

POETRY.

From the "Gospel of Matthew," by the Rev. J. H. A. M. D. D.

THE CHIEF OF JUDAH.

"In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; because Daniel said to his brethren, and would not be comforted." (Matt. c. 13, v. 19.)

Heard in the voice of Judah's wail,
And Judah's wail is now a wail;
The wail that told the wail of his,
The wail that told the wail of his.

He is the bright and shining thing
That wail'd on earth the welcome strain;
And lo! in the wail of his,
That wail'd on earth the welcome strain.

For dark and sad is Bethlehem's fate,
Her valleys each with human blood;
Dreadful and wild is her gate,
And murder stalks in frantic mood.

At morn each mother's heart was light,
Her infant bloom'd upon her breast;
At eve each mother's heart was light,
Her infant bloom'd upon her breast.

And Rachel's burning tears are there—
O'er the wail of his, and wail of his;
Where the clasp'd hands, with flowers yet
Fair, bloom'd the center of death.

Woe was on childless mothers, woe!
Your babes are lost in one cold grave;
In Judah's wail of his, and wail of his,
Their blood is mingled with the wail of his.

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THE PRUDENT CHILD.

Sweet daughter of content!
Some weary years have pass'd,
Your future of the innocent
I need upon this last.

And still the thoughts of thee
Like a beam of light
That glances on life's troubled sea,
When all around is night.

I know not where thou art,
Maid and confiding one!
I only know that from my heart
Thy love has not grown cold.

Thy looks of glad surprise,
Thy smile of flowing jet,
Thy smooth brow, and thy earnest eyes,
I never shall forget.

I will believe that time
Has pass'd and hasn't then not,
That thou has been a faithful friend,
A calm and loyal lot.

That still the brow is fair,
The heart serene and mild,
That thou art still unchanged by care—
A happy Prudent Child!

THE DEATH OF NEW ENGLAND.
New England's dead—New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
The bloody sods lie.

Rich valleys where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beside the brave New England sword
With slumbering slumber lie.

Rich homes are on the Northern hills,
And on the Southern plain;
The smoke and steel, the battle still,
And the wail of his, and wail of his.

The land is hush where they fought,
And hush where they fell;
For by their deeds that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.

Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored champions of the land;
Oh, few and weak their numbers were;
A handful of brave men.

But to their God they gave their prayer,
And asked to battle then,
The God of Freedom heard their cry,
And sent to them his power.

There fell the algonquians in the month,
Their spears and hands without a fold,
The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his.

The corn half-earner on the plain,
And wail of his, and wail of his;
For wail of his, and wail of his,
For wail of his, and wail of his.

To right those wrongs, come wail, come wail,
To right those wrongs, come wail, come wail;
To right those wrongs, come wail, come wail,
To right those wrongs, come wail, come wail.

And where are you, oh fearless men?
And where are you to-day?
I tell the little wail of his,
I tell the little wail of his.

That on old England's lonely hills,
In Freedom, and in Monmouth, grain,
The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his.

The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his;
The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his.

The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his;
The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his.

The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his;
The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his.

The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his;
The wail of his, and wail of his,
The wail of his, and wail of his.

ACROSTIC ON THE

Spring's fragrant blooms—and Summer's blushing rose;
On all incarnated nature, we prove;
No fall the wail of his, and wail of his,
No fall the wail of his, and wail of his.

Spring's fragrant blooms—and Summer's blushing rose;
On all incarnated nature, we prove;
No fall the wail of his, and wail of his,
No fall the wail of his, and wail of his.

Spring's fragrant blooms—and Summer's blushing rose;
On all incarnated nature, we prove;
No fall the wail of his, and wail of his,
No fall the wail of his, and wail of his.

VARIETY.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STUDENT.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Shakespeare.

I scarcely know of a more delicious
sensation than that which is experi-
enced by a contemplative young man
at college, when he has completed

his afternoon lesson, and, after an
early tea, takes his seat by a window
of his room, commanding some min-
gled view of town and country, in
the garniture of summer. Such a

scene as is afforded at this hour, in a
majority of those larger institutions
of learning which are scattered over
this country, and are, for the most
part placed in romantic situations,
cannot be overpraised. The slanting

sunlight, poured upon the distant
hills, and illuminating with the radi-
ance of departing day some interven-
ing lake or river; the tranquilizing

feeling which fills the mind on such
occasions—and the calmness of na-
ture, which then approaches as if in
unison—all conspire to make the
scene pleasant, and to fill the spirit,

when waking, with imaginations of
peace.

