

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

F. C. Hill—Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Wilmington, North Carolina.

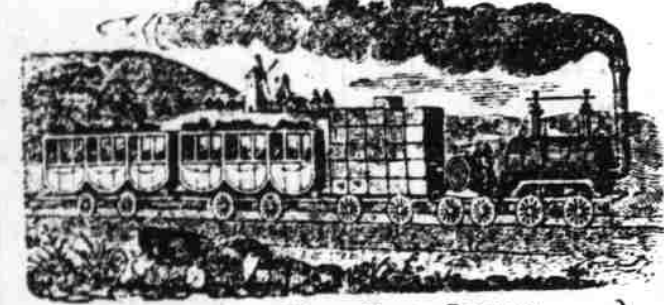
VOL. II. NO. 33.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 1st, 1837.

WHOLE NO. 85.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding a square inserted at ONE DOLLAR the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion.
No subscribers taken for less than one year, and all who permit their subscription to run over a year, without giving notice, are considered as subscribers for the second year, and so on for all succeeding years.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.
OFFICE on the south side of Market Street, below the Court House.



RAIL-ROAD OFFICE.
Wilmington, July 1st, 1836.
At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail-Road Company this day, the following Resolution was passed and ordered to be published, viz:
Resolved, That Interest be exacted from such Stockholders, as shall fail to pay their instalments within the time prescribed by public notice.
True copy from the minutes.
JAMES S. GREEN, Secretary.
July 1st, 1836.

RAIL-ROAD OFFICE.
Wilmington, Dec. 17th, 1836.
At a late Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company, the following Resolutions were passed and ordered to be published, viz:
Resolved, That a Discount be allowed, at the rate of six per cent per annum, for all anticipated payments of subscriptions to the stock of this Company; to be estimated after all the payments of other subscribers, shall have been made; and the amount then refunded agreeably to the same.
Resolved, That Interest be allowed on all Instalments paid not less than thirty days before they are due.
True Copy from the Minutes.
December 17th, 1836.
JAMES S. GREEN, Secy.

NOTICE.
As Agent of the Rail Road I find it absolutely necessary to enforce the law against persons trading with negroes. This is therefore to warn all persons against trading with any of the hands on the Rail Road, without an *equal* pass from my self or some one of the Engineers.
A. McRAE, Superintendent.
Wilmington, Febr. 3d, 1837. 4 t f

RAIL-ROAD OFFICE.
Wilmington, May 16th, 1837.
PURSUANT to an order of the Board of Directors, the Stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company will be called on for the following instalments, viz:
\$5 pr. share to be paid on or before 1st July next,
\$5 " " " " 1st Oct. "
\$10 " " " " 15th Dec. "
JAMES OWEN, President.
May 19th, 1837. 19 t f

To Wood Cutters.
THE Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company will contract for a quantity of wood to be delivered on Contract, with persons who are engaged to haul, will please call at the Engineer's Office on Mr. M. T. Goldsborough, or on the undersigned.
WALTER GWYNN, Engineer.
Wilmington, June 9th, 1837. 22 t f

Fayetteville and Western RAIL ROAD.
NOTICE is given that the Books of Subscription to the Stock of this Company are open at the Bank of the State.
An instalment of Two Dollars on each share will be required at the time of subscribing.
By the Commissioners
JAMES OWEN.
AARON LAZARUS.
ALEX. ANDERSON.
Wilmington, Febr. 24th, 1837. 7 t f

Wanted by the Subscriber.
OAK and Bay Bark, for which the following price, in cash, will be paid on delivery, viz:
\$6 00 pr. Cord for Oak, and
\$3 50 do for Bay,
delivered in good order.
JOHN J. HEWETT.
April 7th, 1837. 13 t f

LARGE MAPS
of
Mississippi and Alabama.
Showing the Public and Indian Lands, Indian Reservations, Land Districts, Townships, Streams, &c. engraved from the Government surveys and plats in the General Land Office, Washington City, by E. Gilman, Draughtsman in the General Land Office.
F. TAYLOR, Bookseller, Washington City, has just published, (and secured the copyright according to law) the above Maps, which will be found infinitely more complete and accurate than any heretofore published. They are published on separate sheets; each containing nearly six square feet, and will be found especially useful and valuable to those interested in the lands of either State, as they show every item of information which is in the possession of the land offices, relative to water courses, townships, Indian lands and reservations, land districts, &c. and will be found perfectly accurate and precise in these points. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, subject only to single letter postage. Price two dollars; or three copies of either will be sent by mail for five dollars. A liberal discount will be made to travelling agents, or to any who buy to sell again.
Editors of newspapers any where, who will give the above advertisement, including this notice, one or two insertions, shall receive by return mail a copy of each map, if they will send a copy of the paper containing it to the advertiser.
July 18.

