

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROMISED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE SEVERAL STATES, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article I.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,  
Editors and Proprietors.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### IDA ROSENHEIM.

#### A TALE OF THE CONTINENTAL CHOLERA.

The pestilence was spreading widely at Berlin, and hourly were new victims offered up at the altar of despair; but in the palace of Rosenheim all was still the same uninterupted festivity.—Guests disappeared from the banquet and revellers from the wassail board; but Herman of Rosenheim blushed not at their absence, and the laugh, and the wine-song were heard echoing through the lonely square long after the midnight chimes. Ida, the beautiful Ida, was ever the splendid mistress of the feast, till the revel began to grow warmer and wilder, and she fled away to her chamber, and casting aside her glittering robes and braided pearls, wept long and sadly for the coming rain of her house. Every fatal exclamation of her father struck harshly upon her, for she knew that the Demon of Gaming was in his heart, and in every laugh there seemed to her a tone that sounded like the echo of its fiendish mockery. Yet she silently bore the loss of the ancestral jewels of her race, though she knew the diamonds and sapphires, the opals and jacinths, which had adorned the departed beauties of Rosenheim, were nightly cast away by her father as lightly as her own fair hands would shake off, the dew drops from a rose bud. One string of pearls (a rosary of the Virgin) alone remained to deck the last daughter of the house of Rosenheim, when she presided at her father's table; but many there thought the rich gleam of her jewels, pouring like a veil of golden silk over her brow and bosom, and the violet light of her modest eyes, were lovelier in their undimmed beauty, than when the pearls were gathered in her hair, like snow amid sunshine, and diamonds chased her robe from apple to bosom. Ida had remarked that Otto of Wolfstein, to her the most disagreeable of her father's associates, had lately become peculiar in his attentions, and dissembling in his assidues and saw her father smile as her white hand trembled in the eager grasp of Otto's, as he led her to her seat, or knelt before her as she touched her fate, with an air of romantic gallantry.

Love, the lost Elysium of the soul, the true Paradise which fled our first parents as they struck beneath the primal curse, had never yet touched the pure heart of Ida; it was the theme of all around her, the burthen of the songs her own sweet sighing voice poured forth to the response of her lute; but to her it was as yet the ideal of the passion—a word of enchantment, having no master power over the tabernacle of her thoughts.—Count Otto had a face and form calculated at the first glance to call forth a feeling of admiration; his courtly address and easy gait, seemed as if they might win him the world; but a careful observer of his faultless face could see that all was not bright beneath, and his large and singularly radiant eyes, had an indescribable meaning in their glance, at times from the glazer shrunk, and knew not why. His addresses soon became too pointed to be mistaken even by the simplicity of Ida; but love, the angel of Eden, came not to brighten her heart with his celestial visitings.

She was sitting alone one night, listening, with an evil divining spirit, to the frantic murmur of the group in the banquetting room, when hurried steps were heard in the corridor, and her father suddenly entered the chamber, and closing the door looked upon her in silence; he was pale, and his high and haughty features had a strange sternness in them; the thick heavy curls were shaken back from his lofty forehead, and Ida trembled as she met his fixed and fearful glance. Pushing aside her embroidery frame, she rose to meet him, but with a rapid step he approached, and seizing her hands exclaimed,

"Ida! my daughter, tremble not; thou art my only child, thy beauty is my price! My idol! born to preserve thy father, should I not triumph when I look upon thee?"

"Thou art my fate, father," murmured Ida; "I understand thee not—thy looks are strangely altered!"

"Look, girl! I tell thee my destiny is changed. The lord of Rosenheim is a beggar! and thou and I are outcasts; to-night we must go forth alone and unattended; thou hast no longer a home, Ida, but in a father's heart! Shrink not, maiden, thou hast taken pearls from thy hair, and rubies from thy brow at my bidding, knowest thou for what purpose? They were offerings to ruin, to that destruction which has reached us both; to-night I have lost all, name, fame, home and honor! I saw my last possession fall from me, and when I looked upon the face of my destroyer, the fiend awake in my heart. What hell has the gambler to bid? he can bear that of his own heart, and how could the unlike of a demon invent a subtler torture? I sought by fraud, nay, sick not, girl! thy father Herman Rosenheim, sought by fraud to win again what he had lost—was detected—and yet he lives!"

