

LAST SCENE IN 'MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG FOLKS. Pinesville, Feb. 24th, 1843.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I am too happy and no mistake. The twenty-second of February is over, and the "consumption so devoutly to be wis'd for" is luck place. In other words, I's a married man! I am in no situation to tell you how all the thing tuck place, not by no means, and if it wasn't for my promise, I don't believe I could keep away from my wife long enough to write you a letter. Bless her li the sole. I didn't think I loved her half so good as I do; but to tell you the red truth, I do believe I've been almost out of my senses ever since nite afore last. But I must be short this time, while the gals is plagin Mary in 'Cother room.

I had the licens got mor'n a week ago, and old Mr. Eastman bring home my weddin suit just in time. Mother and old Mrs. Stanley had every thing ranged in first rate style long afore the time arriv'd, and nothin was wantin but your company to make every thing complete.

The flower o' the country, as I always sed. She's a monstrous fine gal, Major."

"That's a fiet," says Mr. Skinner, "that's a fact—and I hope you'll be a good husband to her, Joseph, and that you'll have good luck with your little—"

"Thank ye, thank, ye gentlemen—come along, cousin Pete," sez I; "as quick as I could get away from 'em."

The door o' the room was opened, and in we went. I never was so struck all up in a heap afore. There sot Mary, with three or four more gals, beautiful as an angel and blushtin like a rose. When she sed me, she kind o' smiled and said, "good evin, I couldn't say a word for my life, for mor'n a minit. There sot the deal gal of my hart, and I could't help but think to myself—whereas infernal as a man must be who could marry her and then make her unhappy by treatin her mean, and I determin'd in my soul to stand between her and the storms of the world, and to love her, and take care of her and make her happy as long as I lived. If you could just see her as she was dressed then, and if you envy a married man, you could'n't help but envy my luck, after all the trouble I've had to get her. She was dressed just to my liken, in a fine white muslin frock, with short sleeves and white satin slippers, with her hair all hanging over her snow white neck and shoulders in beautiful curls; without a single breast pin or any kind of jockey, 'cept a little white satin bow on the top of her head. Bimeby Miss Carline cum in the room.

"Cum, sis, they're all ready," sez she, and ther was graie big tears in her eyes, and she went and giv Miss Mary a kiss in her mouth, and fugged her a time or two.

We all got up to go. Mary trembled monstrous, and I felt sort of fainty myself, but I didn't feel nothin like crying.

When we got in the room whar the company was, old Squire Rogers stopped us rite in the Middle of the floor and axed us for the licens. Cousin Pete handed 'em to him, and he sed 'em out loud to the people who was all still as ston. After talkin a little, he went on—

"If enny body's got anything to say why this couple shouldn't be united in the holy bands of wedlock," sez he, "let 'em now speak, or always alterwards hold their peace—"

"Oh, my Lord! oh, my darlin daughter! oh, dear, oh, laws, a massy!" says old Mrs. Stanley, as loud as she could squall, a clappin her hands and cryin and shoutin like she was at a camp meeting.

Thunder and lightning! thinks I, here's another yearquake. But I held on to Mary, and was 'termin'd that nothin short of a real bust up of all creation should git her from me.

"Go ahead Squire," sez cousin Pete. "It aint nothin."

Mary blushted dreadfull, and seemed like she would drop down on the floor.

Miss Carline cum and whispered sumthin to her, and mother and two or three o' the old wimmn got old Mrs. Stanley to go in 'Cother room.

The Squire went through the balance of the business in a hurry, and Mary and me was made flesh of one bone and bone of one flesh, before the old wimmn got over her highstericks. When she got better, she cum to me and hugged me, and kissed me as hard as she could rite afore 'em all, while the old codgers in a room was salutin the bride, as they call'd it. I didn't like that part of the ceremony at all, and wanted to change with 'em monstrous bad; but I recon I've made up for it sense.

