

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

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GEN. DUDLEY

AND MR. VAN BUREN'S LETTER.

From the *Roumoh* Advocate.

The characteristic letter of Mr. Van Buren, and the paraded pretence of his partisans that it contains a triumphant answer to the objections of Gen. Dudley, require our candid consideration and most thorough examination. The subject is fraught with the most momentous consequences to the South, and we should bring to it our most deliberate judgments. The Cromwellian style of Mr. Van Buren is at all times difficult to comprehend, but in the present instance his anxiety to occupy a middle ground, to conciliate both North and South, and to "win golden opinions from all sorts of men," has rendered his communication even more cumbersome, indecisive and mysterious than usual. But to the history of the case—

Gen. Dudley was nominated as Governor of the State, avowedly in opposition to Mr. Van Buren and his party; nor did the nomination contain any reference to other political considerations. It was based simply upon hostility to the principles of Mr. Van Buren. Was it not expected that he should frankly avow himself—respond to the sentiments of his fellow-citizens, who had appealed to him, and assert and justify the grounds of his opposition? The friends of Gen. Dudley anticipated such a course, from his known honesty and independence, & would have felt mortified and disappointed at a different result.

In this spirit he answers the appeal; charges Mr. Van Buren with abolitionism, and tenders openly and fairly the ground of his allegation. How has he been met? Not with facts and arguments—for these were not easy of access—but by disconcerting and absurd abuse—by whispered insinuations and artful evasions. Still, like the shirt of Nesses, they found the charge sticking to their cause, and rightly believed that without some panacea, more sovereign than empty denial or rude crimination, the evil would progress, the scales fall from the people's eyes, and honesty and truth prevail.

Thus discomfited and driven to the wall, and as if doubtful themselves of his soundness, they applied to the party interested, to Mr. Van Buren himself, for his orthodoxy. Mr. Amis and others of this State, and Mr. Mallory of Virginia, propounded to him this simple interrogatory: "Do you, or do you not believe that Congress has the power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia?" Is his answer, like the question, simple and direct? No! he furnishes a long quotation from the Albany Resolutions; enters into an elaborate and involved disquisition upon the abstract question of Slavery, and dwells, with eulogistic earnestness, upon the Constitutional power of Congress on the subject in the States, as if those had been the questions submitted to him.

He gives us however, one paragraph to the point. "I would not (he says) from the lights before me, feel myself safe in pronouncing that Congress does not possess the power of interfering, or abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia." This to be sure, is a negative admission, and though couched with useless phraseology, is distinct enough. It admits all that Gen. Dudley has charged—claims the power of "driving the entering wedge, which is to split us into four-and-twenty fragments"—differs from the South in this vital construction of the Constitution, and refuses to give a pledge which may allay their apprehensions. He argues, it is true, against the propriety of exercising the constitutional power which he believes to exist, and speaks soothingly to the South, of what he might do if elected President of the United States, but unfortunately for us, concludes, by refusing to "give a pledge of his future course."

And this is the letter his friends have had the hardihood to parade as a triumphant vindication of Mr. Van Buren, and a strong impeachment of Gen. Dudley's allegation.

Fellow citizens, it is an insult to your understandings. Surely you cannot be mocked by a defence so hollow and jesuitical. Examine the letter for yourselves.—How does it differ from the creed of Tappan, Garrison & Co. Analyze it, divest it of its sophistry and dark casuistry—sift the grain of wheat from its bushel of chaff, and what does it amount to. He says that in-

terference with Slavery in the slaveholding States is unconstitutional. So do Tappan, all the abolitionists, and all who can read the Constitution. He says the agitation of the question threatens the most disastrous consequences. So say the abolitionists. He says Congress has the Constitutional right of manumitting the slaves in the District of Columbia. So say Tappan, Garrison & Co. and he and they only differ as to the expediency of the measure. The one however is a candidate for the suffrages of the South, the others are not.

But apart from the letter and admission of Mr. Van Buren, the previous evidence against him is too cogent to be rebutted, by even his most masterly mystification and ingenuity. Had he denied instead of affirming, the South could not have believed him. They have not forgotten—can they ever forget, the excitement, the dread, the universal convulsion which agitated the public mind, under the discussion of the Missouri question. They remember that he urged, nay instructed Rufus King to vote against the admission of that State into the Union, unless with a Constitution prohibiting Slavery. And they know that this is abolition of the strongest kind; practical abolition.

