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"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Notes of a Town Traveller.

The Victim.

I was sitting in a corner of the travellers' room at a small inn on a road to Northampton, comfortably smoking my pipe, and carelessly listening to the conversation held by my fellow travellers, about five or six in number, when one of them, a very genteel looking man, of the middle age, suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a few *hems* and *haws* to gain the attention of the company, said, 'Gentlemen.'

'Hear, hear,' responded those around him.

'You've each told some wonderful tale tonight, gentlemen,' continued he, 'and I have listened to them with pleasure; because I believe them to be true, though I must confess some of the situations were in my opinion, mighty marvellous.'

'Oh, oh!'

'Now, gentlemen, what I'm going to relate to you is not an every day occurrence, simply because it happened to me in the night.'

'Morrison's pills!' whispered one.

'I was travelling from Devonshire to London, in the year 1794, in the month of December. On the first day's journey I arrived, about nightfall, at a small inn, or rather, public house, the only habitation of the kind for ten miles round. It being a dark winter's night and a heavy shower of rain coming on at the same time, I was glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet with this accommodation, bad as it seemed. After seeing my horse and gig put into safe and happy keeping, I entered the travellers' room, as they were pleased to call it, but which to me, having been accustomed to the delightful roomy parlors in London, appeared nothing better than a common tap or pot room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, which in some degree compensated for the shabbiness of the room, but which sadly contrasted with the dark features of three men, who were sitting in the farther corner.

'I cannot say that I am an extraordinary brave man, nor do I think I am actually a coward, but I must confess the appearance of these threw a damp upon my spirits, and I almost began to wish I had gone on to the village, notwithstanding the rain. I rang the bell.

'Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water, and a pipe.'

'Yes, sir,' replies a grinning, dirty faced bumpkin, who I suppose on such occasions served as waiter, ostler and every thing.

'Very unfortunate,' exclaimed one of the men in an under tone, though sufficiently audible for me to hear him; 'no other way but through the window'—and they all fixed their eye upon me.

'I shivered—cold sweat ran down my forehead—my knees knocked against each other and perhaps I should have done, had I not at the moment tossed off nearly the whole of the brandy and water.

'Well,—it can't be helped,—must be so—and I don't care who knows it,' exclaimed the man, as he, with the other two, rose to leave the room.

'Good night, sir,' they all gruffly exclaimed, as they passed me.

'Good night, gentlemen,' said I, 'a wet walk home, I fear.'

'Oh! we have not got far to go,' replied one. 'Where's my dog?—Bess, have you seen my dog?' he continued, as he shut the door upon me, and addressed himself to some personage at the bar. I heard no more. I filled my pipe, and having desired the boy to replenish my glass, I turned my chair round, and seated myself in front of the fire.

'Dog!'—'far to go!'—'window!'—I pondered in my mind. Ominous words!—ah, I'm marked!—I'm a victim!—going to be murdered—butchered in cold blood!—pleasant reflection. I sipped my brandy and water. What's to be done, thought I—I've no fire arms about me; never carried any;—I've no doubt but that one of them has already gone off with my horse and gig!—oh! what a miserable dog I am.

'I was about to rise to see if my predictions were in truth realized, when a gentle voice suddenly arrested my attention.

'Would you like to have a pan of coals run through your bed, if you please sir?'

'Eh!'—I turned round, gentlemen. As pretty a little flower as ever you would wish to set eyes on stood before me. Rich tresses of the deepest jet flowed gracefully about her neck,—eyes dark—face beautifully fair—figure splendid. I'm no poet—but, positively her *tout ensemble* beggared all description. This was the glance of a moment.

'Somehow or other, I have a great horror of a pan of coals; I don't know why, but so it is—and I modestly replied, 'Thank, you my dear, you are very kind, but when travelling, I never accustom myself to it, and therefore, my dear—'

'She had gotten her answer, and was leaving the room. To lose the society of so charming a creature in such a dull place, and so soon too, was more than my weak nerves, from the state they were in, could support. I looked at my watch—stammered out, my dear!—she returned.