After marryin was over, we all tuck supper, and the way old Mrs. Stanley's table was kivered over with good things was astonishin. After playin and frolicin till about 10 o'clock, the bride's cake was cut and a cake was never baked in Georgia afore. The Stanleys being Was'ingtonians, ther wasn't no wine, but the cake wasn't had to take, just so. 'bout 12 o'clock, the company begun to cut out home, all of 'em just as sober as when they cum.

"Good nite, cousin Mary," sez Pete. "Good nite, Major," sez he. "I s'pose you ain't goin back to town to nite," and then bust rite out in a big laugh, and away he went.

That's jest the way with Pete—he's a good feller enough, but he ain't got no better sense. Mary sez she's sorry she couldn't send

you no more cake, but Mr. Montgomery's saddle bags wouldn't hold half she rapped up for you. Don't forget to put our marriage in the papers. No more from your friend till deeth.

THE ASCENSION. BY REV. A. D. GILLETTE, A. M.

Each event in our Saviour's life possesses superior interest; yet high above all our others rises his last transactions in human flesh. He had finished his career as a man of sorrows—had closed his toil and travel in preaching the Kingdom of God—had endured the mockery of trial, and had heard the harsh clamor of "crucify him! crucify him!" He had been spit upon, smitten, scourged, and forsaken by men, and betrayed into the hands of enemies by pretended friends. He had become the Lamb of Calvary, thereby taking away the sins of the world—even at that place, infamous and noisome with slaughter—deriving his name from the loathsome remains of executed criminals. The hols had been dug in which to plant the cross—the hammer and the nails were made ready; the cross was placed on the ground; Jesus lay down upon that bed of sorrows. They nail him to it; they erect it; his nerves break; his blood flows; he haugs upon his wounds, a spectacle to heaven and earth!

"He dies, the friend of sinner dies; Lo Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

The counsellor of Arimathea begs his body and lays it in a new made tomb. "where in never man laid"; an angel descended and rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre; Jesus came forth—

"The rising God forsook the tom  
He showed himself to Mary, and eight times appeared to his disciples; and after giving them his last counsel and discourse, he goes with them to the Mount of Olives—

"That dear honored spot,  
The name of whose wonders  
Shall ne'er be forgot."

There is impressiveness in the scene at the last interview with earthly friends; even though we hope to meet again in love's indissoluble ties. To part at the bed-side of a dying friend is painful, and yet pleasure is in the pain, if the "sure and certain," of a re-union in heaven beams upon the heart.—So this Olivet scene was one of hope to the tired friends of the Saviour, for although he went from them to heaven without speaking further of his return, two angels in shining garb tarried, and assured them that "in like manner as they had seen him go up into heaven, he should come again."

"There wels that the Immanuel chose Olivet's grove-elad mountains from which to ascend. Near by lay the garden wherein he had groaned in assuming the sins of a ruined race, that he might bear them in his body on the tree, and atone for them. Olivet was a scene of feendish joy then to all the fallen hosts whose miserable pastime consists in witnessing the sorrows that sin procures. It had been a place of deep lamentation to Jesus; but now he makes a monument that shall perpetuate his honor. On Olivet he spoke in human voice to his loved ones for the last time; there he gives them his last look of love, and receives theirs with all its lingering fragrance of association to be renewed no more during their mortal life; then he exhibits his divine power, by stepping into his cloudy chariot; and entering glory, he stands on Mount Zion. Over-looking the masses of the people who rejected his easy reign, and denied his Messiahship, while his hands were yet red with innocent blood, stood Immanuel, as Zachariah had foretold: "His feet shall stand on the Mount of Olives before Jerusalem; shall stand last there." Oh an amazing close of the scene of redemption in the ascension of the "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

"Up to his Father's courts he fie!  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And about him welcome to the skies."

From the Wilmington Chronicle, Feb. 7. FIRE.

