

THE HERALD OBSERVER.

FORWARD.

VOLUME 19.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1848.

NUMBER 2.

Poetry and Miscellany.

SUMMER MUSIC.

BY EDWARD G. ARBUTT.

Through the open window,
As a welcome sound,
Breathes upon my forehead
The warm breath of summer.

The old fabled murmur
In the fragrant air;
Leafy eaves are telling
Their sweet love-tales there!

And the ripples tremble
Through the meadow grass,
To the bathing flowers
Singing as they pass!

In the fairy court,
With sweet notes and high,
Grave birds are thrilling
Music in the sky!

Through the opening ferns
Gleams the russet glow,
While the plough-boy whistles
To the tinkling air!

All is love and labor,
All a merry song—
May the days that follow
Reveal the chorus long!

Jamaica, Mass., May 10, 1848.

The Changed and Unchanged.

BY PROFESSOR ALDIX.

"Report says that my queenly cousin is to lay aside her absolute sceptre, and submit to a lord and master," said George Mason, to his cousin, Emily Earl, as she took his arm for an evening walk.

"If you mean that I am to be married, that is a report which truth does not require me to contradict," said the young lady, in a tone adapted to repress the familiar manner of her companion. He had just returned from a long absence in a foreign land. His early youth had been passed in his uncle's family. He left his cousin a beautiful girl. He found her on his return a still more beautiful woman.

"I am very anxious," said he, with a slight change of manner, "to see the man who has drawn so splendid a prize. Is he like the picture you drew of the man you would marry, as we sat by the willow brook from the rising of the moon to its meridian? You remember that most beautiful night?"

"It is not desirable to remember all the follies of childhood," said Emily, coldly. Mason was silent. It was plain that they were no longer what they had been, brother and sister.

After walking for some distance in silence, Emily remarked, in a tone inviting conversation, "You must have seen a great deal of the world."

"I have had some means of observation," he replied, "but I have seen nothing to wean me from this spot, and from my friends here."

"Your friends are obliged to you for the compliment," she said.

"I did not intend the remark as a compliment," she said. "There was an interval of silence. 'I have been absent four years,' said Mason, as though speaking to himself, 'and I am not conscious of any change, so far as my feelings are concerned. The same persons and things which I then loved, I love now. The same views of life which I then cherished I cherish now.'"

"Experience and knowledge of the world," said Emily, "ought to give wisdom."

"I am so perverse as to regard it as wisdom to hold on to the dreams of our early days."

"Our views ought, it seems to me, to change as we grow older."

"I am not sure that we ought to grow old, so far as our feelings are concerned."

"You would engage in the vain effort to retain the dew and freshness of morning, after the sun has arisen with a burning heat."

"I believe the dew of our youth may be preserved even until old age."

"I am surprised that acquaintance with the world has not corrected your views of life. One would think that you had lived in entire seclusion."

"I am surprised that the romantic, warm-hearted Emily Earl should become the worldly-wise lecturer of her cousin."

"We had better speak upon some other subject? Had you a pleasant voyage homeward?"

"Yes. It could not be otherwise, when my face was toward my own, my native land, and the friends so fresh in my remembrance."

"A slight shade of displeasure flitted across Emily's features. She made no remark."

"Where is Susan Grey?" said Mason.

"She is dead."

"Indeed! She was just my own age. She was a single-hearted girl."

"She often inquired for you. You never fancied yourself in love with her."

"No. Why that question?"

"She was under the impression that we were engaged, and seemed quite relieved when I informed her she was mistaken."

"No; she lives somewhere in the village, I don't know exactly where."

"Do you ever see her?"

"Yes; she lives with her aunt, who sometimes washes for us, so that I see her niece occasionally."

"Why does she live with her aunt?"

"Her mother died soon after you went away."

"Eliza still lives in the village, then?"

"To this very unnecessary question his cousin bowed in reply. Few words more passed between them during the remainder of their walk."

