

Communications.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

A CHALLENGE.

General Saunders. (To Mr. Wright.) Sir, the expressions which you took occasion to apply to me in the debate of yesterday morning in the House of Representatives, were of such a character as to induce me to request that you will favor me with an interview for the adjustment of our difference, in the mode usual amongst gentlemen. My friend, Mr. Archer, is fully authorised to make the necessary arrangements.

The following should have been Mr. Wright's answer:

SIR:

I have received your summons to the field, But an acceptance now I cannot yield; Yet when Old Pluto roars "more fuel," We'll then, my dear Sir, fight a duel.

TOM.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

MEMORANDUMS.

Of the most prominent incidences of Tuesday in February Court week, 1827, kept by a poor devil in trouble all that day.

Mem—Tuesday morning—rose very early and washed my face and hands as usual—sold a young lady a quart of whisky—thought it was a bad omen—wondered if she drank hard—reflected very seriously upon the subject of inebriation or excessive drinking, particularly of young women—didn't take a dram that morning in consequence of it. Mem—went to breakfast and devoured meat and bread no ways slow—return'd to the store in pretty good spirits. Eight o'clock—a gawky looking fellow came in, and said, "you haint got no pepper"—asked him how he know'd! Said he didn't, said he merely ask'd me if I had pepper—thought to myself 'twas a singular way he had of asking a question. Nine o'clock—a whole squad of country damsels came in—traded considerably—bought six pence worth of snuff—ask'd if I had any truck to make colleretts and ruffles—told 'em I had—haw'd down at least twenty-five pieces of muslins, &c.—sold 'em a quarter of a yard—lack'd two cents of paying for it—had no more money—thought to myself, good by to 'em. Ten o'clock—house chock full of Constables, all asking for the Squire in rotation—stood answering of 'em a full half hour—all got behind the counter in spite of me—got mad enough to fight, but was afraid—thought damn the luck. Eleven o'clock—five more Constables arrived—all wanted the Squire—said to myself, I wish he would resign his Squireship—tho't 'twould be much to his interest, notwithstanding the honor.—Twelve o'clock—house overflowing with Constables, Plaintiffs, and Defendants, all cursing and swearing like Trojans—couldn't get pen and ink to make an entry—tho't very hard of it—meditated like a philosopher upon the matter, but couldn't discover any good reason why I should be bothered so unnecessarily—mem—had a great mind to curse and quit, but my

philosophy forbid it. One o'clock—had at least a dozen volunteer Clerks behind the counter, half of 'em so drunk they didn't know whether they were men or hogs—ask'd 'em out...said Squire told 'em to come in...thought to myself pox take storekeeping...mem...reflected seriously upon the inconsistency of such a confused manner of doing business...wondered to myself how I got along as well as I did without blunders, &c.... Two o'clock...went to dinner and eat meat and sallet voraciously... returned to the store considerably refreshed...Squire told me to settle an account...couldn't get hold of the Ledger, for Constables, Plaintiffs, and Defendants, thought damn the luck...had a great mind to knock down and drag out, but thought I wouldn't...mem...a whole troop of old women and buxom girls came...one of 'em quite lovely...kept peeping at me...thought to myself I had taken her eye...asked me how I sold my quarter dollar calico...surprised at the question...thought she was quizzing of me. Three o'clock...heard too boobies talking politics...spoke fluently relative to the Rip Rap contract, and Lijah Mix's villany towards the Vice-President...one asked the other why Johnny Q, and Governor Troup didn't fight a duel about the Indians...the other couldn't tell for the soul of 'him...thought to myself, God help the politicians...mem...heard the Squire read Rip Van Winkle's pun upon the members of the Legislature...bystander wanted to know if Rip had waked yet out of fifteen years sleep...this astonished the whole mobility of Constables, Plaintiffs, and Defendants...all said they had never heard talk of any body's sleeping so long...said to be sure the fellow was a nincom, or out of his senses. Four o'clock...fellow asked me if I had any good yankee rum...told him no, I never saw any...said 'twas the most delicious drink in the world, especially when mix'd with molasses...tho't God help the fellow, where was he raised...mem...pensive reflections to myself upon the impropriety and inconvenience of suffering so many people to come behind the counter...said to myself, I never saw any thing like it before I came here...thought I had double trouble to what any other poor devil had, and all to no purpose. Five o'clock...sold half a dozen needles upon a credit of twelve months...couldn't get to the Day-book to make the entry without heaving and setting like a Hercules, to make a passage thro' the mob...thought to myself, what trials and hardships I have to undergo here...thought I had rather be in the woods, grubbing up Black Jacks, &c. Six o'clock...Constables dispersed, and I closed doors with pleasure...sat down and thanked God that February Courts came no oftener...meditated awhile upon my departed troubles of the day, &c...went to supper and eat no ways slow. Seven o'clock...went to the Circus...mem...carried all my eyes and ears with me...paid five shillings, went in, and saw and heard perhaps as much as any other person there, viz:

Saw in a ring six horses prance, And a milk-white charger congee and dance

To the tune of "Yankee Doodle"—he In concert stepp'd most gracefully. Saw 'em run, and vault, and spring, And somersets turn, and ditties sing; Saw Clown manoeuvre, freak & riggle, While beaux did laugh & negroes giggle.