About daylight on Friday morning last, fire broke out from the roof of the Steam Rice Mill at the lower end of the town, owned by Capt. Samuel Potter and Mr. J. A. Wade. The main building was entirely destroyed, together with several thousand bushel of rough rice. By the extraordinary exertions of the firemen a shed building, attached to the main one, was saved from being burnt—a feat worthy of special notice as showing the present efficiency of our fire department. The loss to the owners of the Mill is probably five or six thousand dollars, exclusive of three thousand insurance. Some planters who had rice waiting its turn to be cleaned lost several hundred dollars each.

SUPREME COURT. Opinions have been delivered in the following cases:

By RUFFIN, C. J. In Alston's Adm' r. v. Jackson, from Chatham, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Brunneck v. Bonding, from Stokes, affirming the judgment below. Also, in King v. Lindsay, in Equity, from Guilford, affirming the decree below. Also, in Freeman v. Eastman, in Equity, from Wake, declaring the defendant bound to perform the contract. Also, in Malcolm & Gaul v. Parnell, in Equity, from Hall-

fax, declaring that there is no error in the decree. By DANIEL J In den ex dem. Wallace v. Corvit, from Bladen, affirming the order of the Court below. Also, in Locke v. Gibbs, from Brunswick, affirming the judgment below. Also, in McCasern & Allen v. Quin's Adm. from Cleveland, setting aside the non-suit and directing judgment for Plaintiff's. Also, in Dalrymple v. Curry, in equity from Moore, declaring error in the decree below. Also, in Ellison v. Jones, from Randolph, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Roberts & Hinton v. Jones, from Wake, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Arrington v. Smith, from Wake, reversing the judgment below. Also, in Lister v. Skinner, from Pasquotank, affirming the judgment below.

THE DYING DRUNKARD.

His wife and two little helpes: infants were standing by his bedside—she gazing with tearful eyes on his pale emaciated countenance, while her little ones clung round her knees crying for bread. Alas! to what an awful standing had he brought himself and family! He was once happy and held a reputation unsullied and pure, but he became a lover of his glass; gradually got acquainted with loose and dissipated company, and from thence steered directly to destruction and ruin. His next little cottage soon lost the mark of respectability which it cherished—his wife soon learned not to weep with a broken heart—his children soon began to feel the pangs of hunger, and know the want of warm clothing; and himself—he soon what? No matter, look at him now! And thus it is with thousands. Men who would be our most useful members of society—men who would be ornaments to the country which gave them birth perish through the baneful influences of intoxicating drink. But look; see, he opened his hollow sunken eyes, wrapt in haze, and gazed wistfully round the room.

"Margaret," he cried in a tremulous voice, "where are you? It is growing dark and dismal, so that I cannot see you; hush, did any one call me?"

"No, no, love, it's no one, sobbed the poor heart broken wife; do you want any thing? If you do, tell me, and

"Stop, then, and I'll tell you, interrupted he, and as he spoke he made a convulsive effort to raise himself up in the bed. Where is your hand Margaret? Say, do you remember when I used to press it—how I used to breathe my vows of eternal constancy and love to you? when the nights bounded swiftly away from us as we sat locked in each other's arms, leaving us in astonishment how they vanished so quickly, eh?"

He had touched a chord, a tender one, which had not been awake for years.—"Samuel, my own Samuel," answered she, in checked accents, as she imprinted on his was but once manly countenance a kiss, "for my sake lie down, and compose yourself, and all will be well."

"Oh, no Margaret, that can never be," answered he, "would I had the opportunity, I would weep profusely by it; but—" as he spoke his voice faltered, "a few moments, and 'twill be over. Where are my little ones? Bring them to me, that I may embrace the innocents whom I starved and robbed of their rights."

They were accordingly brought to him, and, after pressing to his bosom and kissing them one by one, he requested of his wife to assist him in lying down. This done, a calm and tranquil stillness reigned throughout the apartment, interrupted only by the stifled sobs of the unhappy wife, and the low moaning of his children. Death was hovering near; his lamp had burned down to its socket, and was fluttering. "Mercy—oh heaven!" were his last words. A smile played upon his features—the spirit of life flew—the wife stood a widow, and her children were orphans.

