# EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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## POETRY.

(FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE)

### THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Ye bid me mingle in the dance,
And smile among the young and gay,
Ye say that grief will dim my glance,
And turn my raven tresses grey;
I care not, yet I strive to bow,
In meekness to my lonely fate,
I dry my tears and smooth my brow,
The while my heart is desolate.

When last I joined the festive throng,
I heard—it seemed my brain to scar—
A stranger beneath the very song
That first he warbled in my ear.
The words, the tune, but ah! that tone,
What living lips could imitate?
'Mid laughing crowds I stood alone,
Unutterably desolate.

I miss him by the evening hearth,
I miss him at the silent meal;
But keenest in the bower of mirth
My joyless solitude I feel;
But late I saw a happy bride,
Smile fondly on her wedded mate
While I, oh! would that I had died
With him who left me desolate.

Ye speak of wealth—in Mammon's mart
There's not a single boon I crave;
Gold cannot heal the broken heart,
Nor bribe the unreturning grave:
It cannot fill the vacant seat
Where once my honored husband sate,
Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,
Nor make my home less desolate.

Alas! the base on which we build
Tis made fair or fabrics, is but clay
And laughs the heart, when God has willed
To lay his chastening finger there.
A brighter, happier dream than mine
Did never love and hope create.
I bowed before an earthly shrine,
And heaven has left me desolate.

And yet not so: my soul be calm—
The hand that smiteth will sustain;
Thou hast a helper on whose arm
The mourner never leaned in vain.
O! may that arm the pilgrim guide
By the straight path and narrow gate,
To where the loved in bliss abide,
And hearts no more are desolate.

## A PAINFUL NARRATIVE.

Some months ago, we copied from an English paper all that was then known respecting the loss of an East-Indiaman, voyaging from Sydney to Singapore,—the dreadful sufferings of the crew among the savages—and the rescue of a child, the son of Major D'Oyley, from the cruelties of his captors. More recently, the widow of the captain has arrived in England, and gives the following story of her own unparalelied sufferings. One cannot read it without a fearful recollection, that several American sailors are believed to be yet enduring the horrors of such captivity, in the same quarter of the world.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

### CREW OF THE SHIP STIRLING CASTLE AMONG SAVAGES.

Mrs. Eliza Frazer, the widow of Captain Frazer, of the ship Stirling Castle, which was wrecked on a coral reef on the passage from Sydney to Singapore, in May, 1835, came to the justice room, accompanied by the captain of the vessel in which she arrived in this country, and a female at whose house she was received on her coming to London, for the purpose of mentioning the particulars of her dreadful adventures among the inhabitants of the shore to which the crew resorted, as a refuge from the not less appalling danger of the ocean.

On the 16th May, 1835, the Stirling Castle left Sydney for Singapore. On the 23d, when they were approaching Torris Straits, it blew very fresh, and there was a current near the Eliza Coral reefs, which the vessel could not resist; she struck on the reefs about nine o'clock at night, when the captain was incapable, on account of the hazy weather, of making observations. There were about eighteen men on board, two boys and Mrs. Frazer, the captain's wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy. Two of the men, who were laboring at the wheel, were killed when the ship struck, and the cabins were dashed into the hold, together with all the bread, beef, pork and other provisions.

The crew, when the tempest ceased, determined to get away as well as they could, in the long boat and pinnace, which they had contrived to keep secure, the two other boats, which were attached to the ship, having been swept away. Accordingly, having worked with the most desperate industry until four o'clock on Sunday, they disembarked from the vessel, and took to the boats. The ship carpenter, the cook, the cook's mate, John Frazer, the carpenter's nephew, the boatswain, Edward Stone, and Bill Lorton, a seaman took to the pinnace, while the captain, his wife, the chief and second mates, the two boys and the rest of the crew, took to the long boat. Four days, after they had committed themselves to the care of Providence, Mrs. Frazer was delivered of a child, while up to her waist in water in the long boat. The infant was born alive, but after a few gasps was drowned, and the first lieutenant wrapped up the body in a part of his shirt, which he tore from his back for the purpose, and let it go along with the tide. The poor mother could not account for the extraordinary vigor with which she was able to bear up against this calamity, added to the other calamities to which she was doomed to be exposed. Fortunately, she was for some time in a state of insensibility, and was not, for a considerable time after the child was consigned to the deep, aware that it was brought into a world from which it was so rapidly hurried away.

