Recommendation of the book.

We approve of the pin on which the publicates, entitled the Journal of Health" is conducted, and he work, that it is calculated to be useful, by earlyten. lieve, that it is calculated to be useful, by enlighten-ing public opinion on a subject of high importance to the welfare of society: The numbers which have a peared, evince talent, and may be viewed as a pledge of the continued usefulness of the publication whis conducted by its present editors. We, therefore, fed no hesitation in recommending it to public pairsa-see.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1829.

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N. Chapman, M. D.
Wm. P. Dewees, M. D.
Thos. G. James, M. D.
John G. Otto, M. D.
Thos T. Hewson, M. D.
Franklin Bache, M. D.
Rev. James Montgomery, D. D. Restor of St. Stephen's Church.

"Wm. H. De Lancy, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

versity of Pennsylvania.

B. B. Smith. Editor of the Philadelphia Recor-

B. B. Smith. Editor of the rinhadeiphia Recorder, and Rector of Grace Church.
G. 'L' Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church.
James Abercrouble, D. D. Anistant Minister of Christ Church, and St. Peter's.

George Weller

Jackson Kemper, Assistant Minister of Chila Church, and St. Peter's. Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the Fila Presbyterian Church. Wm. M. Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Pressy-terian Church.

" John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Cathele " Michael Hurley, Pastor of St. Augustine Catho-

Wm. H. Furness, Pastor of the first Congrega-

"Win. H. Furness, Pastor of the first Congregational Church.
"W. T. Brantly. Pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Editor of the Columbian Kim.
"Joo. L. Dagg, Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church.
"Solomon Higgins, Pastor of the Methodut Episcopal Union Ch.
"Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.
In addition to the above, the names of a number of highly esteemed members of the different professions, who are subscribers to the work, might be adduced as expressive of the estimation in which it is held. With one voice, the public press from one end of the

With one voice, the public press from one encontinent to the other, has spoken of the Jou Acalth in terms of unequivocal commendation

TERMS:
The Journal of Health. will appear in number of 16 pages each, octavo, on the second and found Wednesday of every month. Price per annum, \$125. in advance. Subscriptions and communications (post paid) will be received by Judar Dolson, Agent, 82. 108 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia. Subscribers at a distance will discover, that the dif-

iculty in remitting the amount of a single subsction will be obviated by any four of them sending ive dollars to the agent. Those to whom this may not be convenient, can receive sixteen numbers of the work by remitting a dollar to the same person.

The Journal of Health including index, will format

Agents: J Dobson, 108 Chesnut St. Philadelphia; W & J. Necl, Baltimore; Wm. Burgess, 97 Polico street, N. York; Carter & Hendee, Boston; and in

IT A Specimen of the Work may be

Anne Arundel County Court, October Term, 1829.

Term, 1829.

On annication to Anne-Arundel county court, by pertition in writing, of Thomas T. McPherou, praying far the benefit of the act, for the relief of intellet in the several supplements thereto, as chedule of his property, and a list of his creditors on oath, as far ashe can ascertain them, being annexed to his said petition, and the said Thomas T. McPherson, laving satisfied the said court, by competent testimony, that he has resided in the state of Marjand, two years next, preceding the time of his application, and that he is in adjual confinement for debrouly, and that he is in adjual confinement for debrouly, and the said petitioner having taken the said petitioner having taken the said petitions as his creditors may propose to him, and having also executed to a thustee, by the said court, appointed a good and sufficient deed, for all his property, real, personal and mixed, the necessary wearing apparel, and bedding of himself and family excepted, and delivered the sand to the said trustee, and the said trustee having also executed a bond for the faithful discharge of his trust, and certified the cepted, and delivered the same to the said trustee, and the said trustee having also executed a bond for the faithful discharge of his trust, and certified the delivery into his hands, of all the property of the said petitioner, mentioned in his checker R is, therefore, ordered and adjudged, by the said court, that the said Thomas T. McPhermon, be discharged from the custody of the sheriff of said county, and that the said petitioner, by caseing a cely of this indeer to be inserted in some newspaper published in the city of Annapolis, for three months, secrement tice to his creditors to be and appear on that the said from the said third Monday of April next give a tice to his creditors to be and appear on that the said Thomas T. McPherson should not have the benefit of the said act of manifely; and the supplements thereto as prayed

Test.

