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A CARD.

A. WOOLFOLK wishes to inform the owners of Negroes in Maryland, Virginia, and N. Carolina, that he *is not dead*, as has been artfully represented by his opponents, but that he still lives, to give them CASH and the HIGHEST PRICES for their

NEGROES.

Persons having negroes to dispose of, will please give him a chance, by addressing him at Baltimore, where immediate attention will be paid to their wishes. Oct. 6

$20 REWARD.

RANAWAY from on board the George Washington, at Philadelphia, on Monday the 22d ult., a mulatto man named

DRAPER GRAHAM,

about 22 years of age. His head and back are much scared, and the lower part of one ear and the little toe of the left foot are cut off. He is about five feet four or five inches high, has thick lips, and stutters. I will give the above reward, if the said mulatto is taken and secured so that I get him again.

RICHARD SEWARD.

Dorchester county, Md., May 4 3w*

MARYLAND:
Dorchester County Orphans' Court, May 6th, 1833.

On application of John Phillips, administrator of Mathew Phillips, late of Dorchester county, deceased, It is ordered that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Cambridge Chronicle; the paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 6th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1833.

L.S.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Register of Wills for Dorchester county.

In compliance with the above order,—This is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Matthew Philips, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of November next; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of May, 1833.

JOHN PHILLIPS,
Adm'r. of Matthew Phillips, dec'd.
May 11 3w

MARYLAND:
Dorchester County Orphans' Court, May 6, 1833.

On application of CHARLES SHENTON, *acting Administrator of* AARON STREET, *late of Dorchester county, deceased,* It is ordered *that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Cambridge Chronicle, the paper selected by him.*

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 6th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1833.

L.S.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Register of Wills for Dorchester county.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Aaron Street, *late of Dorchester county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of November next; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand, this 6th day of May, 1833.*

CHARLES SHENTON,
Acting Adm'r. of Aaron Street, dec'd.
May 11 3w

MARYLAND:
Dorchester County Orphans' Court, May 6, 1833.

On application of Solomon Kirwan, *Administrator of* Jabez Tylor, *late of Dorchester county, deceased,* It is ordered *that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, the paper selected by him.*

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my name, and the seal of my office affixed, this 6th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1833.

L.S.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Register of Wills for Dorchester county.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Jabez Tylor, *late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of November next; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand, this 6th day of May, 1833.*

SOLOMON KIRWAN,
Adm'r. of Jabez Tylor, dec'd.
May 11 3w

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly, in advance. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid and a specific notification to that effect is also given.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for one dollar—and, unless otherwise ordered, continued for twenty-five cents, each subsequent insertion.

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. VII. NO. 5.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.—SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1833. WHOLE NO. 469.

POETRY.

Extract from an address to BLACK HAWK, *published in the New York Standard.*

There's beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high
And manly beauty of the Roman mould,
And the keen flashing of thy full dark eye,
Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold;
Of passions scathed not by the touch of time;
Ambition, that survives the battle route.
The man within thee, scorns to play the mimic
To gaping crowds that compass thee about.
Thou walkest with thy warriors by thy side,
Wrapped in fierce hate, and high unconquered pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet,
Vanquished and captive, dost thou deem that here—
The glowing day-star of thy glory set—
Dull night has closed upon thy bright career?
Old forest lion, caught and caged at last,
Dost pant to roam again thy native wild?
* * * * * * *

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference,
There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy wonder:
Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense,
The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder?
Our big canoes with white and wide-spread wings,
That sweep the waters as birds sweep the sky;
Our steam-boats, with their iron lungs, like things
Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by?
Or, if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,
What think'st thou of our rail-road locomotion?

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away,
To the deep bosom of thy forest home?
The hill side, where thy young pappooses play,
And ask amid their sports when thou wilt come?
Come not the wailings of thy gentle squaws,
For their lost warrior loud upon thine ear,
Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,
That yelled at every corner meet thee here?
The wife who made that shell-decked wampum belt,
Thy rugged heart must think of her and melt.

Chafes not thy heart as chafes the panting breast
Of the caged bird against his prison bars,
That thou, the crowned warrior of the west,
The victor of a hundred forest wars,
Should'st in thy age become a raree show,
Led like a walking bear about the town;
A new-caught monster, who is all the go,
And stared at, gratis, by the gaping clown?
Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,
The sport and mock'ry of the rabble rout?