A PIRATE CHASTISED BY A WOMAN.

Mrs. Mary Howitt, known to all lovers of good reading as one of the most delightful writers in the English language, writes a capital preface to her translation of Miss Bremer's new work—"A Diary," just issued by the Harpers. She lashes most severely and justly a certain unnamed London publisher who has set himself about the business of plundering authors of their works, and yet evading the laws of the land. Every body knows that but for Mrs. Howitt, Frederick Bremer would have yet remained unknown to those who read only English; and this lady herself informs us in this Preface, that she has labored for years and incurred great expense in presenting her works to the English public. They immediately became very popular and almost instantly acquired a wide reputation. This Mrs. Howitt herself created, and in the view of every man of sense and common honesty, she was entitled to both the credit and the profit of her labors. As soon as these works began to attract attention, some of the other works of Miss Bremer were anonymously translated in this country—these being selected which it was known that Mrs. Howitt had herself in hand.—This London publisher, not daring fear of the law, to seize upon the English translation, snatched the American as soon as it appeared, and issued it just in time to anticipate the publication by Mrs. Howitt, of that upon which she had been so long and so zealously engaged. "This," Mrs.

H. very justly says, "mark the Prowler and Literary Body snatcher." It may be strictly according to the letter of the law, but it is only shows that the law is wretchedly regardless of justice of common honesty. There is an obligation behind and above that of the statute book; it is the dictate which forbids theft,—theft of any kind, whether prohibited by the law or not. Mrs. Howitt very justly scoursges the American system of publishing "cheap literature," that system which, under the plea of benefiting the public, makes a virtue of picking an author's pocket, and pours out floods of trash as demoralizing and pestilent, as it is cheap and worthless. She shows the miserable character; the stupid blunders and general incorrectness of the American translations of Miss Bremer's works which have been put in competition with hers, and proves that they were not translated from the original, but from mutilated and contemptible German versions. This is all just and well deserved; there is no dereliction and honesty in the unscrupulous greediness with which the works of authors are snatched from their hands and made the prey of him who can clutch them first. It is a fact, honorable to the English newspaper press that they have with one consent, refused to aid this London publisher in his despicable schemes by noticing his books. If the press in this country would take the same stand, with reference to a certain class of works, the deluge of cheap immorality which now covers the surface of our literature, would soon subside and give place to something better. As a fair specimen of the usual practices of the London publisher to whom she refers, Mrs. Howitt mentions, that he not long since seized upon Rev. Muzzezy's "American Maiden" (an American work) placed another name on the title page, dubbed it the "English Maiden," and sent it forth as an original work, gravely saying in his "author's preface," that "he had been very careful to inculcate the morality of the Bible!" Mrs. H. in closing her notice says:

The Rev. Sydney Smith has ably trounced the Americans for their dishonesty, we entreat him to hold the balance even, and chastise this dishonesty towards Americans on the part of our countrymen. Swindling is the same thing on one side of the water as on the other, and nothing more disgraceful to national character can be done on the other side of the Atlantic." N. N. Tribune.

RETURN OF GOV. DAVIS.

Gov. John Davis, Agent of the Illinois Bond holders, has returned from his mission to examine the Illinois and Michigan Canal. He arrived at Albany on Tuesday evening last and took lodgings at the Eagle Tavern. Thence, he would proceed to Massachusetts.

Gov. Davis was accompanied by Mr. Ryan, one of the Illinois Commissioners, who will take to Europe the report of the Governor, which although not yet made public, is confidently declared to be highly favorable for the completion of the Canal.

The Portland Argus says: "The spirit of suicide seems to run riot. A correspondent writes us, that late on Friday evening last, an Englishman named Sheppard, about 50 years old, attempted to kill himself in the yard of the York Hotel, at Saco. He was horribly mangled."

ANOTHER DEFEALCATION.