"You do not stay out as late as you used to do," said Mrs. Earl, as they entered the parlor.

"We are no longer children," said Emily. Mason could scarcely repress an audible sigh, as those words fell from her lips. At an early hour, he repaired to his chamber.

CHAPTER II.

George Mason was left an orphan in his early youth. He then became a member of his uncle's family, and the constant companion of his cousin Emily. He desired no society but hers. Her slight imperious temper did not interfere with the growth of his affection. She had a sister's place in his glowing heart. He was in some sense her teacher, and she caught something of his romantic nature. Of the little circle of her associates, he was the idol.

At the age of fourteen he left home to pursue his studies for two years at a public institution. At the end of that period he became a clerk in a large commercial establishment in the city. At the close of the first year he accompanied one of the principals abroad, and remained there in charge of the business for nearly four years. He was now on the high road to wealth.

Soon after George Mason had gone abroad, Emily Earl went to the city to complete her education. She was in due time initiated into the mysteries of fashionable life. Introduced to society by a relative of unquestionable rank, her face and form presented attractions sufficient to make her an object of attention and flattery. Four successive winters were passed in the city. She was the foremost object of all "who flattered, sought, and sued." It is strange that her judgment was perverted, and her heart eaten out! Is it strange that her cousin found her a changed being?

She had engaged to marry one whose claim to her regard was the thousands he possessed, and the eagerness with which he was sought by those whose chief end was an establishment in life. She had taught herself to believe that the yearnings of the heart were to be crossed with the follies of childhood.

Henry Ralston was the son of a small farmer, or rather of a man who was the possessor of a small farm, and of a large soul. Henry was modest, yet aspiring; gentle, yet intense in his affections. The patient toil and rigid self-denial of his father gave him the advantage of an excellent education. In childhood he was the frequent companion of George and Emily. Even then an attachment sprang up in his heart for his fair playmate. This was quietly cherished; and when he entered upon the practice of the law in his native village, he offered Emily his hand. It was, without hesitation or apparent pain, rejected. Thus she cast away the only true heart which was ever laid upon the altar of her beauty.

He bore the disappointment with outward calmness, though the iron entered his soul. He gave all his energies to the labors of his profession. Such was the impression of his ability and worth, that he was about to be supported, apparently without opposition, for a seat in the national councils.

Eliza Austin was the daughter of a deceased minister, who had worn himself out in the cause of benevolence, and died, leaving his wife and daughter penniless. She was several years younger than George and Emily; but early trials seemed to give an early maturity to her mind. She was seldom their companion for her young days were spent in toil, aiding her mother in her efforts to obtain a scanty subsistence. Her intelligence, her perception of the beautiful, and her devotion to her mother made a deep impression upon George, and led him to regard her as he regarded no other earthly being. Long before the idea of love was associated with her name, he felt for her a respect approaching to veneration. He had often desired to write to her during his absence, but his entire ignorance of her situation rendered it unwise.

The waters of affliction had been wrung out of her in a full cup. The long and distressing sickness of her mother was ended only by the grave. She was then invited to take up her abode with her father's sister, whose intemperate husband had broken her spirit, but had not exhausted her heart. It was said for Eliza to exchange the quiet home, the voice of affection, and of praise for the harsh criminations of the drunkard's abode. She would have left that abode for service, but for the distress it would have given her aunt.

Death length removed the tormentor, and those who had ministered to his appetite swept away all his property.

The mind of Aunt Mary, now more than half a wreck, utterly revolted at the idea of separation from her piece. Eliza could not leave her. Declining an eligible situation as a teacher in a distant village, she rendered her aunt all the assistance in her power in her lowly employment—believing that the path dictated by affection and duty, though it might meet with the neglect and the scorn of men, would not fail to secure the approbation of God.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, George," said Mr. Earl, as they were seated at the breakfast-table, "how do you intend to dispose of yourself to-day?"