As he spoke thus, he cast aside the dark folds of his cloak and drew a pistol suddenly from his belt. His daughter shrank with a faint shriek upon her knees, and, catching his arm, looked up into his face with the wild helplessness of terror; her fair hair, breaking from its silken fillet, streamed over her white garments to the very floor of the chamber; and as the clear light of the silver lamp shone upon the pale and sculpture-like beauty of Ida, and the dark convulsed features of her father, they seemed like the impersonations of Pity and Revenge.

There was a moment's pause, and Rosenheim,

throwing aside his pistol, suddenly raised his daughter from the ground, clasped her passionately to his heart, burying his face in the profusion of her tresses, as he wept upon her shoulder. "Ida! Ida!" he whispered, "my daughter, wilt thou not save thy father? my fate is in thy hands—Otto of Wolfstein—he alone knows my guilt—he alone is the possessor of mine inheritance, and he asks but thy hand, Ida—thy love, Ida!—answer me!"

"What, am I the murderer of my child?" he exclaimed, as her head fell powerless on his arm, and her cold white hands released their clasp. Calling aloud for help, he laid her on a couch near him, and pouring curses on himself he knelt by her side till, by the assistance of her maidens, the blue eyes of the devoted girl once more opened consciousness, and bursting into tears, she threw herself fondly into his trembling arms.

Some days passed away, and Ida, whose sweet and lovely nature could not resist her father's pleadings, faintly gave her consent to receive Otto as her future husband. But she soon found there must be no delay. The ardent lover himself fixed the day; and to Ida, whose nameless apprehensions of her future lord increased every moment, it came too soon.

On the eve of the bridal, as she sat attired for the banquet, awaiting her father's summons, the death bell struck upon her ear, and from her attendant she heard that it was for the Baroness Theresa, the cousin of the Count Otto, who had that day sunk, in the freshness of her youth, beneath the destroying pestilence. Ida felt a cold chill at her heart as she listened to these words, and in the splendour of the festival they were not forgotten. Count Otto presented her to the assembled guests as his intended bride; and with courtly grace, as she entered, he knelt at her feet, and clasping a diamond bracelet on her white arm, murmured—"Ida! may this bridal gift be with thee even in death, unchanging as the love of Otto!" She smiled, and the accompanying blush gave to her innocent beauty a radiance with which it seldom sparkled. As soon as she reached her chamber, she unlocked the bracelet to examine its gorgeous, yet delicate workmanship, and amid the rich filigree of its enamelled clasp, read the name of Theresa Wolfstein!

Morning came, bright and glorious, and early was the hour when Ida of Rosenheim was to plight her faith to the gallant Otto, and her attire maidens entered her chamber with smiles and eager steps, bearing the bridal garments, and aerial veil; the lady sat upon a low couch, seemingly asleep, her head resting on her arm; she still wore the white satin robe in which she had been attired the preceding evening, but its full and graceful folds were much disordered, the jewelled clasps of her bodice were torn, and the delicate lace which shielded her fair neck seemed as if cut from it in a convulsive struggle. Her hair had fallen from its confinement, and hid her face as she lay; her favorite maidens gathered up her long curls, and looking down uttered one shrilling shriek, and fell senseless on the ground. Decay and death were on the features then disclosed, and the angel of the pestilence had poured forth the vial of its wrath on the last descendant of the House of Rosenheim.

## EARTH'S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH.

[BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.]

Earth's children cleave to earth—her frail  
Decaying children dread decay;  
You wreath of mist that fancies the vale,  
And I mean in the morning ray,  
Look how by mountain rivulet,  
It lingers as it upward creeps,  
And clings to fern and copsewood set;  
Along the green and dewy steep:  
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings  
To precipices fringed with grass,  
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,  
And bowers of fragrant aspen-leaf.  
Yet all in vain—it passes still  
From hold to hold, it cannot stay  
And in the very beams that fill  
The world with glory wastes away,  
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,  
It vanishes from human eye,  
And that which sprung of earth is now  
A portion of the glorious sky.