'My name is Betsy, if you please sir,' she blushingly replied, which made her look ten times more beautiful.

'Well, then, Betsy, my dear. You are a very pretty girl.'

'Gentlemen, you will recollect I had taken two glasses of strong brandy and water.

'Did you please to want any thing, sir?'

'Yes my dear—I want a kiss from those sweet coral lips of yours.'

'Do you?' exclaimed a stentorian voice, as the door opened, and in walked a tall, powerful looking fellow, whom I had not the pleasure of seeing before. 'What are you doing here, Bess—can't Lukin answer the bell? Come, trudge off, and go to bed. As for you, sir,' he continued, turning to me, and looking as fierce as a tiger, if you don't know how to behave in a body's house on the road side, you'll find one, perhaps, who will teach you, and that in a very short time.'

I could almost fancy I saw the blade of a dagger glittering before me; the ill omened words rushed to my recollection, new fuel seemed added to the flame—'That in a very short time.'

'The appearance of the men, their coarse manners, the loneliness of the house—nay all things tended to confirm my suspicions. The poor girl, too! some deluded victim, no doubt, brought from London. Romances, ledgends of old, in which I had read in my boyhood, of bravos capturing princesses, and obliging helpless beauty to serve them as their wife, in a moment rushed to my imagination. I shuddered at the thought. Could such a creature as Betsy be the wife of such a wretch? There was a fine modesty, and a purity in her manners, and, by her features, no relation.

'Brought back, as it were, to a sense of honor, from the stern manner in which I had been addressed, I blamed myself for the inconsiderate manner I had acted towards her, and I now thought if I had pursued a different course when she first entered the room, I might have learned her history, and perhaps saved her from a life of misery and shame, and myself from being murdered. It was now eleven o'clock—the door opened and Lukin entered.

'Your light, sir,' meaning my bed candle—'What time would your honor like to be called in the morning! Being such a quiet place, gentlemen who stop here generally sleep *very long*.' I thought I could distinguish a smile of triumph on the fellow's lip.

'Indeed!' I replied.

'He was leaving the room but before he reached the door, suddenly turning round—

'Oh! I beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but master—that is as how, master's son—the old gentleman's up stairs laid up with the gout—'

'Oh, the person whom I saw just now was your master's son, eh!'

'Yes, sir, master Gregory. He desired I to say he hoped as how you wouldn't be very much offended with what he had said just now; he's had one or two friends here to day, sir, and they have had a little brandy together.' The latter part of the sentence was said in a half whisper, as an excuse for his master's abrupt address to me.

'Well,' I replied.

'He begged to say, sir, that if you would have no objection the old gentleman would take a bit of a lift with you in the morning.

'Oh! no objection in the least,' I quickly replied. My spirit began to revive. After all, they might be honest.

'How far will he go?' I enquired.

'As far as the church yard, sir.' A sudden chill came over me.

'He's going to try the change for the benefit of his health; his brother Nicholas—*Old Nick*, as I call him, will be main glad to see him, I know; besides, it's a warmer for the old gentleman little way below there, and young master thinks as how he'll be better able to keep up his *spirits* there, than up here in this dull place, and as you was going that way in the morning, he said, he thought he'd make bold to ask you.'

'I was standing with my back to the fire holding the candlestick in my hand, as the fellow finished his tale, and glided out of the room. 'The rascal's been roasting me,' at length I exclaimed. 'He is also an accomplice. Alas!' I sighed as I left the room, 'no hope! no escape!'

'The lovely form of Betsy crossed me as I passed the bar. I would have apologised for my rude conduct, but that I saw the stern eye of Gregory fixed upon me. As it was, I simply and civilly wished her good night.

''Good night, sir.'