Mr. Kismam, the third teller of the Merchant's Bank in New York, considering himself on his death-bed, on Monday last week, disclosed to the Cashier that he had defrauded the institution of twenty thousand dollars. An examination of the books of the bank proved the statement to be correct, exactly that amount having been abstracted. It appears that the defalcation occurred in 1836, and during all the intervening time Kismam ingeniously managed to conceal his guilt; but now, being to attend to periodical settlement of accounts in the institution, he made a virtue of necessity, and disclosed his crime. He has been in the employ of the bank for a long term of years.

The American says that this defalcation occurred in 1836, and has been kept undisclosed ever since. Kismam was always (such as he was) at his post on the last day of the month when his accounts were to be proved and made up, and had succeeded every month for nine years in concealing his defalcation. It was done in this way: The cashier would hand him letters containing remittances to the amount of thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars, for account of some of the corresponding banks. These Kismam, instead of entering them to the credit of the bank that day, (if the last of the month) would keep, as is often done, until the next morning, making his own cash good out of these remittances. The next morning, after his accounts were proved, he would make the correct entry, and his cash would be short again till the next settling day. In this way he managed to conceal the matter; but this time he was so sick the physician would not let him come off his bed, and so he made a virtue of necessity, and disclosed the whole thing. He has been in the bank for fifteen or eighteen years was married, and has a large family. What he has done with the money is not known.

A MARVELOUS STORY.

The Boston Mail gives the particulars of a reported occurrence near Concord New Hampshire. The narrative is of the most startling character. A drover named Pierce was returning through Concord, to his home in company with another drover. Both of them had been to Brighton market with cattle. At Concord they separated, as Pierce had business a few miles out of the way; but they agreed to meet at a place specified beyond Concord, and pursue their journey together. On arriving at the place designated, Pierce was surprised to find his friend was not there; and certain appearances induced suspicious in his mind that all was not right. On retiring to rest at night, he called his large dog, to go with him, but the landlord objected. Pierce insisted; and soon after locking the door to his room, the dog made some strange movements about the fireboard to the large fire-place in his room. On removing the board, Pierce found his companion behind it, dead! He, however, fixed his pistols and went to bed. In the dead of the night he heard some one trying to enter his door. He called out, and the landlord demanded admittance. This being refused, the door was forced open, and the landlord entered with a gun in his hand, followed by two other men having large knives; the dog seized the landlord by the throat, and completely throttled him. Pierce fired his pistols at the other two, and killed them on the spot!

It is always heroic and valorous, not to say magnanimous, to step forward in defence of the oppressed, and unprotected. Don Quixote, of renowned distinction, gained much of his glory and fame by his deeds of daring and chivalry. On one occasion, and perhaps this was his first adventure of any considerable importance, he made a bold and fearless attack upon a wind-mill, that he had mistakn for an armed giant menacing him and all who might oppose him with instant death. Subsequent to this act of heroism, he made great slaughter upon a flock of sheep, that he had very naturally, and very innocently, taken for an army that he had reason to apprehend was about to do deeds of violence to an unprotected people. And still, on another occasion, he brought down with a single stroke of his cleaving sabre, a poor barber, with his basin on his head, that he had taken for a knight with a burnished helmet to protect his pate. In all these instances, the valorous Don Quixote believed that he was protecting the helpless, and disarming powers that would be brought to bear with unrelenting cruelty upon the oppressed and defenceless. He was prompted by a real high-born chivalry, if Cervantes is to be believed, in pursuing the course he did in search of adventure, and in actual conflict with adverse powers. His object was "to protect the weak from the oppression of the powerful, and to defend the right cause against the wrong," which, according to J. P. R. James, constitutes true chivalry. These remarks have been suggested by several articles which have appeared of late in our City papers in relation to our Town Clock, some of which have come from our office. Our sympathies, we confess, were enlisted to some extent in behalf of the exposed and persecuted Clock, before we saw the article in the Independent, which at once prepared us to begin a crusade in its defence. We, with our neighbor of the Independent, began to think that the clock has done as much as could reasonably be expected from it, pothered as it has been by the interference of whoever might feel disposed to meddle with it; and gazed at and talked about as it has been since it took its conspicuous stand upon the steeple. Every one feels at liberty to look it full in the face—to criticise its proportions—to laugh at its voice—to make fun of its little mistakes—and, in a word, to regard it as though it were an outlaw to every feeling of human kindness and sympathy. And until our friend over the way offered a few thoughts in extenuation of its little irregularities, &c. not a word had been said in its justification or defence. For the future we intend, Don Quixote like, to be found listed with the defenders and protectors of the injured and helpless. We do think—and we have a right to know something about it, being very near to it—we do think, every thing considered, it has done as well as could be expected. And having said thus much, we are of course recant every thing that we have said heretofore that may have been thought unfriendly to our new time-keeper; and it will be further understood that we stand ready to break a lance with any cavalier who dares assert that our town clock is not a very decent and respectable affair. It does not strike loud as it might if it had a more suitable bell, to be sure; neither has it been in the habit, in the process of being regulated, of stopping at all times when it should; but, as has been remarked in its defence, what of that! Is it to have no rights of its own? Shall it not have the privilege of conducting its own business in its own way? We hope so. Let no one then for the futurity aught against our town clock. We have been the more particular in coming out at this time in support of this enterprise of our Commissioners, as we understand they intend to push it still farther, that is, from the Church down to the Town Hall, where it is proposed to give it a permanent resting place—displaying at least four faces, high and lifted up, commanding a view of the whole city, and speaking out in thunder tones that shall alarm the natives. We have thought it proper, before the clock leaves our immediate vicinity, where it has annoyed us but little, to say the above in its praise and defence. Since it was written, we have found the following in the Clarion, which we also cheerfully copy in its defence.

