

and some fragments of his clothes still remain to attest his fate. In another part, the walls present the history of four friars, who purposed to erect a chapel at the remotest point of these cavities. The thread by which they were to trace back their way to the opening of the vaults, broke; the unfortunate men perished, and their bodies were subsequently found at the distance of a few paces from each other.—However catastrophes of this terrible kind presented fewer horrors to the conscripts of the Lower Meuse than the pursuits of the *gendarmerie*, and, according to the testimony of the author, many preferred these dismal retreats to the laurels of Wagram and Jena.

The interior of the Hill of St. Peter has given rise to anecdotes worth collecting; the Austrians, having possession of the Fort of Petersburg, discovered a secret communication with the vaults of the hill, of which the French troops guarded some of the entries. With torch in hand and fixed bayonets the Austrians attempted to surprise the French, but the latter, warned by the subterranean lights, rushed upon the enemy who were dazzled by their own torches, and a conflict ensued which resembled a combat of the infernal deities.

The following story is of a less serious nature. Maestricht has fallen into the hands of the French, and long continued a most formidable garrison. A portion of the Austrian population fled to the vaults beneath the hill of St. Peter. They took their cattle with them and in the subterranean cavities they hastily constructed rooms and stables. The French were unable to account for the miraculous disappearance of a portion of the conquered inhabitants, when a pig, which had escaped from its sty, rushed along the subterranean galleries, squeaking tremendously. It was heard by the French centinels, and this circumstance led them to suspect the retreat of the Austrians. They adopted means to make the pig squeak still louder, in the hope of attracting the fugitives, when, to the great surprise of the French soldiers, several pigs rushed out to answer the summons of the imprudent deserter. In ancient time the roman capital was saved by geese, and on this occasion a pig caused the destruction of the little republic of St. Petersburg. The Austrians were routed from their retreat, and cattle and pigs, as may well be supposed, were speedily roasted and devoured.

One of the most curious phenomena of the vaults of St. Peter is the formation of geological organ pipes. These are a kind of wells, the orifices of which are on the upper part of the hill, and which extend, like funnels, to its base. They serve as drains, which intercept the subterranean galleries, and continually destroy their architecture. The origin of these geological phenomena has given rise to odd conjectures. M. Mathieu, who has devoted great attention to the subject, supposes them to have been dug by some monstrous animal; but M. Bory de Saint Vincent very reasonably wages war against M. Mathieu's enormous moles, and ascribes the geological organ-pipes to the filtration of water.

"Oh colder than the wind that freezes founts, that now in sunshine played, Is that congenial pang which seizes— The trusting bosom, when betray'd."

My loved friend, you are as welcome to town as my heart can make you—observed a fine dressed citizen, as he grasped with fervent pressure the hand of his country friend; I sincerely hope you will make my house your home while you remain in town, every thing shall be done to make it agreeable to you, I have depended on your company, my whole house is at your service.

This over-acted complaisance made me suspect his sincerity, or that he had some other point in view—as genuine friendship needs not such exaggerated professions. For even in nature's elements the harlot vice betrays our Faith, and threatens the greater storm when least you would suspect that treachery. However I followed him home—I am greatly obliged to you, said the country gentleman as he sat down at the breakfast table; the invitation you have given is very acceptable; I have lost the estate I have been so long at law about, for want of sufficient evidence, and when I have paid the costs, I shall not have more than two hundred pounds left, with which I mean to purchase an annuity; therefore I shall make your house my home, till I can settle my affairs.

It may be some time before you can settle your business to your satisfaction, replied the citizen, his features lowering into repulsive and cold civility; and I expect a gentleman to be with me in about a week, who will remain some time—I am extremely sorry I cannot accommodate you any

My dear Mr. Friendly, cries his wife hastily entering. I am vastly glad, rejoiced to see you—how do you do.—Mr. Friendly has lost his lawsuit, my dear, said the husband.

The smile of welcome was instantly changed into a look of amazement; she had advanced to him her hand; but on his attempt to salute her, she withdrew her cheek, exclaiming, I am sorry for his disappointment; and began to make the tea.

He drank a dish of tea, and then asked his friend to lend him a few dollars, he had it not in the house—trade was very precarious—again mentioned his expected lodger and recommended a mean room to his friend, at a low price in an obscure part of the town; oh, self interest; how dost thou deaden, and extinguish every virtue, led on by poverty, treachery, and crime—and make us what we should be ashamed to own—mean, avaricious and unfeeling, even to mistreat our lowest victim—Would I change the feeling heart for all the interesting views this world affords? Oh, no; give me sensibility to feel as I ought; my own happiness.