Proud scion of a noble stem! thy tree
Is blanched, and bare, and seared, and leafless now:
I'll not insult its fallen majesty,
Or drive, with careless hand, the ruthless plough
Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,
Rich, warm, and deep, its fresh free balmly air,
No second verdure quickens in our cold
New barren earth, no life sustains it there;
But even though prostrate, 'tis a noble thing,
Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."

Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,
Proud leader of the forest aristocracy;
The best of blood glows from thy every feature,
And thy curled lip speaks scorn for our democracy.
Thou wearest thy titles on that godlike brow;
Let him who questions them but meet thine eye;
He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow.
All question of thy noble family:
For, thou may'st here become, with strict propriety,
A leader in our city good society.

THE SPIRIT BRIDEGROOM.

Albert Holstein was a student in one of the German universities, the name of which is quite unnecessary to the narration. He was at the time of which we speak, just entering his eighteenth year, and had been until his sixteenth, under the guardianship and care of a good and misjudging mother. His father had fallen in a domestic feud with some rival baron, and the son, the only heir and promise of his princely name and dominions, but for a mind and temper, naturally excellent, would have been utterly ruined by her various and misconceived indulgencies. After the usual preparation, he was admitted, as was said above, into a leading university, where he soon had occasion to test, for himself, the propriety of that course of education to which he had been so imprudently subjected. It is not our object, however, to dwell upon or seek to analyze the impressions of his mind, under the new changes in his conditions; he was not saved from ruin in spite of education.

It was on a pleasant evening, in the month of June, that a family party was assembled as usual, in the gardens of D'Arlemont.—In this family Albert had become almost an inmate, and his presence on the occasion, was looked for earnestly by all the company, but by none more anxiously than the fair Anastasia D'Arlemont, the only daughter of the high family of that name, and the heiress of its extensive possessions. This young lady, whilst holding an almost unlimited sway in the bosom of the young student, acknowledged in his fine and graceful person, his accomplished mind and manners, and that general vivacity of habit which is the greatest charm of society, a correspondent influence. They had, for themselves, just begun to ascertain the nature of those sentiments which had so frequently brought them together, and their eyes were opened to the strength of the attachment, which, in time, was to become so fatal or so blissful to them both. A few evenings previous, an opportunity offering for a mutual understanding, in the unconscious delight of the moment, the state of their hearts had been revealed; and it may be supposed, therefore, that the anxieties of Anastasia deepened, as he who had hitherto been all punctuality now delayed his appearance long after the accustomed hour. What made her situation the more painful, and her feelings the more acute, was the doubt whether her sire, one of the noblest and most bigoted among the knighthood of the country, would sanction a closer tie than that of friendship between a daughter, who would choose from among the highest, and one, who, though noble, had never quartered his arms, in a broader field than the small baronial privilege of his paternal acres. The youth had laid open his soul to the sire of his sweetheart, and the rejection of his suit, was coupled with words of contumely and reproach. It was while gazing with desponding hope, and with penetrating but unsuccessful vision, along the garden grove, for the well known and well beloved form of her lover, that she heard a sudden shriek as of one in agony—then a deep and hollow groan, and the fall as of some heavy body. Lights were brought; and, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, the young and unhappy Antastasia, beheld the scarcely less young and beautiful form of her lover, bleeding before her. The stiletto yet remained in his breast—it had penetra-deeply, and he gave no signs of life. Her father entering at the time and witnessing her emotion, had her borne with stern rebukes to her chamber. At that time, those around remarked the deep exultation and malignity of his countenance, and made their inferences accordingly. Albert Holstien was borne away to his lodgings, where, after a few days, according to the popular voice, he breathed his last. Inquiry, in a little time, passed over without discovering the assassin; and, if suspicion rests any where, the mark was too high for public justice.

