

ASKING TWO FAVORS.

BY JOHN BROWN.

In September, 18—, my first season in the west, I was detained four or five days at the town of—no, I needn't tell the name—on one of the great rivers of this new country, waiting for a steam boat to St. Louis. The usual still life of the town was disturbed at the time by a quorum of German musicians, who, with a clarinet, two trombones, a bass drum and a fiddle, were giving a series of concerts in the village printing office. The editor had kindly given up his sanctum for their accommodation; and as it included all the composing and pressing materials, a platform was thrown from the ink table across to one of the type stands, to accommodate the performers, one of whom, on the first night, was most picturesquely disposed with his back against the "devil's tail," and his feet on the back of an old "horse," which had been turned over for the purpose. All the beauty and fashion of the town (as we learned from the paper afterwards) were present, besides the gentleman in spectacles and myself; and we, by-the-way, were so well satisfied with the performance, that we deemed it entirely unnecessary to go again.

The next day, observing a crowd about a little frame building across the way from the hotel, I stepped over, and found a jury sweating out a case of assault and battery, arising out of a difficulty between one of the local Germans of the town and one of the musicians. The stranger had employed a resident lawyer to defend him, while the plaintiff (who was lame of a leg, and altogether a sympathetic looking fellow,) had engaged the services of a man about town, who made it his boast that he "could turn his hand to anything," and his tongue, too, for that matter.

I thought the representative of the regular faculty was flooded; for the handy fellow—Macgruder was his name—although not licensed, took the largest liberties not only with our mother tongue, but with the facts and testimony of the case, and talked the jury and justice to sleep, and gained his point triumphantly.

Now, I'm a good-natured man, easily to be got acquainted with, so that Mr. Macgruder soon came to consider himself as occupying a position a little nearer my heart than any body else in town; and as he served to kill the time, I indulged him most kindly in that felicity. We soon, in fact, became the very best of friends, and I addressed him familiarly as "Mac," while he (by way, I suppose, of magnifying his own importance by reflection from mine,) gave me my title of "Colonel Brown," with scrupulous fidelity.

On the evening before I left the place, it happened that Macgruder and myself had sauntered down towards the river, he telling me a long story of a love adventure in his youth, and I experimenting on the greenest kind of a cigar, which required an inspiration like the suction of an atmospheric rail road to keep it lighted. It was my first season of smoking—18—, and I had to use the utmost caution to smoke with safety. The cigar in question proved rather too much for me, and I felt the perspiration breaking out all over me, and a giddy sensation taking possession of the upper story. The nausea arising from tobacco is dreadful, and I experienced it to a degree that is indescribable. Mac sympathized with me, but could do me no good; and I only found temporary relief by lying down on my back, and suffering the evening breeze to play over my face and head. If I could have had a—what do they call us Missourians?—no doubt I should have been at once relieved; but I could not, and had to let the sickness take its course. At length, feeling a little better, I went to the tavern and attempted to eat supper, but the attempt only resulted in a violent contraction of certain muscles, and the unceremonious ejection of fluid substances from the mouth—for all of which there is a name that we spell with a V. Shortly after I met my *attache*, when he inquired how I felt.

"Oh, pretty well now—but I was very sick a little while ago, and had to cascade. That, you know, always gives relief."

"Yes, to be sure, Colonel—that's a fact," was the response of Mr. Macgruder; for he assented to all my propositions.

That night a boat arrived, and the next morning found me on board. Just as the boat was about putting off, my faithful friend made his appearance.

"Good bye, Colonel," said he, shaking me warmly by the hand—"I wish you well—but I want to make bold to ask two favors of you."

(Lordy! thought I to myself, this fellow wants to borrow now, on a three day's acquaintance!)

"Well, Mr. Macgruder, any thing I can do?"

"Oh yes, I hope so—you see, Colonel Brown, you are going away on a long journey, and I may never see you again—now, when you get home, if you would just drop me a line to let me know all about your journey, I would consider it a very great favor."

This gave me sensible relief. "Certainly," said I, "with the greatest pleasure. What else can I do for you?"

"Let go that line!" sung out the Captain, and the boat began to move off.

"Why, Colonel," said Mac, in a hurried whisper, "I want to know what kind of a *cade* you called it?"

"What kind of a *cade*?"

"Yes, you see, [with a knowing smile] I want to use it on the fellows up town! I do—*sod 'em!*"

"Oh, now I understand—a *cascade*. You take it now—don't you?"

"Yes—yes—a *cascade*—but who'd a thought it?—good bye, Colonel—a *cascade*—much obliged—I'll never forget you—*cade, cascade, cascade*,"—he continued, as he ran down the steps and jumped off the boat,—"cascade—who'd a thought it!"

