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MEN AND MEASURES.

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POETRY.

THE TRANCE OF LOVE.

From the Italian.

Love in a drowsy mood one day,
Reclined with all his nymphs around him,
His feather'd darts, neglected lay,
And faded were the flowers that crown'd him;
Young Hope with eyes of light, in vain
Lad smiling Beauty to implore him,
While Genius pour'd her sweetest strain,
And Pleasure shook her roses o'er him.
At length a stranger sought the grove,
And fiery vengeance seem'd to guide him,
He rudely tore the wreaths of love
And broke the darts that lay beside him,
The little god, now wakeful grew,
And angry at the bold endeavour,
He rose, and wove his wreath anew,
And strung his bow, more firm than ever.
When lo! the invader cried, farewell,
My skill, bright nymphs, thy lesson teaches,
While love is sprightly, bind him well,
With songs and smiles and honey'd speeches;
But should dull languor seize the god,
Recall me on my friendly mission,
For know when love begins to nod,
His surest spur is *opposition.*

"DELRANG."

How to Cure Great Talkers.—When Ben Beaumont by chance fell in with one of this genius, he used to put on a very serious countenance, look the man hard in the face, and address him with, "My dear Sir, do you know that I am subject to fits?"—"Well, sir, what of that?" the addressed would reply.—"Only, my dear Sir," Beaumont would rejoin, "I am fearful if you keep talking you will bring one on!" The talker after this scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be angry, but it seldom failed to check his eloquence.

Martyrdom at the Stake.—William Martyr, a clergyman settled in Buckfield, Virginia, was travelling with two friends a short time since, & passed through the present town of Bennington, Vt. At dinner, a beef steak was placed before Mr. Martyr, who was so much engrossed in attending to the calls of his appetite, that he uttered not a word during the meal. One of his companions remarked that he was very sorry to be a witness to so melancholy a spectacle as *Martyr-dumb at the steak.*

Handsome Reward.—A Clergyman in the West who had unfortunately quarrelled with his parishoners had the misfortune to have a shirt stolen from the hedge where it hung to dry, and he posted hand bills offering a reward for the discovery of the offender. Next morning was written at the foot of the copy posted against the church poor;

Some thief has stolen the parson's shirt,
To skin naught could be nearer;
The parish will give five hundred pounds
To him that steals the wearer!

NEWSPAPERS.—There is no book or print so cheap as a newspaper—none so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured out in suitable proportions, as to time and quality. Being new every week, or day, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individual and the community. It causes many an hour to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness or mischief. Every public house, especially, should be furnished with a number of these little social friends, which, beside making the house imperceptibly pleasant, save the cook from being teased with impatient and petulent remarks, and many times cause the traveller to dine or to tarry over night, to the profit and pleasure of himself and landlord, when they would otherwise have parted with no very friendly feeling.

SUING FOR BREACHES

Miss Tabatha Turnsole has a very ingenious mode of making money, which is no other than obtaining breaches of marriage promise, and prosecuting for the recovery of damages. Her method of doing business is this—she acts the coquette to perfection—she puts in requisition all her ogles and smiles—she employs all the winning ways with which nature and art have endowed her—in short, she leaves nothing untried to conquer the heart of the swain whose money she has in view, until having drawn from him the offer of his hand, she begins by degrees to cool in her affections, and finally treats her lover in so heartless a manner, that he abandons her in defence of his own happiness.

Miss Tabatha Turnsole had engaged in several preliminary flirtations before she was seventeen. But it was not until her eighteenth year, that she entered into anything like an effective courtship. Her first bona fide lover was a respectable young man, with a small property; and it is believed there were some small touches of love in the heart of the lady towards him: at least she began to encourage his advances with some distant idea of accepting his hand. But whatever might have been her original feelings, they were soon swallowed up in the desire of trying her luck at a suit for a breach of promise.

The consequence was as she had calculated. Her lover withdrew. She called him a barbarous man—a faithless lover—an unfeeling, changeable villain, who after having won the affections of a confiding woman, and promised her marriage, had thus basely deserted her. She wet several handkerchiefs with tears by the help of an onion—she threatened to die, and thus wring the heart of her faithless swain. In short, she puts in requisition all the arts of apparent grief and acted her part so well, that people really thought she had been barbarously used, & that she would never get over it.

