

AN ENGLISH FARMER'S WIFE.  
Here is a beautiful chapter from the first part of Colman's European Agriculture. Every reader may profit largely by the lesson it contains. Those who know the writer, and who have seen something of English rural life, have been enough to convince them that, though called, even by the author, a pencil sketch, the picture is by no means overdrawn.

By Henry Colman.—I must claim the indulgence of my readers, if I give them an account of a visit in the country, so instructive, so bright, so cheerful, that nothing but the absolute breaking up of the mind, can ever obliterate its record, or dispel the bright vision from my imagination. I know my fair readers are kindly honored—will find an interest in it; and if I have any unfairness, I beg them to see and to turn over the page. But if I did not know that the example was not altogether singular, and that I know very well, as soon as I return to my native land, if Heaven has that happiness in store for me, a dozen of my charming friends—God bless them!—with their bright eyes, and their gentle entreaties, will be pressing me for a disclosure, but I tell them beforehand, I am penopiled in a stern philosophy, and shall remain immovable.

I had no sooner, then, entered the house where my visit had been expected, than I was met with an unaffected cordiality which at once made me at home. In the midst of gilded halls and beaming mirrors, redoubled of dazzling lamps and glittering tapers, in the midst of the highest triumphs of art and taste; in the midst of elegance and refinements of luxury; in the midst of titles, and dignities, and ranks allied to regal grandeur—there was an object, which transcended and eclipsed them all, and showed how much the nobility of character exceeds the nobility of rank, the beauty of refined and simple manners all the ornaments of art, and the exaltations of the soul, beaming from the eyes, the purest gems that ever glittered in a princely diadem. In person, education, and improvement, in quickness of perception, and facility and elegance of expression, in accomplishments and taste, in frankness and gentleness of manners tempered by modesty which courted confidence and inspired respect, and in a high moral tone and sentiment, which like a bright halo, seemed to encircle the whole person—I could not but be struck by the whole person—I could not but be struck by the whole person—I could not but be struck by the whole person.

But who was the person I have described? A mistress to adorn a gallery of sculpture? A bird of paradise, to be kept in a glass case? A mere doll, with painted cheeks, to be dressed and undressed in childish fondness? A mere human toy, to languish over romance, or to figure in a quadrille? Far otherwise; she was a woman in the noble attributes that should dignify that name: a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a farmer, a gardener, a dairy-woman, a kind neighbor, a benefactor to the poor, a Christian woman, full of good works, and all the duties which she did.

In the morning, I first met her at prayers, for in the honor of England, there is scarcely a family, among the hundreds whose hospitality I have enjoyed, where the duties of the day are not preceded by family worship; and the master and the servant, the parent and the child, and the teacher and the taught, the friend and the stranger come together to recognize and strengthen the sense of their common equality in the presence of their common Father, and to acknowledge their dependence upon his clemency and mercy. She was then kind enough to tell me, after her morning arrangements, she claimed no time for the day. She first showed me the children, whom like the Roman mother, she deemed her highest jewels, and arranged their studies and occupations for the day. She then took me to the garden, to see the fruit, and a sick neighbor, and while performing this duty of kindness, she led me to visit some of the cottages upon the estate, whose inmates I found loud in the praise of her kindness and benefactions. Our next excursion was to see some of the finest, and largest, and most aged trees in the park; the size of which was magnificent; and I sympathized in the veneration which she expressed for them, which was like that with which one recalls the illustrious memory of a remote progenitor. Our next visit was to the greenhouses and the garden; and she explained to me the mode adapted there of managing the most delicate plants, and of cultivating in the most economical and successful manner, the fruits of a warmer region.

From the garden we proceeded to the cultivated fields, and she explained to me the mode of manuring the estate, the rotation of crops, the management and application of manures, the amount of seed sown, the ordinary yield, and the appropriation of the produce, with a perspicuous detail of the expenses and results. She then undertook to show me the yards and offices, the byres, the feeding stalls, the plans for saving, and increasing, and managing the manure, the cattle for feeding, for breeding, for raising—the milking stock, the piggery, the poultry yards, the stables, the harness-rooms, the implement rooms, the dairy—she explained to me the process of making the different kinds of cheese, and the general management of the milk, and the mode of feeding the stock; and then, conducting me into the billiard house, she exhibited to me the Park Journal, and the whole systematic mode of her economy, and making the returns, which she called as familiar as if they were the accounts of her own wardrobe.

