

LETTER FROM MAJOR JONES.

PINEVILLE, Feb. 6, 1844.

Mr. Thompson:—DEAR SIR—News! News!! Glorious News!!! Hurra for me!!! "Let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the canon roar without, The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth."

For Mary's got a baby!!!

And a monstrous find boy at that! The king of Denmark, you know, wanted to set all heavens and earth in a uproar, jest because his excellency was wine to take a drink of licker—but if ever a man did feel like this world wasn't big enough for him to enjoy his happiness in, I think I ought to on this important occasion. I never had such feelings before. When I was elected Major of the Georgia Militia I felt a good deal of pride and gratification, and when I married Mary, I thought I was the happiest man in Georgia, but this last business has clapped the climax over every thing that ever happened to me in all my born days. It wouldn't do for people to get much happier in this world than I am, now mind I tell you.

I don't want to brag over other people, and I know it is an old maxim, that "every crowd thinks its own young ones the whitest," but I'll tell you what's a fact—mine is one of the most surprising children that ever was seen in these parts. It aint but jest four days old this evening, and its got plenty of hair on its head, and the prettiest little feet and hands, with toes, and fingers, all just as natural as grown people's, and when it opens its eyes it rolls 'em all round the room just like it know'd every thing that was gwine on. Mother says she really does believe the child know'd her first time she tucked it in her arms, and old Miss Stallions says all she's afraid of is its too smart to live. The galls is almost crazy about it, and such another pullin' and hawlin' about it as they do keep? One wants it and other wants it, and they won't give the little feller no chance to sleep for lookin' at it, and showin' it to people, and talkin' to it, and its all the time "to come to its anty—tweest little precious baby—anty little sugar candy, dumpy diddle," and every time I take it they're all scared to death for fear I'll hurt it some way.

Just as I expected, the namin has been more trouble than a little. I picked out "Henry Clay" for his name more'n a month ago, but they all wanted to say in it, and every one had a name that they liked the best of any. Mother said she never liked to have any of her family named after great political characters, for she never know'd a George Washington, or a Thomas Jefferson that was any manner of account in her life except the first ones, and them names would 'been no better than common people's if their characters was 'nt. Old Miss Stallions wanted to call him Abraham Stallions, cause that was her husband's name, and sister Calline wanted him named Theodore Adolpus, cause they were her favorite novel names, and sister Kesiah wanted him named Charles Beverly, cause he was one of the most interesting characters in "The Children of the Abbey." I wanted 'em all to be satisfied, but it seemed like there was no fixin the business to anybody's likin, until after they all talked themselves down tired about it, we all agreed to leave it to Mary to decide. Poor Mary didn't know what to do, when they all gathered round her beggin her as hard as they could.

"Remember your pore old father that's dead and gone, child," said old Miss Stallions.

"Oh, don't call him Abraham, that's a old time name," says the galls.

"Theodore is so pretty," says sister Calline.

"Oh that's such a outlandish French name," says all of 'em.

"But Charles Beverly, was such a good character in 'The Children of the Abbey,' and sounds so noble," says sister Kesiah.

"No Christian child ought to be named a novel name," says old Miss Stallions, "They're all lies from end to end."

"Call him what you're a mind to, dear," says mother, "for you're his mother, and ought to please yourself."

Mary looked up in my face with her pretty blue eyes, and smiled so sweet when sister Calline laid the baby in her arms—and then she sed, as she hugged it to her bosom

"Come to its mudder, my sweet little Henry Clay—it shall be called Henry Clay, so it shall, mudder's pwesious little ring-bone, so it is, and it shall be President too, when it gits a man so it shall."

"Hurra for Clay," says I, "Hur—" "Hush-h-h-h Joseph!" says mother, "ant you ashamed to shock Mary's nerves so?"

"The fact was, I felt so glad I forgot what I was about. But I went rite off and rite down in the family record."