'Oh! the tone of her voice—her manner—the look she gave me, struck to my very heart strings. I shall never forget it. This way, if you please, sir,' said a voice. It was Gregory's, and he led me to an inner room, separated from the bar only by a partition. Now, thought I, as I threw myself into a chair, what is to be done? I had not an implement of defence about me; nor was there even so much as a poker in the room. Suddenly the words 'Through the window!' flashed across my mind. I examined it, not a fastening of any kind about it; and, to add to the misfortune, it was a casement window reaching down to the ground—no shutters, and in one or two instances, paper substituted for glass.

'By the side of the window, in a sort of recess, was a door which led—Heaven knows where; but it struck me if I could but contrive to force it open, it might eventually lead me into the stable where, with a very little difficulty I could——But no; it resisted all my efforts, and I was compelled to leave my task unfinished. I took off my coat, laid it upon a chair, and looked under the bed. All was safe there. I was just about to undo my straps, when suddenly I heard a low moaning, like the groans of a person struggling to shake off the weight which oppressed him. The noise evidently proceeded from the bed. Gracious God—I saw the bed clothes move! It's all over with me, thought I; and there I stood, in the attitude of taking off my straps, expecting every moment to see the door open and the bed gradually descend. A growl—a shake; the very bed clothes were moved, or were dragged off the bed. My head whizzed round like a teetotum; my eyes grew dim and I was about to call out murder when out jumped; oh God!

'A man!' exclaimed the company.

'A dog!' reiterated the speaker. 'A large Newfoundland dog."

The company gave a hearty laugh.—Fresh glasses were called for, and in a few minutes the gentleman resumed his story.

'I was not long, you may be sure, gentlemen, in opening the door and letting the beast out. It was the animal mentioned, and which, as I afterwards learnt, was very fond of taking a nap in that particular room, and on that particular bed. It had very ingeniously crept under the counterpane, which prevented my perceiving it when I first entered the room.' The company smiled.

'I hoped, indeed, to enjoy a little rest.—All my fears seemed satisfied. Once more, however, I took a survey round the room, and then, consigning myself to the care of Providence, threw myself fearlessly on the bed.

'I had reposed in the soft embraces of Somnus about two hours; it might have been less; when I suddenly awoke by the noise of a scratching at the door by the side of the window. I looked; could see nothing. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky, and the pale moon, breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the spot. As it gleamed upon the old fashioned walls, my fevered mind could almost discern the figures which were marked upon the paper, dancing before me, sometimes throwing up their hands as if in triumph at my capture, at others beckoning me by various gestures and grimaces to follow them. Again I heard the noise; it now proceeded from the window! I fell back and lay for some time in breathless suspense. How, gentlemen, how shall I describe to you my astonishment, my agony when on again opening my eyes, I beheld the figure of a man standing before the window! By his dress, and the light of the moon which shone directly upon him, I easily recognized him to be one of the three before spoken of. He was beckoning to the others. The window presently opened! In about a minute, the other two men approached, carrying what seemed to me the body of a man. Oh! thought I, how easily now I can account for the use of the door. It is into that cell they convey the bodies of the murdered victims! Alas! how soon might I be one of their number! and I felt as if I could freely and without murmur have given up every farthing about me, if gain was their purpose, so they would spare my life. My heart almost came up into my mouth; there was a choaking in my throat; I could scarcely breathe. They entered the room. The first was furnished with a dark lantern and led the way to the door.

'Hush! softly! This way, my boys; the chap's sure to be asleep by this time.'

'He took from his pocket a key, unlocked the door, and they all three entered the place. 'Now,' thought I, now is the time;' and I was about to spring out of the bed and lock the door upon them, when I perceived by the light of their lantern they had deposited their burden, and were returning. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' I inwardly prayed. They approached my bed, my eyes involuntarily closed, I saw no more.—I heard no more. I was gone—fast—dead as a door nail! How long I remained in this happy trance I know not; but when I again opened my eyes how changed was the scene!