For a great many days, they endavored in vain to reach Moreton Bay, being all the time without any food, except a small quantity of the lees of hops which they had found in a cask. They suffered dreadfully from thirst as well as hunger, while in this awful situation. At last they reached a large rock, to which they fastened their boats, and went in quest of oysters and water—but their disappointments were multiplied upon them, and they stretched themselves along in expectation of a speedy release from their sufferings, by the interposition of another tempest. In the morning, those who belonged to the long boat, were astonished to find that the pinnace, and the men who had occupied her, had altogether disappeared. These unfortunate fellows were never heard of more.

The captain's aim was all along, after they had been obliged to quit the ship, to reach Moreton Bay, but finding that the wind and current were dead against his object, and his companions reduced to the extremity of lying on their backs in the boat, with their tongues out, to catch the damp of the dews that fell, he resolved to make for the nearest land. It was a choice of most awful evils, for he knew that the shore which it was probable they would reach, was visited by tribes of savages. At last they came within sight of land, and soon afterward their boat ran into, and landed at a place called White Bay. They were now within about one hundred miles to the north of Moreton Bay, which is the principal of the settlements to which the incorrigible convicts are sent, to pass the remainder of their days in unremitted labor, and just as they touched the land, they caught sight of vast crowds of naked savages, who soon approached the beach, evidently delighted with the prize that presented itself. The savages surrounded the boat, and raising it up, carried it from the beach to the bush with its crew, just as they were. The moment they laid the boat on the ground, they began to strip the men of their clothes, commencing with the captain and chief officers. John Baxter, the second mate, endeavored to hide a shirt ornament in which his aunt's hair was contained, having willingly yielded up every thing else, but the savages became enturiated at the attempt at concealment, and beat him dreadfully. It is unnecessary to say that they took the trinket away from him.—They broke in pieces the watches and chronometers, and each took a portion of the machinery to stick in their noses and ears—and after they had divided among themselves the various portions of apparel, of which they had stripped their captives, they threw to them, to appease their hunger, the heads and guts of the fish upon which they had been lately making their meal.

The savages, after having detained them two days, took them further up in the bushes, and drove them onward, that they might, as they soon ascertained, fall into the hands of other tribes, by whom an ingenious variety was to be given to their sufferings.

The captain had endeavored to prevail upon them to accept the services of the poor crew for a longer time, being apprehensive that any change among the natives would be for the worse; but they beat all the now naked whites on before them until fresh tribes came up and took each a prisoner, and set them to work in carrying pieces of trees, and toiling in other exhausting ways.—Mrs Frazier being the only woman, was not selected by any of the tribes, but was left by herself while they all went onward; but her husband got an opportunity to mention to her not to stir from the place in which she was at the moment and that he would contrive to see her in a few hours. During that night, she lay in the clefts of a rock, and in the morning, after looking about without seeing a creature, she determined to follow some foot marks, and after having proceeded some distance, she saw a crowd of black women approach. These women belonged to the tribe of savages by whom her husband had been taken up the bush on the preceding day, and they set her to work in trailing wood and lighting fire. Being quite naked, and presenting a contrast in her skin, which the women did not like, she was compelled by them to rub herself all over with gum and herbs, which had the effect of making her nearly as dark as themselves They likewise tatooed her all over; and, having pulled her hair out, covered her head with a sort of gum, and stuck the feathers of parrotts and other birds all over it.

One of the women, having two children, obliged her to nurse one of them, notwithstanding the severe labor she had to perform; and if the child was out of temper the nurse was kicked, and scratched, and thumped for its peevishness. At the expiration of four days Mrs. Frazier saw her husband for the first time since their separation. He was dragging along a tree, and was greatly fatigued. She had begun to inquire how it happened that he did not manage to let her know where he was, to which he was replying that he dared not look for her, when his tribe suddenly appeared One of them, having seen them together, made a push at the captain with a spear, and pierced him through the body, which was a corpse in an instant. Mrs. Frazier ran to her husband, cried out "Jesus of Nazareth, I can endure this no longer," and pulled the spear out of the body, but the breath was gone forever.