YOUNG KENDALL.—The Washington Bee of the 20th inst. says:

"The Hon. Amos Kendall did not arrive to-day, but it is supposed he will to-morrow, to which time the funeral of his son has been postponed.

"Mr. Bailey's arm is yet very painful, and compels him to remain within doors.

"The impression that the accused had provoked sufficient to justify him, is somewhat gaining ground, though the evidence of some of the witnesses to-day would seem to sustain the charge of murder."

SCHOONER RUN INTO—*Loss of Life*.—The steamboat Kennebeck, Capt. Kimball, on her passage from Boston, on Tuesday night, the 12th inst., about twelve o'clock, ran into the schooner Halcyon, Captain Perry, of Thomaston, for Camden, Maine. The schooner was loaded with five or six hundred casks of lime, and sank in about twenty minutes after being struck, carrying down the captain who was lost.

TOBACCO IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Whig, of the 19th inst., has the following card:

The senior editor of the Whig, in returning to his post after an absence of some weeks in the interior of Virginia, congratulates the community on the greatly improved prospects of the corn and tobacco crops effected by the late rains.

CERITO.—Short, regular teeth, full lips and compact forehead express the vigor which characterizes her style, and that style is the perfection of a beautiful peasant girl, simple as a new blown butter-cup. (She is an exemplary wife, by the way, though she retains her maiden name of Cerito—living a quiet life, off the stage, as Madame St. Leon.)—[Willis.]

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A young man named Thomas Ryan was committed to prison at Philadelphia, recently, by Alderman Brazer, in default of \$1,500 bail, to await his trial at court, on the charge of cruelly and unmercifully beating his wife, a woman who appeared old enough to be his mother, and whom he had married in the expectation of thereby getting a sum of money belonging to her. Finding that she had placed it in other hands for safe keeping, and that he could not readily get at it, he beat her every day in the most brutal manner, and once was seen to drag her down stairs by the feet. He was frequently intoxicated, and beat her whenever he became so. They had only been married ten weeks, and lived in a continual state of warfare. His wife's name was Ann Ryan, and this was her third husband.

CANADIAN CROPS.—The last Montreal Herald says:

"The barley harvest is now well advanced in this vicinity. Early sown oats are nearly ready for the sickle. Wheat is beginning to turn yellow; but we regret to learn that the early sown has suffered considerably from the fly. The blight has again come upon the potatoes, and the loss will be great upon the island."

THE BOUNDARY.—The Northeastern boundary surveys are about being finally concluded. A line thirty feet wide was cut through the forests, and cast iron monuments, four feet above ground, erected at regular intervals.

Why is a tear shed in secret like a vessel of war? Because it is a private-tear.—[Pic.]

The Time to Blush.—"Blush not now," said a distinguished Italian to his young relative, whom he met issuing from a haunt of vice, "you should have blushed when you went in."

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.—A friend thus eloquently speaks: "The true doctrine is this—if a man has ten cents in his pocket, and owes no man anything, he is rich—yes, rich!—far above those who, with all the externals of wealth and pomp and hollow-hearted fashion, are in reality poor in purse, poor in heart, poor in pleasure. Just as a man increases in dollars, he decreases in the capability of enjoying this life. And I hold it true that the world was made to be enjoyed, and that daily—hourly—every minute. I would not give a fig for such pleasure as springs alone from wealth. A man must have it in him. There is 'no blood in a turnip'—but there is life in a dry pebble to the man that can see it. There is fire in a flint—and power in a drop of water, if you will only take the pains to bring it out. It is the internals that make a man—not the externals."

There is no mistake about it, Doctor; but man is so perverse that he will tread upon the pebble and give his whole heart to gold.

ARRESTED.—A man named Charles Green, alias Jim Clark, was arrested by Capt. McDonough, yesterday morning, on the point of departure for Galena. He is charged with having committed recent robberies in this city, and is known to the Captain as an "old bird."

The "Volunteers" have had their glories put sadly "out of joint" by the news from Washington, that the young gentlemen from West Point are to "come first." "Vaulting ambition," how art thou hobbled! Farewell the epaulette and cocked hat!

—the gatherings, the parades, the bar-room valor! And, ah, ye mortal Mexicans, whose throats were to be slit, whose coffers were to suffer,—farewell!—Several gentlemen's occupation's done gone, dis season, sartin!

The St. Louis Reveille wants to know what we meant by the "pinchings and floorings" which "J. M. W." received from our old chairs. Mr. Reveille may ask "W.," and if he won't tell, ask his *unmentionables*. —[Warsaw Signal.]

Mr. J. M. W., will you tell us, or shall we ask the other?

Look Out for Scamps!—Circumstances have transpired during the last few days that induce us to believe that our good neighbors of St. Louis have sent a reinforcement of their rascals to this city.—[Louisville Courier.]