On such an evening as this, many
years ago, I was leaning in dim ab-
straction by my casement, in the plea-
sant seminary of H—, one of the
most delightful towns in our country.

Before me, was extended a scene of
surpassing beauty. A glittering bay
spread its blue waste of waters in the
distance, to the south; over which,
like winged spirits, just on the verge

of the horizon, moved a number of
ships, their sails brightened in the
evening sun. To the east, swelled
up a delightful scene of mountains,

broken precipitously, in some places
bare with masses of dark rock; in o-
thers, clothed with heavy verdure to
their summits, which waved with every

breath of the refreshing wind that
fanned their long array. Beneath
me, lay a city of gardens, and of houses
within them; an *urban* in *rural*,
whose streets were every where be-
studded with trees, and filled with as-
pects of neatness and quietude. Of-
ten as I had looked from that point

upon the same objects, they never
before had appeared to me so su-
premely charming. I looked, and
mused; I hummed over the earliest
songs that I had learned in my child-
hood, as one is apt to do when all at
once, until I became at last rapt in a com-
plete reverie. Now and then, the
landscape and the water would seem
dim to my vision; anon it would
brighten upon my view like a sun-
burst. At such an hour, however,

the sweetest impressions are too vague
to linger; the thoughts of the heart
come and go like the clouds of the
summer or the dews of the morning;
as pleasing to the eye and as precious
to the bosom, but as fitful as they.

My thoughts, as they rose languidly
and passed imperceptibly, for a few
moments in my mind, at that time,
cannot describe. They came indolently,
and their exit was tranquil. But this
trance was designed to be of short
duration. A garden, of which my
window commanded a direct and
delectable view, lay beneath my eyes.

It was attached to the residence of my
first and only love; the divinity of
my college hours—cherished, even
beyond my beau ideal of Hebe or the
Venus de Medici. Sweet Florence
Howard! I have seen many of thy
sex, but none like thee! How often
have I sat and watched the brightness
of thy brow—the soft expression of
thy dark blue eyes—the smile of in-
nocent affection which parted thy ripe,
thy blushing lips, only to disclose the
radiant pearls between—the blush
which mantled over thy peach-like
cheek, until it seemed to tinkle thy
thoughts, and to portray every change
of thy guileless spirit. Perhaps I
may be thought a rhapsodist by the
world; I can only say, I am writing
of thee; and as my pen, moved by my
heart, courses over the page, which
records thy loveliness, I feel alone in
a world which my thoughts cannot
move, and where my memories are
of little value—lost, useless, or sym-
pathy.

I have said my window looked
down upon the garden of the How-
ards. It was an Eden-like spot; fill-
ed with every thing, in summer, that
could delight the eye or the sense;
pleasant walks, sparkling fountains,
delicious fruits. Thither, in the cool
of the day, as twilight was drawing
in, it was the custom of Florence to
walk with her little sister, and instruct
her in her early botanical studies.

At such times I caught her glance of
recognition, as she looked up bright-
ly towards my casement, and made
the scene—like the "beautiful lady,"
in Spencer's Fairy Poem—more beau-
tiful as she smiled amidst its enchant-
ments. On this occasion, her saluta-
tion, as our eyes met, appeared to me
more fascinating than ever. In-
imitable grace seemed to breathe in

her every movement. She was dressed
in simple white; one of those large
red roses which you find sometimes
in June, was placed carefully in the
bosom of her rich auburn hair; and I
felt a safety as I gazed upon her, that
I was distant for I thought, were I
walking with her, in that sweet re-
cess, I could scarcely refrain from
stealing the rose, or from clasping her
waist to my bosom.