HENRY CLAY JONES,

THE FIRST SON OF JOSEPH AND MARY JONES, WAS BORN ON

THE 2D DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1844.

I've been so frustrated for the last week that I hardly know what I'm doin' half the time, and I don't spose I shall find time to do much else but nurse the baby for some time to come. Mary's rite pient, and little Henry Clay is makin a monstrous good beginning in the world. No more from Your friend til death.

JOS. JONES.

P. S. I haint had no time to think a-

bout politics lately—but you may be sure things is gwine on strait enough down here. There's monstous few lokyfokys in our beat, and what few ther is, is so split up they don't know who they belong to They used to say they 'longed to the Baltimore Convention, but sense Mr. Calhoun's tuck it into his head "to give it up so" they don know nothin about it, only they don't belong to the Coons. Poor fellers, they're in a rube bad box. Van Buren's fooled 'em a-bout the tariff and they han't got no confidence in him about abolition, and they can't go for him. Calhoun's gwine to Nullify again, and it won't do for old union men to jine him in that. Ther's no account in the taste of the lokyfokys, and ther's no tullen what they will do—my opinion, is if they don't come to ther senses afore long, and vote for Mr. Clay, they'll be like the lost tribes of Israel—not to be found no where.

DOMESTIC TRIALS; OR, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

IN THREE PARTS—BY J. H. H.

"Domestic happiness thou airy dream."

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Flanders Florentine had been married just one year. They were united on New Year's day, 1843. It was a union of hands; no hearts, interests, minds, or tastes. Never were two persons more dissimilar in habit or disposition: he being jealous, exacting, careless, doubtful, and at times ill-tempered; she, confident, industrious, careful, and tidy, but matching, if not surpassing him, in quickness and obstinacy of temper. That they quarrelled sometimes is no very great wonder.

As I have said afore, it is the first of January New Year's day; the day of all others in the year, which is associated with delightful reminiscences of the past, enjoyment of the present, and anticipations of the future. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Flanders Florentine were seated at the breakfast table, (delightful meal for *tete a tete*) face to face, each with a bright smile to welcome in the year. "My dear," said he, swimming his spoon on the top of his coffee, "I have been thinking."

"Well, my dear, what have you been thinking of? said she, looking at the cream cup, which stood before her on the tea-tray, as if it was a thing of life.

"Why, my dear, that, as this is New Year's day, and the first anniversary of our marriage, that we—that is if you are so inclined, bury all past grievances in the grave of the old year, and commence the new one with mutual confidence and forbearance, will you dear?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you will not give way to those foolish jealousies, be a little more industrious, tidy, and steady. I really think you should be happier. You will confess, dear—*now want you?*—that during the last year, you have been very jealous, cross, careless, and a little indolent!"

"Yes, dear, and you are obstinate, ill-tempered, and constantly picking at trifles, and"

"Why, Mr. Florentine, how can you say so? You know I have been kind, affable, affectionate, economical and—and—By you try to cover your falsest attach blame to me. 'Tis just like you."

"I say 'tis not like me, Mrs. Florentine. I have my faults; you have yours—and if the truth were known—"

"Well, what if the truth were known?" "Why, why—nothing," replied he, (fearing he had gone a little too far, and alarmed lest he could not be able to accomplish his designs,) "only I think we had better let it alone year. Come, dear, let us to-day make an engagement never to quarrel again."

"With my whole heart, dear. Let us sign, seal, and ratify it with a kiss. I promise never to be cross again."

"And I never."

"Never!"

"Both together, 'Never.' The kiss was given, and they removed their seats to the fire. A long pause now ensued, when all at once, Mrs. F. looked lovingly up to her husband, and said—

"Dear, I have been endeavoring to count how many little differences we have had, but I really cannot. Can you?"

"Yes, dear."

"How many?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter."

"Three hundred and sixty-five dear?"

"Yes dear, one for every twenty-four hours."

"You are witty or trying to be so. How do you make out the quarter?"