A few months had elapsed after the occurrence of this event, and, if grief in the bosom of Anastasia for the loss of her lover, had lost something of its violence, it did not however, forego any of its tenacity in its hold upon her heart. Lingering one evening, long after the family had all retired, at her lattice, her ear discerned beneath her window, the faint tones of music, such as she had been accustomed to hear, at those seasons, when in this manner, her departed lover had indicated his affections. The notes were the same, and words such as he alone had employed, came, arousing in her bosom a feeling of superstitious dread—a sudden and indescribable awe, such as she had never before entertained. The influence became insupportable, at length, and she sought, for the time, a safe retreat in the chamber of her attendant. Here she remained until her mind had become somewhat accustomed to the thoughts and associations thus forced upon it, when she returned to her own room, and the sounds were heard no more for that night. A few evenings after, at the same hour, the music was repeated—the same sweet and mysterious air fell upon her senses with an increased warmth, and she was no longer terrified, as at first, and yielding without a struggle to the irresistible impulse, she gently undid the lattice, and looked out in the direction of the music. Nor did she look in vain. Retreating among the trees of the garden, she discovered a form, so nearly resembling that of her departed lover, that she involuntarily uttered his name.—A sigh was the only response which the figure gave—but so mournfully sad, that it seemed to rebuke her for the indifference of her grief, and her sorrows burst forth anew. The form had utterly disappeared, and though for hours she looked and lingered, it returned no more that evening. Night after night, for a week succeeding, as the hour of midnight drew near; did she look forth and listen from her lattice. She heard the winds softly rustling among the branches—the fall of the dead leaf—she saw the shadows, with a quiet beauty, waving in the moonlight, but her visitor returned not. At length when she began to conclude either that the spirit was offended, and would not come again, or that her ever restless and excited imagination had deluded her into the belief of the actual presence of one forever in her mind's eye, she heard again that faint, sad murmuring of song, gentle as the flutterings of an ascending spirit, softly floating on the breeze, and penetrating her lattice. It grew at last more distinct, more full and clear; and with such a tone of true nature to her senses, that she lost all guidance of her reason and called deliriously upon the name of her lover. Had her voice so much power—had the deity spoken from her lips? Her lover stood by her side, as in obedience to a spell; fair and manly, and full of exhilerance and life, as in the gladest hour of their earliest communion!—She was faint—she trembled with a love, and awe, necessarily arising from the belief that she was at that moment in the presence of the dead. His eyes, though clear and intelligent as ever, were sad and wore a solemn expression—they looked all the divinity of wo—and a mingled love and worship which she could not restrain, filled and inspired her heart. How gentle were all his tones—how soothing his speech—how true and tender its expression! With what a voice did he assure her of his existence, of his continued love, even while at the verge of dissolution, and in a deep extremity, from the fatal termination of which, he was only saved by the marvellous skill of the family physician. He now informed her of his unsuccessful suit to her father—of his cruel language, and unqualified rejection of his prayers. He was now in danger; and the most perfect secrecy was necessary to shield him from the hand of that power, which in striking once, had certainly shown no disposition if such were necessary to strike again. Long did they linger in that silent garden, with no watchers but the stars, and no hope but in that true love which they seemed to smile upon and sanction. Night after night were his visits, without interruption, repeated; and the joy of the young lovers increased with the impatience with which they watched—to them—the slow progress of day to night again; never regretting the sleepless hours of their sacrifice, since the altar was so wooing and attractive, and while the worship was so pure and hallowed.

In the meanwhile a nobleman of high birth and gallant achievement, made his appearance as a professed suitor of Anastasia, at the castle of D'Arlemont. He was remotely connected with the family, its equal in all heriditary and honorable respects; and desirous of renewing a former intimacy and increasing ties. Count Wallenburg was well known, and ranked highly among the German chivalry. Honorable, high-minded, generous and brave, there were but few qualities essential to what, in that age, was esteemed perfection, which this gentleman did not possess. Shall we wonder that, admiring the beautiful Anastasia, he should find no difficulties on the part of her parents. His addresses were paid, and, with a ready compliance accepted by her father. The anguish of the young girl was excruciating on being instructed to prepare for the nuptials, almost the very first intimation which she had of the arrangement; but assured by her lover, whom she saw nightly, that she should become the bride of none other than himself, she offered no fruitless objections, and, to all eyes, seemed resigned to her fate.