I was still lingering and gazing,
when a turn in the walk hid Florence
from my view. At that moment, I
saw a dark form stealing down the
avenue. When I caught a fair
glimpse of the person, I discerned the
features of a young man, a fellow stu-
dent, a classmate, who had always
regarded me with enmity, because,
as he declared, I had usurped the at-
tentions of Florence Howard, which
were likely, at one time, to have been
bestowed upon him. This assertion,
as I learned, he had trumpeted thro'
the town; but I had been authorized
by Florence to give it the fullest con-
tradiction. We were both in our sen-
ior year; and the jar between us
made much talk in the community; I
had kept aloof from him, however; I
always deemed, that where we meet
with the malignant or unworthy, the
only course, after discovering them,
is to let them go their own ways, con-
soling ourselves with the self-respect-
ful sentiment that the world is "large
enough for us both." Such were my
thoughts towards Reginald Burham.

They were awakened, however, in a
different train, as I saw him in the
garden, and hunting the footsteps of
Florence Howard. What could he
desire there, from one whom he had
slandered unjustly with the name of
coquette?

While these fancies were revolving
in my mind, Florence emerged from
the grove of fruit trees through which
she had walked, and was proceeding al-
ong to the furthest extremity of
the garden, where were clustered to-
gether a few sprays of moss-roses,
that received and repaid her pecu-
liar care. Presently, Reginald's form
also appeared beneath the trees.

My heart was in my eyes. I watched
him in envy, and observed, beneath
the folds of his vest, the glittering
barrel of a pistol. I sprang from the
window in a moment; and, swinging
from the shutter, rested my foot upon
the key stone of the casement below,
then grasping strongly the two fasten-
ing knobs of the blinds beneath, I was
on the ground in the quickness of
thought. I sped like a Centaur over
the few yards between the window and
the garden-wall, over which I leaped
with the ease of a practised voltigeur.

Fear, and love for the object whose
danger had awakened it, lent me wings.
I rushed over flower-beds and tender
plants, without a care for their fate;
and with cautious steps I approached the
maudlin Reginald. He was with-
in a few paces of Florence, who had
not observed him. My approach to
Burham was unheeded. Just as I had
reached him so closely, as to place my
arm upon his shoulder, he drew the
pistol, which he was in the act of fir-
ing at the innocent and unsuspecting
Florence. "Watch!" I exclaimed, as
he caught his desperate aim. He un-
derstood my warning, for his face was
livid with passion. "I said he, sternly,
"unhand me!" I held his arm with the fierce-
ness of the tiger; he turned the pis-
tol towards me, but with my left hand
I warded it off, and it was discharged
full in his temples; the blood coursed
down over his neck and breast; I
heard a faint shriek of horror; I saw
him falling at my feet—I caught the
deadly weapon from his hand as he
fell—I knew no more.

When I was again restored to con-
sciousness, I found myself in the of-
fice of the city magistrate. A corner's
inquest had been convened, and a
verdict of wilful murder had been
returned against me. In a few hours
I was in prison; in a few days I was
condemned to die.

The quick succession of these dread-
ful incidents stupified my mind, and
made every thing about me seem sha-
dowy and unreal. A horrid torpor
seemed to rest upon my intellectual
faculties; my face grew pale and
lead-colored; and, a some melancholy
but would come flitting, at night-
fall, into my cell, and thousands of
gloomy associations disturbed my tan-
gled senses; I felt like a condemned
spirit in its place of preliminary pun-
ishment.

At length the time of my execution
drew nigh. I counted the long, long
hours, as they passed, and mingled
into days, and the days as they blend-
ed into an aggregate of weeks, until
my heart sunk within me. Every cir-
cumstance was against me, and I had
no reason to hope for pardon. I had
been found with the pistol in my hand
—Reginald Burham was known to
be my rival, by his own declaration;
and poor Florence, who faints as
soon as she turned to see us in mur-
derous strife, could give no account
of what afterwards befell. I was left
without mercy—a criminal, and alone.

One day, as the faint light of the
sunset reflected from the opening cor-
ridor upon the grated window of my
apartment, I heard the sweet sound of
the city bells. What a throng of hal-
lowed recollections did they awaken
in my soul! I pictured to my fancy
the throngs that were then pressing to
the porch of the sanctuary over the
fresh green which spread before it;
and among them, perhaps, my Flo-
rence Howard. It was my last Sun-
day. The next Friday, I knew, was
the day on which I was to suffer.