'It was a fine beautiful morning; the sun was riding high and gilded with its brightest beams the prospect around. I was soon dressed and in the parlor. Breakfast was brought in by Lukin, who with one of his usual grins, said 'Master Gregrory would be happy to speak with your honor, if as how your honor could spare him a moment.' I told him I was perfectly at leisure, and in a few moments the said Gregrory appeared, bowing profoundly as he entered.

'I beg pardon, sir,' he said, after satisfying himself no one besides ourselves was in the room. 'I beg pardon, but I hope you were not very much disturbed last night.'

'Why, not very,' I replied, endeavoring to make the best of the matter, now that I had got safe through the night with my life, and even with out the loss of a shilling. 'And yet,' I added, 'there was some thing rather strange'—

'True, sir,' interupted Gregory, 'we are honest enough with our travellers and customers, and try to serve them well, and I hope, sir, the brandy and water you tasted last night was to your liking.' I replied in the affirmative.

'Well, sir,' he continued, 'that's the way we live; we do a little in the smuggling way, and if any one's robbed—it's only the king.'

'I expostulated with him on his want of judgement, in not having informed me of this ere I went to bed; for had I been provided with fire arms, I should certainly have been inclined to have a *pop* at one of them.

'You see, sir,' he replied, 'it happened very unfortunately for me. Black Sam and his two mates had got a long keg of whiskey, of the first sort, on shore yesterday, and had agreed with me in the afternoon about the price, and you know sir, it is necessary for the safety of all parties that such an article should be off their hands as soon as possible, and if I did'nt yield pretty soon to their fancies, they would soon find a ready customer for their goods, and ten to one if they'd ever bring me another keg of whiskey or brandy. Now you see sir, that cellar under your room is the only place in our house where I can stow any thing of the kind away, for I don't let my boy Lukin know of our little trade, for its dangerous, as the old saying is, 'to let too many cooks make the broth.' I tried to persuade them to leave it somewhere till you were gone; but no, they were obliged to be off at another place to day. However, sir, I hope you will forget the circumstances, and pardon my boldness.'

Saying which he made a low bow and withdrew.

Gentlemen, I could have brought forward many arguments against the impropriety of the affair—but I was so satisfied with finding myself in propria persona again that I freely forgave them all, and there was a frankness of manner about the fellow which pleased me vastly. He was certainly not the wretch which I first thought him. One only thought threw a momentary damp upon my joy. Where was Betsey! Her lovely image was still wandering in my mind. I had not seen her, and from motives of prudence, did not dare ask for her.

'Chaise is ready, sir'—exclaimed a shrill little voice, and Lukin entered the apartment bowing and scraping.

'Every thing's ready, your honor—the wheels were main dirty, but I've made 'em look as bright as a looking glass, and the harness too your honor.'

I took the hint and threw him a shilling for himself, with which he appeared delighted.

'The old gentleman is not so well this morning your honor,' he continued as he was leaving the room, 'and master Gregory thinks as how he'd better not attempt the journey. Mainly obliged at the same time your honor.'

This last speech brought to my recollection the last night's roasting; and I was glad to see the back of him.

'Here's a small keg of brandy, sir,' said the landlord in half whisper, as I was stepping into my chaise, 'which the men left with their compliments for you, sir, as a small recompense for last night's business. They warranted it good. I think it will just go under the seat of your chaise; and if you should, sir, at any time want a gallon or so for a friend or two, I hope you will not forget 'The Hole in the Wall.'

I thanked him; told him such a remuneration was quite unnecessary; promised the strictest secrecy, and drove off.

'Gentlemen, my yarn's spun as the old sailor says; many years have passed since then, to me many happy years. The old man shortly after died, leaving Gregory and Betsey, who was his cousin, the whole of his property between them. Gregory was wise enough to know when he had enough, and retired a respectable man, in the county of Lent. As for Betsey!'

'Ah! what become of Betsey!' ejaculated the company at once.

'She soon got married,' was the reply.

'Married! to whom, to whom!' again exclaimed the gentlemen.