All kinds of BLANKS
For Sale at this Office.



Notice to Travellers.

THE Wilmington and Roanoke Rail Road Company have put on the line of their road a splendid stock of horses and Post Coaches, to run in connection with the Steam Boat Boston (now plying between Wilmington and Charleston) and the Boats on the Chesapeake Bay. The Coaches will leave Wilmington on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, and reach Halifax in thirty six hours; giving the passengers one night's sleep, and in time for the Petersburg or the Portsmouth train of Cars, to meet the Boats on the Bay, which leave Portsmouth on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. The Company are able to start from Wilmington three Coaches on the arrival of the Boat, and two on the next day if necessary, so that no delay need be apprehended.
The travelling public are assured, that they shall find on this line, good coaches, fine horses, careful drivers, attentive agents, and the best natural road in the world. These the Company hope will ensure them a fair share of patronage.
A stage runs tri-weekly from Wilmington to Fayetteville; and one twice a week from Wilmington, via Newbern, Washington, and Plymouth, in connection with the Steam Boat which runs up the Blackwater to the Portsmouth Rail Road.

Passengers leaving Augusta in the morning, will reach Charleston by Rail Road same day
Wilmington by Steam boat next morning - 136
Halifax by Stages next day (where they sleep) - 170
Portsmouth by Rail Road next day - 165
and Baltimore by Steam boat next morning.
FARE from Charleston to Halifax, 22 Dollars—Distance 340 miles.
Wilmington, June 16th, 1837. 23 t f

FOR WASHINGTON.
Fare Reduced to \$6.
The Steamboat COLUMBIA,
Capt. James Mitchell,
will leave the end of the Portsmouth and Roanoke Railroad, for Washington City, every Wednesday and Sunday at half past 1 o'clock.
Returning, will leave Washington every Monday and Friday, and arrive in time for the Cars going South. Passage and Fare \$6.
June 15.
The Raleigh Register, Charleston Courier, Augusta Chronicle, and Columbia, S. C. paper, will give the above ten insertions, and forward bills to this office.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of WEST & MARBLE, was mutually dissolved on the 10th inst. GEORGE MARBLE having bought the entire interest of S. M. WEST, in said firm, will settle all its business.
S. M. WEST.
GEORGE MARBLE.
All persons indebted to West & Marble are requested to call and settle, as their delay must unavoidably involve unpleasant measures.
GEORGE MARBLE.
Wilmington, July 14th, 1837. 27 t f

GEORGE MARBLE, Dealer in STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS, Ready made Clothing, Hats, Shoes, &c.
No. 19, Market Street, WILMINGTON.
July 14th, 1837. 27 t f

A CARD.
The unaccommodating spirit of the Captains of this line, is really a subject of great acrimony and grievance to the travelling community. The writer of this has been frequently the subject of this annoyance; and will no longer submit to it, without warning the public.
Last evening two passengers came down from Richmond in the Thomas Jefferson (about the line), and were anxious to land at Old Point; but were informed by Capt. Holmes—by the bye not distinguished by his accommodating conduct—that they could not be landed! I wish to know why a passenger who has come 160 miles upon the route, cannot be landed where he wishes, when it would not have occupied five minutes to land him? This line has ever been distinguished for its want of accommodation. And it must be for one of two reasons—an impudent disregard of the public convenience on the part of the Captains of these boats, or the want of competition. In either event, the proprietors of the line should look into this matter. The public ought not to tolerate any longer this unaccommodating spirit. It is the result of monopoly. A good opposition line would have the happiest effect in reforming the conduct of a monopolizing line, and impudent and unaccommodating Captains—That an opposition line would be encouraged, and liberally encouraged, there is not the least doubt; for there is a deep sense in the community of the evil, which it is now my purpose, in this card, to expose. I recommend to Capt. Holmes, as an example worthy of his imitation, Capt. Henderson, of the Thomas Jefferson, who on all occasions exhibits himself the accommodating gentleman.

