at his flowers, isn't he, Addy?' said the mother.—Heavens! how these words pierced my conscience! I 'kind'! No, I was the greatest churl in existence. What would Margaret have thought—my kind, gentle Margaret, who had collected these sweet flowers to cheer me on my journey? Would she not have deemed it a poor requital of her love to refuse a flower to a poor little suffering infant?—The blood rushed to my cheeks—my hand flighted among the roses—I drew one from the cluster I—I—I blush to confess it, dear reader—I gave it to THE BABY!

When I recovered from the shock which this folly gave me, I heard 'Addy' exclaiming loud and

County Court Clerk—C. T. Alexander Jr. office in Courthouse.  
 Recorder—Henry C. Owens.

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lights and the mother earnest gratitude. I don't know how it is, but there is something in a woman's thanks that goes directly to my heart. I commenced serious efforts to assist her in amusing her hungry child. Whenever the baby began crying for 'mippy,' I began conjuring up expedients to pacify her. I palloed out my gold repeater, and

As described in a letter from Miss Nancy Guiton  
to Polly Stroud  
To Miss Polly Stroud, nigh Knoxville, in the State  
of Tennessee, close by where the French Broad  
and Holston Jns. meet.  
Piney Bottom. }

this July 9 of 1844. }  
Miss Polly Stroud—dear madam—I now take  
my pen in hand of the present opportunity to let  
you know that we are all well, but I am perry in  
spirits hoping these few lines may find you the  
same, by gods mercy as I have been so mortified  
I could cry my eyes out bodily. Bill Warrick yes  
Bill Warrick is married to Barbary Bass! I said  
u done—a mean, nothin' but a mean, mean, mean

body to patch his close torn behind a making a dicky-  
doot of himself— cause his old nigger man-  
Venus was too lazy to mend em? Didnt I know  
him when he couldnt make a pot hook or a hanger  
in his copy b look to save his life, as for a maker of a  
S he always put it tther way, jic so 2 backwads.  
And then to say I were too old for him and that he  
always contected I was a sort of a sister to him!

O Polly Stroud, he is so likely particularly when he is dressed up on a Sunday or a frolic—and what is worse his wife is pretty too, I don't; and knowlege it here. Oly to think how I doted on him how I used to save boscim blossoms for him which sun people calls cennid shrubs—and how I used to put my hand in and pull them out for him, and how I used to blush when he sed thay was sweeter for comin from there they did? Who went blackberryin and huck-berriy with me?—who always rode to preachin with me and helped me on the horse? who made Pokeberry stais to

above that I got with that Clay just to spite Bill, for he is a rank distracted whif and secretary to the Clay Club—who always threaded my needle and has kissed me in particular, in playing kneeling to the wittiest bowing to the puttyist and kissin' of the m' you love best, and playin' Sister. Freeze and Oats, Peas, Beans and Barly grows at least one hundred times—Who waited as candle holder with me at

Tim Collins wedding, and said he knocked on the room bed head rather merry and took it at me. So uncommon and his eyes so blue that I felt my face burn for a quarter of an hour? who I do say was it but Bill Warlick—yes, and a hap more. If I haven't a grate mind to sue him, and would do it, if it wasn't I am afraid he'd show a Volturne, I write to him Feb'y a year ago.—He ought to be exposed, for if he is widdier heel foot somebody else the same way he did me. Is a burnin shame. I could hardly hold my head up at the wedding. If I hadn't of bin so mad and too proud to let him see

ducks and chickens fixins, and four uncommon fattest big gobblers roasted I ever seed. The Binky was dressed in a white muslin figured over a pink satin underpettycoat, with white gloves and satin shoes, and her hair a curlin down with a little rose in it, and a gold chain around her neck. I dont know whether it was real good or played. She looked buntful and

Bimby told me, "and the candidates" and two preachers and Col. Hard was there, and Bili nigger, the likeliest nigg of them you ever looked at, and when I did look at em and think I raly thought I should be broke my hart. Well shi kissin— several of the gals sed that there faces burnt like fire for one of the preachers and Col. Hard went shaved close.

Bimby I was a settin leanin back and Bili he come behin me, and sorter jerked me back and sneaked me powerful. We had a tight good laugh on old Parson Brown as he got through a married

"man and wife--salute your Bryde," and Bill looked horrid red, and Barbary trembled and blushed as astonished severe.

*Offenders and Defenders*.—The New Orleans Picayune gives the following amusing account of the examination of two juvenile Jimmy Twichers, before recorder Gonares. They rejoiced in the names of James Johnson and Joseph Brown, and were accused of abstracting cakes from a coffee stand in the market:

"Vy, ve sayeint guilty, of course," said Johnson; "no one aint bound to criminate himself."

"Yes, but you were seen taking the bread by the negro," said the Recorder.

"A negro ain't no witness against a white boy, no how you can fix it," said Brown—"And besides," said Johnson, "eakes aint bread no more nor fleas aint lobsters—so there can't be no indictment found for stealing it."

Brown—"Well, vot of it; it warnt no burglary, 'cause it was done in daylight, and there warnt no lock broken."

John on—"Yes and I should like to ask the gent'man as how he knows, s'pose we did take them, but that we meant to pay for them. It is not every one that takes things on credit as can be prosecuted for burglary, not by a long sho'."

Recorder--Both of you seem to have no inconsiderable experience, young as you are, in the rules of court and criminal practice--have you ever been up before a grand jury before?

Johnson--We are bound to answer that "ere question," cause our 'kracters haint been impeached.

Brown--(aside to Johnson)--"Right, Jim; mum's the word about 'kracters--guess we aint quite so green as we be."

Recorder--Well, I shall send both of you to the Work-house for thirty days; you are evidently too idle, too vicious, and I may add, too cunning, to be

Recorder—"At all events, I will send you to the work house for the present. I wish to see if I cannot learn something more about you."

The unanimous opinion of all the court who witnessed this "forensic" display was, that Masters Johnson and Brown are a most promising pair of youths and most probably destined, in the course of human events, to add to the productive industry of the State by a residence for a fixed term in the Baton Rouge.

**A FACTORY GIRL.** The Kennebec Journal gives the following description of the romantic adventures of a New England Factory girl:

"The young lady, whose name is Nathaniel

Years since, she obtained very liberal wages to go to Mexico, and engage in a factory just established there. She, with 8 others, accepted the offer.— While there, she became acquainted with Herrera, the present revolting and successful General, with whom she contracted marriage. She made a visit to her friends in Maine, last summer, during which she received frequent letters from Herrera. She left here in July or August last, for Mexico, via

New York, when she obtained a license, and was united in marriage to Gen. Herrera, by his representatives, and, being able to leave Mexico at will, she tendered herself to the authorities of both Protestants, and could not be married in Mexico, Catholic country. Herrera is now President of Mexico, having the head-quarters at the national palace in the city, and this Kennebec "Factory Girl" now revels in the Halls of the Montezumas. Gen. Herrera is of German extraction, and we are given to understand is an ardent admirer of the institution of slavery; and consequently, is opposed to the union of Mexico with the United States. Society, extensive in its ramifications already exists in

*Marriage of Adam and Eve.*—We like short courtships, and in this, Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Mr. Eve Eve, and she without any flirtation or shynece gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in matrimony, must have wished we were

We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The only light of heaven over the scene was the sun. Long it shined, but not too long.

One thing about this first wedding brings queer things to us in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the suggestions of theologians—mere babies—larger,