THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1847. NUMBER 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,
STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.

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One copy, one year, in advance, $1 50
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BUENA VISTA.

BY C. L. WHEELER.

I.

Lightly, comrades, o'er the ground,
Where repose the dead and dying;
Let no mirthful word or sound
Rise above the low winds sighing.
Pale the moon her vigil keeps,
While the night's soft dew is falling,
O'er the form that dreamless sleeps,
Nor hears more th' reveille's calling.

II.

Yesternorn the hopes of life
Upward sprang in many a breast—
All, in th' day's ensanguin'd strife,
Died with the twilight in the west,
Valor here hath found a name,
Shame a gloom to hide its sadness,
Ambition its rubric fame,
Pluck'd amid the battle's madness.

III.

In hot and eager strife,
Fought the brave and noble-hearted;
Where the death-blows fell most rife—
Where the death-shots thickest datred—
Bravely fought they side by side
Venging deep their comrades falling,
Pouring out life's ruddy tide,
For their spirits slowly pulling.

IV.

Fredonia's eagles o'er the foe,
Screamed in triumph far along;
But a plant of pain and woe
Rose abve his pæn song!
Far along the foe's array,
Valor fought with nerved despair;
When the pale sun turned away,
His tears dimmed the battle-glare!

V.

Slowly, comrades, to his sleep,
Bear on the shroudless soldier's clay;
Make the opening wide and deep,
For such graves were earned to-day!
Here inmured in foeman's soil,
Long shall our brave comrades slumber;
Life endured through hopeful toil,
Here counts its last peaceful number.

* It is said that the Mexicans were often seen contending over the fallen Americans for the contents of their haversack and canteens.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE OATH OF MARION.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words, "—OTHELLO.

We left Preston tortured with the reflection that the news of Kate's peril had come too late. Half insane with anguish, he suddenly ordered an orderly appeared at the door and requested our hero's presence at headquarters, where a council of officers was to be immediately held.

Wondering what enterprise called them together, and fearful lest duty should prevent his obtaining the furlough which he intended to ask, in order that he might save Kate, or at least die in the attempt, he walked moodily to the tent of Marion. Here he found the leading captains of the brigade already assembled, late as was the hour; and beside them, Col. Lee, who had just joined Marion with his legion, subsequently so celebrated in that partisan war.

"I believe Capt. Preston is the last one expected—I am glad to see him safely returned," said Marion, when our hero, having bowed to his brother officers, had assumed a seat, "and as the affair on which we have met is urgent, we will proceed at once to business. Capt. Horry, will you state the purpose of this assembly, after that we will listen to you all, beginning with Capt. Preston, who is the youngest."

Every eye, as he spoke, had been turned on Marion; and as hitherto we have given no description of this celebrated personage, we will employ the interval in drawing his picture. Marion, at that time, was about forty-eight years old; small of statue, swarthy in visage, and having a face crossed by many lines of thought. Without being positively stern in aspect, there was a hard expression in his countenance, which at first might seem to augur a bosom equally hard; but Marion was, in reality, a man of a singular mild temperament; and the usually passionless expression of his face arose rather from the firmness of his character, and the responsibilities of his station, than from any lack of human sympathy. His eyes were dark, small, and piercing; but at times they kindled with enthusiasm. This, indeed, was the only evidence that a physiognomist could have found of genius in Marion; but when those eyes flashed indignantly at wrong, blind, indeed, must he have been, who did not see the master-spirit within. In attire, this great partisan leader was simple and modest. His words generally were few; and, after the exertion he made in welcoming Preston, he sank back into a silence which he maintained until the conference was breaking up, only, as each officer delivered his opinion, Marion would cast on him a momentary glace, as if to read his soul and then sink his head on his breast, thoughtful and abstracted.