"To-day. Just now, I am sure we came very nigh quarrelling. If I had not restrained my temper—in time, I am sure we should."

"No, you mean, if I had not—I mean what I said. I am sure I had sufficient cause to be angry. Did you not tell me I was—I was indolent, cross, and slovenly?"

"And didn't you tell me I was ill-tempered, obstinate, and picking at trifles; and isn't that enough to vex a saint?"

"Yes, and so you are."

"I am not, you brute you."

"Do not call me a brute, Mrs. F."

"I will, I'll call you anything, you—proving wretch."

"Mrs. F. be careful; if you persist in using these abusive names, I tell you once for all, I'll leave you forever."

"Do, do, do you dare, you mean paltry wretch you, you apology of a man, you."

"Hold, before you drive me too far." "Oh, go, go, the sooner the better, you—You—I lived before I saw you, and I can again."

"You wish me to go, do you?" "Yes, I do."

Mr. F. now in a complete phrensy, rushed to the door. In doing so, he upset the table, broke the crockery, scalded his feet and made his exit.

Mrs. F. ran to the window, raised the sash, put her head in the street and hollered after him. "Happy New-Year."

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

Monsieur Jarvis had a steed for sale which he recommended as "one ver fine animalle—one horse elegant extraordinary."

"How old do you call him?" asked the purchaser.

"How old!" said the Frenchman; "vy sar he is sumsonlike *ten upon eleven*."

"No older?" "No sair, he is no older vat I tell you."

"On your honor," "Oui, sare, on me very scare honour, vat me tell you is the true—he is no older than ten upon eleven; me no cheaty you aveed azghe de horse. He is no more as vat I tell you."

The horse was purchased under full belief that he was no more than ten or eleven years old. But the new owner was a short time afterwards told, by a judge of horse flesh, that he had got monstrously bitten by the Frenchman in regard to the age of the steed, which was at least twice as old as he purchased him for.

Upon this he went in a great fury to the Frenchman and exclaimed— "Confound your French tongue! the horse is twice as old as you said."

"Sar," exclaimed Jarvis, with well feigned astonishment. "S'r I'll sare you, you lying, smooth tongued scoundrel."

"Me liel me one scoundrel! vor for you accuse me! ha! You is one lie yourself—you is von grand impudence, begar! You come here to cuse me for lie be gar."

"You needn't bristle up to me, Monsieur, I can eat up two Frenchmen like you at one meal."

"Diab! Vat! You eat me—you von diable dam! You von savage—you vild animalle brut, begar!"

"There is no use in all that Monsieur. You're a lying villain; you told me a cock and bull story about the age of that horse which is no such thing."

"Begar! 'tis no such thing; 'tis no bull and cock, vat me sells you de horse. Sare, you be—"

"Under von grand mistake, sare: von grand mistake, I say nothing at all about a bull and cock. I sell him you von horse."

"But you cheated me in the age. The horse, I am credibly informed is at least twenty if not twenty-one years old."

"Oui, Ori, dat is the azghe, yes, sare, dat is what I call him."

"The devil it is! you told me he was ten or eleven."

"No sare, I no tell you he ten or eleven.—Dat is one grand mistake, sare. Dat leetle word you put in, me no put him dere. Me say de horse ten upon eleven."

"Well what's the difference?" "Diference! Begar! you von English Americane, and you not know de diference tell between you english word? Or—he no upon—upon—he no or. Me no Anglishe, but sare dare one grand diference between dose two leetle word."

"I know there's difference," replied the purchaser, "but you meant to cheat me in the age of the horse; you meant I should understand you ten or eleven."

"Sare," returned the Frenchman, coolly, "dere is vere you make de grand mistake. I tell you de horse vas ten upon eleven; dat is vat me understand—ten more eleven—vat you call von and de twenty."

"But you meant to deceive me," said the purchaser doggedly. "Deceive you Monsieur! me deceive you von American Yankee, vor cheat de diable. Begar! me sell honest horse for vor you call von and de twenty; me no can possible cheat you be gar; 'tis no cart dat you put de horse afoerd de honest azghe de de horse is vot I tells you ten or eleven, and be gar, you find him so."