The evening appointed for the bridals at length arrived. The chapel of the castle was illuminated; the company had assembled, and every thing was gay confusion and good humored clamor. There were aunts, and uncles, cousins, and friends—the whole world of various and friendly elements, which such an occasion so certainly brings along with it. At the head of a long procession of like connexions, came the bridegroom, with as much impatience for the ceremony as could well comport with his high dignity and German phlegm. But where was she—the young bride? Why lingered she—why came she not, in glittering robes, heading in gladness the rose-garlanded procession of capricious and laughing damsels? The castle was in commotion, and a strange anxiety was over every countenance. The bridal chamber was empty, the fair Anastasia was not to be found! The castle was searched from turret tops to donjon, but they found her not. The groups dispersed over the gardens and grounds about, but with like unsuccess. At length they penetrated the forests. As they advanced, the sky suddenly became overcast and dark—vivid flashes of lightning added to, while illuminating and making perceptible, the gloom.

A storm of frightful energy passed over the wood, prostrating every thing before it, and subsiding with equal earnestness. The sky became instantly clear, and the moon shone forth unconscious of a cloud. The firmament had not a speck. The bewildered groups proceeded in their search. A soft and gentle strain of melody seemed to embody itself with the winds. They followed the sounds into a dark and gloomy enclosure of high over-arching trees, thickly fenced in with knotted pines and brushwood. The thunderbolt had been there, and it was scorched and blackened. They advanced—The music still leading them onward—until, in a small recess, they found indubitable tokens of the maiden, in the half burned remnants of her hat and shawl. They now beheld her destiny. She had become the spirit-bride! The fiend had triumphed in the garb of the earthly lover, and the unhappy maiden had been the victim of a deceit which had led her to dishonor and destruction!

Such is the tradition; but about this time, the castle of Holstien became inhabited—Albert, said the popular voice, was restored to life and habitation; and, in time, there was a bright maiden singing merrily in its walls, to whom, those who knew, found a strange likeness to the beautiful Anastasia D'Arlemont.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The danger of convicting an individual charged with a capital crime, on evidence entirely circumstantial, is very great, and the number of melancholy instances which we find in the annals of capital punishments of innocence suffering an ignominious death, should deter the most enlightened jury from giving a verdict of guilty, when they have no other guide than circumstantial evidence. The case of Avery, which has been the all engrossing theme from New Orleans to Quebec, for some weeks past, suggests the present as a fit time to mention an instance of conviction and punishment, on the *strongest* circumstantial evidence. In his case there is said to be a long chain of circumstantial testimony, and from the *length* of that chain many whose minds and pursuits qualify them but little for investigating, reasoning and judging minutely, infer, that it must be *strong* in the same proportion; not reflecting that one single *link* may be vastly stronger than such *chain*. By such reasoners Avery has been tried and condemned in a thousand such circles throughout the Union; and though now acquitted by a jury of his peers, there are not wanting many who yet contend that the law has lost its victim. To such, the following account of an unjust punishment, on the strongest circumstantial evidence, may be of some use in quieting their minds.

A number of years ago, an innkeeper of unexceptionable character, by name Jonathan Bradford, lived near Oxford on the London road. One evening he found among his guests two gentlemen travellers, and a Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, who was going on a visit to Oxford. At supper, Mr. Hayes accidentally mentioned that he had with him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to bed; the two gentlemen occupying one room, and Mr. Hayes another. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, and imagining he heard a groan in an adjoining room, immediately awakened his friend. Listening together they heard the groans increasing as of a man in the agonies of death. They then rose, and taking with them a light which they had left burning, proceeded to the room, where they heard the groans. The door being a little open they saw a light in the room.—They entered—and what was their consternation when they saw a person in bed weltering in his blood, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other—the knife and the hand which held it, stained with blood.