In a few words Capt. Horry explained the purpose for which the council had been convened. A spy had just come in with the intelligence that the garrison of Georgetown had been considerably reduced; on which Col. Lee had proposed that an attack should be made upon the place, since the country expected some bold and decisive stroke, now that his force and Marion's were united.—The plan he suggested was, that a portion of the brigade should drop down the Pedee by night, and lie in ambush below the town; that on the succeeding night, this party should enter the town on that defenceless side, and taking it by surprise, open an entrance for their comrades, who, led by Lee and Marion in person, would be ready, at the signal to assail the entrenchments on the landward side.

The heart of Preston leaped into his throat as he heard this proposal. "Perhaps Kate may yet be saved," he said to himself.

Accordingly, when Horry ceased, and Marion, by a nod, signified his desire for our hero to speak, Preston's eyes kindled, and he answered.

"My voice is for the attack, whatever be the odds. The opportunity for a bold, a resolute assault, is all I ask for. We will die to a man, or succeed. I will undertake, if necessary, to charge with my company up to the very muzzles of the battery which defends the town."

Lee turned to Horry and nodded approvingly at these words. "A lad of spirit," he whispered apart. "I have heard of his daring at Blakeley's. Had there been more such at Camden, we never would have lost that day." Marion, however, took no further notice of Preston's fiery speech than to turn to the next officer at the table; but a very close observer might have detected a sudden gleam of the general's eye, like a flash, gone in a moment.

The opinions of the other officers were in the main less favorably to the enterprise than Preston's; and so many obstacles were mentioned as necessary to overcome, that he was in torture lest the undertaking should be abandoned. Even Lee seemed to hesitate, startled at the difficulties brought forward.—Had military discipline permitted it, Preston would have broken in on the conference; but he was forced to sit silent, hearing obstacle after obstacle canvassed as unconquerable; yet his flashing eye, and the agitation of his countenance, told how difficult it was to restrain himself.

At length all had delivered their opinions except Marion. He glanced around the board before he spoke, and his words fell on a breathless auditory. With Preston the excitement was intense to hear the general's decision.

"I find," said Marion, "that I am in the minority here; and that, except Col. Lee, and Captains Horry and Preston, I am almost alone. I do not go quite so far as these two latter, however, in considering the enterprise as certain of success, but I think it affords a fair chance—and bravery can do the rest.—Besides, gentlemen," said he solemnly, "you know it was in an attempt on Georgetown that my nephow lost his life; and you all know, too, that I have sworn to avenge him. I have not forgotten my vow. Before God, he shall be avenged before to-morrow night is past. This very night a part of the troops shall set forth." With these words he rose and dismissed the council.

[illegible] to strung all to a pitch of indignation little short of frenzy. The watchward, "The Oath of Marion!" was adopted by general consent, and passed from lip to lip.

Preston, it may well be supposed, was even more excited than his commander. His only fear now was that his succor would arrive too late. Agitated by this thought, he tassed to and fro on his couch, vainly seeking slumber. Many a muttered imprecation left his lips on the villain who had destroyed his happiness and that of Kate. Frequently he half breathed aloud the wish that his enemy was before him, man to man, with none to interfere between him and his revenge.

These thoughts mingled with his dreams, when, exhausted by his agitation, he sunk finally into a troubled and feverish slumber.—Strange figures hovered around his bed, and haunted his morbid fancies. He imagined himself bound hand and foot, while his enemy came to exult over him, leading Kate by the hand, now a dejected, broken-hearted creature whom to look at made tears start to the eyes. Then again she was seen, clothed in bridal white, extended, like a human sacrifice, upon an altar; while Major Lindsay, converted into a hideous priest of Moloch, stood ready to plunge the knife into her bosom. A third time he saw her, standing before a clergyman, while the marriage ceremony was performed between her and Major Lindsay; he thrilled with ecstacy to find he was not too late, and rushing forward to save her, the bridegroom was suddenly transformed into a grinning fiend, and she into a pale, cold corpse. Shivering with horror he awoke, and started from his bed; nor was it until he had passed his hand across his brow that the ghastly vision faded entirely.

But his waking thoughts were scarcely less harrowing than his dreams. Slowly the recollection of Kate's sacrifice, and his own unhappiness came back to him.