FITZ-BOODLE'S HINT TO THE LADIES.

Whilst ladies persist in maintaining the stictly defensive condition, men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line, that of attack; otherwise if both parties held aloof, there would be no marriages; and the two hosts would die in their respective inaction, without ever coming to a battle. Thus it is evident that as ladies will not, the men must take the offensive. I, for my part, have made, in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several fortified hearts. Sometimes I began my work too late in the season, and winter suddenly came and rendered further labors impossible; sometimes I have attacked the breach madly, sword in hand and have been plunged violently from the scaling-ladder into the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent lodgment in the place, when bang! blows up a mine, and I am scattered to the duce! and sometimes when I have

been in the very heart of the citadel—oh, that I should say it!—a sudden panic has struck me, and I have run like the British out of Carthegena! One grows tired after a while of such perperal activity. Is it not time that the ladies should take an innings? Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, that for the next hundred years we will make love no longer. Let the young women make love to us: let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance; get us ices and cups of tea, and help us on with our cloaks at the hall door; and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield and to say, "La! Miss Hopkins—I really never—I am so agitated—ask papa!"—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A PARODY.

A lawyer's life is the life for me. I own I love it dearly, And every season full of glee I take its labors cheerly— To sue or plead, To speak, or read, Or in the Court to be Sir, All's one to me, I plainly see It is just what I like, Sir.

The Farmer leads a harassed life Much like that of proud fashion's daughter, And 'tween his own and stormy wife Is always dressing wind and water.

To plow, or sow, To reap, or mow, He's looking round and upwards, Sir, To clouds to see, To sun to see, His heart full of anxiety, He dearly earns his corn.

The farmer's styled a happy man, But this I hold but humbugging, He has the blues like every man, With now and then some fanning,

His fence is down, His cow is gone, His corn is rotted all, Sir, It's rain, rain, I'll not remain, By George, I'll quit the State Sir.

A lawyer's life then let me live, Nor growl at other's occupation, Nor think that all this world can give Is scooped up in my situation.

I wish that you, Ant farmers too, May live both long and happy, Sir, But do not say Again, I pray, That you are all creation, Sir.

A MAN OF MEMORY.

"A foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, notions, recollections,—these are begot in the ventricles of memory, nourished in the womb of *via mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion."

Memory is a thing at once the source of many of our brightest joys and bitterest regrets. Men may at one moment pray for a draught from the stream of Lethe, and the next lift up their hearts with joy that the blessing of memory is with them still. Loss of memory is one of the saddest afflictions that can fall upon us, for it is a faculty so intimately linked with all the operations of the mind, that to miss it is to leave the whole mental machine in a state of disorder. Among the anecdotes of a celebrated traveler from the Far East, we find a good thing about a gentleman of weak memory. He was on a boat, that was descending the Hudson river, and advertised to go "through without stopping," when he heard a lady complain of the toothache.

"Now," said the man of memory, "I can just tell you what to do. As soon as the boat, cis down as far as—you know the town—where you're going to stop, you know;—well, you must get out there, and you go up to the corner,—the street is called what it is,—no, it aint that neither, but it's something like it—and—any body can tell you—get a quarter of a pound—not the yellow kind, but—you'll see the sort—and you ought to be particular—take it down to—then pour it into a—into a—but look out and don't use—when you mix it—don't use the stuff that *absorbs*—take care about that—and when then you fix it this way—[Here the man of memory went into a display of most curious and incomprehensible pantomimic flourishes]—no, not exactly, either—first you must cut it off in this manner [Here came another inexplicable exhibition of dumb show]—and there," continued the man of memory—"there you have it, and all you have to do is to put it on warm right away."

"And will this cure the toothache?" inquired the lady.