My heart was moved with a strange
mixture of imagination and reality. I
began to doubt my sanity. As the
music of the bells continued to come,
mildly and softly, to my ear, my heart
melted, and I sobbed like a child. I
was the inmate of a dungeon—brand-
ed as a murderer, and about to die
with a stain upon my name. I leaned
my head upon my hands, and said
down upon my law, damp her hair
with an agony which was indescriba-
ble.

At this heavy moment, which seem-
ed steeped with "winners of a row,"
I heard a light step approaching the
door of my cell. In a twinkling it
was opened, and I found myself in the
presence of Florence Howard! Nev-
er had I beheld her so lovely. She
had come to release me. She had
prevailed upon the jailer to favor
her plans, so far as to permit her to
visit my dungeon. Oh, God! who
can describe the grateful surprise of
that delightful interview! She had
a key to unlock the door at the end
of the corridor which opened into an ob-
scure street, in the rear of the prison.
All the town was at church; the street
was dark, and the time propitious.
Our design admitted of no delay.

With the quickness of a breeze, I
drew my lacerated hand through the
shackle which held me to the "leath-
ern chain" of my cell; and, in an in-
stant, noiseless as the night, the door
at the end of the corridor was opened
—locked without—and I found my-
self in the open air of heaven, with
the dearest object of my earthly affec-
tion! If I possessed the inspiration of
that great apostle who was "in perils
often," and always delivered, I could
not describe my transport—my agony
of delight—it that heavenly surprise
I pressed my deliverer to my heart.
We hastened towards the bay—a faith-
ful servant with a carriage soon con-
veyed us to the boat, by the shore;

and before I could indulge my feel-
ings in words, we were on board—a
ship, that moved rapidly over the dan-
gling waves from the land. As we
waved our adieu to the returning do-
mestic, and saw the town and the
mountains recede, we wept like child-
ren. The moon had arisen like a lamp
of gold into the sky; the stars were
burning along the blue abyss of he-
ven as the Queen of Night careered among
them, and threw her radiance upon
the waters; the spicy airs from the
shore breathed fragrance around us;
and the distant verdure of the trees
appeared waving and smiling in joy
at our freedom.

It seemed a brief interval, indeed,
in which we stood at the prow, gazing
upon the scene around us. Florence
was standing with me; her white
hand was in mine, and with one near-
ing, she breathed her words of fidelity.
It was, let me repeat it, a moment of
unsullied rapture:—

"For as I pressed her gentle form,
And heard her faithful vow—
Her sigh upon my lip was warm—
Her tears were on my brow."

Suddenly, a low cloud, which hung
in the southern horizon, came upward
into the zenith, murmuring as it rose;
the winds freshened into a gale, and
soon the lightnings began to cast
their livid gleam upon the high and
booming surges, that seemed to echo
to the bellowing thunders, as they
rolled over the turbulent waste of
foam and darkness. The waves rose
higher and higher—the ship reeled
and plunged in the tempest—the wa-
ters rushed over the deck—I saw
Florence swept from my grasp, with-
out the power to save her—I attempt-
ed to follow, and—awoke in my cell.

My deliverance was but the dream
of a captive—and, with a sick and
heavy heart, I awaited the time of my
execution.

It came at last. I was placed
amidst a crowd, to be conveyed to the
place where I was to suffer. I recol-
lect of seeing many friends among the
multitude; and I heard from many
lips, expressions of pity. My fellow
students had collected in a band to-
gether; and I was informed by the
officer, that they had prevailed upon
the authorities to have me shot, in-
stead of hanged. A remnant of proud
gratitude lingered in my bosom, that
I was not to suffer the ignominy of
being suspended between earth and
heaven, as if unworthy of either.