This man was Bradford their host; and the murdered man they soon discovered was Mr. Hayes. Bradford, as well as the gentlemen, were petrified with horror. He was charged by them, with the murder, but solemnly protested that he was innocent. But his terror appearing to them the terror of guilt, more than that of humanity, they seized and disarmed him. Next day they brought him before a magistrate for examination, but he assumed the air of innocence and positively denied any participation in the crime. He contended that, hearing a noise in the chamber where Mr. Hayes slept, he went with the same humane intentions as the gentlemen themselves, and for his safety armed himself with a knife; and that he had entered the chamber but a few seconds before them. On lifting up the bed-clothes, and finding Mr. Hayes weltering in his blood, he said, he was struck with consternation and dropt the knife, which thus became bloody, as well as his hand. These assertions, though plausible, were believed by none. The evidence of the two gentlemen was considered by the magistrate, and all who heard it, conclusive. Indeed the magistrate, so struck with his strong indication of guilt, said to him, in writing out his mittimus: "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This affair, like Avery's, was the conversation of the whole country, and he was tried and condemned over and over again in every company. At the Oxford Assizes, Bradford was brought up for trial, and pleaded "*Not Guilty.*" His defence was considered weak when contrasted with the evidence of the two gentlemen. The jury found him guilty without leaving their seats. Bradford was executed shortly after, protesting, with his latest breath, that he was innocent of the murder; and that he was not even privy to it: but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet a few months proved that his protestations were not untrue: The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes' own footman, who slept in a room at some distance from his master, and on whom no suspicion had ever rested. He entered the room of his master, stabbed him, and rifled his pockets of his money, gold watch and snuff box, and escaped, unperceived, to his own room but a few seconds before Bradford entered the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. These facts the footman confessed eighteen months after the execution of Bradford when on a bed of sickness, and under remorse of conscience.—He died shortly after, and the law lost its victim.

But unfortunately for the memory of the supposed malefactor, the tragical narrative does not close here: Bradford confessed to the attending clergyman, that though not the murderer in *reality*, he was so in *design*: he went with the intention of murdering Mr. Hayes, and taking his money: but when turning back the bed-clothes, he found him weltering in his blood, he was so struck with horror that he dropt his knife in the bed-clothes, by which both the knife and his hand became bloody, and that the terrors he showed were merely the terrors of humanity at the appalling and unexpected sight he witnessed, mingled with remorse at his horrid but frustrated design!

Thus, by circumstantial evidence, containing only *one strong link*, this man suffered the punishment due to another. Though a murderer at heart, he could not legally have been visited with the punishment he received; and who, for aught the world could ever have known from the death-bed confession of the footman, might have been innocent even of the horrid *design* which he voluntarily confessed.

A CHAPTER ON HATS.

"Your bonnet to its *right use*,—'Tis for the head."

There is no people so ingenious at expedients as the Yankees. It would never enter the heads of persons out of New England to use their hats for any other purpose, than as a covering for their heads. In other parts of the globe, when a man bows graciously to a friend, he takes off his hat. Such a custom cannot be adopted here—for a man's hat is his pocket book, his satchell, his pantry, his clothes bag, his tool chest, or his segar box, as an occasion may require, and if he should take off his hat in a hurry, awkward consequences must needs ensue. We once knew a young gentleman, who having purchased a dozen of eggs, for his mother, forthwith popped them into his hat. On his way home, he met a pretty girl, with whose charms he had long been smitten, and wishing to to be particularly polite, he took off his hat, preparatory to making a low bow. The twelve eggs, obeying the laws of gravitation, of course were precipitated to the pavement and instantly smashed to atoms, and the beautiful white garment of the astonished girl, was bespattered with the filthy yolks! She never forgave him.

How often, during a windy day, do we see a hatless wight, chasing a cloud of papers, which have made their escape, and are borne away on the wings of the wind.

It has been remarked by foreigners that the natives of New England are generally round shouldered. This is undoubtedly owing to the enormous weight which they carry on their heads! A lawyer is seldom seen with a green bag in his hand—his legal documents, and sometimes his law books, are deposited in his hat; a physician's hat is not unfrequently an apothecary's shop in miniature; a merchant's hat is crammed with samples of merchandize; and a stage-driver's hat is stuffed with bundles and packages. A person about to take a short journey seldom burthens himself with a trunk, but takes a change of apparel in his hat; a late member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who represented a town not more than twenty miles from Boston, always carried his dinner to the State House in his hat; and we have seldom seen the hat of an editor, which was not stuffed with damp newspapers, stolen paragraphs, and unanswered duns! Hence editors are always round shouldered.