A TRAVELLER.
Norfolk, August 11th, 1837.
To the Public.
OPPOSITE to the STEPHEN D. WALLACE, the Subscriber will manufacture every article generally made in a SADDLERY Establishment, that customers may want. Also, Harness and Gig Trimming of all kinds done to order. Also, Gigs and Sulkeys made of the best materials, and very neat. Orders from the country shall be punctuously attended to.
JOHN FARRLOW.
Wilmington, August 4th, 1837. 29 t f

PROCLAMATION

By the Governor of North Carolina.
200 Dollars Reward.
WHEREAS it has been made known to me by the verdict of an inquest held by the Coroner, that A. G. Keys, of the county of Martin, was recently murdered in said county, and that George W. Coburn, (of the county and State aforesaid), stands charged with the commission of the said felony; and whereas it is represented that the said George W. Coburn is a fugitive from justice:
Now, therefore, to the end that the said George W. Coburn may be apprehended and brought to trial, I have thought proper to issue this my Proclamation, offering a reward of two hundred dollars, to any person or persons who will apprehend and confine him in the jail, or deliver him to the Sheriff of Martin county; and I do moreover hereby require all officers, whether civil or military, within this State, to use their best exertions to apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, the said fugitive.

Given under my hand as Governor, and the Great Seal of North Carolina, at the city of Raleigh, this 26th May, A. D. 1837.
EDWARD B. DUDLEY.
CHRISTOPHER C. BATTLE, P. Sec'y.

G. W. Coburn is about 30 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, thick set, of an athletic and muscular constitution, complexion rather florid, full face, speaks short and quick when spoken to with eyes somewhat downward. It is believed he wore on leaving a blue cloth coat with velvet collar.
June 9th, 1837. 22 t f

State of North Carolina, New Hanover County.
County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, June Term, 1837.
The Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company
vs.
Miles Costin, Guardian of Benjamin F. and Susan C. Best, and Jesse McCall and Mary Ann his wife, heirs at Law of Benjamin Best.
Appearing in the satisfaction of the Court, that Jesse McCall and Mary Ann his wife, are not inhabitants of this State, it is ORDERED that publication be made in the Wilmington Advertiser for six weeks successively, that the said defendants appear at the next term of this Court, and plead, answer, or demur to the complainant's petition, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and heard ex parte.
A true copy from the minutes.
Witness Thomas F. Davis, Clerk of the said Court, at office, this 23d July, A. D. 1837.
THOS. F. DAVIS, Clerk. 28 t f

State of North Carolina, New Hanover County.
County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, June Term, 1837.
John W. Hamblenton, vs. John A. Wilkings.
Appearing in the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is an inhabitant of this State, it is ORDERED that publication be made in the Wilmington Advertiser for three months, that unless the defendant appears at the next term of this Court, to be held on the second Monday in September next, and reply, plead, or demur, judgment will be granted against him.—A true copy from the minutes.
Witness, THOS. F. DAVIS, Clerk. 26 3-mo.

State of North Carolina, New Hanover County.
County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, June Term, 1837.
Caroline J. Douglass, vs. John Douglass, heir at law of William Douglass.
Appearing in the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant is not an inhabitant of this State, it is ORDERED, that publication be made in the Wilmington Advertiser for two months, that unless the Defendant appears at the next term of this Court, to be held on the second Monday of September next, and plead and answer, that the petition will be taken pro confesso, and a decree entered against him, agreeable to the prayer of the said petitioner.
A true copy from the minutes.
Witness, THOS. F. DAVIS, Clerk. 27 2-mo

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber having qualified as Executor to the Last Will and Testament of Ann Garvan deceased, at February Term, 1837, of the County of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Bladen County, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of said deceased, to present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
JOHN LLOYD MCKAY, Exor.
March 24, 1837. 8 t f