This did not finish our grand tour, for, on my return she admitted me into her parlour, and showed me the secrets of her own admirable housewifery, in the most accurate which she kept of every thing connected with the dairy and the market, the table, the drawing-room, and the servants' hall. All this she dealt with a simplicity and a frankness which showed an absence of all consciousness of any extraordinary merit in her own department, and which evidently sprang solely from a kind desire to gratify a curiosity on my part, which, I hope, under such circumstances, was not unreasonable. A short hour after this brought us into another relation; for the dinner-bell summoned us, and the same lady who found nothing more brilliant in the circle of the kitchen, was now seated at the table, with intelligence, and good humor, with a kind attention to every one's wants, and an unaffected concern for every one's comfort, which would lead one to suppose that this was her only and her peculiar sphere. Now, I will not say how many mud-puddles we had waded through, and how many dung-heaps we had crossed, and what places we explored, and how every farming topic was discussed; but I will say, that she pursued her object without any of that fastidiousness and affected delicacy which pass with some persons for refinement, but which in many cases indicate a weak if not a corrupt mind. The mind which is occupied with concerns and objects that are worthy to occupy it, is like a very little of water, which is of an importance. I will say, to the credit of English women—I speak of those of the upper classes—that it is almost impossible that there should exist a more delicate sense of propriety than is found universally among them; and yet you will perceive at once that their good sense teaches them that true delicacy is much more an element of the mind, in the person who speaks or observes, than a attribute of the subject which is spoken about or observed. A friend told me that General assured him that, in nothing was so wonderful as the state of the three Greenhouses, from which he was never at any time conscious of an insect, or a fly, or a beetle, and this affecting employment of a genuine steam-croquet, and divides, with any other emotion than that of the most profound and respectful admiration, he may well tremble for the utter corruption, within him, of that moral nature which God designed should cleave him above the brute creation.

Now, I do not say that the lady to whom I have referred was herself the manager of the farm; that related entirely with her husband, but I have intended simply to show how grateful and gratifying to him must have been the lively interest and sympathy which she took in concerns which necessarily so much engaged his time and attention; and how the country would be dignified that of these and errors.

From the Fishing Gazette.  
AWFULLY TERRIBLE SITUATION.  
We do not remember to have heard of a long time the particulars of a more exciting and thrilling escape from death, by one hundred persons, than occurred on Monday night last. We have mentioned the severe storm of rain, lightning and thunder which occurred on that night. The steamer *Louis McLane*, one of the passenger packets running to Brownsville, had left the city that evening on her way up, with over eighty passengers, besides the crew and others, and was within a short distance of Williamsburg when a hurricane struck her broadside in the middle of the river. Its force may be appreciated when we mention that a grove of locust trees on the opposite bank was demolished; some of the trees were twisted off at the top, others about the centre, and yet others flattened with the ground. Catching the boat with a tremendous force, it instantly keeled her over; but providentially it placed the water was shallow, and instead of capsizing wholly, the weight of the ton came down on the larboard guard, which struck the bottom and prevented her carrying over entirely. Let anyone imagine the horror of the scene; the lightning was flashing on every side, the rain pouring down and the boat lying on her side, part of the forward cabin nearly destroyed, one child overboard, the other on the roof, the crew of passengers who had jumped from their berths, hurled to one side of the cabin in a way the smashing of every deceiver, tumbler, plate, cup, &c. in the bar and pantry, the crash of the stove in the cabin and cook-house against the sides, the whizzing of the steam and rotation of the engines, the shrieks and cries of the women and children, the hoarse calls of the men, the shouts and orders of the officers, all rising together in a contest with the wild tempest as it rushed by, the lightning as it glared, and the rain as it fell, and we may form some faint conception of the awfulness of the occurrence. It is frightful to think of.

The boat soon righted, however, and the officers were enabled to get her to Brownsville. None of the passengers were very much injured, though many of them were somewhat bruised. The boat is so much injured that it is thought several weeks will be required to repair her.