## MAN SOMETIMES A VEGETABLE.

The amusing "Georgia Lawyer," (no less a personage than the Hon. Judge Charlton, Mayor of Savannah,) in the last Knickerbocker, gives the following anecdote, in proof of his position, that man is sometimes nothing more than a vegetable.

"Two friends, and brother lawyers of mine, were travelling, some years since, on the circuit. Their route led them across the sandy hills that form the northern boundary of the Altamaha, one of the noble rivers of our beautiful State. These hills, or ridges however, are as barren and desolate as Arabia Petrea. You might plant a Yankee tree, and he would not grow! Perhaps after the asser-tion, it would be surgeside to say that no effort of industry or ingenuity could coax a blade of grass to rear its head above the sterile soil. It was a rainy, gloomy day, and after travelling for some time, without encouraging any signs of human life, their hearts were cheered by the sight of the 'smoke that so gracefully curled,' and they knew, forthwith, that a cottage was near. And sure enough, there it was. A clumsy, ill shaped log hut, with interstices, or to speak more classically, 'chinks,' wide enough to throw a sizeable bear through.

My friends dismounted and entered. A fire of pine wood, or light wood, as it is technically called, in the clay chimney. In one corner of the fire place were huddled a baker's dozen of yellow complexioned brats. A tall gaunt female, with long un-combed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor, while in front of the fire, and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat the 'lord of the soil,' shivering under the malign influence of a tertian ague.

"Good morning, my friend," said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

"Morning!" was the laconic and echo-like reply. (I believe that it is an incorrect expression. Echo-like a woman gives the last word.)

"Fine situation you have here," resumed my brother attorney.

"Fine d—!" responded the host: "what's it fine for?"

"Why, I should suppose you would have good sport here, in hunting."

"Then you suppose a great tie. You can't hunt, excepting you got something to hunt at, kin you?"

"No; that's a very clear case; I thought however that so near the river, there were plenty of deer. Still if it is not a good hunting ground, it is a fine place for raising cattle."

"It is, it is! 'Spoken' the cattle gets in the swamp, and the river rises 'pon 'em, and the floods don't get out of the way, but get drowned! How you gwine to raise 'em then, eh?"

"That certainly is very bad," continued my indefatigable friend; but there is one comfort left you. If you have not the best hunting ground, nor the greenest pasturage, you have what is better than the monarch's diadem, or the highest niche in the temple of Fame; you have health."

"Have, have I, stranger! Don't you see them yaller-complected critters in the corner there?—Them's got health, ain't they? The old woman there has got it, ain't she? And look at me, with this cursed ager shaking my bones to a jelly!—You call that health don't you?"

"Look here my friend," exclaimed my brother chip, "answer me this question, and I won't ask you another. If you can't get anything to grow here, and nothing to hunt; if all your cattle drown, and your family are all the while sick; why in the name of common sense, do you not up sticks and be off? Why do you stay here?"

"Oh, cause the light-wood knots are so 'mazing handy!"

Gentle reader—look me steadily in the face. Upon your honor, as a gentleman, (or lady,) do you believe that was an animal? Do you think that a real genuine man, or brute, would have remained his whole life, under the circumstances, in such a spot? No, you don't. Now that is what I call a man of the vegetable species. I can't tell whether vegetables think or not, but if it does, I will bet my spectacles against the prettiest lady's eyes in the country, that the man's idea of heaven was that it consisted of a large pine barren where the light wood knots were 'mazing handy, and where he could shiver the whole day with a cursed ager, over a large fire of the aforementioned light-wood knots, kept in perpetual flame by the 'ministering agents of the place."

## THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet plaintive melody  
Of ages long-gone by.  
It speaks a tale of other years  
Of hopes that bloomed to fade,  
Of sunny smiles that ne'er to leave,  
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh;  
It stirs some chord of memory  
In each dull, heavy eye.  
The voices of the much-loved dead  
Seem floating thence; and  
All my fond heart cherished  
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth swell,  
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,  
Hope's passionate farewell:  
To the dreamy joys of other years,  
Ere yet grief or cancer fell  
On the heart's bloom—ah! well may tears  
Start at the parting knell.

## THE HERMIT—A FABLE.

A pious hermit, who lived in the solitude of the forest, far from the noise of men, was once wandering through the woods in search of a few wild fruits and berries to make up his frugal meal. He heard a moaning in the grass, and looking down saw a fox, both of whose fore-legs were broken, writhing like a snake on the ground, and apparently starving. The good hermit was about to seek some food for the helpless creature when an eagle appeared soaring high over head, and suddenly let a fowl fall from his talons directly at the feet of the fox.—The starving animal seized greedily on the precious prize, and soon made a hearty meal on it. "Ah," exclaimed the pious enthusiast, "this is the finger of God. Why did I distrust his providential care, and wander over hill and dale to seek for my daily food? He who brought food to the mouth of this helpless animal, will surely never forget his servant. Henceforth I will take no more thought for my body's sustenance, but trust to his goodness, and devote all my time to meditation." True to his resolution, he returned to his cell, and neither plucked the fruits that hung on the trees around him, nor went down to the brook to quench his thirst. Three whole days he lived thus, and wasting away to a shadow, in the vain hope of a direct interference from heaven.—On the evening of the third day, just as he sunk into a deep slumber, thunder rolled through the cave; he saw a form of Angelic beauty, and heard a sweet but solemn voice that spoke thus—"mortal, how feeble is thy understanding! couldst thou thus misinterpret the lesson contained in the eagle's conduct? Thou art not lame and helpless as was the fox, but art strong and active like the eagle that gave him food. Hm thou wert to imitate in going about and doing good to others; for know that idleness, even if accompanied by constant prayer, is odious in the sight of the Almighty.—N. Y. Mirror.

"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah! yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey; but we do not make it."

A celebrated physician used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "We'll try this, and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and if any thing falls, well and good." "Ay," replied a wag, "I fear this is too commonly the case; and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls is the patient."

A man in N. Orleans whose physician directed a rigid vegetable diet, asked if mint juleps came within the restriction.

## From the London Weekly Dispatch.

### "GOOD BYE."

Personall! farewell! is often heard  
From the lips of those who part;  
The whisper of those who are parting,  
But it speaks not from the heart.  
It may serve for the lover's kissing lay,  
To be sung beside a woman's bed;  
But give to me the lips that say  
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,  
In the gaze of smiling eyes;  
But when we leave the land and dear,  
The parting word is—"Good bye!"  
We never see the hands of those  
We would have forever sight;  
The flames of friendship burn and glow  
In the warm, frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother, smiling, bids her child  
To meet with grace and cheer;  
Breathes her parting words, her doubts and fears,  
For the loved one's future life.  
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," from  
Within her clanking sigh;  
But the dearest sob of anguish given—  
"Good bye! then, say I think you!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance has lost its beam—  
When the brow is cold as the marble statue,  
And the world a passing dream;  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart most understood,  
A long—a last—"Good bye."

## From a work called "Physic and Physicians."

### ANECDOTES OF MEDICAL MEN.

Dr. Fordyce.—The celebrated Dr. Fordyce died every day, for more than twenty years, at Dolly's Chophouse. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude, that man through custom, was closer than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal, the lion. At last, at last, his accustomed hour of dining, the Doctor regularly took his seat at the table always reserved for him, on which was placed a silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy.—The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound and a half of ramp steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bouche*, to serve until his steak was ready. This was sometimes half a boiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish; when he had eaten that, he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. When he had finished his meal, he took the remainder of his brandy, having during his dinner drunk the tankard of ale, and afterwards a bottle of port. He then daily spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex street, to give his six o'clock lecture on chemistry. He made no other meal until he returned to Dolly's at four o'clock the next day.