W. S. Green

Test.

LABOURERS. THE subscriber wishes to hire fifteen I twenty short Servants, by the year which liberal wages, will be given English of William Brown of the in Annay in RICHARD ORBERS Manager of Elk Ridge Furnation

July 23 PRINTUNG NEATLL RESOURS ON THIS

The Assarpland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1830.

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JONAS GREEN.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Times. A VISION OF STEAM.

Et jan summa procul villarum culmina fumant. Virgil I laid me down and slept on the floor, And I had a wonderful dream, Par "teaming events east their shadow before," Or rather a volume of steam.

Or rather a volume of steam.
Thought I had slept a hundred years,
'Midst mins and rubbish dirty,
And sudd-nly 'waked to the smiles and tears
Of life again, and it rang in my ears
'Twas nineteen hundred and thirty. I thought a spirit beside me stood, Strange in his shape and dress, He were a cowl and he were a hood; Who he was I might not guess.

But the silence broke, and the stranger spoke—
I heard him in my dream.—
"Fear not," said he, "But come and see
How all the world is govern'd by me,
The mighty spirit of steam."

Straightway, like to a falling moon,
With a rushing sound there came
A mighty sphere; it lighted soon,
And what should it be but a steam balloon,
And we entered together the same. And away we went o'er London far,
As swift as the lightning's gleam,
But in vain I look'd from our lofty car
For from Westminster Abbey to Temple Bar,
They were all in a cloud of steam.

"Come let us nearer to the earth," The mighty spirit cried;
The car stack down, and I set forth,
Through the streets, with him for a guide.

"Now," quoth the stranger, "approach, approach, I'm tired with wantering I trow, So we'll get into that hackney coach;
'I'is the best in all the row."

In we got, and strange, oh strange,
The horseless coach moved on;
We fell from the clouds in Regent street,
We glided slong in our chariot fleet,
But of all the folks I chanced to meet,
Alas' I knew not one.

We passed by Newgate, a crowd was there, And a scaffold was raised before, The criminal kuelt and whispered a prayer, Then stood erect once more. Bluch I marvell'd he stood alone, B the suddenly uttered a scream;
Gone was all hope, on his neck a rope
Already noosed, from above fell down;
The bolt slipt from its band without a land,
The corse swang away from its final stand,
They were hapking the man by steam.

As we return'd to our vehicle, A figure before us stood, It stood, forcom in hand, at a dirty crossing, I pitied the creature, and was tossing A sixpence—I thought 'twas flesh any blood— But my friend held my hand, says he "tis wood;

A strange thing to you it may seem, But let me tell you the plan is good, We sweep our streets by steam!" We went into Paternoster row, It had a mournful look, For passed away were Longman & Co. Their shop and every book.

Yet clouds of vapour were issuing, From each window, low and high, As erst I have seen it wandering From the Brentford Brewery.

"Strange, strange,', said I, "that they should turn. Their minds to such a scheme!" "What scheme!" quoth he, "you may discern They publish still, but you have to learn How we write and print by steam.

But, come, enough of this city wide—
And yet one peep you must have
At the mighty house where you have descried Peers long ago in the grave." Straight we alit by the house of Peers;

I was silent—silent all—
Though all seemed ranged, as in former years,
On the benches around the wall. Suddenly all grose, and each "A piper give and took,
It stood, it seemed, in lieu of speech,
Intently did I look.
I looked again, but they stirred no more.
They were almost as stiff and as stark as before.
Wooden was each—blockheads were all—

Mandarine members filled the hall. Oh, strange, strange, grew my dream;
With a grim smile the spirit sail,
"Think you not, of all you have visited,
This is the best and noblest plan.
To spare the tongue and brains of man,
And govern the nation by steam?"

But slowly a little vapour arose From the wooden Prime Minister's head, It gather'd and grew, and o'er his focs la the opposition spread.

There was a hissing, rushing noise—
A crash, a shout a scream—
The engine had burst—and oh the smell,
The harrible spoure, but who can tell,
At that bursting of parliament steam?