She then fell senseless, remained so for a considerable time, and when she recovered her senses, she found herself with the tribe, which she was obliged to serve; but what became of the body of Captain Frazier she never could learn. Shortly after this catastrophe, the first officer of the ship having been informed that the captain had been murdered by one of the tribes, formed, in a fit of desperation, a plan of revenge, fettered and exhausted with labor as he was. His intention was however, discovered, and horrible was his punishment Mrs. Frazier had just lighted a fire by order of the tribe, and the unfortunate man's legs were thrust into it and consumed, while he, by the violence of his contortions actually worked for the rest of his body a grave in the sand, in which it was embedded.

Two days after this horrible event a fine looking young man, named James Major, was disposed of Captain Frazier, who knew a good deal of the character and habits of the savages on this coast, had mentioned to Major that the savages would take off his head for a figure bust for one of their canoes. It seemed too, that it was usual for the savages who contemplated that sort of execution, to smile in the face of his victim immediately before he struck him to the earth. While Major was at work the chief of his tribe approached him smiling, and tapped him on the shoulder. At that instant the poor fellow received a blow on the back of the neck from a waddir, or crooked stick which stunned him. He fell to the ground, and a couple of savages set to work, and by means of sharpened shells severed the head from the body with frightful lacerations. They then ate part of the body, and preserved the head with certain gums of extraordinary efficacy, and affixed it as a figure bust to one of their canoes.—The rest of the crew, of course expected nothing less than death. Two of the seamen, named Doyle and Big Ben, contrived to steal a canoe, and endeavored to cross an inland lake but were drowned in the attempt to escape from perhaps, a more painful death.

There was a black man named Joseph, who had been steward on board the Stirling Castle, when the savages seized the long boat, in which the crew had entered White Bay; they stripped this Joseph as well as the rest, but as he was of their own color, they inflicted no punishment upon him; and he had the privilege of going about, which was denied to any other of the wretched strangers. This man who, was continually watching for an opportunity to escape, had assured Mrs. Frazier that if he could get away, the first life he should think of saving should be that of his mistress. He succeeded in stealing a canoe in which he rowed off, and in six weeks he reached Moreton Bay, where he informed the commandant at the penal settlement of the horrible circumstances which had taken place at White Bay; and the servitude in which the survivors of the crew were detained. By this time Mrs. Frazier was separated, & at a considerable distance from the different members of the crew, and she had given up all hopes of being liberated from this frightful bondage in which she was detained.

The Moreton Bay commandant, on hearing of the affair, inquired in the barracks if any of the military would volunteer to save a lady and several of the crew of the wrecked vessel from the savages in the bush, and a number offered them their services at a moment's notice. By a system of manouvering entered into by a convict who had been for some years in the bush, among the savages, the object was effected. All the survivers were, to the best of Mrs. Frazer's belief, rescued from the savages.

The captain of the Mediterranean packet, in which Mrs. Frazer arrived from Sydney at Liverpool, stated that he was at Sidney at the time of the arrival of that lady, and that the circumstances detailed caused the greatest excitement there. The convict to whose extraordinary returns Mrs. Frazer owed her escape, obtained a free pardon from the government there, and a reward of thirty guineas.

The captain said that the unfortunate lady was not mistress of a farthing The clothes on her back had been given to her by the commandant's wife, and Capt. Frazer had been the sole support of her and three children, who were in the Orkney Islands, to which she was anxious to go as soon as possible. She was lame, had almost lost the use of one arm, and the sight of one eye, by the severity of the inflictions to which she had been subjected.