Dr. Mead.—Dr. Mead dabbled considerably in the Stocks. One day, prior to his visiting his patients, he received intelligence that the stocks had suddenly fallen. At that moment he was sent for, in a hurry, to visit a lady who was represented to be very ill. Having considerable property in the funds, the news made so strong an impression upon his mind, that while he was feeling the patient's pulse, he exclaimed—"Mercy upon me, how they fall, lower! lower! lower!" The lady in great alarm, flew to the bed, crying out,—"I am dying; Dr. Mead says my pulse gets lower and lower, so that it is impossible I should live."—"You are dreaming mad," replied the physician, running from his room,—"your pulse is very good and nothing ails you; it was the Stocks I was talking of."

Dr. Glaser.—The late Dr. Glaser, of continental celebrity, though regularly bred to physic and surgery, was for a short period in his early life an actor on the Dublin stage, during which time he conceived the idea that many persons in a state of suspended animation, might by proper and timely treatment be restored to society. The doctor was so confident in his opinion being well founded, that he had had a wager with a brother comedian that the first malefactor who was executed he would restore to life. The bet was accepted, and a few days after the doctor had an opportunity of proving that he was right on the apparently dead body of a man who was hanged for robbery. He was however, rather unfortunate in the choice of his subject; for the following day the fellow having discovered the doctor's lodgings, and being introduced into the apartment where he was sitting, the resuscitated criminal, according to the preserver of his life by the familiar appellation of "Father," said, that as he had restored him to existence, it was his duty to support him as his son, and this he should expect him to do. The singularity of the application so wounded the doctor, that it was some time before he recovered his powers sufficiently to enable him to expel him at all events from the room. Nothing daunted by his reception he visited the theatre that evening, and managed the audience from the gallery, while the doctor was acting.—Wherever the poor doctor went, his resuscitated friend followed him, demanding a settlement for life. At last Dr. Glaser was compelled, in order to get rid of his hospital pest, to offer to advance him a sum of money if he would leave the kingdom. This was accepted, and the fellow left the country.

Dr. Latham.—"I was born a Quaker," says he, "and when I was seven years old, I was born as within the tropics. I was brought up in notions which encouraged ideas of a favorite people, of a little remnant, of a chosen few and such like narrow principles. As I loved reading, I acquired the power of thinking; and, considering that all our society together, compared to the universal creation, was as less perception than a grain of sand to the great globe, I entertained more ample notions of the universal parent."

"When I came to London (after the termination of five years apprenticeship to a Surgeon) I clothed in a long-sleeved coat, and carrying on my head a little bow-wig, and knowing no one, I was reading as I walked slowly along Lombard street, when an atom of indifference as I in this new world!" At this moment, a person abruptly interrupted my reveries, by asking—"art thou not from Tordella?"—"Yes,"—I am glad to see thee, wilt thou not dine with me?"—"With all my heart, for I am here like thee, without one associate."

I do not know by what fatality Lord Bessborough accented me, and took me to his lodging, for we were total strangers. He was some twelve years than me, his coat and long hair, added to his language, his arms and legs made up in length what they lacked in circumference.

"I remember once, as he walked up Chancery, a little impudent boy kept starting before him, crying out, 'Ladies and gentlemen make way, make way, make way, the minister is coming.'"

"Bessborough never minded this, but when his pant, throwing his arms about him, and forming a semicircle of three yards equilaterally from the centre of motion."

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.—Of the noted Cook, who died some years ago at Dun-tyville, many anecdotes have been related, all of which he had practised in order to obtain medical men into gratuitous service. One of his modes was to attire himself in rags, and give the pauper. Another was to procure a letter from some dispensary, and to attend there, which he did once for several weeks before he was found out to be a man of immense fortune.