NOTICE.
THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PEDEN & RUSSELL, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 20th inst. The business of the concern will be settled by E. C. RUSSELL, who has purchased the entire STOCK, and will continue at the old STAND, where he will be happy at all times to serve his friends and customers with a choice assortment of

Groceries, Liquors, AND Provisions.
July 21st, 1837. 28 t f.
Valuable Real Estate.
THE Subscriber offers for sale the VALUABLE REAL ESTATE, on Princess Street, belonging to Marsden Campbell, Esq. of Louisiana, including the Wharf and Buildings. For terms apply to
GABRIEL HOLMES, Attorney for M. Campbell.
Wilmington, August 11th, 1837. 30 t f

Strayed,
From the Plantation of Abraham Baker Esq. two Mules, one a dun color, common sized, the other a red sorrel, and quite small. A liberal reward will be given for their delivery at Mr. Gause's Stables, or any informant, respecting them will be thankfully received by the subscriber.
THOS. SMITH.
Wilmington, November, 17th, 1837. 31-34 t

Poetry.



STANZAS TO AN EARLY FRIEND.
By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.
Dost thou remember, ev'ry closing year,
We promised to look back upon the past?
To muse on gone-by hours, to memory dear,
That were too bright, too beautiful to last?
True to my promise, as the pealing bells
Proclaim the dying year, at length set free,
The lamp of memory burns; and fancy dwells
Upon those hours of happiness—and TRANCE!

Ah! since that Season! many a mingled thread
Hath Fate woven in my web of life!
And often has my heart with anguish bled,
Crushed, worn, and wearied in this mortal strife.
And where art thou? has Time, on zephyr's wing
Pass'd gently o'er thee, in his restless flight?
Or, like the sweeping simoom, did he bring,
To mark his onward progress, storm and blight?

Ah! doubtless Time hath bent his brows on
Thee,
And shed his snow-flakes;—wherefore do I ask?
Since thou must share the common destiny
Of all who wear Life's motley garb and mask!
The world's wide path hath led us different ways,
Amid this busy labyrinth of men;—
And since youth's cloudless hours and stainless days,
We ne'er have met;—nor e'er shall meet again!

Yet never does the closing year depart,
But faithful Memory, with her golden key,
Opens the secret casket of my heart,
Where many a treasured thought is stor'd of
THEE!
And while the sweet and bitter cud I chew,
Of musing Fancy,—by Time's shroud overcast;
I laugh at Fate—and all her pow'r can do,
Since nought can rob me of the cherished PAST!

Imurmur not at Life's swift-gliding hours,
Nor would the rapid wing of Time arrest;—
Alone to me its sunshine, or its show'rs,
Since "come what may, I have—I have been
blest!"
To night, I'll pledge the goblet to a name
Ne'er by my lips pronounced—or heart forgot!
Some whisperer asks, "Will she, too, do
the same?"
And my true heart still answers, "Doubt it not!"

From the Baltimore Gazette
Here is a lyric by Holmes, written at the time when some Goth's proposition to break up the brave old frigate Constitution was started, and is worthy of its subject.
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long 'as it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or bow the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!
Or better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep;
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
The lightning and the gale!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ROME.
"I have been very busy amid the ruins of antiquity, and the glories of modern times; and with all my admiration for the great masters of the art, I confess I have found far more delightful food for the spirit, in wandering over the desolate Campagna, and the solitary regions of the Coelian, Palatine, and Aventine Hills, where the fate of all earthly objects is so eloquently pronounced by the broken columns, and the long line of mouldering arches, than was afforded me by the almost living marbles of the Vatican, and the no less living creations of the pencil of Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, the Camere, and the galleries of the Roman palaces. Few agree with me in this feeling, and therefore, the courses amid the ruins are solitary, the visits to the galleries crowded; and it is the very solitude which makes them so impressive. The imagination cannot people with spiritual beings the space which the eye perceives to be filled with material ones; the inhabitants of the tomb never give audience to more than one visitor at a time; it is only the solitary interrogator of the dead that is answered; and what an awful and sublime, and pride-humbling response, is given by the Caesars to him who, amid the ruin of their own palaces, asks them what is the end of human greatness. The greatest extent of royal and imperial extravagance of modern times must fall infinitely short of the limits which it reached in Rome, between the time of Augustus, and the downfall of the empire.