The change which has lately been effected in the shape of the hat, has been loudly complained of, as its reduced dimensions puts the wearer to much inconvenience. A hat of the most approved modern style, will contain but little else than a pocket handkerchief, a pair of gloves, and a few cigars. But we hope this change in fashion, will produce a corresponding change in the perpendicularity of certain individuals; and that those persons who hang down their heads while wearing a bell-crowned hat, will soon strut about as stiff and upright as a platoon of well drilled soldiers.—*Lowell Journal.*

YANKEE MANAGEMENT.

Our Southren brethren are perplexed to know how it is that they, with rich land, a warm sun, and staple productions giving an income of from 4 to 20 per cent., are becoming poor and cashless, while we Yankees are becoming rich, and having money, if not in abundance, at least as much as is necessary. If they would come among us, and study our economy, the answer would soon strike them. One little instance is no bad example of that Yankee economy and skill that turns all things, even the worst, to advantage.

It may not be generally known that in many parts of our State, our school-masters are not only "boarded round," so as to save drawing the pay of their board from the school fund—that is, the school-master is boarded a week here and three days there, according to the number of children—but that the school-master is often "bid off" or 'put up at auction," as are our paupers—and the *lowest* bidder in the district takes him, as the *highest* bidder takes an article at a regular auction.

The writer of this article, when preparing to be a college boy, was short of funds, and with no other means of getting money than by keeping school, for ten dollars a month.—This was all the school district could well afford to give,—as their fund was small,—and even with this small sum given, it was necessary to board the school-master as cheap as possible. The school-committee, therefore, called the District together into a new, neat, convenient and comfortable school-house, and in his presence, a scene of this sort took place:

Auctioneer—"What will you take him for?"

1st bidder—"One dollar and twenty-five cents a week."

Auct.—"One dollar twenty-five, one dollar twenty-five."

2d Bidder—"One dollar twelve cents and a half."

3d Bidder—"One dollar."

Auct.—"One dollar, one dollar: who'll take him for less than a dollar? One dollar, one dollar: any body less? Who speaks?"

4th Bidder—"Seventy-five cents."

5th Bidder—"Seventy cents."

And thus the bids went down—the auctioneer exclaiming, as usual, in the meantime, till the school-master was bid off at forty cents per week! Yes, the lowest bidder took him to board for forty cents per week. On going home with his bidder—a sociable, happy man, whose house had more comforts and luxuries than nine-tenths of the houses of the rich planters in the interior of the Southern country, and whose table was as good as many sit down at, paying fourteen dollars a week for board—the writer held the following dialogue:

"How on earth can you afford to board me for forty cents a week?"

Ans.—"I make money by it, and have your company in the bargain."

"How so?"

Ans.—"Why, you will board with me fourteen weeks. The whole pay for board will be $5 60. My taxes are a little over six dollars. Now I have bread enough, meat enough, poultry enough, cider enough, in short, enough, and more than enough, of every thing necessary to eat and drink. I have enough of every thing but money. All I want with money is to pay my taxes. But in order to raise these six dollars, if I do not get a town order for your board, I must make a journey to Portland, or to Bath, with three times the produce you will eat, and from all this, find it difficult to raise six dollars in cash. Therefore, I make money in keeping you to eat this produce, and have your company these long winter evenings into the bargain. Thus, you see, I am interested, at boarding you even at forty cents per week."

Now, we give this to our Southern brethren, as a specimen of the manner in which we Yankees live, and thrive. Let them do likewise, and their country will be the richest and the happiest on the globe. Here we are shivering in summer, with corn but three inches high to the most, while they are enjoying the blessings of midsummer, and have corn almost ready for harvest.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Anecdote of the present King of England.—A friend communicated the following anecdote, which he had from the mouth of a gentleman who was knowing to the circumstance: The Prince, when in Boston, several years ago, called at a barber's shop to get shaved. After the operation, he took the liberty to kiss the barber's pretty wife, stating to her, you can now say that you have been kissed by one of royal blood. Upon which the barber seized him by the collar, pushed him to the door, and gave him a hearty kick in the rear, telling him, that he could now say that he had one of the royal kicks, from one of republican blood. He was probably more careful afterwards in kissing Yankee women.—*Middletown Sent.*

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