"On some occasions, however, he found himself obliged to seek advice in proper persons, but even then he went upon a saving plan; at one time, having a complaint in his leg, he applied to a surgeon in the neighborhood, a Mr. Pigeon, asking how long it would take to make a cure. The surgeon answered "a month." This alarmed the miser who anxiously inquired what would be the medical demand; and on being told by the surgeon who saw the complaint was trifling, that it would be a guinea; Cook replied, "a guinea" very well; but mark this—a guinea is an immense sum of money; and when I agree upon some of such magnitude, I go upon the system of no more pay; so if I am not cured by the expiration of the month, I am to pay nothing!"

"Mr. Pigeon accepted the terms; and by his diligence and surgical skill, would have closed the wound completely some days within the limited space; which the miser, observing, and trembling for his gold, was determined to prevent, if possible; and actually procured an irritating plaster, which he put on so as to extend the period of cure, which was then going on, wholeheartedly; and wait until enabled, on the last day of the specified term, to show to the surgeon that the wound was still unhealed. The unhappy wretch, proud of his own industry had the hardihood to least of it afterwards under the coat phrase of "sticking a pigon."

"Even on his death bed the ruling passion was strong upon him; for having sent for several medical men, one only would attend, and having done a few days work in some medicine, the dying miser at length entreated him to say how long he thought he might live. The candid apothecary honestly said, "perhaps five or six days;" where Cook collected all his strength for the moment, and starting up in his bed exclaimed, "Thanked you very much a dishonest man, a rogue, and a scoundrel, as you are so." The apothecary, in some surprise, naturally inquired how he deserved those epithets. "How, sir?" faintly uttered the dying miser, who you are no better than a pickpocket, to rob me of my gold, by sending in two draughts a day, to a man that all your physic will not keep alive for six days! I begone from my house, and never enter it again."

Red Hair.—A tinpenny your humor, only a tinpenny exclaimed a sturdy beggar at a snug smug door in Ireland to a Scotchman with fine red hair, but who was quite impossible to the appeal, "a tinpenny your honor, or a penny, or half penny, please!" Finding the Scot intractable, the beggar started his foot, and said, will your honor please to find me a lock of yer hair to light my pipe with."

Cheap Enough.—"What did you give for that horse?" inquired a friend of the functionary Mr. B., who was riding by. "My note," was the significant reply; "wasn't that cheap enough?"

There is a young lady in Connecticut, so learned that the books when they call, are obliged to carry a volume of Webster's quarto dictionaries, under each arm, and a "Library of general knowledge" in each pocket.

A conjurer, lately announced the following performance, in England: I will drive eight tinpenny nails into the small of any gentleman's back, place him in a leather chair, and draw out every nail, and he shall feel no pain.

A man was recently tried in Philadelphia for stealing a goose. He got off in consequence of a crosby supposing that he remembered the goose ever since it was a gosling. An Irishman, who was arrested for stealing a gun, hearing this successful defence, got a countryman to swear that he had known the gun ever since it was a pistol, and that it belonged to the prisoner.

Value of Voting.—The vote on the abdication of James II. and the elevation of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain, was carried by a majority of two!! Let this be a warning to you of the importance of a vote or two. Never have to reproach yourself, that a profligate man has been elected, or a bad man chosen, through your absence from this sacred duty.—Matthew Carey.

The Biter Bitten.—A provincial lawyer, a short time ago, in the course of a predatory excursion against the fishy tribe, was throwing his line into the river Wolland, at a village three or four miles to the west of Stamford, when he hooked a very fine pike; it required some little exercise of skill to get him to land, and his exertions were eagerly regarded by a gaping onlooker; he was at length successful, and the gaping fish was laid upon the bank.

Hodge expressed his wonderment at the open jaws and sharp teeth of Mr. Pike, and was advised by the lawyer, (who was thinking perhaps of the many clients he himself had bitten) to put his finger in the fishes mouth by way of experiment; "Now, now," said Hodge, "but he may not take a grip of my dog's tail, it he like." Exiting the action to the word, he inserted the tip of the dog's tail between the jaws of the pike, which were instantly closed. Away went the dog, and away went the fish dangling at his tail, to the high great