The Lord Mayor—I shall most willingly receive contributions for her benefit and I am sure that the call will be soon answered I never heard of any thing so truly dreadful in all my experience.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

### UNITED STATES AND MACEDONIAN.

According to the official accounts of the action between the United States and Macedonian, it appears that Stephen Decatur, commander of the former, fell in with the latter in latitude twenty-nine degrees north, longitude twenty-nine degrees thirty minutes west, on the twenty fifth of October, 1812, and came into action at nine o'clock in the morning. The battle continued, according to Commodore Decatur, one hour and a half; and according to Capt. Carden, of the Macedonian, two hours and ten minutes. At the commencement of the engagement the Macedonian was to windward, and had the advantage of chosing her distance, which was so great, that, for the first half hour, the United States could not use her carronades, and at no time was the Macedonian within the complete effect of her musketry or grape. To this circumstances and a heavy swell of the sea, has been ascribed the unusual length of the action. At last, 'having the mizen mast shot away by the board,' says Captain Carden in his official report, 'topmasts shot away by the caps, main yard shot in pieces, lower masts badly wounded, lower rigging all cut to pieces, a small proportion only of the foresail left to the foreyard, all the guns off the quarter deck and forecastle disabled but two, and filled with wreck; two also on the main deck disabled, and several shot between wind and water; a very great proportion of the crew killed and wounded, and the enemy in comparatively good order, who had now shot ahead and was about to place himself in a raking position, without our being enabled to return the fire, being a perfect wreck and unmanageable log,—I deemed it prudent though a painful extremity, to surrender his majesty's ship. Nor was this dreadful alternative resorted to till every hope of success was removed, even beyond the hope of chance; nor till, I trust, their lordships will be aware every effort had been made against the enemy by myself, my brave officers and men; nor should she have been surrendered whilst a man lived on board had she been manageable.' The loss on board the Macedonian was thirty-six killed, thirty-six severely wounded, several of them mortally; and thirty-two slightly wounded. The loss on board the United States was five killed and seven wounded; and the damage sustained by the ship itself was so comparatively unimportant that it would have continued to cruise, had it not been desirable to conduct the prize into port.

The American ship arrived off New London with her prize on the fourth of December, and thence proceeded through Long Island Sound to New York. Commodore Decatur received from all quarters the congratulations of his countrymen. A gold medal was voted to him by Congress, and swords by the legislature and the city of Philadelphia; and various other testimonials of public regard were bestowed upon him and his crew.

The news of the victory was received at Washington on the evening of the 8th December. A large and brilliant company, including the beauty and fashion of the city, was then assembled at a ball given in compliment to the officers and navy generally, and particularly to Captain Stewart, in acknowledgement of his politeness to the citizens of Washington on a recent occasion The colors of the Guerriere and Alert were displayed on the walls of the room in which the company was assembled. At this time Lieutenant Hamilton arrived with the colors of the Macedonian and despatches from Commodore Decatur He was received with loud acclamations and escorted to the festive hall; and the colors of the Macedonian were borne in the room by Captains Hull and Stewart, and deposited with those of the Guerriere and Alert

There is an anecdote connected with this engagement highly creditable to the generous feelings of the crew of the United States. Among the mortally wounded on board was John Archibald, one of the carpenter's crew, who left three children to the mercy of the world and a worthless mother who had abandoned them. When his father went on board the frigate to claim the wages and property of his son, the circumstances of his family were inquired into, and a plan immediately agreed upon by the seamen for the relief of the fatherless children. The sum of two dollars apiece was subscribed, and thus eight hundred dollars were immediately raised for their maintenance and education.

Captain Carden spoke in high terms of approbation of the conduct of Commodore Decatur and his officers. The private property of the officers and crew of the Macedonian was given up. Property to the value of eight hundred dollars, claimed by Captain Carden, was paid for by the United States Commodore. The commander of the Macedonian had been distinguished for his civilities to such Americans as he met with at sea before the war, and his noble liberality and consoling attention to such as he found in distress, were the subject of frequent remark and commendation, and show that though in the eye of nations he was to be regarded as an enemy, yet in the broader view of humanity and philanthropy, he was to be placed by the side of his fellow men as a benefactor and sympathizing friend, ready to discharge his duty to his country, but yet never unmindful of the honor for which naval officers are eminently distinguished.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The "Democratic Review," published at Washington, contains the following sketch of that extraordinary man, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