The tissing of pariament steam:

The tissing still around me bruke;

The tissing still around me bruke;

The candles were out, my wife in a pout,

Featuray struggling dream

I list seized the tea urn, and turn'd it o'er,

The water was swimming about the floor,

And I was awaken'd by steam.

EPITAPH. The following is an epitaph, written in a church-yard at Holkeach, Engiand:

Report this atone lies our dear child,

Who a gone from see,

The exermore into sternity;

Where is a hope that we shall go to he,

And Mass shall ne'er come back again to

The following incident mentioned in the English History of Henry VIII. is from the Messrs Harper's last publication, called Darnley'—a work possessing great merit.

Glowcester—'Talking of hawking nothing else—my lord.'

On arriving at the palace Sir Osborne found.

On arriving at the palace Sir Osborne found that he had been sent for by the King, and hurrying his steps towards the privy-chamber, he was met hy Henry himself, bearing a hawk

he was met hy Henry himselt, bearing a hawk upon his hand, and armed with a stout leaping pole, as if prepared for the field.

'Come, Sir Knight,' cried the King, if you will see sport, follow quick. Bennet has just marked a heron; go down by the side of the river, and I am resolved to fly young Jacob hare that his wings may not rust. here, that his wings may not rust. Follow

Thus speaking, the King made all speed out of the palace, and cutting partly across the Park, and around the base of the hill, soon reached the edge of the river, where slower progress became necessary, and he could converse with the young Knight, without interrupting his sport. The conversation, however, was solely about hawking and its accessories, and winding along by the side of the sedges with which the hill was lined, they tried to raise their game by cries, and by beating the bushes with the leaping pole. For a Ing the busines with the leaping pole. For a long way no heron made its appearance, and Henry was beginning to get impatient, just in the same proportion as he had been eager in setting out. Unwilling, however, to yield his sport, after persisting some time in endeavouring, with the aid of Sir Osborne, to make the prey take flight, he sent back the only attendant that had followed him, for a doc, and went on slowly with the Knight, pure dog, and went on slowly with the Knight, pursuing the course of the riverproceeded about 200 yards, and had arrived at a spot where the bank rose into a little mound, the Knight paused, while Henry, rather crossed with not having instantly met with the amusement he expected, sauntered on, bending his eyes upon the ground.
'Hist, your Grace! Hist!' cried Sir Osborne

.Where, man? where? cried Henry, look ing round, without seeing any thing; Gad's life where?'

Here, your Grace! here!' replied the Knight 'Do you not see him? with one leg raised, and the claw contracted, gazing on the water as intently as a lady in the looking glass—by 'Ha! yes, yes!' cried Herry, the long neck and the blue black?—'tis he—whoop!

Sir Heron! whoop!-Cry him up, Maurice! cry him up!'
Sir Osborne joined his voice to the King's

and their united efforts reached the ears of the long-legged fowl they were in search of, he spec-dily spread his wings, stretched out his neck, rose heavily from the water. With a whoop and a cry, the King slipped the jesses off his falcon, and flew him after the heron, who for a moment, not perceiving the adversary that pursued him, took his flight over the fields. instead of raising high. On went the heron, on went the falcon, and on went Henry after them! till coming to a little muddy creek, which thereabouts found its way to the river, the King planted his pole with his accustomed activity, and threw himself forward for the Unfortunately, however, at the very moment that his whole weight was cast upon the poole, in the midst of the spring, the wood snapped and in an instant Sir Osborne saw the King fall flat on his face, and nearly disappear in the ooze and water with which the creek was filled. Henry struggled to free himself, but in vain, for the tenacity of the number, out in vain, nor the traction of the mud prevented his raising his head, so that in another minute he must inevitably have been drowned, had not Sir Osborne plunged in to his aid, and lifted his face above the water, thus giving him room to breathe. Short as had been the time, however, that respira-tion had been impeded, the King's powers were nearly exhausted, and, even with the Knight's assistance, he could not raise him-

elf from the position in which he had fallen. Though an unsafejexperiment for both, considering the mud and slime with which they were entangled, nothing remained for Sir lendeavour to carry him to the bank, and this at length he accomplished, sometimes slipping and sometimes staggering, with the unburden that he carried; buf, still supported by his best strength, he continued to keep himself from falling, and assuring himself of the firmness of each step before he took ano-

With a feeling of inexpressible gladness, he seated Henry on the bank, and kneeling beside him, expressed his hopes that he had received no injury.