The speaker cast his eyes around the room, took up his pipe, and then resuming his seat, modestly replied, 'To myself, gentlemen!'

'Huzza! Bravo! Bravo! To the health of Betsey! Hip! Hip! Hurra!'

WEALTH.

"Why am I not a rich man?" said a very intelligent person to us, while looking at a splendid equipage which rattled down Broadway. It was the equipage of a man of wealth—a man of yesterday, a *parvenu* in the more fashionable phrase, who made a fortune suddenly by buying farms and selling them out in lots, and who was determined by the splendor of his house, the magnificence of his entertainments, the richness and variety of his liveries, his loud talk and consequential air, to show that he did not belong to the quiet families of some hundred years of distinction and wealth, who never offend by ostentation, or exhibit a heraldry to which they are not entitled.

We gazed at several of similar growth—the riches which sprung up over night like Jonah's gourd—some by speculation, others by succession; some by fortunate marriages, and some more creditably by mechanical labor and ingenuity. "Why am I not a rich man?" said my friend. "I must purchase land somewhere in the west, or in the moon,—no matter where; I must plunge in the current of speculation, and swim on to fortune and eminence. I must be rich?—I am liberal in my disposition, hospitable and free. I should like to have such a coach and pair—a house of corresponding magnificence. I should like to throw it open several times yearly, for the gay and fashionable throng—I should like you to dine twice a week with me, and punish a few bottles of old, very old, Madeira. Why am I not rich? I deserve to be rich; I must be rich,' said he, musing, and at intervals dropping his voice, as he slowly withdrew his eyes from the long cavalcade of coaches and phætons and whiskered footmen.

Hundreds, no doubt, thought as he did; hundreds expressed the same feelings and felt the same desires, and all under the delusion that money is wealth—that sheer, palpable gold and silver constitute riches, and *it is under this delusion that thousands* of our citizens are racking their brains by night, their thoughts by day, toiling, and sweating, and managing, and twisting and turning out of the common, settled and regular order of things, to get gold and silver, under the impression that with their possession they will be rich.

Statesmen, politicians, nay the government itself, is inoculated with the same mania, and if all could succeed, we shall be compelled to blacken our own boots and wait upon ourselves at table. The delusion, however, consists simply in this—in considering a piece of gold the *only* representative of wealth, and disregarding what we in ourselves possess, which is an equivalent to wealth.

We are for the most part rich without exactly knowing it. The anvil of the blacksmith is to him, with his handicraft, a valuable weighty lump of gold—he lives by it, and to his mind, habits and wishes, as well as he lives who pays out his eagles and half eagles in the market. So with the painter—so with the professional man, the sculptor, the musician, the man of talent, all who possess the means of acquiring wealth are actually wealthy, for, if temperate and industrious, in their faculties are convertible materials in wealth—nay, are more valuable and durable and available, than the mere man of gold and silver. Let such a man swim from his shipwrecked vessel, with the mechanic and the man of mind, and see who can succeed in earning that morsel of bread necessary to sustain life.

What does the man of princely income do, which gives to him so many supposed advantages, and opens the door to so much mooted happiness? He rises late—turns day into night—dawdles his time away in trifling finikin employments—drives his horses and dogs—gives grand dinners for ostentation, and large parties for fashion, and is at best a poor, discontented dyspeptic politician, respected only for his gold and silver, and of no possible use to the community. Take the man of moderate means, and he employs life as life ought to be employed—a mixture of employment and recreation, of rational pleasure and discreet hospitality; go down to what is called the poorer classes, but which we call the substantially rich—the hardy mechanic, and see how he enjoys life. Rising with the sun, his labor does not cease until the sun sinks into the west. He returns to his little family and snug tenement at night, and finds an ample board spread by a frugal wife; the smoaking steak, the good cup of coffee, the white bread and butter, and an appetite sharpened by labor. His repast over, he takes his chubby boy on his knee, pinches his dirty, rosy cheeks, and runs his fingers through his matted hair—talks with his wife on household affairs, reads the paper, or converses with his neighbor on the best means of saving the common wealth, and when the hour of rest arrives, he stretches himself on his hard, but healthy bed, and soon his senses are steeped into forgetfulness, and his sleep is sweet and sound, until the shrill clarion of the cock awakens him on the morrow to renewed labor.