"Our attention is now attracted to a ray of light "located" on the left of the House, in the neighbourhood of the Speaker's Chair. It proceeds from that wonderful man who in his person combines the agitator, poet, philosopher statesman, critic and orator—John Quincy Adams. There he sits, hour after hour, day after day, with untiring patience, never absent from his seat, never voting for an adjournment, vigilant as the most jealous member of the House, his ear ever on the alert always prepared to go at once into the profoundest question of state, or the minutest points of order. We look at him and mark his *tearful* eye, his stern and abstracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other scenes. We look upon a more than King, who has filled every department of honor in his native land. still at his post; he who was the President of Millions, now the representative of forty odd thousand, quarrelling about trifles or advocating high principles;—to day growling and sneering at the House with an abolition petition, in his trembling hand, and anon lording it over the passions, and lashing the members into the wildest state of enthusiasm by his indignant and emphatic eloquence. Alone, unspoken to, unconsulted with others, he sits apart, wrapped in his reveries, or probably he is writing, his almost perpetual employment. He looks enfeebled but yet he is never tired; worn out, but ever ready for the combat: melancholy, but let a witty thing fall from any member and that old man's face is wreathed in smiles. He appears passive but woe to the unfortunate member that hazards an arrow at him—the eagle is not swifter in its flight than Mr Adams with his agitated finger quivering in sarcastic gesticulation, he seizes upon his foe, and, amid the amazement of the House, rarely fails to take a signal vengeance—His stores of knowledge on every subject, garnered up through the course of his extraordinary life, in the well arranged store house of a memory which is said never to have permitted a single fact to escape it, give him a great advantage over all comers in encounters of this kind. He is a wonderful, eccentric genius. He belongs to no party, nor does any party be long to him. He is too cold a nature to be long a party leader. He is originally, of very peculiar ideas, and perfectly fearless and independent in expressing and maintaining them. His manner of speaking is peculiar, he rises abruptly, his face reddens, and, in a moment throwing himself into the attitude of a veteran gladiator, he prepares for the attack; then he becomes full of gesticulation, his body sways to & fro, self command seems loose, his head is bent forward in his earnestness till it sometimes touches the desk, his voice frequently breaks but he pursues his subject through all its bearings—nothing daunts him—the House may ring with cries of order!—order unmoved—contemptuous—he stands amid the tempest, and like an oak that knows its gnarled and knotted strength, stretches his arm forth and defies the blast."

A YOUNG BUSTER.—A gentleman over the river, in Chester, Vt., has a bull calf not a year old till January next, which weighs a thousand lbs. He is now larger than his mother, and it takes three or four cows to supply the fellow with milk.—Claremont Eagle.

The Pottsville Journal has the following curious notice—"Wanted, a nurse to take charge of a basket of children, left at this office a short time since."

## PROVERBS.

A hog upon trust, grunts till he is paid for.
A spur in the head, is worth two in the heel.
A civil denial is better than a rude grant.
An old dog can't alter his way of barking
A thread bare coat, is armour proof against a highway man.
A wager, is a fool's argument.
Better wear out shoes, than sheets.
Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent
He that falls into the dirt, the longer he lies, the dirtier he is
He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.
Little boats must keep near shore,
Large vessels may venture more.
Nothing should be done in haste, but catching fleas.
Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed fellows.
The horses shoe that clatters wants a nail.
Unbidden guests know not where to sit down.
A maid that laughs, is half taken.
A woman that painteth, puts up a bill that she is to be let.
A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.
A woman conceals what she knows not.
A lass that has many wooers, often fares the worst.
Fanned fire and forced love, never did well yet.
Honest men marry soon, wise man not at all.
If marriages be made in Heaven, some have few friends there.
It is a good horse that never stumbles,
And a good wife that never grumbles.
Next to no wife, a good wife is best.
While the tall woman is stooping the little one hath swept the house.
Women must have their wills while they live because they make none when they die.
Smoke, raining into the house, and a scolding wife will make a man run out o doors,
He who has no bread to spare, should not keep a dog.
He who has but one coat, should not lend it.
Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them.