"The toothache!" exclaimed the man with a conceivably organ of memory, "Madam, I beg your pardon;—I thought you said the toothache!"

Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Nickleby are immortalized as humorous instances of self-satisfied tediousness, and making up assorted varieties of the same species, we think we are authorized in mentioning this man of memory. But all who would like to know how much better some things can be told verbally than in type, may go and get Dan Marble to tell the story.

MR. CLAY.

This distinguished citizen has fixed the time for his visit to this city—the 12th of April.

According to a recent decision of the French Minister of War no officer of the Army shall in future obtain permission to marry unless the person to whom he is to be united should possess a revenue of at least 2000 per annum.

Ex-Governor NORLE of Indiana died at Indianapolis on the evening of the 8th instant.

DEMONSTRATION. A gentleman who was recently lecturing in St. Louis, Mo took occasion to lay the soft soap on pretty thick, in the way of pangyrizing the citizens for their honesty and morality. While he was speaking one of his hearers stole his cloak, and disappeared.

MILLERISM. Has exhibited a new wrinkle. The prophet has discovered that March 23d, coming, Gentile time is equivalent to 23d April past, Jewish time. So that by this improved reckoning, the world is to be destroyed on the 23d of March next.

We copy the following excellent fable from the Independent:

ORIGINAL FABLE. Once upon a time, an Ass and a Frog were standing by a lake, conversing on the topic of true greatness. A Hare passing near them, was asked whether he was going? He answered "to get good and to do good." At this the frog laughed, and the Ass said, "nay Tim Hare, but your object is fame." "Admit what you say, replied the Hare; "it is far better to do good for the sake of fame, than to acquire notoriety as an Ass or a Frog, by such constant braying and croaking as to disturb the peace of the whole community."

MORAL. Those who are most apt to accuse good men of being ambitious of fame are those who seldom do anything worthy of praise. DUPLIN.

A TURK IN PARIS. A great stir has recently taken place in Paris on account of the Turkish Ambassador wanting to set up a *Horret!* The grave heads of the *Ministere des Affaires Etrangères* were thrown into great hilarity by an application from the enormous Turk for privilege not to be disturbed by the police, when establishing in his *palais*, on the *Place de la Concorde*, a domestic community of interesting young ladies. In lack of a Circassian slave market, the Ambassador proposed to furnish his apartments with pretty grisettes and voluntary French *Odalisks*. This most extraordinary and strange demand has received a negative from M. Guizot, and the answer he said to be a masterpiece of French politeness and profound reasoning, but his Turkish Excellency is much vexed at the fastidiousness of Parisian society.

PIRATICAL VESSEL. Accounts from Gibraltar of the 10th December, states that a piratical looking vessel was seen on the 2d of that month, near Milaga; she was a sharp, black Polare brig, coppered, with no appearance of ports, ordinary figure head, very light, and sailed extremely fast; crew about 50 in number; supposed to be Greek. She boarded a brig then a large bark, and laid along side till the following day, it is supposed to receive plunder of cargo. It is feared the bark may have been scuttled. H. M. steamer Locust had proceeds in quest of the pirate.

The Hon. Henry A. Wise (one of the Representatives in Congress from Virginia) has been appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to be Minister of the U. S. to the Brazil. His nomination was confirmed by the Senate on Friday. [Nat. Int.]

The following is the vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Archer, Atehison, Atherton, Barrow, Bates, Berrien, Buchanan, Choate, Colquitt, Evans, Foster, Francis, Fulton, Hannegan, Haywood, Hugger, Jarnagin, King, Miller, Phelps, Porter, Rives, Semple, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tallmadge, Upham, Walker and Wright—30.

NAYS—Messrs. Bagby, Benton, Breese, Clayton, Fairfield, Henderson, Mangum, Morehead, Pearce, and Woodbridge—16.

A Gentleman passing by the jail of a country town heard one of the prisoners, through the gratings of his cell, singing in the softest and most melodious tone, that favored his song, "Home sweet home." His sympathies were very much excited in favor of the unfortunate tenant of the dungeon, and upon enquiring the cause of his incarceration, was informed that he was put in jail for beating his wife!