The long procession came at length
to a rising upland, at the distance of
about half a mile from the town. I
was removed from the carriage in
which I had been placed, and which
was followed by a hearse, and was led
by the sheriff to a low platform, on the
apex of a mound, in front of which, at
the distance of a few yards, a file of
soldiers, six in number, were drawn
up in murderous array. Here I was
requested to take a last look of the
earth, before I knelt to have my eyes
blindfolded, upon the platform. I
stood up, with a feeling as if "a thou-
sand hearts were swelling" within me.
It was about mid day; the glorious
summer sun was unobscured by a
cloud; and as I looked beyond the
vast multitude about me, upon the
distant hills, the mountains with the
perpetual vines between them—the
bay, sleeping in its calm beauty, a
waste of blue so ethereal in its aspect
as to seem another sky—I felt an ele-
vated sentiment of unconscious bliss-
fulness, and an assurance of men-
tal strength which I cannot de-
scribe. I repeated to the crowd the
facts of Burham's death. I described
how the deadly weapon had been
turned upon himself in our struggle;
and I concluded with these solemn
words—they were expressed from the
bottom of my heart: "I call heaven
and God to witness that I am pure
from any man's blood; I have made
my life the forfeit of my duty. I die
innocent." As I said this, I saw in
a carriage near at hand, the father of
Florence Howard. I drew from my
finger a ring which she had given
me; one from my mother, both of
which I wore. I gave them into the
possession of the sheriff, with a re-
quest that they might be conveyed,
by Mr. Howard, to the beloved gi-
ver—me of whom was far distant
on a bed of sickness; the other, in
the same condition, though nearer at
hand.

A prayer was now uttered; and the
officer approached to blind my eyes.
"No!" I exclaimed, with a voice treas-
urous from emotion—"I will die
like a man who knows his blameless-
ness, and is prepared to taste of death
with an unflinching lip, and with a
steadfast eye." I knelt upon the plat-
form; I looked around, with unutter-
able sensations; for my bosom la-
bored as with the compressed agony
of a century of pain. To every
one, life is dear; we shrink from the
dark valley, even when we are most
assured "what shadows we are," and
what shadows we pursue." I now
bent my place earnestly, and without
wavering, upon the soldiers; the pre-
paratory order of "ready!" and
"aim!" tingled upon my ear, and
sent the blood chill and curdling to
my heart. "Fire!" I heard; then a
peal of thunder burst upon my hear-
ing; I saw with a dimming eye, the
purple current of life gushing over my
hands which were folded on my
breast—I attempted to speak—I strug-
gled with the grim monster—I spoke!

Yea, reader, it was a summer vis-
ion, by my college window—a dream
within a dream, which I cannot recal-
l to my mind, even after the lapse of
many years, without a shaking and
tearful ideal, but the picture of Flo-
rence Howard, and the sketch of
Burham, who was afterwards found to
ack my pardon for his original of-
fences. The bells which I heard in
my visionary prison, were those of the
chapel for evening prayers; they fell
upon my dreaming ear, and increased
the trouble of my numbers. I awoke
to see the garden in reality, by a love-
ly moonlight; I have since lived to pos-
sess its fair tenant—to find her all that
heart can desire; to enjoy an estate
aljoining that beautiful enclosure; and
to relate to a charming daughter, as
she sits upon my lap, in the presence of
her chastened and kind mother, the de-
tails "The Captive's Dream."

CUSTOMS DOWN EAST.
We find in the Boston Transcript, a
curious account of the celebration of
"The two hundredth Anniversary of
the Thursday Lecture," which took
place on Thursday week, in the First
Church, in Chancery Place. Approp-
riate religious exercises were per-
formed by the congregation, and a
discourse pronounced by Mr. Frothing-
ham, pastor of the Church. Some idea
of the character of this celebra-
tion, may be gleaned from the fol-
lowing half-serious half humorous
description, furnished by the bachelor
of the Transcript.

It is well known to our readers,
that they who propose to commit
matrimony and lay their heads to-
gether to make long nights short, are
not permitted so to do until the City
Clerk has "out published" them. This
very interesting prefatory cere-
mony takes place, according to ancient
usage, at the Thursday Lectures of
the First Church, and it is said, on
what authority we cannot divine, but
it is generally so reported and cred-
ibly opined, that the audience on those
occasions consist chiefly of ladies of a
certain age who have been unfortu-
nate in the current of their love, and
found themselves, at eight bells, high
and dry on a lee shore. Of this scan-
dal we do not believe one word, al-
though as the practice of "out pub-
lishing" at the First Church has exist-
ed since the year 1639, we cannot
vouch for what may have been the

custom in the days of our three great
grand aunts.