To the Editor of the Clarion:

DEAR SIR:—I ask you, and other Editors who have assumed themselves, at the expense of my feelings, to do me a common act of justice.

Yours respectfully,  
S. N. BOTSFORD.

DON'T FRET.

This is a world of ups and downs, of crosses and contradictions. Every day turns up something to disturb the equanimity of one's temper. But it is worse than useless to fret. Fretting is like caustic applied to a sore. It inflames, but never cures. A fretful spirit is never happy, and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, then, if the world goes wrong and it does that pretty often, don't fret. If a man cheats, and then laughs at you for a verdant one, make the best of it and keep cool. Fretting will only make a bad thing worse. If you break your leg, or find your favorite seat at the Lyceum occupied, if the stage upset, or the car leaves you behind, if the cook spoils your dinner, or the thick headed servant misdelivers an important message, if the "dear image of its beautiful mother" repays your caresses by thrusting its tiny fingers into your plate of soup and wiping them on your snow white shirt bosom; if Banks fail and States repudiate, keep your temper. Repeat the alphabet, read the hundred and nineteenth psalm, do and say anything "lovely and of good report," but as you value quietness of mind and the good temper of others, don't fret. It is marvellous how much good nature and patience will do towards curing the ills to which flesh and spirit are heirs.

The following fact is related by Napoleon with reference to one of his great actions in Italy, when passed over the field of battle before the dead bodies had been interred. "In the deep silence of a moonlight night (said the emperor) a dog, leaping suddenly from the clothes of his master, rushed upon us, and then returned to his hiding place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us; thus at once soliciting and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, has friends in the camp or in his company, and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson Nature here presents through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! And how mysterious are his impressions! I had without emotion ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army! I had beheld with careless eyes the execution of those operations by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed, and here feelings were roused by the mournful howlings of a dog!"

OLD TIMES. In 1624 there was a law in Massachusetts exacting a fine of five shillings of every one who kept Christmas.

APPEARANCES. It is a remarkable fact, that every animal when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig, and it resembles an old woman of fifty. A bull dressed in an overcoat, resembles a lawyer. Tie a few ribbons around a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail and you have a broadway dandy. The features of a tiger call to mind those of a sailor. A hedgehog, those of a miser. Jackasses resemble a good many people, but we dislike personalities in this case.

Blanks for sale at this Office.