But again; no maxim is more true, nor more applicable to a dark designing politician than to "know a man from the company he keeps." Are not many, if not a majority of his personal friends, with whom it is to be presumed he sympathizes in feeling, and over whom it is natural to suppose he exerts a strong moral influence, members of Abolition Societies?

Against this array of evidence, what is the defence which his partisans set up for him? Why! tell us in plain English! That he believes it unconstitutional to interfere with Slavery in the States, which none but an idiot could question, and inexpedient to act upon the subject in the District. Can it be that such an argument is addressed to Southern intelligence and Southern patriotism. What! The inalienable rights of life and property resting for their security upon poor expediency. We had supposed them guaranteed to the humblest Citizen of the Republic, by the sacred charter of our liberties. Shall we submit to be told that the earliest lessons of our childhood are to be unlearned—that our civil rights are but an illusion, and our valued Constitution, but a mockery? Concede that Congress has the power to interfere with Slavery in the District and you yield the very citadel of your defence. Grant the constitutional right to legislate away the property of its citizens, and depend upon it we have no security for ours. Our outposts are taken, the victory is won, and we are at the mercy of the conquerors.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Van Buren further, in the volume he has written, to mystify and sophisticate a simple question. The times are portentous to Southern Institutions. The march of fanaticism is ever onward and untiring—gathers strength with its progress and zeal, and encouragement from success. Mr. Van Buren & his friends cry "peace, peace, when they know there is no peace." The moral fire of Abolition is spreading through one section of our country; with a violence and a rapidity which threaten to devour us with its flames. Among the great and good men of our country we have an ample field for selection. Shall we choose as our Chief Magistrate one possessing no community of interest or feeling; one so deeply implicated—so tainted with the pestilence which is to destroy us? Shall we give him a situation and an influence which cannot be employed for our good, but may be for our destruction?

Fellow citizens, pause, I pray you, ere you trust his views of expediency or propriety. Has he not always been a chameleon with all the colors of the rainbow? In 1828, he induced the South to believe that he was with them on the important subject of the Tariff, until the vote exposed him. He plead in extenuation that he had been instructed from Albany. Make him President of the United States, and the inexpediency of to-day may yield to the expediency of to-morrow. A majority of the States may instruct him, and he may allege obedience to the expressed will of a majority of his constituents, and fasten abolition upon us through the District of Columbia. Such a casuist is ever fertile in expedients and excuses.—View it as you will, his construction of the Constitution encourages the Northern fanatics to perseverance, carries no safety for us, and leaves him at perfect liberty to sacrifice us at his pleasure.

And what are the mighty claims of Mr. Van Buren, that we should take him up, and support him at such hazard to our institutions?

Let his friends point to his distinguished services—let them show us the evidences of his signal abilities, and his peculiar claims upon our gratitude and suffrages. It is a task they dare not essay. Place him on his own merit, and they know he could not stand an hour. They cover him with the shield of President Jackson, and fight under a banner emblazoned with his popular name. Their war cry is our "venerable President," and

they look to it as the sure talisman of victory. We hear of no Van Buren meetings. Every popular assemblage that is held for his advancement, is styled an Administration Meeting, as if the Administration were actively engaged in electioneering, and constitutionally endowed with the election of its successor. Follow-citizens, be not taken by such a bait. Mr. Van Buren, not Gen. Jackson, is the candidate for your suffrages. Prown upon every attempt to mislead or to deceive you. Take your cause into your own hands, and judge of it by your own intelligence—decide for yourselves, and there is no fear for the result.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