Incomplete as the excavations are, they serve to show that more than one-third of this great city must have been occupied by the palaces, baths, circuses, theatres, amphitheatres, gardens, and other appliances of royal luxury and grandeur. A greater part of the Palatine, Coelian, and Esquiline hills, was covered by the golden houses of Nero alone; Dioclesian's baths covered a square of more than a thousand feet in extent on every side, or about twenty-five acres, and there were five others of nearly equal magnitude. Vespasian's amphitheatre seated 100,000 persons: the Circus Maximus from two to three hundred thousand; the larger theatres thirty thousand; and even the sepulchral monuments manifested the same enormous disproportion of the imperial grasp—that of Augustus stood on a base of 230 feet diameter, and Adrians on one of 253. Of many of these huge piles, not a standing column remains; and scarcely one stone upon another. Among all these monuments of the power and wealth of sovereigns, we find nothing for the moral improvement—nothing even for the domestic comforts of the people; for the aqueducts were primarily supplies for the Imperial baths.

Glorious human nature has done nothing for humanity; it never built an hospital, nor a retreat for the poor, nor sent forth a herald of truth to the dark corners of the earth, nor instituted one benevolent society, nor turned a single thought from individual man to the cause of mankind. All this is the work of Christianity; the social principle had no existence until thus called forth, and just in proportion as this is operative, does man become compassionate, benevolent, disinterested, kindly affectioned. I should explain to you the principle of association in these thoughts, or they may seem artificial: reflecting much on the difference between the characters of ancient and modern Rome, and seeing that in the former the million was forgotten, that one might be glorified, and that in the latter there are not only splendid palaces, and spacious villas, and extensive gardens for the rich, but also commodious hospitals, and numerous asylums, and benevolent associations of every kind, for the poor. I could not but see that Christianity had wrought all the change, and though thousands must have made the same reflection before, and none more likely than yourself, it had never presented itself to my own mind with half the force. Here I see Christianity in many respects in its most unfavorable aspect, encumbered with useless ceremonies, and darkened by degrading superstitions, and yet in all its disguises so transcendently beautiful in its spirit, that I am become almost a Catholic in my reverence for its distinguishing symbol."

THE PLAGUE IN TURKEY.
Only a day or two since, a poor Greek inhabitant of Therapia, was suddenly attacked with sickness, and thinking at he recognised symptoms of the plague, he immediately proceeded to his cottage; and stopping, ere he touched the threshold, called to his wife, who, astonished at seeing him at so unwonted an hour, and struck by the change in his appearance was about to approach him, when he desisted her to stand back; and then calmly telling her he was unwell, although he knew not from what cause, he desired her to throw him his pelisse. "If it be a mere passing sickness," he added, as he prepared to depart "it will only cost me a night in the open air; if it be the plague, you will at least, save our few articles of clothing, and the few comforts of the cottage—recommend me to the Virgin and St. Roch." And thus he left his home, and wandered weak and heart sick to the mountains. He felt that the brand was on him; and he went to die alone. He knew not how, whether as a wild and frantic maniac, gathering strength from the fever which would turn his blood to fire, and howling out his anguish to the winds of midnight, without one kind voice to comfort, or one fond hand to guide him, until at length he dropped down to die upon the damp earth.
On the morrow the wife hastened to the mountains with food, in search of her husband. She had not taught herself to believe, that the plague had touched him, and she feared, that he might suffer from hunger. She led one of her children by the hand—his favorite child—and they were long before they found him, for, although the young clear voice of the boy, shouting out his name, was borne far away upon the elastic air of the mountains, there was no answer to the call; the father lay cold and stiff in a gully of the rock. The anguish of the unfortunate woman may be conceived. In her first agony she sprang towards the body; but the shriek of her child recalled her to a sense of her peril, and the fate that she would entail upon her little ones. The struggle was long and bitter. But at length she turned away with the weeping boy, and returned into the village to proclaim her widowhood.
Of a still more tragic character is the following anecdote, which has reference to the same frightful scourge. A melancholy tale was related to me by a lady of Therapia, who had watched, from day to day, the proceedings of one of these little plague stricken mountain colonies.