"To learn that I am loved, yet perhaps too late," he murmured. "Why was I so proud when we last met?"

The sound of the reveille, however, summoned him to his duty. On emerging from his marquee he saw that the camp was already in motion. The dragoons were rubbing their horses; the legion were polishing their arms; officers were superintending the mustering their several corps; and the whole scene was alive with bustle and noise—the neighing of steeds, and the voices of men mingling, indiscriminately. Almost the first person Preston met was Serjeant Macdonald, dragging along the old butler.

"Are you quite fit for duty, serjeant?" said Preston. "That was a bad example you set the men last night."

The sergeant looked somewhat abashed, and he stammered out his apology.

"Why you see captain, we had no work on our hands, and the Jamaica was uncommon good. Besides we wished to do honor to this gentleman, Mr. Snow, I believe."

"Not Mr. Snow," said old Jacob, drawing himself up with dignity, "but Jacob Blakeley, sar—massa gib me his own name. Massa Cap'n Preston know dat well enough," and he bowed, but with a familiar smile, to our hero.

"I remember you well, Jacob," said he, "but I fear you do not find our quarters as comfortable as those at Mrs. Blakeley's. We set out in less than an hour, on a secret expedition, and perhaps you had better return home."

"Please God, no, massa," interrupted the old man emphatically. "I volunteer sooner. Dis affair I inspect, hab something to do wid sweet missus Kate; and old Jacob wil nebber desert her while he can fight."

"But he does not even know how to wield a sabre," said Preston, turning to his sergeant.

"Lord! I've had him at the broadsword exercise these two hours," replied Macdonald, aside to Preston. "He's wonderfully quick, considerin' he's a nigger; and he strikes, too, like a sledge-hammer. Besides, he's red hot with courage just now—a reg'lar black lobster boiled."

Preston smiled. He saw that the whole matter had been arranged between the two confederates.

"Well, since you are bound on trying a short campaign with us," he said, "I shall have no objection. Only, if you are killed, what am I to say to your mistress?"

Old Jacob looked abashed at the bare supposition, but he quickly rallied.

"Nebber fear dat," he replied, grinning.

"No, indeed," replied Macdonald," it would take a saw-mill to cut through your skull."

"My skull is not so thick as you think, Massa Macdonald," replied old Jacob, tartly, turning on the sergeant, "I hab you know dat, sar."

"Well," said Preston, laughing, "no time is to be lost. Get ready at once to start."

The sergeant accordingly dragged off the volunteer, saying, good humoredly,

"Keep close to me when we charge, and put all your muscle into every blow you make. You've one excellent quality, let me tell you, without flattery—you hate those English damnably."

"Sartain, sar," said old Jacob, making a full stop until he delivered himself of his speech. "Dey are good looking offisur enough; but, sar, dey think Jacob Blakeley no more dan a hoss. I'e Jacob here, and Jacob dare—and de best of Missus' wine at dat.—Dey tink nobody gemman but darselves. I'se show 'em dar mistake. Lor' A'mighty, sir, I extinguish dem."

CHAPTER IX.

"We the British soldiery,
That little dread us near:
On them shall light at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear.

A moment in the British camp—
A moment and they are
Quiet in their tents again,
And the watchfires burn afar
On the sandy plain beyond."

It was evening. In a large and spacious apartment, elegantly wainscoted, and filled with rich furniture, an innumerable number of lights were blazing, as if the room was shortly to witness a festival. Disposed about on little exquisitely lacquered Chinese stands, were vases filled with flowers, most of them white. A rich Prayer-book lay open on a table at the head of the room. At the side a place had been fitted up for the orchestra.—These were the preparations for the bridal of our heroine—strange mockery!