We have endeavored again and again to impress the people with the belief, that the Van Buren majority that now rules this nation, is the most extravagant and regardless of the people, of any set of men that ever had power in this nation.—We have given them facts, tabular statements and figures that cannot lie. We have given them the fact, that they have been bent on keeping money in Pet Banks that was raised off of the people, which was not needed for the use of the Government, instead of returning it to the people. We give them this fact again. Every Van Buren man from North Carolina, in the House of Representatives, to wit, Bynum, Connor, McKay, Hawkins, Montgomery; and Sweight voted the other day, to defeat the Bill to distribute the proceeds of the public lands among the people, as did the great bulk of the party, and by making a tie upon the question, they have defeated the measure most effectually, after it had passed the Senate. What bond is there that connects the people to men that will treat them thus? Do the people think it would be better for North Carolina to spend one million of dollars on the Pea patch fortification in Pennsylvania—that it would be better for us to give it to Banks to lend out for their profit, than that this million should be laid out in conquering the disadvantages that nature has bound our coast with?—Is it better to leave it at the mercy of Levi Woodbury and the infamous Reuben Whitney, than to spend it in making ways of getting to a good market in a short time and at small expense? These things are plain and tangible—they are involved in no perplexity or difficulty—they will not be contradicted by any of the people that value their reputation for truth. How then do they make their peace with the people after such a perfect desertion of their rights and interests? Why they gull them; they talk largely about the Republican Party, and they give unsavory names to those who are endeavoring to expose them to the people; they flee to the all-protecting popularity of Gen. Jackson's name, which verily, "covereth a multitude of sins," and thus they gull the people and go on still to betray and plunder them. Why will not the people hearken to our warning? We have no interest to deceive them. If party success had been our object, we could have stuck to the Administration as others have done even after they had abandoned every cardinal principle that brought them into power, and we too, perhaps could have come in for spoils. But we have stuck to principle; we have stood by the people, and whether they believe in our motives or not we mean to stand up for their interests and the integrity of the Constitution.

Carolina Watchman.

Rutherfordton June 25.

On the first page of our paper will be found an interesting extract from the circular of the Hon. Lewis Williams to his constituents, in which this subject is discussed with eminent ability. Mr. Williams has served the freedom of his district for a greater length of time than any other member of Congress, and with such singular ability and faithfulness, that the most strenuous efforts of his opponents, have not sufficed to deprive him at any one time of his seat. From the time that the attention of Congress has been turned to the Public Lands, as likely to be a source of considerable revenue to the Government, he has not failed to demonstrate to his constituents, the clear and incontestible right of all the States of the Union to an equal participation of the revenue thus derived, and to insist upon its appropriation accordingly. Much respect, therefore, is due to the opinions of Mr. Williams. But much more still, will be willingly rendered, when it is recollected with what faithfulness he has always served the people; what an enemy he has been to extravagance and corruption, and how much he has contributed, by independence, candor and faithfulness to business, to elevate the character of our State.

We have devoted a large portion of our columns to the dissemination of correct information on this subject, from a sincere conviction that justice requires a distribution of the proceeds of these lands among all the States of this Union.—Should this distribution take place, North Carolina would receive annually near ONE MILLION of dollars. And notwithstanding

the clear and incontestable right North Carolina has to these lands—notwithstanding the receipt of this money, to which we are justly entitled, would do away the necessity of any State tax, and no doubt the tax too, and enable us, without taxation, to establish a free school at every poor man's door, to dig canals and construct rail-roads, which would soon make the fair face of our beloved State smile with pleasant prospects of domestic content and happiness—a certain party oppose it. And why? Because it is unconstitutional? No! Because it is unwise and impolitic? No! But simply because VAN BUREN is opposed to it; and they dare not refuse obedience to his mandates even though, justice, equity, and the interest of the people require it! Citizens of North Carolina, remember that the Van Buren party in Congress have refused to grant to you ONE MILLION of dollars annually, of your own money, and also remember that the Van Buren party in the Legislature of North Carolina have for two years past, expressly refused to assert your claims to it. Will you tolerate this? For the honor of the citizens of North Carolina, we trust not.

THE DEPOSITE BILL.

We heartily congratulate the country that the bill to regulate the Deposites of the public moneys, which originated with the Senate, has become a law. The President's approval of the bill was made known to Congress yesterday; and it had already been announced, earlier in the day, in the editorial columns of the Globe. Mr. Clay remarked in his place upon this unusual fact, which is in keeping with other strange things connected with the history of this important measure.