"I have a great many old friends to visit, sir."

"It may not be convenient for some of them to see you early in the morning."

"Some of them, I think, will not beat all particular respecting the time of my visits. There is the white rock by the falls which I must give an hour to; and I must see if the old trout who lived under it has taken as good care of himself during my absence as he did before I went away. And there is the willow grove, too, which I wish very much to see."

"It has been cut down."

"Cut down!—what for?"

"Mr. Bullard thought it interfered with his prospect."

"Why did you not interfere, cousin?" turning to Emily.

"It was nothing to me what he did with his grove," said Emily.

"Oh, I had forgotten!" George did not finish the sentence. He turned the conversation to some of the ordinary topics of the day.

After breakfast he set out for Willow Brook, and seated himself upon the white rock. The years that had passed since in childhood he sat upon that rock, were reviewed by him. Though he had met with trials and temptations, yet he was thankful that he could return to that rock with so many of the feelings of childhood; that his heart's best emotions had not been polluted by the world, but were as yet pure as the chrysalis stream before him.

When he rose from that rock instead of visiting the other haunts of his early days, he found himself moving toward the village. Now and then a familiar face was seen. By those who recognized him he was warmly greeted. It was not until he met a stranger that he inquired for the residence of the widow and her niece. He was directed to a small dwelling in a narrow lane. He knocked at the open door. The widow, who was busily employed in smoothing the white linen before her, bade him enter, but paused not from her work.

"Is Eliza at home?" said Mason.

"Who can you be that you want to see Eliza?" said the poor woman, still not lifting her eyes from her work.

"I am an old friend of hers," said Mason.

"A friend! a friend!" said she, pausing and looking upward, as if striving to recall the idea belonging to the word. Yes, she had friends once—where have they gone?"

Again she plied her task, as if unconscious of his presence. He seated himself and watched her countenance, which revealed so sad a history. Her lips kept moving, and now and then she spoke aloud. "Poor girl! a hard life she has had—it may all be right, but I can't see how; and now she might be a lady if she would leave her poor, half-crazy aunt," her whispers were then inaudible. Soon she turned to Mason and said, as if in reply to a question, "No I never heard her complain. When those she used to visit do not know her, and look the other way when they meet her, she never complains. What will become of her when her poor old aunt is gone? Who will take care of her?"

"I will," said Mason.

"Who may you be?" said she, scanning his countenance as if she had never seen him for the first time.

"A friend of her childhood."

"What is your name?"

"George Mason."

"George Mason! George Mason!—I have heard that name before. It was the name she had over so often when she had the fever, poor thing! I did not know what she said, though she did not say a word during the whole time that would not look well printed in a book. Did you use to live in the big, white house?"

"Yes; I used to live with my uncle Earl."

"And that lady?" laying a fierce emphasis upon the word, "who never speaks to Eliza now; though Eliza watched night after night with her when she was on the borders of the grave. Are you like her?" observing him to hesitate, she asked in a more excited manner, "Are you like Emily Earl?"

"Fearing that her clouded mind might receive an impression difficult to remove, he promptly answered: "No."

"I am glad of it," said the widow, resuming her work.

The last question and its answer were heard by Eliza, as she was coming in from the garden where she had been engaged attending to a few flowers. She turned deeply pale as she saw Mason, and remained standing in the door. He arose and took her hand in both of his, and was scarcely able to pronounce her name. The good old aunt stood with uplifted hands, gazing with ludicrous amazement at the scene. Eliza was the first to recover her self-possession. She introduced Mason to her aunt as an old friend.

"Friend!—are you sure he is a friend?"

"He is a friend," said Mason, "who is very grateful to you for the love you have borne her, and the care you have taken of her."

"There," said she, opening a door which led to a parlor, perhaps ten feet square, motioning to them to enter. Mason, still retaining her trembling hand, led Eliza into the room, and seated her on the sofa, the chief article of furniture it contained. Her eyes met his earnest gaze. They were immediately filled with tears. His own overflowed. He threw his arm around her, and they mingled their tears in silence. It was long ere the first word was spoken. Eliza at length seemed to wake as from a dream.