It consisted of a miserable family—the father, grey haired and feeble; the mother, bent and palsied. The children died first, one by one; for the disease drank their young blood more eagerly than the chill stream which moved sluggishly through the veins of the aged parents, and at length the old couple were left alone. They used to sit side by side for hours, under a tree facing their village, the birth place of their dead ones, whom they had put into the earth with their own hands. But within a week, the mother sickened in her turn, and the grey old man dragged a wretched mattress to the foot of the tree, frem beneath which the stricken wife had no longer power to move. And he held the water to her lips, and he put the bread into her grasp. But all this care availed her nothing. She died; and with his lean and trembling hands, he scratched her grave, under the shadows of the tree that she had loved in life. And when the earth had hidden her from his sight, he lay down across the narrow mound to die in his turn.
Miss Pardee's City of the Sultan.

Rusticating.
The following is a letter from Willis, the poet, to Col. Morris, of the New-York Mirror. Willis has begun too young, by half—but it is possible that he may like the business. We have a story to tell of a friend at our elbow, who came near the purchase of a farm, and was dissuaded from a consummation of the bargain. We will tell the story another time. The letter of Willis is enough for the present.
"For the last month I have been running up and down the courses of four rivers—as *vide Mirror*.—Pygmalion like, however, in describing the Susquehanna, I have fallen in love with my theme, and (I am ashamed to confess to any thing so hum drum and seizable,) I have bought a farm. I am just now up to the lips in the respective merits of grain—land vs. pasture, hay vs. sunshine—for the shadows which cool my eye, the farmer says, "are darn'd bad for the corn!" Would you like an inventory of my ditty acre? First and most valued, an island, say 30 acres, green as the wings of Thalaba's bird in the snow desert, rimmed round with gigantic trees, and lying lovingly in the embrace of a divided tributary to the Susquehanna. Next, a meadow of some 20 acres, with here and there a gigantic tree, and a fringe of ash, willow and grape running along the river. Third, along the rra of some 30 feet elevation, over which curves the road, and above this rising in three noble terraces to the summit of the hill, the remainder of my territory—in all some two hundred of as lovely acres as ever were bought with lucra. Let me not forget two matters more, "appertaining to said lots 1, 2 and 3," viz. a wood of glorious trees on the summit of the hill, and a delicious brook emerging from the same and leaping with the grace of a bounding child, over my three terraces, to the river. What a droll sensation it is to own a brook or a tree! *Entre nous*, I am very much of the Indian's way of thinking, that a man has no more right to appropriate land than light or air. But we must take the world as we find it.
So here rest my household goods. And here (please God and my sometime culture of travel,) I shall grow my potatoes and live in peace.—(I had nearly written it peace.) There are woodcock on mine island, deer (in the winter) peeping from my wood, and, behind me, torests, and "antres vast," where dwell—settlers, not Hamadryades. You will laugh at all this, but, if there is faith or honor in man, "Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow of people."

I have a growing disgust to towns, and sneaking kindness hourly gaining on my for bob nailed shoes, a straw hat, and a pony. Did I mention that I had a farm house, (buried in noble trees,) a man and his men, "his wife and children three." I have threatened to sacrifice one of these latter "pledges" for every tree cut down, without trial by jury—myself on the bench. A man is worth a tree—any day!
And so I am a *fabri—des choses!* (By the way what a pretty name *A fabri* would be for a farm?)—Cooper, lives above me at the head waters of the river, and mayhap will send me a flower of fancy by a Hindoo post, and below me eighty miles, is poetic Wyoming—what I call a pretty parenthesis. I would willingly take a chance for immortality sandwiched between Cooper and Campbell. * * * * * Come to see me when I get my cottage built, and you shall have gun, pony and fishing rod, and a shake-down of straw, and the hen shall lay an egg in your honor."

ANOTHER POY.
A single word in our language would have told our first parents of their sin: *Inimiate*—in sin you ate.
U. S. Gazette.

From the New York Mirror.
The Hunters of Kentucky.—A correspondent asks, "Who wrote the song called the 'Hunters of Kentucky,' so popular at the West some years ago?"—Answer.—Samuel Woodworth.
Competition.—Several of the steamboats are running between New York and Albany for fifty cents! *Proh pudor!*