When the bill passed the Senate with a vote of 40 to 6, it was still confidently averred that, if it also passed the House, it would be vetoed by the President. But the favor it received in the House, from the moment of its introduction, added to the powerful vote by which it passed the Senate, threw consternation and confusion into the ranks of those who would willingly have contributed to defeat it, either in the House of Representatives, or in the Palace, if not there. It became necessary to find or make some cause of action, upon which the President might change his course, and sign a bill, which it had been inconsiderately given out that he would arrest by the exercise of the veto power.

As the bill went from the Senate to the House, it provided, in substance, that each State, in receiving its ratable share of the surplus treasure, should give a certificate, pledging the faith of the State for repayment, the certificate to be negotiable, and subject to be sold in the market, and to bear interest on the refusal or neglect of the State in answer to a call from the Secretary of the Treasury. There was an efficient means of enforcing repayment, and of doing it without bringing the Government of the United States and that of any one of the States into collision.

When the bill came up for consideration in the House, it was amended, on motion of Mr. ANTHONY, of Pennsylvania, by striking out the provision as to negotiable certificates, and inserting a substitute, which merely pledges the faith of the State for repayment, without providing any means of enforcing a demand therefor. And it was announced in the House that, if this amendment were adopted, the President would sign the bill. Nay, it is reported, and generally believed, that the amendment was actually drawn up, after much consultation, by a member of the Cabinet.

Now, the point of the jest is, that while the friends of the Administration have stoutly contended against a distribution of surplus revenue, that is, against restoring it to the States absolutely, this amendment, emanating, as is supposed, from the Cabinet, is nothing more nor less than taking away from the United States the power of readily enforcing a call on the States. Of course we cannot object to this, because we have, under existing circumstances, advocated a donation to the States, unreservedly.

As to the nature and effect of the provision in the bill respecting the surplus revenue, we have heard repeated an anecdote related by Sir WALTER SCOTT, which very pointedly illustrates it. Sir WALTER was (whilst on a visit to Dublin, we believe) accosted in the street by a mendicant, who told so moving a tale, that old Scotia's bard put his hand in his pocket, with the view of giving the man a sixpence, but unluckily found that he had nothing about his person less than a half-crown. Sir WALTER balanced the half-crown in his hand, his charitable feelings contending with his sense of economy, and at length, throwing it to the mendicant, "Here, take this," said he, "and remember that you owe me the two shillings." "Oh, yes, and thank your honor," replied the other, "and may your honor live till I pay it." And thus it is with the Deposit Bill. No man seriously imagines that any part of the sum deposited in the several State treasuries will ever be withdrawn therefrom, to be restored to the United States.

For the rest, the law is well-timed and salutary. We sincerely approve its provisions. We rejoice to perceive that the Globe, in its yesterday's semi-official article on the subject, has no less than six reasons for regarding it with satisfaction and complacency. We like to see men made happy, though it be in spite of themselves. If the Globe stands in need of additional reasons, we commend to its perusal the Speeches of Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. CALHOUN upon this subject. And we await with impatience the views on this vital subject which, we are notified, from the same source, the PRESIDENT will take some fitting occasion to make known to his countrymen in detail." We shall welcome them in almost any form, since it is not in that of a Veto to the Deposit Bill.—*Nat. Intel.*

THE WIFE'S FIRST LOVE.

Adelheid, hearing her husband's approaching footsteps, hastened to extinguish the little taper that was burning on the table, and adjusting her collar and coiffure before the mirror, unlocked the door of the boudoir, and went forth to meet him with an embarrassed air.—"Comment! ma belle Hermite, toujours ou toujours! I was looking for you at the Thuilleries this very day. Truly, my incomparable, I shall begin to grow jealous of that crimson fauteuil, whose arms encircle you so often." As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew his Adelheid affectionately towards him, but she complained of a slight indisposition, averted her face, and withdrawing herself from his clasp, pointed his attention to some passing object in the street, and began to talk of their projected tour to Fontainebleau.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely Berline, who, at the age of seventeen, had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction. He became deeply enamoured of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; where, notwithstanding the little dissensions, that a difference of national tastes and prejudices is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and perfection of conjugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half, when De Morier fancied he observed an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding towards him; she was reserved, distant. There was an air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was sedulously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted in various unsatisfactory ways. He more than once surprised her in whispered conference with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of A delheid's infancy, had on the event of her marriage, requested to be allowed to accompany his young mistress to Paris. On his approach they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something of confusion. He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified, by overhearing two ladies in society, after extolling the undeniable beauty, and grace, and affability of Madame de Morier make an exception to her prejudice, (the "particulars" did not reach his ear) which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible—une bete, un monstre affreux degoutant." He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after, that, on entering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw her rush towards the open window and dash something to the ground.