A HEROIC SAILOR.  
The following account of the rescue of Mrs. Ford and her child from their perilous situation on board the *Oraloo*, is copied from the *Portland Argus*. It is a correct illustration of the generosity and intrepidity for which the sailor is noted the world over:—After the schooner had been knocked down, and the vessels attending her had taken off—as they supposed—all who were alive, the Captain and a sailor, by the name of Abraham Heath, were consulting how they should manage for the night, which was then upon them, when Heath says, he thought he heard a faint knocking. He said to the captain, "There is some one alive on board that vessel, and here goes to save her, or go with her!" The boat put back and put him again on board the *O.* His only instrument was an axe. He descended through the hole previously cut, about sixteen inches square, into the cabin, and forced himself into the berth. These he was compelled to clear. The cabin was full of water, except when she rolled, when a small triangular space of about sixteen inches along the upper edge would be cleared for a moment, and give him time to take breath.

In this situation, he cut through the partition at the head of the berth, but found no one. He then found his way through to the foot of the berth, cut through another partition, and still found no one. Finding himself cramped for want of room, in the second tier of berths, and laboring to extricate himself, he held his axe, and it immediately sank to the bottom of the vessel. He dived for it once, found it immediately, commenced working at the partition at the foot of the berth, which separated it from the cook's dish room, a small place four and a half one way, by three feet and a half the other, and four and a half high. Into this room Mrs. Ford had gone, to aid the cook in keeping his dishes upon the shelves, before he was called to assist on deck. When the vessel capsized, the door was shut upon her by the rushing water, and held fast; and but little water could have entered the room at first, for when the partition was knocked open the room was not more than two thirds filled with water. As soon as the first opening was made, the first sound which saluted the generous sailor's ears was the voice of the little boy, saying, "Mother, I see daylight!"

The next time the vessel rolled, the whole room filled with water. The generous Heath seized hold of them both, after dragging them through three small openings—sometimes under water, and sometimes above it—finally, at the imminent peril of his own life, succeeded in saving the mother and child, and saw them safe on board the accompanying vessel. An act of heroism and generosity, worthy to be written in letters of gold, and handed down for the admiration and imitation of mankind.

The act was more commendable, from the fact that the generous man was not a hand, but a passenger on board one of the other vessels, and volunteered to do what all others shrank from attempting.

The Baltimore Sun has an account of an occurrence in that city, which shows the fertility of female ingenuity, and no little boldness and skill in carrying out her plans. Three weeks ago Mrs. or Miss Rogers, a fine looking woman took lodging at a fashionable hotel, and represented that she was on a tour through the principal cities of the Union. She appeared to be well provided with funds, and dressed magnificently. Some suspicions were excited respecting her real character, and the business which took her out daily, and she was accordingly watched by some of the police. One of these, after following the gaily dressed lady through a number of streets, saw her at length pop into a very low and mean looking residence, in an obscure alley. Expecting she was on some visit of mercy, the officer was about leaving the spot, when he observed a person, miserably clad, and exhibiting every indication of poverty and sickness emerge from the house. He recognised the person to be the gaily dressed lady who had just a few moments before entered. The officer followed her, and every house that she entered made inquiries as to her errand. He was informed that she presented a paper stating that she had an aged mother, with six children, and a widowed sister, all in deep distress and poverty, and she solicited the aid of the charitable and humane for the collection of sufficient funds to enable them to procure a passage to Ohio. This was enough; and the landlord of the hotel, when the lady returned, intimated to her that her absence from the city in twenty-four hours might save her board and lodging at the public expense. She took the hint and travelled Philadelphia.

A BRIDAL PARTY DROWNED.—On the 11th Miss Rosalie Huelbig, her mother, two sisters, and Miss Druggal, were drowned in the Kaskaskia river, Illinois, which they attempted to cross on their way to Prairie du Long. Miss H. left home that morning, with a bridal party, to be married to Mr. E. H. Kettler, who, with his friends was waiting at his residence, some miles distant, to receive his bride. Being started at the delay, he proceeded to the river, where he saw the father of the young lady, who was on the river bank with the five corpses lying near him. The father was nearly frantic with grief. The corpses were taken to the house of the intended bridegroom, and the marriage festivities gave place to funeral rites.