It is vexatious said Mr. Friendly, as he arose from breakfast, that I cannot stay here, as I have no money to procure a lodging—no answer was made.

Can't I have a room on your second floor, Mr. Bluster.

Really sir, they are all occupied.

I do not know what to do, I must beg you to lend me two dollars till next week.

I cannot upon my word, sir.

Mr. Friendly summoned up a look of expressive contempt, and fixing his eyes, illumined by a noble indignation, on his false friend, cried—he who can refuse two dollars to my necessities, shall never share in my prosperity—know, selfish man, I have gained my case, and am at this moment master of two thousand pounds per annum. Then turning from them hastily, left the abhorred mansion.

I stood for a moment to view their confusion; they spoke not a word, but giving each other the keenest looks of reproach, separated in sullen and confused silence.

FROM THE AURORA.

Mr. Duane—The jests and quizzes which the first day of April has given rise to, though stale, still afford a good deal of pleasantry and diversion. I have witnessed one that was the means of promoting a better object.

A gentleman of unimpeachable respectability had been addressing a young lady of fortune, beauty and accomplishments, for a considerable time. The gentleman was rather in indigent circumstances—and entirely dependant upon his bodily labor, for the decency of his costume. Though poor, he possessed considerable attraction, both mental and personal. His affection was of a pure and empyreal nature, disconnected from any grovelling or sordid sentiment. The young lady reciprocated his affection with considerable fervor; and readily consented to the union of her destinies with his. The parents of the young lady, being considerably attached to money, were violently opposed to the matrimonial union of their daughter, with a man in such narrow circumstances. A postponement of their nuptials ensued from their opposition. The gentleman having some dash of the adventurous, purchased a lottery ticket. On the first day of April, he had the pleasure of receiving a letter informing him that he had drawn the 40,000 dollar prize; the news circulated with electric rapidity, and some exaggeration, "acquiret vires eundo." The parents, hitherto so bitterly opposed to their marriage, hastened the celebration of their nuptials. The marriage was accordingly solemnized, as soon as the wedding garments could have been finished.

But in vain he waited for the reception of his money. At length the doleful tidings of his ticket's drawing a blank, reached him, after the elation, which the deception produced. His mien from cheerful, became sorrowful and dejected. His wife endeavored for some time, without success, to console him, she told him her fortune would be amply sufficient to support his family with decency. At length time, aided by the angelic soothing of his consort, healed the wounds of prostrated sanguinity.—He continued his trade with considerable success. The old gentleman, anxious to make the best of what he now deemed a bad bargain, aided his son-in-law very bountifully. In a few years the old gentleman died, and bequeathed him the handsome sum of \$30,000 dollars; besides property of about 20,000 dollars value.—The old lady did not survive above 8 years.—Being highly pleased with her son-in-law and daughter (who was her only child) she bequeathed the money left for her use, by her husband's will, to them; which amounted to 20,000.

Thus, sir, was he agreeably, in the issue, disappointed, and in this manner, affection triumphed over the childy dictates of haggard penury.

MISS MCCREA.

From the New-York Statesman.
"LUCINDA'S fate!—the tale, ye nations hear,
Eternal ages tell it with a tear."
BARLOW.

The remains of this interesting and unfortunate young lady, who was massacred by the Indians in the campaign of 1777, have lately been discovered by an association of young gentlemen of Washington county, and deposited in the church yard at Fort-Edward, in the presence of a crowd of spectators. Her bones were found to be little decomposed, and the marks of the tomahawk are said to have been visible upon her skull. Altho' the removal of her ashes was undoubtedly intended as a mark of respect, we cannot but think it manifested a want of taste. The spot where she slept was romantic, sequestered, and charming, and its scenery harmonized with the story of her misfortunes.—It is thus described in Silliman's Tour to Quebec:

"This beautiful spring, (where she fell) which still flows limpid and cool, from a bank near the road side, and this fatal tree (to which she was tied) we saw. The tree which is a large and ancient pine, 'fit for the mast of some tall admiral,' is wounded in many places by the balls of the whites fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remain in the ancient tree, which seems a striking emblem of wounded innocence, and the trunk twisted off at considerable elevation by some violent wind, that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy, although a painful memorial of the fate of Jennie McCrea. Her name is inscribed on the tree with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot, without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and loveliness."