At length the company began to gather.—Among numerous officers and other guests came Col. Cambell, the commander of the post, little dreaming of the tragedy in which unwittingly he was playing so prominent a part. He was followed by Mr. Mowbray, accompanied by the groom. Major Lindsay was dressed in uniform, but he wore a white favor on his breast, and his sword-knot was of snowy ribbon. He walked with a firm, proud step, and looked around smiling. He knew that there was scarcely a brother officer that did not envy him the possession of his bride, and the consciousness of this increased the exuberance of his spirits. The prize he had so long struggled for was now about to be won; and all regret at his conduct had long since vanished. Gratified triumph was written on every feature of his face.

Mr. Mowbray was attired with becoming elegance, though the guests remarked that his dress was almost too sad for a wedding. It might indeed, with almost equal propriety have been worn at a funeral. The dress, in fact, was no bad type of Mr. Mowbray's feelings, and, perhaps had been chosen on that account. The truth was, that in secret he could not reconcile himself to this union.—Though Kate herself, weeping on his bosom, had declared she was ready to marry Major Lindsay, and though Mrs. Blakeley, herself deceived, had assured him that Kate's agitation arose only from the usual coyness of a maid, he could not expel from his heart an uneasy fear lest Kate had consented to this marriage only to save his life. Why else was she so pale? Why were her spirits so high in company, while she bore traces, as he thought, of tears in secret? Only that morning he had caught her weeping; and when he pressed to know the cause, she declared she was merely nervous—an assertion which Mrs. Blakeley corroborated. To purchase life with her unhappiness, was what he could not consent to; and but for her, the aged patriot, perhaps, would have scorned to purchase it on any terms.

As we have said, therefore, a secret presentiment filled Mr. Mowbray's heart with sadness. Something seemed to whisper to him that it was not yet too late to draw back. He seemed, indeed, like one going to a scaffold, rather than like the parent of a bride.

Directly the bride entered, attended by her aunt, and the daughter of one of the officers. Kate was dressed in simple white, without a single ornament, and every vestige of color had fled from her face, which looked almost like snowy wax. Still, she was wondrously beautiful. Even her deadly pallor, so like that of a corpse, that some of the females present actually shuddered and drew back as she approached, could not entirely destroy the effect of her surpassing figure, and the grace of every movement. Yet she looked rather like a nun about to take the veil than like a bride. Her smiles were no longer at her command—for the near approach of her doom had completely prostrated her. She seemed now what she was—a victim wreathed for the sacrifice.

She had sat in her room all that afternoon, in a sort of stupor, her fingers convulsively clasping and unclasping each other, and her eyes bent on the floor listlessly. The going out and coming in of her attendants attracted no attention. But she had not shed a tear, the fountains of her eyes seemed scorched up. When the time came to attire her for the ceremony, they had to rouse her; and the vacant gaze of inquiry she turned on the servant, made the slave, for a moment, think her insane. But when her aunt came in to superintend her toilet, she seemed to revive, and with an effort rose from her chair, and welcomed her with a smile—but one like a sunbeam on a wintry day, cold and shuddering to look upon. From this moment, however, she was more like herself, though at times the muscles of her mouth would twich convulsively. At other times she would turn away her head, and an expression of heart-breaking wo would then shoot across her countenance; but, on meeting her aunt's eye once more, she would essay again to smile.

A few moments before the ceremony was to begin, they left her alone for a moment.—She was standing before the mirror, and her eyes fell on the reflection of her form.

"The sacrifice will soon be complete," she said bitterly. "God forgive me—yet surely I am doing right. Oh that I could but weep, but there is a load here," and she pressed both hands upon her breast, "that keeps the tears. It is like burning fire."

Who would have believed that this ghastly face was the once radiant one of Kate Mowbray?

Her father stood near the door as she entered. He was struck with the dry stony expression of her face, and started forward to her side. He spoke in a whisper, but with startling earnestness.

"I adjure you, my daughter," he said, "tell me—are you willing to go on with this matter? Say but a word and it shall be broken off."

Kate lifted her eyes to his with a sudden movement, and the glance they gave was full of unutterable love. It was such, if we may say so without presumption, as a martyrized might have turned to heaven from the stake. It thrilled every nerve in that father's frame. That same sad, sweet smile, too, was on her face as she placed her hand in his and said better in the grave.