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At the recent Semi-Centennial Celebration of the founding of Union College at Schenectady, N. Y. Chancellor Wilcox gave as a toast, "Our venerable and venerated President, who understands the true secret of teaching others to govern, by teaching them to govern themselves." The venerable Dr. Norz responded, and the following sketch of his remarks is taken from the N. Y. Tribune:

He was dressed in a long black coat and a blue or purple cap, from beneath which his silver hair trembled in the breeze. No one could see him without loving him, and at the same time mourning that his life must end so soon, for "Upon his aged temples grow The blossoms of the grave."

My children, said he, I come at the request of many parents. Though sickness told me not to speak, yet I could not refuse a request coming from my children and their children. My children, we have but one life to live, and therefore let us live it well. Man is mortal. Institutions such as this never die. By them we transmit to other generations our influences. They have done much good by reviving letters, but more by reviving the reading of the Bible. Where has the Bible gone and has not carried with it love of arts, love of letters, love of liberty? The Bible alone meets the case of man. Chemistry can never discover an Elixir which can reanimate the urn—but the Bible teaches us how life shall spring from death—how mortality shall be clothed with immortality.

When fifty years more shall have passed away others will come up here—I shall not be here—Many of you my older children, shall not be here; but it is so. We shall separate after these ceremonies are ended, but not forever—we shall meet in another world. I have been young, and now I am old, yet I declare, that had I to live my life over again, I would live more than I have done for my God and my country. Were I to live ever so short a time, even if no longer than the meteoric ephemera floating in the sunbeam, I would rather soar with the eagle and be lost in the stars than merely to grovel in the earth with things that perish.

Some of you will be alive at that next Jubilee, when I shall be forgotten. The cold earth shall soon rest on this aged bosom; and this arm shall be cold and useless to the appeals of the poor and the distressed. But you, my children, see to it that, while you live, the poor shall never want a friend, nor the defenceless, defenders. And should it be my happiness to reach—oh! happy thought—those mansions of bliss, let every angel bear tidings from Earth to Heaven of your good works. Let it be told that in those Mansions that other Brainerds, and Hales, and Howards, and Granville Sharpes, have arisen. Nor feel your work accomplished till misery and vice shall cease on this planet, and virtue and happiness be universal. I shall close these remarks, my children, by offering the following sentiment, "The Alumni of Union College—distinguished by honors received than conferred—having rendered their Alma Mater, while in the greenness of youth, venerable by their deeds."

"This off hand speech and sentiment," adds the Tribune, "were received with great applause." The speech was a true piece of eloquence, not more for the beauty of its language, than for his tone and manner of delivery, which cannot be reported.

RIE RAPE.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, writing from Old Point Comfort, Virginia, says: "This is said to be the largest single fortress in the world. The distance around the counter is one mile and a half. I took a look at the castle of the Rip Rap the other day. It is a great place for swallows, and sheepsheads, and sharks without. The 'garrison' was absent—or rather one half of it. The permanent force at this station consists of two individuals—the keeper and his dog. The keeper—a superannuated and eccentric captain—had gone to the 'market' for supplies, and we were hospitably and kindly welcomed by his shaggy colleague. It is a dreary and romantic spot. The wind whistles mournfully through the casements, and the waves dash with perpetual fury against the walls. And there is a spacious, but now unfinished and deserted house in this fort, which was fitted up for General Jackson, and was several times resorted to by him as his country house, while he was President. Not a gun is mounted here, and perhaps never will be—for the castle is far from being finished. If ever completed it will be a very strong place, and together with Fortens Monroe, will render the channel into Hampton Roads impassable to an enemy."

GEN. BRADY.—At a dinner given by the Brady Guards to William Light Infantry, among other toasts, was the following by Geo. C. Bates, Esq. "Gen. Hugh Brady. May we all, like him, ever have our knapsacks ready, either to do battle with the enemies of our country, or the King of Terrors himself." The felicity of the compliment can hardly be appreciated without understanding the allusion. Gen. Brady, though far advanced in years, has seldom seen a sick day, thanks to a hardy frame and a life of temperance, though of exposure and hardship. But a year or two since he became seriously and dangerously ill, and his friends believed that his last hour was at hand. The family clergyman was sent for to break the tidings to the unconscious dying man. The duty was discharged kindly and tenderly. Instantly the old soldier raised himself in his bed, and exclaimed, "WELL, LET THE DRUM BEAT—MY KNAPSACK IS SLUNG!"—*Detroit Advertiser.*