Our readers will find the story well told in the work, from which the above is an extract; also in the sixth book of the Columbiad, and in Marshall's Life of Washington? At the suggestion of one of the city papers, that the subject was susceptible of poetical embellishment. FLORIO has handed us the following beautiful lines, the last stanza of which is an *Impromptu*, written in a moment to accord with an idea expressed in the foregoing remarks.

Her love is coming her bosom throbs high,
And love beams enchantingly bright in her eye;
This night, she exclaims, before Heaven's pure shrine,
My warrior youth is forever made mine—

Is that his dear form, stealing slow through the shade,
Is it thus he would come to his own belov'd maid?
Oh, no, 'tis the savage—death flies from his bow,
And life's current sullies her bosom of snow.

The night winds are up with the gathering storm,
They wave her dark tresses, they chill her soft form;
Cold, cold is her heart, once so joyous and light,
Her eye of soft wildness no longer is bright—

The bridal bed's ready, but where is the bride?
The death-drops have gathered and rolled from her side,
The grave is her bridal-bed—gone is her bloom,
And her morning of brightness hath ended in gloom.

Her lover is coming—he speeds on the way,
He chides the dull moments of tedious delay,
Hope beats in his breast for that heavenly hour,
Which gives him forever his heart's belov'd flow'r.

He reaches the spot—she is stretch'd on the bier;
No sigh rends his bosom; he sheds not a tear;
But dumb with deep anguish, he hurries amain,
And lies on the battle-field ghastly and slain.

Let her rest where she fell, in her beautiful prime,
Ere the bloom on her cheek had been wither'd by time—
By the clear-flowing spring, let her relics recline,
And her epitaph still be engraved on the pine. FLORIO.

From the Boston Gazette.

A late Philadelphia paper refers to the good fortune of a man in that city, who, by the death of a relative, has been suddenly raised from a state of abject penury, to one of great affluence. Now, though 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' we have an instance to offer in our own vicinity, of an individual whose prospects look even more 'goldenly' at the present time, than the person before mentioned. It is confidently asserted, that Col. Joseph Dudley, of Roxbury, is a lineal heir of the Earl of Leicester, and that the splendid estates of that house, together with the title, are likely to come into his possession.—Of the legitimacy of the pedigree, family documents, we are told, afford powerful evidence, but as the property alluded to, in failure of its being claimed by an heir, has been a long time transferred, at the pleasure of the crown, to some other house, it must necessarily become a subject of much litigation, ere it can be attained by the rightful owner. The seat of the Earls of Leicester was 'Kennilworth,' that Castle so famous for its contentions prior to and during the reign of Elizabeth, and the incidents of which are so admirably illustrated in the novel which bears the name. In point of magnificence and extent, it is the third in the kingdom. The lofty battlements enclose five acres of land, and it has always been held in the utmost veneration for its antiquity and grandeur. Its value is estimated at \$1,000,000.

From good authority, we are authorized to state, that a *Gormandizer* of this vicinity did on Thursday, the week of the races in this place, devour at one meal, one large Turkey Gobbler, one old Rooster, one gallon of Custard, two dozen fried eggs, one dozen Shop Pound Cakes, four large slices of Corn Bread, two pounds of Butter, one quart of vinegar, one half pint of brandy, and one quart of water. These articles were consumed in the order in which they are placed, save the brandy, water, and vinegar, which were taken at intervals, and he assured the company that he was not satisfied. Many respectable witnesses will bear testimony to the correctness of this statement.—*Augusta Examiner.*

From the Baltimore Federal Gazette.

The work mentioned in the following article, which we copy from the *Ereman's Journal of Philadelphia*, is one now much wanted by the mercantile community; we have seen a specimen of the work, and think it well calculated to be useful to all classes of citizens.

NEW INTEREST TABLES.

We have the pleasure of noticing the novel and valuable tables of interest, commissions, foreign weights, measures, coins, monies, &c. produced by Emmon Williams, a native of this city. The variety and number of tables, comprized in a few pages, and offered to subscribers at the moderate price of three dollars per volume, nearly half bound in folio will no doubt, be considered a as valuable acquisition.