Touching the marriage contract,
we have a word of consolation for the
feminine moiety of the conjugal
worthy their remembrance. A large
portion of the sex have been "fright-
ed from their propriety" by a "romantic
belief, founded on the ex-catho-
dral assertion of a marvellously lea-
ned ancient and fish-like Judge, of
the British Realm, that a man has by
nature a right perfect and indisposi-
ble, to anoint his woman with a rod,
provided always it be no bigger than
his thumb.

The whole story is ridiculous and
not worth one moment's consideration.
It may be Common Law in Old Eng-
land, but it is positively against the
Statute Law in New England—and
conscientious men are gallant and val-
orous forlathers in this respect, and
the very first section of the chapter of
recorded Acts respecting marriages
and married persons provides that no
man shall strike his wife, nor any
woman her husband, (mark that later
clause, ye damels,) on the penalty of
such fine, not exceeding ten pounds,
(corrupts of those times, say about
833 33,) or such corporal punishment
as the court shall determine. This
law was passed in 1650, has never yet
been repealed, and is worthy of all re-
membrance.

PLAYING PIG AND PUPPY.
The Editor of the New York Trav-
eller, &c. &c., calls upon us to
explain the meaning of the old Eng-
lish phrase "Playing Pig and Puppy,"
which, a few days since, we applied
to the political course of a contem-
porary "d. w. east." As we are always
pleased to gratify the curiosity of our
friends, and especially when we have
been the means of exciting it, we have
rummaged over our collection of old
provincial anecdotes for the purpose
of ascertaining the original of the ex-
pression, which is often applied to men
who are sometimes one thing and
sometimes another in matters of poli-
tics, religion, &c.

In good old times, when it was the
custom, and it certainly was a very
laudable one, to remember the person
in debt, rather than in tongue, as is
too much the case at the present day,
a gentleman farmer—it was in Con-
necticut—sent his servant, a colored
man, with a fine fat pig to the min-
ister. The pig was carefully deposited
in a basket, and closely secured, by
having a nice white napkin tied over
it. On his way to the minister's he
called at the house of a black friend,
and sat the basket down at the door.
While he was within, some roguish
wag without took out the pig and put
it in a puppy. On his arrival at the min-
ister's, the servant informed him his
master had sent him with a fine fat
pig for a roaster, for thanksgiving.

The minister took the basket, and lo-
cated back Cuffee with thanks to his
master for a acceptable present. On
opening the basket, he was perfectly
astonished to find a puppy instead of
a pig, and he called on Cuffee to take
back the present to his master, and tell
him he did not thank him for the im-
position. Cuffee, alarmed at the sud-
den transmigration of a valuable pig
into a useless puppy, started back in
haste to make his master acquainted
with the astonishing fact, but happen-
ed to stop at the same house and set
the basket in the same place. During
the time he was relating the strange
circumstance to his friends, the wag
took out the puppy and replaced the
pig in the basket. Cuffee went home
and told his master that the minister
was offended by his sending him a
puppy. His master insisted that it
was not a puppy, but a pig, and, to
satisfy him of the fact, opened the ba-
cket, and Cuffee was completely con-
founded. After looking for a time in
horror, he exclaimed, "Well, massa,
I believe he be de debil, for he can
be a pig or a puppy jes as he please."

[From the New England Weekly Review.

DEATH OF CALVIN EDSON.
It is stated, on the authority of the
Woodstock Courier, that Mr. Calvin Ed-
son, well known as the "Living Skeleton,"
died a few days since at his residence in
Randolph, (Vt.). It is added, that his
body was taken from the tomb the night
after its interment, and it is rumored
that some young men belonging to the Medical
Class at Hanover, are suspected, and that
two of them have been arrested for the
offence.

Jailor's Notice.
TAKEN UP, and committed to the Jail
of this County, on the 23 day of November,
1833, a Negro Man, who says his name is
NELSON.

Who appears to be between thirty five and
forty years old; five feet six inches high; has
a small mole on the right side of his face, and
the nose on other marks perceptible. He says
he is a bricklayer, and was hired to build
Michael, of Columbus, Georgia, from whose
vice he was seconded on Sunday night the 13th
of October last. He says he belongs to John Wal-
ford, living about 7 miles from Columbus.
His owner is requested to come forward
prove property, pay charges, and take him
away. JOHN M. THOMAS, Jailor.
Lexington, Davidson Co., N. C.
November 16, 1833.

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