"What am I doing?" said she attempting to remove his arm, "we are almost strangers."

"Eliza," said he, solemnly, "do you say what you feel?"

"No, but I know not—" she could not finish the sentence.

"Eliza, you are dearer to me than any one upon earth." She made no efforts to resist the pressure of his arm. There were some moments of eloquent silence.

"Eliza, will you become my wife?"

"Do you know how utterly destitute I am?"

"That has no connection with my question."

"If you are the same George Mason you used to be, you wish for a direct answer. I will." It was not till this word was spoken that he ventured to imprint a kiss upon her cheek.

"I have not done right," said Eliza; "you can never know how much I owe to that dear aunt. I ought not to engage myself without her consent. I can never be separated from her."

"You cannot suppose that I would wish you to be separated."

"You are the same—" she was about to add some epithets of praise, but checked herself. "How is it that you have remained unchanged?"

"By keeping bright an image in my heart of hearts."

With some difficulty Eliza rose, and opening the door, spoke to her aunt. She came and stood in the door.

"Well, ma'm," said Mason, "I have gained Eliza's consent to change her name, if you will give your consent." She stood as one bewildered. The cloud which rested on her countenance was painful to behold. It was necessary to repeat his remark before she could comprehend it.

"Ah, is it so? It has come at last. He doeth all things well. I had n't faith to trust him. He doeth all things well."

"We have your consent?"

"If she is half as loving to you as she has been to me, you will never be sorry. But what will become of me?"

"We have no idea of parting with you. She has given her consent only on condition that you go with us."

The old lady fixed her gaze upon her niece. It was strange that features so plain, so wrinkled by age and sorrow, could beam with such affection. She could find no words to express her feelings. She closed the door and was heard sobbing like a child.

Hour after hour stole away, unnoted by the lovers. They were summoned to partake of the frugal meal prepared by Aunt Mary's hands, and no apologies were made for its lack of store. Again they retired to the little parlor, and it was not until the sun was low in the west, that he set out on his return to the "white house."

"We conclude that you have passed a happy day," said Mrs. Earl, "at least your countenance says so. We began to feel anxious about you."

"I went to the brook first, and then to the village."

"Have you seen many of your old friends?"

"Several of them."

Mason was relieved from the necessity of answering further questions by the arrival of a carriage at the door. Mr. Earl rose and went to the window.

"Mr. Benfield has come," said he. Emily arose and left the room to return in another dress, and with flowers in her hair.

Mr. Benfield was shown to his room, and in a few moments joined the family at the tea-table.

Emily received him with a smile, which, however beautiful it may have been, was not like the smile of Eliza Austin. Mason saw that Mr. Benfield belonged to a class with which he was perfectly well acquainted. "It is well," thought he, "that she has fled down her mind, if she must spend her days with a man like him." Mason passed the evening with his uncle, though he was sadly inattentive to his uncle's remarks. Emily and Mr. Benfield took a walk, and on their return did not join the family.

Benfield's object in visiting the country at this time was to fix a day for his marriage. The evening was spent by them in discussing matters pertaining to that event.

It was necessary for Mr. Benfield to return to the city on the afternoon of the following day. Mason, for various reasons, determined to accompany him. Part of the morning was spent with Eliza, and arrangements for their union were easily fixed upon. No costly preparations for a wedding were thought to be necessary.

Emily devoted herself so entirely to Mr. Benfield that Mason had no opportunity of informing her respecting the state of his affairs.

He sought his uncle, expressed to him his gratitude for his kindness, informed him of the state of his pecuniary affairs, and of his affections, and asked his approbation of his intended marriage.