Mem...thought to myself, O what fun...thought I never saw such a fool as the Clown was, for making negroes grin and giggle...mem...returned in disgust, went to bed, and buried every reminiscence of the departed day in profound oblivion.

Foreign.

*From Europe...*By arrivals at New-York and Boston, we have dates from London to the 12th, and from Paris to the 15th February. We are gratified to perceive by accounts from various quarters, that the Greeks had obtained advantages, and that their cause was prosperous both at sea and on land. We hope that a brighter day will soon dawn on this oppressed people. It appears by the latest Asiatic news, that hostile operations between the Russians and Persians had been suspended until spring; in the meantime, negotiations for peace, under the auspices of England, would be carried on. Between Spain and Portugal, the friendly diplomatic relations had been re-established; and war was no longer thought of. No changes worth mentioning in the state of the market...*Pet. Int.*

The sales of Cotton at Liverpool, from the 8th to the 12th February, consisted of only 2000 bales and the price fell during that time, from 1-8 to 1d per pound.

*Greece...*Letters from Trieste of the 14th January, announce that Miaulis had attacked the Turkish fleet near Zea, taken two corvettes and three brigs, and sunk or dispersed the remainder.

Letters from Zante of the 9th January say, that Ibrahim being entrenched between Modon and Navarino, was attacked by the combined forces of Colocotroni, Kikitas, Geneus, and Botzaris, 3,000 strong. The battle was bloody, and the noise of the cannon was heard for five leagues. Ibrahim, at the head of 3,000 men, endeavored to break through the troops of Geneus, but was repulsed with loss, and, after an action of five hours, his troops were driven into Modon, 1,200 killed on the field, a great number of wounded and prisoners, 14 pair of colors, 3 cannon, and 300 horses.

Another letter from Zante, of the same date, says it was reported that Redschid Pacha, after having been beaten in Eubœa, had perished in a bloody battle; that the town of Coristo had fallen into the hands of the Greeks, and that Miaulis had again beaten the Egyptian fleet between Candia and Cerigo.

*Buenos Ayres...*A letter from Buenos Ayres of Dec. 2, says that "it is stated that 4000 troops are to be kept to carry on the siege of Montevideo, under Gen. Man-cilla, whilst the main body, under

Gen. Alvear, proceeds to Rio Grande. The government is very close and secret in all its operations; we have many reasons to believe that Garcia (former Minister of Foreign Affairs) who left here in the last packet for Rio Janeiro, will use every exertion to bring about an adjustment, as he has always strongly opposed the war."

*Texas...*The New-Orleans Advertiser says: "by a gentleman who arrived here on the 5th from Natchitoches, we learn that a company of Mexican troops, with some Indians, having advanced from St. Antonio to Nacogdoches, the *Prodonians*, at the latter place, made so free as to give leg bail, particularly the leaders, for it is said that one or two of their followers had been made prisoners. This flight took place on the 30th ult. and thus has another Republic been blotted out among nations"

*Miscellaneous...*At Trinidad de Cuba, in the course of eighteen months, one hundred and seventy slaves have purchased their freedom, for which they paid the sum of upwards of forty-seven thousand dollars, of their own earnings, averaging two hundred and seventy-five dollars each.

*Tailor's Cabbage...*In the Sovereign's Court, Belfast, a few days ago, a tailor summoned a baker for not paying his demand for making up two coats for him. The man of flour, in his defence, declared, that he had been robbed by the tailor, who had taken one quarter of the cloth! To prove this, he said he weighed the cloth in his scales, and it was as follows: weight of cloth given to the tailor, twelve pounds two ounces: weight of the two coats returned, made up, nine pounds one ounce and a quarter; manifest deficit, or amount of *cabbage*, three pounds and three quarters of an ounce. The tailor pleaded the shreds and cuttings; but the baker argued that the buttons and thread, and lining and wadding, made up all that could be reasonably deducted on that score. Finally, the point in dispute was left to arbitration.

English Paper.

*Extraordinary...*A very beautiful racing mare, called Jenny, possessing *seven perfect legs*, was recently exhibited in England. This remarkable animal is mentioned, in the Racing Calender for 1822, '23, as a very superior runner; and it was not until she was three years old that the transformation of nature commenced. Her extra far hind leg, which is handsome and perfect, then began to appear; next her near hind leg, and next her far fore leg. She was shod on six feet, and the main bones of her extra legs are set on from the hips and shoulders, and have beautiful muscular shape. This extraordinary mare is the property of Mr. Checketts, of Belgrave Hall, Leicestershire.

The Liverpool Mercury says, the public debt of England, which in 1813, amounted to 600,000,000 pounds, on the 5th January 1827, amounted to 900,000,000 pounds.