JUDGING OF THE FUTURE BY THE PAST.—A writer in the National Intelligencer, under the signature of William Darby, predicts a wonderful increase of population in this country during the next forty-five years. He says: "Who was he in 1790, that would have dared to predict that not quite four millions then living would amount to sixteen millions in the next forty-five years? That man risks what he regards as the truth of the public current, *ridicule*, who calculates 73,800,000 as the result of the census of 1890, or the centennial census from 1790. That man I am; and I am the man, yet a few months short of seventy, who has witnessed wonders incomparably more remarkable. I was taken when a child short of seven years of age, in a frontier border, where savage murders were perpetrated years afterwards, within two hundred and thirty miles of the capital of Washington. Well do I remember when the census of 1790 was published, and when not two hundred thousand persons were found beyond the bounds of the thirteen original States, and I have lived to the time when more than nine millions have found homes outside such barrier."

WHO KILLED TECUMSEH?  
A very queer correspondence is published in the Western papers, relative to the killing of Tecumseh. Colonel R. M. Johnson has long had the credit and profit of it, but not without dispute. A new claimant has appeared in the person of Major Lewis Figg (a candidate for the Legislature of Kentucky). He publishes an address in the *Bardonia (Ky.) Gazette*, in which he sets forth that he and Colonel Johnson were engaged in the battle where Tecumseh fell—that he (Figg) killed him—and that Colonel Johnson was the witness of the fact. After the battle, and when retired to their tent, Figg, seeing, with a prophet's eye, what applause and honors would follow the man who should have the fame of having killed the Indian chief, and feeling no ambition himself and a great personal regard for Colonel J., it was agreed between them that the Colonel should have the fame of the act, with the understanding, however, that if ever the valorous and equally modest Figg should be placed in a situation in which the publication of the truth in regard to the killing would be advantageous to him, that then Colonel J. would doff his borrowed plumes, and resign them to the true owner. Major Figg having, as we say, become a candidate for the Legislature of Kentucky, deemed it necessary that the truth should come out. He accordingly wrote the following letter to the Colonel:—

Boston, June 1, 1845.  
Dear Col.: In the course of human events, it has become necessary for me to present myself before the people of this State. I believe that I shall need the external aid I can get. I am therefore compelled to ask your permission to make public the true secret of the death of Tecumseh, and the slayer thereof. I hope this will put you to no public inconvenience. I am, as ever, your old friend and comrade,  
LEWIS FIGG.

And the Colonel with more true gallantry than any supposed him to possess, replied promptly, as follows:—  
GREAT CROSSING, June 6, 1845.  
My Dear Figg: Your note of the 1st inst. was received by me this morning. I hasten to reply. After declaring in all sincerity, my delight at hearing once more from my old friend and comrade, I bear you to remember the circumstances of that eventful day on which Tecumseh was slain. Now that I am no longer a candidate for public office, and having retired to the shades of private life, I have no cause to regret your making known to the public the real Tecumseh killer. I am sorry to rest satisfied with what the reputation of it has done for me, and am now willing that you should reap all the advantages from it you can. The girl beg to be remembered to you, and we would be pleased to see you at the Great Crossing.  
Yours truly,  
R. M. JOHNSON.

The Washington Journal intimates that this correspondence is a hoax. It may be, and we confess that there is so much frankness in the letter of Colonel J. that we are not without misgivings that it was never written by him. But as Colonel J. never did say that he killed Tecumseh—as far as we have heard—and his evasion of a direct answer to the plain question in regard to the fact, has, by many, been regarded as an admission that the honor had been forced upon him, which he only wore because it was insisted he should, it is not improbable that the correspondence is authentic. Whether the reclaiming at this late day of an honor which another has worn three times, will benefit the modest Figg, is to be settled by the election next month. If he succeeds, it would be well for him to have the claim patented, and the right to cities, counties and States sued out for the benefit of his heirs, &c. and the advantage of the aspiring genry who can only hope to succeed by the external aid which he confesses is his chief reliance in his present contest.—*Balt. Pat.*

KILLED BY A SNAKE.—It is stated in the *Columbia (Pa.) Spy* that a little girl, about eight years of age, was strangled by a snake last week near Bainbridge, in Lancaster county. She had been sent to gather blackberries in a field at a short distance from the house, and being absent for a longer time than usual, her parents proceeded to search for her. They found her quite dead—with a large black snake coiled around her neck!