"I can't say, George," said the old gentleman, "but that you have done the wisest thing you could do. Emily may not like it. I have nothing to say against it. I didn't do very different myself though it would hardly do to say so aloud now. Emily is to be married in three weeks. You must be with us then."

"Suppose I wish to be married myself on the same evening?"

"Well I don't know. I think you had better be with us, then, make such arrangements as you please, and say nothing to us about it. It may make a little breeze at first, but it will soon blow over. Nobody will like you the worse for it in the end." Heartyly thanking his uncle for his frankness and affection, and taking a courteous leave of Emily he took his departure, with Mr. Benfield, for the city.

CHAPTER IV.

The white house was a scene of great activity as the wedding day drew near. Aunt Mary's services were put in requisition to a much greater extent than usual. When she protested that she could do no more, Mrs. Earl suggested that her niece would help her. Aunt Mary could not help remarking that Eliza might have something else to do as well as Miss Emily.

It was understood that a large number of guests were to be invited.

Many dresses were ordered in anticipation of an invitation. The services of the village dress-maker were in great demand. Eliza ordered a plain white dress—a very unnecessary expenditure, it was thought, since it was certain that she would not receive an invitation. It was a pity that she should thus prepare disappointment for herself, poor thing!

Benfield and Mason arrived together on the appointed day. All things were in order. The preparations were complete. The guests assembled—the "big white house" was filled as it never had been filled before. Suddenly there is a hush in the crowd—the folding-doors are thrown open—the bride and bridegroom are seen, prepared for the ceremony that is to make them one in life. The words are spoken the ceremony is performed, the oppressive silence is removed—the noise and gaiety common to such occasions take place.

After a time, it was noticed by some that the pastor, and Mason, and Esq. Ralston had disappeared.

They repaired to Aunt Mary's, where a few tried friends had been invited to pass the evening. These friends were sorry that Eliza had not been invited to the wedding, but were pleased to find that she did not seem to be disappointed—she was in such fine spirits. She wore her new white, and a few roses in her hair.

The entrance of the pastor, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Ralston, seemed to cause no surprise to Aunt Mary, though it astonished the assembled guests. After a kind word from the pastor to each one present, for they were all members of his flock, Mason rose, and taking Eliza by the hand, said to him, "We are ready." Prayer was offered, the wedding-words were spoken, and George Mason and Eliza Austin were pronounced husband and wife.

Joy seemed to have brushed away the clouds from Aunt Mary's mind. She conversed with the intelligence of her better days. The guests departed, and ere the lights were extinguished in the parlors of the white house, it was known throughout the village that there had been two weddings instead of one.

Early in the morning, before the news had reached them, Mr. and Mrs. Benfield set out upon their wedding-tour. Emily learned her cousin's marriage from the same paper which informed the public of her own.

George Mason had no time for a wedding tour.—He removed his wife and her aunt immediately to the city, and at once resumed the labors of his calling.

Emily did not become acquainted with Mrs. Mason, until Mr. Benfield had failed in business, and was enabled to commence again, with capital furnished by her cousin, who had become the leading member of his firm.—Graham's Magazine.

Editorial, News Items, &c.

GEN. WORTH'S POLITICS.

We find in the Washington Union, of the 14th, three letters from this distinguished soldier in reply to communications from friends who were anxious to ascertain his political sentiments. They are eminently characteristic of a brave soldier and an honest man, and unlike those that have been so plentifully given to the world by another General, frankly answer the various questions propounded. Gen. Worth is a Democrat, and avows his opinions with the frankness and candor of one, and although he has claimed him for more than a year past, as indeed he has every officer who has at all distinguished himself in the great war with Mexico, we think that party will now be satisfied that he was on the track of the wrong coin. In these letters the General says he is opposed to a United States Bank, in favor of the Independent Treasury system, regards the Veto power "essentially democratic, popular and conservative," thinks that "the right of the people of the different sections of our Union to carry their property (of whatever kind or complexion) to, and participate in, the territory about to be acquired from Mexico (or acquired from any other power on this continent) cannot be seriously questioned. When the acquired territory shall be admitted into the sisterhood of states," continues the General, "it will be for the admitted states to determine all things relating to their own social condition." He believes there never has been a "war in our history, (always excepting that for independence, which stands out, and will through all time, a case by itself,) nor in that of any other people, commenced under greater provocation, or waged with higher humanity," than the Mexican war. He says the scheme for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, however honestly designed, is fraught with great evil; and is a most "ingeniously devised" corrupt individuals and masses, States and Congress.