His doubts were only half resolved, but he could say no more, and together they advanced to the temporary altar where the bridegroom and priest stood awaiting them.

Kate felt a choking in her throat, as her eyes first fell on Major Lindsay, and it seemed to her for an instant, as if her knees were failing her. But she remembered that her father's eyes were bent anxiously on her, and from that moment there was no longer any faltering on her part.

The buzz which attended her entrance had now subsided, and a deep hush fell on the room. Every ear was strained to catch the first sound of the minister's voice. A watch might have been heard to tick.

"Dearly beloved," began the minister, in the time hallowed form of the Episcopal church, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

He had proceeded thus far, when such a sudden and startling burst of tumult arose from the distant street, that he raised his eyes with a look of alarm, from his book. It was like the confused ringing of bells, half-drowned in the shouts of people. All at once the town bell itself, close at hand, took up the uproar, and its iron tongue was heard clanging hurriedly and fiercely on the night.

The male part of the company sprang to their feet.

"Hark!" said Col. Campbell, "can it be the town on fire?"

"There it goes, louder and louder," exclaimed a second; "it must be an insurrection."

The women now lent their shrieks to the tumult. The officers, with their hands on their swords, rushed toward the door. The divine had dropped his Prayer-book, and his looks were full of inquiry and astonishment. Kate, with a quick look of alarm, shrank back to her father's side. All was wonder terror, and dismay.

The uproar without increased. Louder and fiercer the alarm-bell rang: steds were heard hurrying to and fro; and at length distant shouts, mingled with the report of fire-arms, came to the ear. Then drums were heard beating hastily to-arms, and at this signal every military man present rushed out into the air.

"Be not alarmed," said the bridegroom, turning to Kate, "It is only a false alarm, or a drunken mutiny. I will soon be back!" and with these words he sprang after his companions.

The females were now left alone, excepting the minister and Mr. Mowbray. But the tumult was obviously no trifling one. The shouts seemed to approach, and grew louder; a rushing sound, as of an advancing crowd, was heard; the rattle of fire-arms was almost continual, and seemed closer at hand each moment; and still louder, and more hurriedly, the call to arms was beaten, while fiercer the alarm-bell, in its neighboring cupola, clamored over the din. A broad light now gleamed across the windows from the darkness outside, and cries of terror were heard increasing every moment.

Mr. Mowbray handed Kate to her aunt, and hurrying to the casement flung it up. At this the confused sounds without assumed more distinctness, and grew louder. He looked out.

"It is Marion and his men," he cried exultingly. "Hark! here they come."

With a wild cry at these words of promised deliverance, Kate sprung to her father's side and looked out. At the lower end of the village one or two houses were in flames, and their bright glare lit up the otherwise black prospect. Close at hand, and retreating toward her in disorder, was a company of the royal soldiers, among whom she saw the largest portion of the officers lately assembled in that apartment. She could distinguish Col. Campbell and Major Lindsay among others, sword in hand, endeavoring to rally the men.

But further down the street was a spectacle that filled her bosom with the wildest and most tumultuous joy. Here the way was blocked up, from side to side, by a press of assailants, who wore the uniform of Marion's brigade, and who were advancing with loud shouts, charging continually on the retreating foe, whom they drove before them as wolves drive frightened sheep. As the battle drew nearer, she could distinguish the several war cries.

"Huzza for Marion—Remember his oath—Drive on the dogs!"

These were the shouts of the assailants, to which the royal officers replied,

"Stand fast for old England. Down with rebels. Stand fast!"

For a moment the retreating fugitives rallied, and made a stand. This was almost opposite the window where Kate remained with her father, in spite of the danger, chained, as if by fascination, to the spot. A reinforcement of soldiers, at the same instant, came running down the street, and their companions parting right and left to make way for them, they gained the front and threw in a withering volley on the foe. These, not expecting such a sudden check, fell into some disorder.