THE MARCH OF EMPIRE IN THE WEST!!

In a few more years the balance of political power will be transferred from the east to the west. This period is nearer at hand than is generally supposed. It cannot be procrastinated much beyond the next census. The population of the United States, at the next census, will not, it is estimated, fall short of 16,000,000. We give the following estimate of the population of the Western and South western States in 1840, in round numbers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ohio, | 1,500,000 |
| Indiana, | 900,000 |
| Illinois, | 700,000 |
| Michigan, | 550,000 |
| Missouri, | 750,000 |
| Mississippi, | 450,000 |
| Arkansas, | 200,000 |
| Louisiana, | 400,000 |
| Kentucky, | 850,000 |
| Tennessee, | 960,000 |
| Alabama, | 500,000 |
| | 7,360,000 |

The estimated aggregates is within 640,000 of the United States in 1840. We shall not be surprised if our estimates falls short of the actual results a half million or more, such is the astonishing increase of population in the west. Cin Rep

### SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

*Reality.*—Oh. God! thou canst and wilt give us hereafter a reality, which shall embody, and exceed, and satisfy all that is here ideal; a reality exemplified to us even here in the fulness of thy love to us. But then—no, not then, for to that immensity the word has no application—but if in this lower world, imagination could become truth, and fancy fact, and the reveries of night the deeds of the day, it would increase, not satiate our desires. The elevation of reality would but produce greater elevation of fancy, loftier recollections, and more aspiring hope. In the vales of Arcadia we would wish for Utopia, and sigh as we do here.

*Youth.*—Alas! for the days when a man comp see his first poems and first theories; when the creating spirit is abroad, forming worlds of its own out of nothing, and we see the stars of knowledge, in the beauty of their youth, not in dim reflection! What we learn in after years to us but as old saws or vamped up lies. Then we drank in the milk of knowledge greedily, as our proper food; but in age we regard it only as a medicine.

*Education.*—We should learn grammar only from speech, and criticism from works of art, but we are taught exactly the reverse.—Hard is the lot of the youth of the present day, who are made to pick off all the spiders and worms from the tree of knowledge, before they can gather the fruit.

*Quarrels.*—When two men run their heads against each other in the street by accident, each is eager to excuse himself, and feels that all the fault is his, and all the pain his neighbour's. Would to heaven we did not do exactly the contrary in all our moral collisions.

*Nature.*—Nothing is so odious to a true lover of nature, as to be surrounded by an impertinent, chattering crowd, when he goes forth to worship her. I would as liet make love to a princess on her birth-day, before her whole court.

*Crowds.*—Men, like beets, must be sown sparsely, if we want them large. Trees, which grow crowded together, are more slender and graceful in form, but cannot resist storms like those that stand singly.

*Intolerance.*—Intolerance in early life is often followed by liberality of thought in manhood: the one is the hard, green fruit of an unripe heart; the latter, the mellow fruit of a mature head.

*Great men.*—The greatest men are not those who do most good to their fellow-mortals.—The cataract falls and breaks to pieces fruitlessly, while the quiet stream fertilizes.

*Great minds.*—Common men, like stagnant pools, take the hue of the earth that bounds them; great ones, like the sea, reflect only the pure blue of the heaven above.

*Separation*—As echo answers more at length, the farther we recede, so do we find that our souls respond better to each other when not too near together

*Studies.*—It is ridiculous to insist on plan and order in reading. Is it any matter what dish we begin with, so long as we digest our dinner?

*Character.*—Strong characters are brought out by change of situation, and gentle ones by permanence.

*Memory.*—Memory and Hope are the two poems of the heart—its Paradise lost and Paradise regained.

*Ennui.*—To no one is life so long and burdensome as to him who tries to shorten it by living too fast.—[*N. Y. Mirror.*

The following curious notice appears in a late Cincinnati paper, as an advertisement:

"TO THE PUBLIC.—"I, the undersigned, declare having given my consent to Mr. Fracois Vallet for his union with my daughter, Melanie Young, and that she herself had given him her faith, but by her having received some bad advice, she has changed her notions, and refused the hand of Mr. Vallett, without any cause. It is for this reason, that I submit this notice to the public, as a reparation for any mischief that might happen to Mr. Vallet, and to let him know I regret very much the alliance did not take place.