But then he has no coach. He has not? He has only to go into the street and hold up his finger, and a splendid omnibus and four elegant horses drives up the sidewalk and he jumps in—it is his coach while he occupies it, and he leaves it when and where he pleases. Can the man of gold and silver do more? It is all an error of misconception—a delusion. We are all rich when we possess within ourselves the means of acquiring wealth. We have no poor, except the idler and the drunkard.—*N. Y. Star.*

Suicide of a Dog.—The United States Gazette of yesterday has a story about a dog of superior intelligence, and his untimely death, the substance of which is as follows:

The dog in question was a superb fellow in form and outward attraction, and he was amiable and intelligent. He had endeared himself to his master, and, by dint of long suffering and devotion, to his mistress, who was no lover of his kind. His master resided near the Norristown and Philadelphia Rail Road,—Ceasar lived comfortably and at his ease, attached to the family that gave him a home, and guarding them with the fidelity of his species. He was a dog of some fire and devilry, and liked an occasional frolic; albeit his general deportment was staid, sober, and an example to all of his race. One day he was eyeing the poultry in the yard, and the mounting devil in his heart prompted him to make a dash among them. He yielded to the tempter, pounced upon the luckless fowls, and killed one outright. The deed was witnessed by his mistress, who proceeded incontinently to inflict corporeal chastisement on the murderer. He was belabored with a broomstick until he howled for pain. It was supposed that the punishment would cure him forever of the habit of killing chickens. So it did. But it did more. From that moment Ceasar was an altered dog. The pangs of his spirit were greater than the pangs of his body. He became low spirited, listless, and *indifferent to the caresses, to obtain which* he would once have wagged himself out of his skin. The iron had entered in his soul. He had forfeited the good opinion of those he most loved. A few days after his disgrace, he walked out to the rail road, about the time when the train was wont to pass by. A few minutes elapsed, and the cars came thundering on. He gave one look towards his old home, then laid his neck on the rail, and in a few moments Ceasar was beyond shame or insult.

A Curious Piece of Antiquity.—In the church yard of Hamel Hempstead, (where the first church was built as long ago as the seventh century,) the sexton, who was lately engaged in digging a vault for a young lady, when he had excavated the earth about four feet below the surface of the ground, struck his spade against something solid, which, upon inspection, he found to be a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a coffin, and under it the coffin entire, which was afterwards taken up in perfect condition; but the bones contained therein on being exposed to the air crumbled to dust. On the lid of the coffin is an inscription, partly effaced by time, yet sufficiently legible to prove that it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mexicans, who rebuilt the Abbey of St. Albans, and died in the eighth century. The coffin is very curiously carved, altogether unique of the kind.

Singular Case.—Robert Choat, a respectable farmer from Montville, between 59 and 60 years of age, had a common sized brown thread needle, taken from his thigh, in this town on Friday last. Mr. Choat is entirely unable to account for the manner in which it got there. He says he has felt something there many years. The needle did not trouble him, and he had it taken out merely to satisfy his own curiosity, which had been excited by reading something of a similar nature not long since in this paper. The needle was perfect, very smooth, but of a very dark color. How came it there? is the question. The Doctor thinks it might have been swallowed, while others suppose it might have got there while an infant, from his clothes.—*Belfast Jour.*

The New York Courier and Enquirer of yesterday says:—"Lieutenant *Randolph*, the individual who meddled so unceremoniously with the Presidential nose some years since, is, it seems, in command of the Texan privateer Terrible, and lately left New Orleans on a cruize."

In nine cases out of ten, men owe their influence more to their habits and their conduct, than either to their talents or their acquirements.