No, sir; went of their own accord: "Birds of a feather," &c.

OHIO RIVER.—At Louisville, on the 27th inst., there were 3 feet 11 inches water in the canal, and rising.

Pittsburgh, August 23d, 2 feet 10 inches water in the channel, and swelling slowly.

Between Louisville and Cincinnati there were 4 feet in the channel.

GONE TO EUROPE.—Frederick Douglass, the fugitive Maryland slave, who spoke in New York last May, was among the passengers in the Cambria, which sailed for England last week.

Monstre concerts seem to be all the rage in Germany. The musical society of Wurzburg, so well known throughout the profession by the name of the Harmonic, was to give three *monstre* concerts, on the 4th, 5th and 6th of August, at which 1,300 vocalists and 700 instrumentalists would assist.

Carter and Parke have been removed, under escort, from Trenton to the Warren County jail, preparatory to their execution. The Gazette says:—

"The jail of Warren county has no yard wherein to execute the prisoners according to law. An enclosure, eight feet high, has been made, which will probably prove insufficient. A morbid and disgusting desire to see the execution prevails in the region about Belvidere to a great degree, and it is believed that many thousands will be present. It shocks one's sensibilities to hear that, in order to gratify the multitude, it is intended, after the execution, to draw up the bodies so that they may be seen by all."

COMICAL GRASS.—The Abingdon Virginian speaks of a section of the country where the grass is so short from drouth that the farmers will have to lather it before they can cut it!

THE ANTI-RENTERS.—They have arrested eleven more of the rioters, making twenty-four altogether. One of them has made important disclosures that will probably lead to the arrest of every active anti-renter.

NATIONAL STEAM SHIP YARD.—The subject of establishing a yard for the construction of steamers of war on the Government lands in Boston harbor, it is understood, is to be brought before Congress again, at its next session.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS—New Orleans.

—The departure of the Alabama yesterday for Texas, (says the *Pic* of the 22d inst.,) wrought up the martial ardor and excitement of our citizens to a high pitch. Nothing else was talked of during the day; passengers were running hither and thither, completing their preparations for the expedition, and the friends of the troops, and especially of the volunteers of this city, crowded to the scene of embarkation, to take leave of them and wish them "God speed" in their patriotic enterprise.

We are glad to be corrected in our statement of yesterday that Capt. Miles was unsuccessful in endeavoring to charter a steam boat for the Government. He succeeded in securing the steam boat Creole, Hiern, which has just been thoroughly overhauled and repaired. She will be rigged with a mast, as when she came out from New York. To-morrow she sails for Pensacola, and on Monday from that port for her destination in Texas. She will take over thirteen officers, one hundred and fifty men, six horses, with military stores, &c.

From the Mobile Herald and Tribune we learn that on Tuesday last \$100,000 left that city in charge of Purser S. Ramsey, of the Navy Yard at Pensacola, on board the pilot-boat Relief, for the use of the Home Squadron, now concentrated in the Gulf.

We have heard it said that the captain of the ship Queen Victoria, just returned from Aransas Bay, gives it as his opinion, from what he saw while there, that there is need—and urgent need, too—of reinforcements to Gen. Taylor's command.

WARLIKE.—The Norfolk Beacon, of the 19th inst., has the following paragraph:

It is rumored that orders have been sent by express vessels, to the Mediterranean squadron (which is the nearest) to repair to the Gulf of Mexico, and also to other naval stations, announcing an expected declaration of war by Mexico against the United States.

THE MAZURKA.—*Mons. Korponay*.—The presence of this accomplished *maitre de danse*, and really agreeable gentleman, in town, will perhaps add interest to the following notice of a dance which he teaches—*The Mazurka*. It is a free translation from the *Illustrerte Zeitung*, Leipzig.

"Next to the Polka, which has met with such extraordinary success in Paris and London, that the feet of the whole dancing world seems to have been charmed, is, at present, the Mazurka—the national dance of Poland. The subjection of the Poles brought it into possession of the Russians. It is distinguished, as taught in Paris, by a spirited activity and a most simple and pleasing gracefulness. The Russian Mazurka, however, has a serious, ungraceful character, and the figures are more walked through than danced.

"The French are never backward in initiating themselves into the peculiarities of a foreign nation; their manners are imitations of the whole world, while their fashions are unlike all others. The Polka and Mazurka are instances to be admitted. In the smuggling of these foreign fashions, the Parisians have given such a stamp to them that not a vestige of their outlandish character is observable. The dance offers a rich field for the invention of new steps and figures. To the Parisian dancing master's genius, its peculiarities and music are worthy of more than mere appreciation. There is not one, but ten or twenty various *maitres de danse*, who each teach a particular style, each with a public of his own, and each striving, in perfection, to rank above the rest. The Polish Mazurka requires four couples, standing in similar positions to the Quadrille; each one catches the one next to him, and, with the *Ronde*, moves first to the left and then to the right, after which the gentleman swings his lady; then the peculiar figures of the dance succeed, and devoted his attention to the subject, he is fully qualified to afford ample satisfaction to such as may desire to become acquainted with the Mazurka.