JAMES YOUNG.

*Bayon Mallet, Sept. 18th 1837.*

There can be no dependence put in the marks of affectionate love that may hereafter be shown to any one by Miss Melanie Young, because she swore love to me more than one thousand times in a month, but as the time for her to unite herself with me approached she recalled all her promises and would not realize them.

I give this notice to the public, so as to keep in future any honest man from being duped by the perfidy of Miss Melanie Young.

FRANCOIS VALLET.

"*Point Noitre, Sept. 18th 1837.*"

*Dialogue.*—Well Zeb, said a colored 'gemman' the other day to another, 'what bisness are you prosumcutin now a days?'

Oh! nuffin much, ceptin dat I casionally acts as de mittee man, down to de rale rode.

'Oh! hush, nigger, you dont say so. When you rive at such an extinguishment?'

'Why I'se been follerin it less or more all dis seson, specially since de rale rode went into corporation.'

'Well Zeb, what composition do you got for you sarvice?'

'Oh! nuffin to mention, ceptin, dat I casionally have de disagreeable honor of assistin to put a way de locurmotur into the establishment, which you know may sometime or oder, zalt me to de extinguished kerpacite of fing-inneer.'

*The Female Eye.*—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye:—'The glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure.'

The Dover Gazette pays the following just tribute to the character of Mr. WOODBURY:

"There are but few, if any, men in this country, who have been so much in public life, ever sustained a higher reputation than the present Secretary of the Treasury; and none can boast of a better moral character. He has been assailed on the floors of Congress by talented and bitter enemies, by those who envy him his exalted fame, but his reputation remains untarnished."

## FACTS—SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

Will the Northern Whig papers publish the following facts? They must see in them an indication not to be mistaken. The Merchants who assembled in convention at Augusta (with a few only of other citizens not Merchants, but Planters and professional men) were selected without reference to party or political opinion, in this State and Georgia. The committee, who framed the report which we published favorable to the divorce, and which report was drawn up by Mr. McDUFFIE, consisted of twenty, and they adopted the report without one dissenting voice. The Merchants are more interested in the banks than other classes; many of those at the convention were bank directors and presidents. They were to be presumed more likely than other citizens to favor the connection between the Government and Banks. Mr. McDUFFIE too, an old protector of the Bank of the United States, was there. Yet he and they went with the most gratifying unanimity for the separation. Will they publish these facts? No! But they will go on claiming McDUFFIE as opposed to CALHOUN, and quote through all their borders, as truth, the great mistake which the last Columbia Telescope makes in claiming a majority of our people as opposed to the separation. (We forget the proportion claimed by the Telescope, but however large it is, we are confident that we are authorized by the facts to reverse it.) We gave the assurance yesterday that the vote of our delegation for the postponement was no unerring index of their opposition to the separation. We know facts which are assured from a source in which we fully confide, that what we asserted about the sentiments of the majority yesterday, is correct. Even Mr. LEGARE is mistaken if he supposes that he would represent his constituency by opposing the separation. He will find on his return that even now, if it were left to the vote of Charleston, the separation would be carried by an overwhelming majority, though Charleston has been generally regarded as the point in the State most under the influence of the banks, and most likely to oppose their divorce from the Treasury.—We know of two gentlemen at the head of banking institutions in our city, who go for the separation. As to the sentiments of the other presidents, we have not inquired. Besides, we have just conversed with a friend who has returned from a tour through the upper districts of this State and Georgia, and he assures us that the truly Southern doctrine of a separation has spread like fire in the mountains in both States Both Union men and Nullifiers in Georgia are for it. The Webster Whig Editors and Clay Whigs, therefore, may let us alone. They must work to make their National, Consolidation, Philo-Abolition President, without Southern help, and if they have any allies left them here, those allies will be cowed by overwhelming public opinion into silence and inaction.—*Charleston Mercury.*

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