In regard to the tariff of 46 he avouches since its passage has deprived him of the opportunity of informing himself, by observation, or communion with others, as to its practical operation. As a general principle of political economy, applicable to our institution and circumstances, he hopes to see a tariff for revenue, critically adjusted to the various interests and rights of every part of the country, including every proper and constitutional internal improvement—protection regarded as purely incidental—trusting, nevertheless, to see the day, and that not remote, when trade will be free and unfettered when no interest of our country will need, or desire, slight of protection against foreign competition.

In regard to the graduation and reduction of the price of the public lands, he says, "I would vote any reduction necessary to place farms within the reach of industrious home file settlers or emigrants, regarding the early occupation and cultivation of the public domain as the right of public treasure; hoping still to see an annual surplus over and above expenses of administration—as surveys, sales, &c.—carried to the public treasury, to be appropriated among other national objects, to the improvement of our great lakes and rivers, to the extent of constitutional permission. It is my settled conviction, that within twenty years the commerce of the great lakes and western rivers will reach a magnitude far exceeding, and ever thereafter taking the lead of, that flowing to and from the Atlantic; and when our lines of communication with the points now attained on the Pacific are at once established and opened to the enterprise of our people, there will hardly be found a term of comparison. We shall exhibit the ordinary spectacle, under our free and glorious institutions, of catching and controlling the commerce of Europe with one hand, and the riches of China with the other. I speak of riches; but the fulfillment of our high political and social destiny is the prominent and grand consideration."

We might contrast the above plain answers to the questions propounded, with those of Gen. Taylor, who proclaims himself a "Henry Clay whig," but we forbear.—The people cannot fail to see the difference, and will remember it.

"OUR BONDS OF UNION."

Under this head a recent New York True Sun has some very excellent remarks in regard to the many channels of internal communication which are daily being opened between the Atlantic and the "great west." It says, in speaking of the opening of the Michigan and Illinois canal, New York has now an internal water way to New Orleans. It might have said more—that canal is not the first or only one that unites the two great continents of the United States. There is a canal from Toledo to Cincinnati, from Cleveland to Portsmouth, and from this to Beaver, all preferable, so far as the New York trade is concerned, to the new channel alluded to. The Chicago and the Illinois rivers, the Sun says and argues truly that the imagination can hardly picture the ultimate effect those, together with the rail roads now building, will have upon the population, wealth and resources of the Lake country and the State of New York. The Western Lakes will soon have a larger number than the Mediterranean, and be surrounded by a denser population than is to be found even in the countries which border that great sea. These strides to commercial greatness are but the steps of liberty, education and religion, securely and progressively advancing to the consummation of human happiness, so far as it may be attained on earth. While the old world goes sluggishly along, disturbed only by the convulsive throes of oppressive humanity, as yet not succeeded by tranquility and security. The new is rapidly fulfilling its great destiny and inviting the unhappy of all nations to share its blessings and its triumphs. If we are true to ourselves and to heaven, nothing can interrupt our progress. The Western as well as the Southern States are now more nearly allied to us than ever. They are no longer separated from us by any longer political or geographical. We have daily intercourse with them by the new invention of the magnetic wire, and every expression of our thoughts reaches them with the speed of lightning. We pass to the farthest of their boundaries in a few hours' journey, and find ourselves at home. Who can tell what this state of things will bring about. We are so near to Cincinnati in point of time as our New York spectators once were to Boston. And with the diminution of distance we have apparently a geometrical ratio of increased business. Who is there that fears to enlarge the boundaries of the republic when there is an accompanying consolidation and a new and stronger affinity? What other nations might dread, we gladly welcome, and our safety lies in the creation of new ties, not endangered by the imposition of new shackles. How much have we to be thankful for, in this state of things? We should not forget our responsibilities in our prosperity, nor cease to be vigilant because we are powerful. In this view, it is of the highest importance that we should adhere to our constitutional organization, and from down the first attempt to invade its provisions. We must suffer no questions in the abstract, or impracticable reforms to be made the useless issues of the day. The Constitution, with its guarantees and compromises, must be the "corner stone" of our political creed, and the controlling power of our political action. We must stand by this charter of our independence with firmness and devotion, and