But they were mistaken in their woman. Miss Turnsole dried her eyes by degrees, using every day a less & less onion, until at last she wept no more; and instead of dying, the next session of the Common Pleas beheld her endeavouring to do away the remains of her grief by a suit for damages. The delicious secrets of courtship were exposed to the world; the judge and jury chuckled over them with exceeding gout; and a verdict of damages was awarded against the faithless lover, of an amount just equal to his whole property, being $2,000. It would have been of no use to the broken hearted plaintiff to punish him further, so the Court in its mercy dismissed him with life, limb, and personal freedom.

As for Miss Turnsole, the breach in her heart was closed by this verdict, & she was ready to commence operations for procuring new breaches. The successful result of her first essay emboldened her to fly at larger game. Her next lover was a man worth $5,000. She was not destitute of personal charms and succeeded without difficulty in winning his heart. The courtship went on prosperously and lovingly; but marriage was thought of only on one side. Miss Turnsole had other objects in view. The same means she employed so successfully to alienate her former lover was not forgotten in the present case. Another breach was the consequence; more onions were required to draw the necessary quantity of tears; another suit was commenced: and as judges and jurors are usually gallant men, another award of damages ensued, just sufficient, as in the former case, to cover the whole of the recreant lover's property. Thus the breach was also healed.

Miss Turnsole had now gained $7,000 by her suits for breaches. But she was not yet satisfied. New operations were commenced for new breaches. Her cap was now set for $9,000, the supposed property of a bachelor of forty. She succeeded also in this instance, and the jury punished the hardened old fellow by taking all he was worth.

Thus Miss Turnsole went on from breach to breach, bringing an action as often, on an average, as once a year, until she had amassed the sum of fifty thousand dollars. Her last victim was a blind widower with seven children, whom the court in their mercy fleshed to the bone, to close the mournful breach made in the heart of the tender and affectionate Miss Tabatha Turnsole.

It was the intention of this lady to marry as soon as she had made money enough by her prosecution. But she never could be satisfied as to the amount. "I am still young enough," said she, "I will try once more, & this is the last." She is now thirty years of age, and is still Miss Tabatha Turnsole, and is likely to continue so to the end of the chapter; for lovers have, some time since, begun to grow shy of a heart in which so many enormous breaches have been made, and which breaches require so large sums of money in the filling up.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

We do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably, than by relating an adventure of our neighbor & friend, Mr. Thomas Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the U. S. for his services. Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, & his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill's Station a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, Indian signs were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazle thicket, and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud Higgins's surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or that at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again, several times—Believing the animal to be mortally wounded he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked around for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, re-loaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, "Tom you won't leave me?"

On looking round he discovered the speaker to be one of his own companions named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, no, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you.

I can't come, replied Burgess, my leg is smashed all to pieces.

Higgins sprung from his saddle, and picked up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, & that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, when I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off—instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism, than this of Higgins, who having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this he left it, together with the ridge, and the hazle-thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw, that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, & two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the General.

Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which, until now, he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing quite on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle—Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life for the ball entered his thigh; which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others, pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears & knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last the largest one, thinking probably from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him; and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any one man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three, and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover, that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him. They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded; said he, but now, when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers.

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians, rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hand and rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain; honorable proof of his valour. At last, one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep in Higgins's cheek, passed through his ear, which is severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out; in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded, and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, attempting to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian, unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting knife, and run upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, & ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time, the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians, had passed away, a number of the latter having passed the hazle thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue; but no, as the Indians outnumbered them, ten to one. But Mrs. Pursley declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand and jumping on a horse, sallied out.

The men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed full gallop to the place of combat.

A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom and were rushing down towards him with savage yells—his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first—Higgins, exhausted with loss of blood had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle ground first. Mrs. Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, though he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried, but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indian came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indian retired.

After being carried into the fort he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in the thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give; as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached his home, he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid upon his thigh, until the edge