'No said the King, faintly, 'no-but, Mau-rice, you have saved my life. Thank God!

and thank you!' A pause now ensued, and the young Knight A pause now ensued, and the young kingle endeavoured, as well as circumstantes would permit, to cleanse the countenance and hands of the monarch from the effects of the fall.—While he was thus employed, the Kinggraduc. ally recovered his breath and strength, and from time to time uttered a word or two of thanks or directions, till at last Bennet, the

Stays, stay, Sir Osborne, said the monarch, the attendant, was seen approaching with a dog. Stays, say, Sir Osborne, said the monarch, there comes Bennet. We will send him for fresh clothes. Where is the falcon? By my faith, I owe you much. Aye, as much as life! whistle for the falcon, I have not breath,

at the same time, came up Bennet, who, as may be supposed, expressed no sntall terror and surprise at beholding the King in such a situation, and was preparing to fill the air with eigenfactuation. with ejaculations and lamentations, when

with ejaculations and lamentations, when Henry stopped him in the midst.

No, Bennet, no!' cried he, 'keep all that till I am dead quite! Ha, man! 'twill be time enough then. Thanks to Sir Osborne, I am not dead at present. Here, take this bird.—I have lost both hood and jesses in that foul creek. Hie the dead to the manor, Bennet, and fetch man large closk with a hood and and fetch me a large cloak with a hood, and another for Sir Osborne. We will not return all draggled with the ooze, ha. Maurice? Quick, Bennet. But mind, man, not a word of this misadventure, on your life!"

'Ah your grace knows that I am discrect, replied the footman.

'Ay, as discreet as the babbling echo, or a jay, or a magpie,' cried Henry; 'but get thee gone, quick, and return by the path we came. for we follow slowly. Lend me your arm, Sir Osborne. We will round by you little bridge.—A curse upon the leaping-pole, say L.—By my say, I will have all the creeks in England stopped. I owe my life to you, but hereafter we will speak of that—I will find means to repay it.

means to repay it."

'I am more than repaid, your grace, said
Sir Osborne, 'by the knowledge that, but for
my poor aid, England might have lost her
King, and within a few hours, the whole realm might have been drowned in tears.'

it is my wish to see them happy. A Kieg's best elegy is to be found in the tears of his subjects, Sir Osborne, and every king should strive to merit their love when living, and their regret when dead.

Strange as it may seem to those accus the sanguinary and remorseless tyrant, which he appeared in latter years, yet such were the sentiments with which he set out in his regal career, while youth, prosperity, and power, were all in their first freshness—twas the tale of the spoiled child, which was always good humoured when it was pleased. Now the first twelve years of Henry's reign, offered nought but pleasure, and during their lapse he appeared a gay, light-hearted, gallant mo-narch, for to win and rule the hearts of a brave people, for nothing yet had risen to call into action the mighty vices that lay in his nature. Gradually, however, luxury produced disease, and disease pain, and pain called up cruelty; while long prosperity and uncontradicted sway, made him imperious, irascible, and almost frantic under opposition. But such was not the case now, and it was only the close observer of human nature, that could at all perceive in the young and splendid monarch, the traits that promised what he would afterwards become.

A LETTER From Simon Slow to his cousin Nathan Slow, in Maine.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1830.

Dear Cousin Nathan: Old Dobbin and I have got here at long and last. Dobbin is in as good case, after the journey, as Parson B, and I as Parson B's wife, and that's a circumstance. We come from Lynn (the shoe place you know) to Boston in five hours-that's something to brag of. 'He devoured the way before him,' as the poet says. He had nothing else to eat, however. I took a cracker and a horn of the real stuff at Lynn, which did me good. Damage 6 cents. By the living hokey; but this is a buster of a place. Oh! Nathan! Nathan! there are no more things in Nathan: Nathan: there are no more things in this round world 'than are dreamed of in your philanthropy,' as the poet says. I am so flustrated with all the grand sights, that I dont know where to begin to write about. When we (Dobb and I and Hector the house-dog) got into Washington street. Dobb stopped short Osborne, but to take the King in his arms, in the street, to see what was going on. There and endeayour to carry him to the bank, and were more folks than people, I tell ye. Four dogs, with collars on, set upon Hee, and if he did'nt shew them the rail Main grit, then there's no pine trees down east. While he was wolloping 'em the boys kept a singing out to him, 'go it my rum'un, that's the sort, my sun-flower.' Hec is'nt hunsum but prime gen-