TAKEN UP, and committed to the Jail of Habersham County, on the 23rd of May, a negro man, about 25 or 30 years of age, and was by long to the Estate of Samuel Purgason, a late resident of the State of Louisiana. He is about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, dark complexioned, tolerable stout build, but when taken up, a mixed Satinet coat, Blue Satinet Pants, and White Fur Hat. He further states, that he was purchased by a Trader by the name of Womack of this State, from a man by the name of Lewis Dicks, of Virginia, and carried South sold to Samuel Purgason. He says his name is REUBEN.

The owner of said Negro is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.  
WILLES ELKINS, Jailor.  
Concord, June 2, 1845. 45-8m

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—WATSON COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. May Term, 1845.  
Thomas Todlock, and Thomas Beard, and A. T. Collins, vs. Richard Washington, and Marshal P. Howard, and William C. Bryan.  
Alexander Overman, Neatham Overman, Joseph Overman, Levi Lancaster and wife Abigail, Henry Overman, Cornelius Overman and wife Charity, Burns Howell and wife Sarah, Thomas Overman, and William John E., and Polly Overman, heirs at law of Chalkley Overman, deceased.  
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Alexander Overman, one of the Defendants above named, is not an inhabitant of this State; it is ordered, therefore, by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Raleigh Register, for him to appear before the Justices of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, at the Court House in Wayneboro', on the third Monday in August next, then and there to show cause, if any he has, why the above named Plaintiffs should not have judgment and execution against the real estate of Chalkley Overman, deceased.  
Witness, Jno. A. Green, Clerk of said Court, at Office, &c.  
JNO. A. GREEN, Clerk.  
June 27, 1845. Pr. Adv. \$5 62 1/2 52 6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—CHATHAM COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. May Term, 1845.  
William Perry & others, vs. Robert Perry, Daniel Perry, and John and James Perry, sons of John Perry, dec'd.  
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the above named Defendants are not residents of this State; it is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the Raleigh Register, that the said non-residents (Defendants) do appear at the next Term of this Court to be held for the County of Chatham, at the Court House in Pittsboro' on the 3d Monday of September next, then and there to plead answer or demur to the Plaintiffs' Bill, otherwise it will be taken pro confesso as to them, and heard de parte.  
Witness, Joseph Ramsey, Clerk of said Court at Office, the 2d Monday of March, A. D. 1845.  
JOS. RAMSEY, C. M. E.

MEDICAL COLLEGE,  
IN RICHMOND, VA.

THE Winter Course of Lectures in the Medical Department of Hanham Sidney College will commence in Richmond, on Monday, the 27th day of October next, and continue until the last of February following. The new College and Hospital Edifice has been completed, and every arrangement has been made to afford the student all the advantages which are obtained in any institution in the U. S. In addition to the usual Lectures, Surgical and Medical Cliniques will be given regularly at the College Hospital, City Almshouse, Penitentiary and Asylum; by which the Student will have the opportunity of witnessing the diseases incident to the South, and which he will be called upon to treat at the commencement of his professional life. The number of major and minor Surgical Operations which have been yearly performed before the Medical Class, has already claimed for the College the reputation of a leading school for Surgical instruction.