"Now charge on the rascals," cried a voice, and Col. Campbell sprung to the van, waving his sword. "Give them the bayonets, lads, and the field is ours."

The issue of the combat hung trembling in the balance. The assailants showed signs of falling back, and Kates tumultuous hopes died within her, when suddenly the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and a body of cavalry came thundering up the street. At their head, on a powerful charger, rode a form that Kate instantly recognized, as the lurid light of the distant fire played redly on it. Need we say it was that of Preston? His uplifted sabre flashed in the wild glare like a blood-red meteor.

"The oath of Marion," he shouted, in a voice that [illegible] and wild frenzy into the assailants, so lately about to turn.

"The oath of Marion!" exclaimed a stalwart figure at Preston's side, as he smote a royal grenadier to the earth with a single stroke.

The cry was caught up by the crowd:—"The oath of Marion—the oath of Marion!" rung from a hundred voices: and the assailants, with that cry, rushed on the royal troops like an avalanche rushes from the sky. But foremost of all rode Preston and his serjeant; while their terror-struck enemies around them went down, with every sweep of their good swords, like grain on a harvest-field.

The royal troops broke in every direction. The officers, seeing resistance was vain before so headlong a charge, turned also to seek safety in flight. Col. Campbell, however, seemed disposed to stand his ground, but Macdonald riding his powerful steed against him bore him down, and the next instant the commandant, to save his life, yielded himself a prisoner. It was at this moment that Major Lindsay saw, for the first time, the face of Preston. With an oath, hissed between his teeth, he snatched a fire-lock from a dead soldier beside him, and pointed it at our hero, who, not perceiving him, would infallibly have fallen, but that his name uttered in a shriek by Kate arrested his ear, and turning he beheld his enemy, who was almost in a line with the window whence the warning had been heard. The lightning that rives the oak is not quicker than was the blow of Preston's sabre. Down, right on the head of his adversary, descended the heavy steel, crashing through the skull as if it had been only so much brown paper: and with that blow, the soul of the villain and assassin went to his long account.

Kate saw no more. She scarcely indeed saw that. The only knew that her lover had been warned in time, and had escaped; for her father now drew her forcibly in, and shut the perilous casement, around which the pistol balls were rattling like hail. Then she swooned away.

The rest of that night is matter of history. The town was, for a while, wholly in the hands of the assailants, and the victory would have been complete but for some miapprehension in the hour at which the different detachments were to attack, which enabled a part of the enemy to gain their garrison, where they were too strongly entrenched to be taken without artillery. The assailants accordingly retired after having captured the town and made Col. Campbell prisoner.

Preston had heard Kate's voice, and, leaving his lieutenant to pursue the fugitives, sought her out immediately. His were the eyes she first looked on when she recovered from her swoon. Her glad surprise, or his own joy to find her still his own when he had feared their arrival was too late, we must leave to the imagination of the reader. It was one of those scenes human language is too feeble to portray.

When, toward daybreak, Marion gave orders for the town to be evacuated, Kate so late fainting and heart-broken, took her place on horse-back between her father and Preston, almost as rosy-looking and happy as ever.—A spectator could scarcely have [illegible] her the pale and drooping lily of [illegible] before. [illegible]

Mr. Mowbray, on hearing the [illegible] which his daughter would have made [illegible] life, betrayed the deepest emotion. There was a gentle reproach in his eyes, however, which Kate answered by a glance of unalterable love.

Though Preston learned that old Jacob had claimed his assistance without the authority of Kate, he was consoled by her assurance that she loved him as well as if she had herself despatched the messenger. In a few weeks she became the wife of our hero. She would have pleaded for delay, but her father said he was uncertain how long his life might be continued, and that he wished to see her have a protector before he died, so Kate yielded to his wishes.

Macdonald did not, like his master, live to see the war concluded! He fell shortly after the attack on Georgetown, leaving behind him the reputation of one of the most gallant soldiers of the time.