Sir Osborne uttered a long falcon's whistle, and in a moment the bird horered above them, and perched upon the hand the monarch extended for it, showing by its bloody beak and claws, that it had struck the prey. Nearly give me the Theater for my money. They give me the Theater for my money. They have a great many of em here I spose, for they advertizes lots of em. I havent been to but one of the houseo as yet, and can't say any thingof the others, of coarse. Youknow I always make a pint to tell the truth always, except when it is convenient to stretch the string a little. I never told that shirk of a taxgatherer, blast his picter! how much I was worth into fifty dollars. But that's neither here nor there—I merely write these remarks to let you know that I wont tell you about the other

theaters here, which I have never freakwent-

ed, as they tell of the crickets doing.

A fellow showed me and Hector the road to the Theater, for two cents, which I took to be cheap for the money. He buggered my eyes' for not giving him more sense than that, but he could'nt come his nonsense over me, what knows the difference between a pig and a pie. I asked a Sood natured looking gentlenan, at the box offis, what he would charge me for a ticket these hard times. I offered to other wooden ware. He rather laughed at me as I concluded, and telled me he could'nt make no such swop. I told him, my butter was the raal stuff, and the brooms would sweep in no time. He said he could'nt trade, and that's a circumstance.' He asked one dollar for a box ticket (equal to eight brooms) and fifty cents for a pit ticket (equal to four brooms.) I bought after a good deal of chaffering, a pit ticket, and paid him down a twenty five cent peace, (with the edges clipped off) 'Ay, poor souls! I do believe they would re-gret me,' said the monarch; 'for heaven knows! all raal good money. It was like drawing the eve teeth, paying away all this cash I was bent to cut a dash, and 'darn the expense

> I did nt much relish the notion of going in to the 'pit,' as he called it, for our parson says it is a blue blazer of a place. I kept a red eye, I tell ye, as I went in, resolved to keep clear of paril. but I smelt nothing but lamp smoke, of whichh there was enough to shingle a meeting-house, to be sure. I stowed away my cash in my boots, for fear somebody might mistake my pocket for his own. And that's a circumstance.' Such accidents do happen sometimes, I am told, in the best reglated families .- Wen I got in, I could'nt see, for the soul of me, there was such ablaze of light.
>
> Deacon Swipe's barn burning down, would'nt hold a candle to it, nohow. As soon as I could git my eyes to see what was going on, I stared like a rat in a cat's moth, or Tim Richards when he's courting our Nancy. His eyes, you know, twinkle then like a frog un-der a bucket. Upon loaking round, I saw, that the fellers in the boxes had a better birth of it, than Hec and I. So I guessed it would be a good move to climb up. I pointed Hec the way that he should go,' and he made but one jump of it, into a gentleman's arms, who was looking very aimable at a heavenly looking lady near him. If he did'nt start like a cat was a fool. The young woman (bless her pret-ty face) screamed and better screamed, 'O la! and O me!' but it would'nt do. Hec had got fairly up, and was waggin his stump of a tail,

·So indeed I did,' or rather would, if the feller in black whiskers had let me. He rapped my knuckles shrewdly, as I was strug-gling to climb up, with the tarnal horn handle of his ivory-headed cane, and I was forced to let go. When I did, I fell on the shoulders let go. When I did, I fell on the shoulders of a feller, which broke my fall and his back.
When the folks saw Hec standing up there

like the devil incarnate smiling at me, and grining his white teeth at the feller in whis-kers, who darn't lay a finger on his bristles, they all laughed and then shouted "Heave him over."

weighed two pounds, six ounces, three drams, one penny weight, everdupois. I can stave in an inch board any day, with it, to say nothing of the nails, and "that's a circumstance." But my letter has got so lengthy, that I must postpone a subscription of the performance till some future hereafter.

the deevils could'nt bite thro it.—'That's a circumstance.'