JOHN CULLEN, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.  
L. W. CHAMBERLAIN, M. D., Professor of Therapeutics and Materia Medica.  
R. L. BOHANNAN, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.  
JEFFRIES WYMAN, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.  
SOCRATES MAUPIN, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.  
AUG. L. WARNER, M. D., Professor of Surgery.  
CARTEF F. JOURNAY, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.  
The abundance of materials for dissection, and the convenience and comfort of the dissecting room, will enable the student to study thoroughly the Anatomy of the Human Body, and also acquire skill in the use of Surgical Instruments.  
Good board, including lights, fuel and servant's attendance, can be procured from \$3 50 to 5 per week.  
Current bank notes of the States in which the Students reside will be taken for Tickets.  
AUG. L. WARNER, M. D.,  
Jus. ly 1 Dean of the Faculty.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—WATSON COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. May Term, 1845.  
Jno. Hooks and Jno. G. Barnes, vs. James Martin.  
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant has removed beyond the limits of this State; it is ordered, therefore, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register, for six weeks, notifying him to appear before the Justices of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, at the Court House in Wayneboro', on the third Monday in August next, then and there to reply or plead to issue, or judgment final will be entered against him, and the property levied on condemned to satisfy Plaintiff's demand.  
Witness, Jno. A. Green, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the third Monday of May, A. D. 1845.  
JNO. A. GREEN, Clerk.  
Pr. Adv. \$5 62 1/2 52 6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—WARREN COUNTY. Superior Court of Law, April Term, 1845.  
Mary A. T. Alton, vs. Jesse A. Alton.  
Petition for Divorce.  
DEFENDANT being called and failing to appear, it is Ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Warren Register and Raleigh Register for three successive months, notifying Defendant to appear at the next Term of said Superior Court of Law, to be held for the County of Warren, at the Court House in Warrenton, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the Petition, or the same will be heard de parte.  
Witness, B. J. Cook, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the third Monday of our said Court, in March, 1845.  
B. J. COOK, CLK.  
Warrenton, April 25, 1845. 34-2m  
(Price of adv. \$11 25.)

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—CHATHAM COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. May Term, 1845.  
James Taylor, vs. H. B. Hark, summoned as Guarantors.  
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that A. G. Kenna is a non-resident of this State; it is ordered that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for six weeks, notifying him to be and appear before the Justices of our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Chatham, at the Court House in Pittsboro', on the second Monday of August next, then and there to answer, plead, or demur, or the same will be heard de parte, as to him, and Judgment entered accordingly.  
Witness, Nathan A. Stedman, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the second Monday in May, 1845.  
NATHAN A. STEDMAN, C. C. C.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—JOHNSTON COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions. May Term, 1845.  
Tabitha Hoyle, vs. Henry Hoyle, }  
Petition for Divorce.  
In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Henry Hoyle, the Defendant, resides beyond the limits of this State; it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for six weeks, notifying said Henry Hoyle to appear at the next Term of our said Court, to be held for the County of Johnston, at the Court House in Smithfield, on the fourth Monday in August next, then and there to show cause, if any he hath, why the prayer of the Petitioner should not be granted, &c.  
Witness, Thomas Bagley, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the fourth Monday in May, 1845.  
THOMAS BAGLEY, C. C. C.  
Pr. Adv. \$5 62 1/2 52 6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—JOHNSTON COUNTY. IN EQUITY.  
Keziah Aycock and others, vs. James Pope and wife Paty, Garry Simms, and the Children and Heirs at Law of Edith Burnam.  
Petition for partition of the Lands of Joanna Alford.  
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendants in this case, are residents of the State of Georgia, and beyond the jurisdiction of this Court; it is ordered, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Weekly Raleigh Register, that the said James Pope and wife Paty, Garry Simms, and the Children and Heirs at Law of Edith Burnam, appear at our Court of Equity, to be held for the County of Johnston, at the Court House in Smithfield, on the 4th Monday in September next, then and there to show cause, if any he has, why the said Plaintiffs should not have judgment and execution against the real estate of Edith Burnam, deceased.  
Witness, Jno. A. Green, Clerk of said Court, at Office, &c.  
JNO. A. GREEN, Clerk.  
June 27, 1845. Pr. Adv. \$5 62 1/2 52 6w

FOR SALE.—Will be sold on the premises, on Saturday, the 30th day of August next, that valuable House and Lot on Hillsboro' Street, in the City of Raleigh, formerly occupied by Doctor John Beckwith.  
The sum of \$1350 will be required to be paid in cash, or a Note negotiable at the Bank of the State in Raleigh, at ninety days. On the residue of the purchase money, a credit of one and two years will be given, with interest from the day of sale, on bonds with approved security. An unquestionable title will be made.  
GEO. W. MORDECAI,  
Raleigh, July 16, 1845. 66 1wly