maintain its integrity against all interpolations. In this way we may had with pleasure every new development of power, industrial and commercial, and instead of fearing the increase of our numbers, may regard it with satisfaction. To our brethren in the west, we can say with paternal feelings, we are born of your blood and flesh of your flesh. Let us join hands as well as hearts, in this march of greatness, and be forever one and indivisible.

VALUE OF NEWS PAPERS.—The Detroit Free Press very justly observes that if there ever was a time when newspapers were of great value, it is the present. Every week we have news from the old world, where revolution succeeds revolution with such rapidity as to excite the most intense anxiety for the future. No one, with feelings and sympathies in common with the rest of mankind, can avoid being deeply interested in scenes that affect the interests of so many millions of his fellow creatures, or desirous of learning the triumphs democracy is making over despotism. In our own country, questions of great magnitude are now occupying public attention. A crisis not of less consequence to us than the news from abroad, is fast approaching. Congress is in session; and the primary steps for another Presidential campaign are being taken. In view of all this, who can lay claim to ordinary intelligence and not be a reader of a well conducted newspaper. Surely such a man, if one can be found, possesses but few of the characteristics of a patriot or philanthropist worthy the privileges of the best government in the world.

THE ELECTION FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, takes place in every State in the Union on one and the same day, the 7th of November; so that through the telegraph communications, we shall have the result of the elections a few hours after the polls close.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GREAT MEN.—There appears to be a singular coincidence in the birth-places of the candidates of the two parties for the Presidency. They were born in New Hampshire, to wit: Cass, Webster, and Webster, and three in Virginia, to wit: Clay, Taylor and Scott. They were all ten, in both States, born within a circle of less than a hundred miles. Webster was born in Concord, Cass in Exeter and Woodbury in Franconia. In Virginia, Clay was born in Hanover, Taylor in Orange, about fifty miles from Clay's birth-place, and Scott in Dinwiddie, about the same distance from Hanover. It is an interesting fact, which is not generally known, that three of the Presidents of the United States were born in one county, (Westmore,) Virginia, and one of the poorest counties in the State. New Hampshire is not far behind Virginia in her contributors to the galaxy of our distinguished men. There are no less than seven members of the present Senate who were born in that State.

CAPT. D. OTTINGER, of the Revenue service, arrived here on Friday evening, having been detained by the Government to dismantle the steamer Dupas and take her to the ocean. She will be passed through the Welland Canal, down the St. Lawrence, and from thence to her place of destination. The British Government very readily acquiesced in the wishes of our own, to allow the vessel to pass through her waters, and directed that no toll on her be taken. The Dallas is designed for the coast survey.

PRETTY GOOD.—The Editor of the Detroit Free Press says that within a few days he has conversed with a number of Whigs from Wisconsin, who generally deny that there has been any election. Poor fellows, after next fall there will not be enough of them left to hold a corner's inquest over the defunct whig party. Wisconsin is right!

THE Georgia Whig Convention named Gen. Taylor as their first choice for the Presidency, and recommended him to the Whig National Convention for nomination. They have agreed to send delegates, and