As for old Jacob, he survived to dandle the children of Kate and Preston on his knee.—He had not only taken part in the fight at Georgetown, but quite distinguished himself, having slain an English soldier in single combat. On this feat he was accustomed to dilate with much self-complacency. He always wound up his story with these words,

"He tried to run me through with his bayonet, but it was no use, you see. De sargeant had larned me his back-handed stroke, and I brought it around jist so," suiting the action to the word. "Wi I dat he fell dead and suspendered his breath."

WILL OF A SINGULAR MAN.—We learn from the Marlboro (Md.) Gazette that Prince George's County Court was engaged for three days in the trial of a case brought by the heirs of the late John Townsend against the Will of the Testator. The Jury, after being confined for nearly two days, were dismissed, being unable to agree upon a verdict. The Gazette says:

"In this Will the testator has liberated all his slaves—about fifty in number—and devised to them all his lands and other property—and made provision that, in the event of any obstacle in the law to defect this object, the negroes should become the slaves of his nephew, Jeremiah Townsend, who should accept from them one cent per year for hire. A large number of witnesses were examined to prove that the testator labored under delusions in regard to the subject of Religion; such as supposing he had held converse with God in person, that he was the only saneti, in which he declared he had held arguments and conversations face to face with God—received commands from his maker, &c., one of which commands was to liberate his slaves on penalty of being punished hereafter. On the other part it was shown that Mr. Townsend was shrewd at a bargain, and quite rational on all subjects but Religion: that he was a charitable man and a good neighbor, refusing to go to law on any subject, preferring to give up claims rather than do so—that he had a great repugnance to settling disputes of boundary, &c., by law, and would, after consulting his 'talking mind,' (as he sometimes called God,) give up parts of claims and pieces of land."

AMERICA AND IRELAND.—Three thousand miles and more are between us and the city which bears the name of Washington. Three thousand miles—and yet the hearts of men, of public men have heard the voice of our calamity, and answered it even thence. It is grevious too that we have to be begging for it the ends of the earth. It is a bitter draught that comes out of the cup of charity, even when proffered to us by friends. If there is a nation to which we could look unabashed for such aid, it is America. The name sounds familiarly in our ears. There lie the bones of our kindred and there the Irish spade and the Irish axe helve have hewn a road for Civilization in the track of the sun. And the mode adopted by the Americans to assist us in this deadly struggle, so voluntary, so generous, without flourish or preamble, still more reconciles us to receive their unasked assistance.

But, citizens of America, know that we will not consent to look upon this aid as alms, but as a loan. A loan to be repaid in this generation, or to be entailed on our posterity. A loan that will be requited to you with interest, year by year, so long as Ireland has a people. Do not think this too magnanimous. It is the uncontrollable dictate of a spirit that will not be crushed out of this nation. In the day of your trial, in the night of your calamity, Ireland will be nearer to you than you may deem watching for the hour of requital. Remember.—*Dublin Nation, March 20.*

A new Spanish paper called the Arco-Iris has been commenced at Vera Cruz by the editor of the El Indicador. By its language it would appear that the Mexicans are pleased with the American governors, as the Arco Iris styles them "our governors." The tariff adopted by Gen. Worth is published in this paper, and the editor speaks satisfactorily of the course pursued by him in abolishing the monopolies and taxes imposed by the Mexican government. It also recommends that the new government should adopt a better course in establishing the import duties, and that the principal "necessities," at least, should be admitted for a few months without the imposition of heavy duties, which will prevent the immediate supply.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

☞ Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, the Senator from Alabama, we see it stated in the Washington correspondency of a city morning paper, was, on Saturday last, in the act of getting into a carriage, on Pennsylvania avenue, when he broke out the bottom of the carriage with his great weight—his legs crossing over the coupling pole, and nearly touching the ground between the wheels, the residue of his person being invisible inside the back. We can readily believe that it was a curious spectacle to the "outside barbarians," to see a back a-riding by the sidewalk, with two such substantial legs sticking through the bottom, as those of the honorable Chairman on Finance.

The Hon. Senator weighs from 400 to 500 lbs.