"Bah, bah! Adelheid, why surely I have entered Houbyant's fabrique, in mistake for my own hotel Essence de Millefleurs! Attard Rose! What are all these scents that you are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many sweets. I have often told you of my aversion to strong perfumes." The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her late mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending lawsuit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly on the day following this little brusquerie, he took occasion during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance: the old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! as I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*toujours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madame at home?"—"Non, Monsieur, non." "No! I think you are mistaken Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the jealous of her boudoir this morning in a white dressing-gown. Is she alone?"—"Yes, Sir—alone, Sir! to be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and ——" "I thank you, I can inform her myself."—"Why no; that is—just if you please, Sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or ——" "Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with no body, Sir. "Let me pass, old man; what does this mean?"—"Nothing, Sir, she will be so frightened—you will be so angry."—"Angry, yes I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me." The Count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course, in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view. His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm-chair, her foot resting on a low footstool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous Pipe, from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense! His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Mussulman, I've caught you at last—now the secrets out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. That Jesuitical old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look more graceful, charming—more femininely lovely.—Nay don't pout and blush and cry, and throw down that most magnificent Pipe so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you my dear; will you sell it to me, eh?" and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now, my sweet wife, resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is every thing. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here—in short, my love, the Parisian ladies don't smoke!"

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A Match Broken.—A few months ago, a middle-aged widower, whose legs are longer than his head—and who has sung songs in Washington, fell in love with a pretty young girl, young enough to be his grand-daughter but old enough in mind to be his mother.

She was rather surprised at the old fellow's paying his addresses to her but being fond of a joke, she encouraged them to some extent.

The bachelor brought her a variety of presents—some expensive—some otherwise—but all of them indicating little or no taste. Among others, one evening he brought Maria a very pretty musical box. She was a sensible and intellectual girl, and upon the music box being presented her, she could not help showing a sarcastic leer at the ends of her black eye, and round the edges of her lovely little mouth.

Maria set it going on the table. It played merrily its set of tunes.

"Mr. Smith," said Maria, "it sounds low—it is not loud enough."

"Not loud enough—my love—put it on something hollow, and the notes will sound much louder."

"Do you think so?" said Maria.

"Certainly love!" said Mr. Widower Smith.

Maria, with an arch look, that spoke volumes, took up the box—re-set the tune—and placed it plump on the forehead of her devoted admirer. The family circle around—father, mother, Ellen, Jane, Matilda, Rose, Tom, Peter, Harriet, Charles and Ann, all burst into a laugh at this sally of Maria's. Mr. Smith found out what was meant by "something hollow."—He took up his hat, bid "good evening; and that was the last Maria saw of her lover.

"The old fust fellow! I am glad he's gone," said Maria, tossing her head directly N. N. E.—[*N. Y. Herald.*]

A short story told by Mr. Matthews.—My friend and myself, when in Devonshire, were visiting an acquaintance who had a daughter, not remarkable either for her wit, beauty or accomplishments. She had passed the grand climacteric, and was certainly on the wane, but her heart had lost none of the susceptibility to the grand passion. She had for ten years been conspicuous for her dress, airs, and "beau catchers," but alas! she had "toiled all night," at balls, routes, and levees, but had caught no beau. Being as vain as she was simple, we thought her fair game for a quiz. "Miss Lucretia Elvira," said I, "have you ever heard of the late act of Parliament by which all ladies with small mouths shall be allowed to marry two husbands?"—"No sir," said she (screwing up her mouth into a pucker), "what a curious law!" "You are wrong, Edward," said I, "my friend to me, 'those ladies with large mouths are to be allowed two husbands.'"—"La me!" exclaimed she, (opening her mouth as big as a bucket,) "what a curious law."