An individual superscribed a letter to Mr. Peleg Handley, Utica, thus: "2 Peleg Handley, U T K."

SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS There are 60 churches of this denomination in the United States.

Dandies with immense whiskers and an arch of bristles over the mouth belong to hairy-stocracy.

"He that is offended with his neighbors pride should look well to his own humility; There are 290 lawyers, 180 physician and 72 clegymen, in the city of Boston.

Why is a very old man like a nail driven into a white oak post? Because he is in-firm.

When is a hen most likely to hatch? When she is in earnest. (In her nest.)

A wit and fool in company are like a crab and an oyster—the one watches till the other opens his mouth, that he may catch him up.

A lady is no use at a ball without a beau!—A fiddle is in the same fix.

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

A REMARKABLE CHILD. The Rockville (Md.) Journal, several days ago gave an account of a remarkable child with whiskers. The Journal of Friday last, after stating that its truth had been questioned, says:

Although we have not seen this wonderful prodigy we can vouch for the truth of our statement, from the facts we have gathered from respectable gentlemen who have seen it, as well as the attending physician. Instead of exaggeration in the description given us, we fell far short of real truth. The child, which is now four weeks old, healthy and likely to live, has not only whiskers on both sides of its face; nearly meeting under the chin, and as long and as thick as any dandy would be proud of having, but its forehead, back, shoulders and breast, are completely coated with hair as thick as lambs wool. As remarkable as this may seem the facts are as we have stated them. The child is to be christened Esau Bush-rod.

EXPORT OF DOMESTIC GOODS. There were exported from Boston, during the 27th ult. 552 bales of Domestic Goods. Of these 353 bales were shipped to Rio de Janeiro, and 195 to the East Indies.

RIOT IN SYRACUSE. They sometimes have riots in ball rooms at the goodly town of Syracuse, N. Y. We thought such things were only known in New Orleans. It seems a young man was in the bar-room of a tavern in Syracuse, where a German ball was in progress. He seized a decanter of whiskey when a woman who was behind the counter knocked him down, and the landlord fired a pistol at him.—The ball entered below the right ear, and lodged in the under jaw. He was then kicked into the street—a mob collected—pistols were fired—the volunteer company called out—the landlord arrested—and the fiddlers sent home. O, Syracuse.

The editor of the Vicksburg Sentinel corresponding with his journal from Jackson, relates a rumor about there of an extraordinary occurrence transpiring in that place recently. It seems a young amateur practitioner in mesmerism succeeded in putting an African servant into slumber and in the same moment was seized with fever and chills, which were communicated at once to the mesmerized subject, and they are both lying now in a pitiable state. The magnetizer is too sick to wake up his subject, and there they lie shivering in company!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. A few days ago a cotton buyer of Augusta entered a warehouse in that city, and purchased a lot of cotton at 8¢ per pound; whereupon he instructed the factor to put on 1 cent, and offer it again which was done, and in the course of the forenoon a purchaser was found at 9 cents. The last purchaser removed the samples to the board of a different factor, and before night it was resold to the first purchaser at 9¢ cents! This is, no doubt, a fair specimen of the way that cotton is often speculated in.

A talking machine is now being exhibited in New York. We know several married men to whom a talking machine is no novelty.

The scarlet fever prevails to an alarming extent in Philadelphia. It is attended by greater fatality than usual.

An editor "out West" apologizes for the dullness of his editorials, and attributes it to the fact that he is compelled to write them on fools-cap.

THE ROAR OF WATER. The Entaw (Ala.) Whig of the 16th ult. says:—"Never since Noah's flood have we had any thing like as much rain as we have had for the last two months, and we are unable to say when it will stop. We are looking out every day for steamboats to pass through our town! All that is necessary to let them pass through the county any where, is to clear away the undergrowth."