Monsieur Korponay teaches the riddle of this agreeable and popular dance. Having resided in Poland some length of time, and devoted his attention to the subject, he is fully qualified to afford ample satisfaction to such as may desire to become acquainted with the Mazurka.

General Earl Cathcart, commanding the British forces in North America, arrived at Kingston, Canada, on the 8th inst., and left the next day for Toronto and Niagara. It was his intention to inspect every body of troops, fortification and fort under his command.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE.—Dr. Benjamin Beldea, of Albany, received notice, on Friday evening week, that his services were required at a sick bed. When he went there he was assailed by Patterson Morriss and John Morriss, his son, who stabbed him severely and dangerously several times. The motive of this assault is not ascertained.

CERTAINLY A PREDICAMENT.—A few

nights since, says an Albany paper, a tall, eccentric personage was observed by the tenants of the cabin of one of the Albany boats, to perform sundry strange evolutions, garnished by a variety of hops, skips, and jumps, which betokened any thing but a sane mind in the performer. The movements of this personage betrayed trouble and pain, and they were at last so perfectly distressing to the beholders that a consultation was held and a committee of three appointed to inquire into the cause of the stranger's unaccountable movements. With due caution the deputies approached their man, while the others gathered around within earshot to witness whatever "tale" might be "unfolded." The committee stated their reasons for troubling him with what might be deemed impertinent interrogatories, and concluded their remarks by requesting to know the reason of his apparent perplexity, and whether or not they could render him any aid.

"Wall," said the stranger, who was a Yankee, and who spoke in the most solemn accent, while his face evinced a deal of pent-up sorrow, "Wall, I don't know but you might help a fellow a little. I'm in a heap of pain—bothered like sixty! I'm in a predicament."

The ears of the entire party were distended, and mouths perceptibly parted to wonder width.

"In a predicament," said one of the trio, "pray what is it? We feel desirous of alleviating any misfortune that may have befallen you."

"That's clever," said the Yankee. "Wall, may be none of you was ever kicked by a boss?"

All admitted that they had escaped such a calamity.

"Not bit by a spider?"

No one pleaded guilty.

"Nor chased by a rattle snake?"

No—unanimously.

"Nor been caught in a thunder shower with a gal, and felt meaner 'an thunder?"

Not a man in the assembly had experienced that mishap.

"Wall, my predicament is worse, I calculate, than any of them."

"Do tell us what it is," was the earnest request of a very respectable clergyman.

"Wall, gents, I rather guess I will. The sole of my right foot itches like sin; I can't get off my boot to scratch it."

The cabin was cleared in about the space of a minute.

BURNING BRICK WITH COAL.—The editor of the Norristown (Pa.) Herald, recently witnessed the new process of burning brick, invented by Joel W. Andrews, of that borough. The process is burning with anthracite coal with an artificial blast. The most perfect command of the heat is obtained by valves in the various flues, increasing or diminishing the heat, or directing it to any part of the kiln at pleasure. The time occupied in burning a kiln is about two-thirds less than by the usual method, and the inventor states that the whole expense of burning is reduced in a corresponding ratio.

POPERY.—The French journals state that the receipts of the society instituted at Lyons, for the propagation of the Romish faith, amounted, in 1844, to \$712,417. Of this sum, France contributed \$367,005; Sardinia, \$53,492; Great Britain, \$47,569; Bavaria, \$46,549; Ireland, \$36,380; Prussia, \$20,000; Sicily, \$21,823; Germany, \$8,431; Spain, \$2,115; South America, \$1,050; United States of America, \$1,276.

The society expended in the United States, \$208,979, Asia, \$199,425; Europe, \$109,463; Oceanica, \$100,771. It will be seen by the above that more money is expended for the propagation of Popery in the United States, than in all Europe put together.

A RAPID DECLINE.—The abolitionists recently held a convention in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, at which but six or seven persons attended to nominate a county ticket.

NEW YORK FLOUR MARKET.—The recent news by the steamer Hibernia has effected an advance on flour in New York, of 12 cents per barrel, and the rates were still inclining upward.

MONEY IN NEW YORK.—The New York Courier and Enquirer, of the 20th inst., says: There was more inquiry for money; the banks have discounted nearly to the extent of their limits, and there is still a demand. Six per cent. per annum is the ruling rate for short paper, which is the only description at present negotiable.

Mr. Langdon D. Ypsilanti, of Mich., who was announced as among the drowned on the Kent, was not on board.