The interest at 5, 6, 7, and 8 per cent. per annum, and commissions at 1-4 to 23 per cent. are on \$1 to \$100,000, and are shown in an expeditious and convenient manner, without those tedious additions and references to distant pages, which are necessary in searching other tables heretofore in use. The work is intended to be published in the course of the ensuing summer, and the tables of interest and commissions to be stereotyped. The most celebrated edition of interest tables that has been published in the United States, contains about 156,000 computations on 3004 sums, on 192 pages, and this new set of E. Williams' tables contain 1 to 10,000 sums, and 2,660,000 computations, on less than 200 pages, and by adding cyphers and moving the decimal point, the number of answers will be increased to a very considerable amount.

There is one division of the tables contrived particularly for expeditiously showing bank computations, on 1 to 10,000, for 34, 64, 94, and 124 days, which are condensed in an ingenious and convenient manner on 8 pages, without any reference to any other pages for fractions, than those on which the principal sums are seen.

The 11 presidents and 8 cashiers of the banks in and near this city, and sixty respectable citizens, have recommended this work as ingenious and useful. We are satisfied of the decided preference of these to any similar tables we have seen, and hope that the author may receive a suitable reward for the ingenuity, perserverance, and ability displayed in this favorable arrangement.

THE FARMER.

Extract from an address by NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Esq. delivered before the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, in January last.

"The American farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrolled proprietor of the soil. His tenure is not from the government; the government derives its power from him.—There is above him nothing but God and the laws; no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius; no established church spreading its dark shadow between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppress the soil; and the altars of religion are supported only by the voluntary offerings of sincere piety. His pursuits, which no perversion can render injurious to any, are directed to the common benefit of all. In multiplying the bounties of Providence, in the improvement and embellishment of the soil; in the care of the inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find an ever varying and interesting employment, dignified by the union of liberal studies, and enlivened by the exercise of a generous hospitality. His character assumes a loftier interest by its influence over the public liberty. It may not be foretold to what dangers this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanding territory, its daily complicating interests, shall awake the latest passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions. But whenever these perils come, its most stedfast security, its unflinching reliance will be on that column of landed proprietors; the men of the soil and of the county; standing aloof from the passions which agitate denser communities; well-educated, brave and independent; the friends of the government, without soliciting its favor; the advocates of the people, without descending to flatter their passions; these men, rooted like their own forests, may yet interpose between the factions of the country, to heal, to defend, and to save.

There are many such men in this nation; and there was one, whom he old among us loved, and the youngest venerate; whom we may proudly place by the side of the master spirits of the best ages; the man whom his country's danger always sought at his farm, and his country's blessings always followed there; the model of American farmers. His memory is in all our hearts, and his example may well inspire a fondness for those pursuits which WASHINGTON most loved, and teach us that there is no condition in which our lives may be more useful; in which we may more honor ourselves and serve the country.

There is now living in the county of Campbell, a negro woman belonging to a gentleman of the name of Todd—this woman is in her 42d year, and has had 41 children, at this time is pregnant with her 42d child, and possibly with her 43d, as she has frequently had doublets. This fact is well known to many gentlemen in this county, and is susceptible of easy and complete proof.—*Lynchburg Press.*

Newbern Prices Current.

MERCHANDIZE.	FROM D. C. TO D. C.
Bacon	lb. 8 61
Beef	4 0
Butter	25 30
Bees-Wax	30 32
Brandy, French	gal. 2 2 30
do. Apple	45 50
do. Peach	75 85
Corn	bb. 3 50 3 35
Meal	bush. 80 90
Cotten	cwt. 15
Coffee	30 32
Cordage	12 14
Flour	bb. 7 8
Gin Holland	gal. 1 25 1 40
Country	45 50
Pine Scantling	M. 7 9
Plank	8 50 9
Square Timber	16 20
Shingles, 22 inch	1 50 1 75
Staves, W. O. hhd.	15 18
do. R. O. do.	7 10
do. W. O. hhd.	5 7
Heading, w. o. hhd.	18 20
Lard	lb. 9 10
Molasses	gal. 32 35
Tar	bb. 1 25 1 30
Pitch	1 30 1 35
Rosin	1 10 1 25
Turpentine	1 50 2
do. Spirits	gal. 40
Pork, prime	bb. 11 12
Do. Mess	13 14
Rice	cwt. 8 50
Rum, Jamaica	1 10 1 20
do. W. I.	75 85
do. American	40 45
Salt, Allum	bush. 70 75
do. Fine	65
Sugar, Loaf	lb. 22 25
do Lump	18 23
do Brown	cwt. 9 11 50
Whiskey	gal. 40