While we were stopping to see the fight, a griny feller of a coal carrier, run agun my team.

Vere the crikey you going,' shouted he. 'To trim your jackit, (or rather frock, for he had no jackit) you hawbuck,' answered I By this time, my corruption was up, and I longed to show him the pluck of a man that could heft an ox, and eat him afterwards. But the people interfered, and saved him a bloody dicking.

He did'nt know, I was the toughest hand at a wrastle in our town, except Jem Smith the blacksmith, and I a'ntrafeared of him, no tay. Dont tell him I said so though, for it may breed iff blood—noot that i fear him. the parting of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the ha'nt got time jist nown in the office of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the place of the parting of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the place of the parting of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the place of the curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the place of the parting of a turnip.

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I've got a world of curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the parting of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on, but ha'nt got time jist nown in the parting of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on pork as the parting of a turnip.

I've got a world of curious things to tell you on pork as to print. I dont think he's no great shakes at the time the the chapt hat come to within, had in throw in the tone that on great shakes at the tone the the the chapt hat come to with the other shakes at the tone to with the other shakes at the time to within, had then the chapt ha

From Knapp's Lectures on American Lit-A HEROINE.

There was not a village which did not suf-

fer by the attacks of the Indians, and many of them extremely. The assailants would often conceal themselves whole weeks in ambush to wait for the absence of the men, and then attack detenceless women and children. Many instances of female heroism are on record, which occurred in that day, and should be carefully remembered. Among the most conspicuous was that of Hannah Duston, of Haver-hill, a pleasant village situated on the left bank of the Merrimack. On the 15th of March 1698, Mrs. Duston was made prisoner by a party of Indians. She was on this day confined to her bed by sickness, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff-Seven children, besides a female infant six days old, were with her. As soon as the alarm was given, her husband sent away the seven children toward the garrison house; by which time the Indians were so near, that, despairing of saving the rest of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. back. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was idle for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him, but the father kept in the rear of the children, and often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back and was enabled to reach the garrison with safety. The Indians took Mrs. Duston from her bed, and carried her off, with the nurse and infant; but finding the little one become ing troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms by force, and dashing her against a tree and ended her moans, and miseries, and er's arms by force, and dashing her against a tree and ended her moans, and miseries, and life together. The mother had followed the Indians until this moment with faultering steps and bitter tears, thinking on the fate of herself, her babe and her other children, After this horrid outrage she wept no more, the agony of nature drank the tear drop ere it fell, also looked to heaven with a identification. she looked to heaven with a silent prayer, for succor and vengeance, and followed the infer-nal group without a word of complaint. At this instant the high resolve was formed in -They travelled on some distance; as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles, but per-haps from the course they took, about seventy five. The River had probably been broken dians were above the upper falls, on the Mer-rimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in this river, the Indians had a wigwam, and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, they became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest they slept soundly. Mrs Duston did not sleep. The nurse, and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design;—but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillnes of the night she arosa and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They did not move: they were to sleep until the last day. She returned took one of their hatchets, ann despatched ten of them in a moment, eacl with a single blow. An Indian woman who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probably death wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared: for the avenger of blood was a woman and a mother, and could not deal a death blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire which she stirred up when the deed was done, and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment she thought the people of Harchill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness, when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she there-fore returned, and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy in the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keephim over."

Bime-by, a fine, brave looking man of a constable come and punched poor Hec over with his club, which indignity I couldn't resent because I couldn't reach him you know. What would Hec's son, Pluto say, if he know'd how his did had been sarved. I told him, when I catch'd him up my way, down East, I'd let him know that the fist I held in my hand weighed two pounds, six ounces, three drams.

when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home.—After suffering incredible hardship by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The General Court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds—The people of Boston made her many presents. All sleeping to the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home.—After suffering incredible hardship by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The General Court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds—The people of Boston made her many presents. her nity pounds—The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and as one of the writers of the day says, who saw her 'she was a right modest woman.' Has Anacharsis of Miltford, in their histories of Greece, any thing to sur-pass this well authenticated story. Her day scendants in a right line and by the same name are now living where she was captured.