THE WEEKLY OBSERVER

DRID PA: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848.

FREE SOIL MASS MEETING.

On Saturday a "free soil" mass meeting came off at the Court House in this city. It was attended by a respectable number of all parties who were attracted by the navelty of the movement, and the fact that Hon. J. R. Giddings, of Ohio, was announced to address the meeting. This latter attraction was undoubtedly a humbing, and the announcement put forth for the sole purpose of attracting a crowd, as no Giddings appeared. This we should say was a pretty fair commencement in decention for a party that claims so very much honesty. His place, however, was very well supplied in the person of a Mr. Preston, from Ohio, who has been perambulating the country for some time, as a lecturer on any and every thing, particularly whigery and "free soil." To say that he did not speak well, would not be true. His language was good, his delivery easy and graceful, and if he lacked cloquence, he made up for it in the earnest and forcible manner in which he threw his shafts right and leftfirst at Gen. Cass and the Democracy, and then at the "available" candidate and his friends. He reviewed Gen. Cass' famed Nicholson letter, and was forced to acknowledge that the General in that document occepied a legal ground, the effect of which would be the prohibition of slavery in the Territories, but contended that Free Soil men were not willing to wait the slow pace of constitutional prohibition—they must have a declaratory stature, a kind of "guide board" put up to warn the world that the magna charter of our liberties, the constitution, prohibited slavery in the territories. This, then, is all this new party is contending for. Although what they ask will not make the constitution one iota stronger on this point, and only serve to create excitement and sectional jealousy, to gratify an old woman propensity, and have the last word, they are raising all this tempest in a won't begin to pay expenses.

After our "free-soil" apostle had preached Gen. Cass and the Democracy into "eternal night," he turned his batteries upon Gen. Taylor and the late whig party, and if we were consigned to the lowest depths of political damation, our "availability" opponents were pitched not be? to a yel lower. He commenced with the first demonparty at the "National slaughter-house" in Philadelphia, and contended that, as the only resolution passed there was one to adjourn, the "universal whig party" then and there did adjourn, and therefore the members of it were no longer bound to abide by the nomination of Taylor .largard to the claim set up by the whigs that General Taylor is in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, he completely demonstrated that such claim was fallucious, and could neither be sustained by evidence or reason. He commented upon his voluminous correspondence, and particularly upon his letter to the Calhoun men of South Carolina accepting their nomination on the ticket with Gen. Butler, and showed, we thought, conclusively that in accepting such nomination he had left the whig party, as a party, without a candidate. But our limits will not allow us to follow him through his various showings up of the deplorable state the nomination of Taylor has left the whig party. In closing he took occasion to come down upon our particular friend, Walker, in such a manwere drew from the crowd repeated should of applause and satisfaction. On the whole we think the Democracy

did not suffer much in this affair. The following is the ticket nominated, viz: William Beatty, of Erie, and Job Stafford, of M'Kean, for Assemble; Aaron Kellogg, of North East, for Prothonotury: Ira Sherwin, of Harborcreek, for Register and Recorder: Henry Cadwell, of Erie, for Treasurer; James M. Moorhead, of Harborcreek, for Commissioner; E. Perkins, of Wayne, Auditor, and - Beebe, of Concord, Director of the Poor.

Hor, Hotter, Hottest .- The political thermometer is up to boiling heat. The different aspirants and expectants for "county pap," have been running their legs off in druming up their friends for the grand scrabble to-mortow. That there will be a "good time" then there can't be a doubt. Let who wins, however, reeshall be satisfied. h's a glorious thing to be in the minority, one can look on with so much complacency and see the "bear fight." Cay'r HELP IT .- The Toledo Blade does n't like an which in the Observer, some time since, with the "sig: nificant caption" of "Can there be a party without a Cardidate ?" There is no accounting for tastes, hence the marked difference in this particular between us and hm of the Blade, He says we "might find it much more profitable at this time, to enquire and solve the question" "whether there can be a party with a candiman for their suffrages," and intimates that Gen. Cass is such a man. Whether the Editor of the Blade means that Gen. Cass is a bad man morally, or has reference to his politics, we do not know, but have the charity to believe the latter. We never heard the other seriously charged against him. As to his political principles, we can tell him of the Blade that the Democracy of the na tion, save and except a few, a very few sore-heads, who are ready to fall into the embrace of whigery, are entirely satisfied, and will elect him President on the 7th of November by an overwholming majority. That the Blade does not like this plain fact we do not wonder atthat it does not like another equally plain fact, that its own ed. party is without a candidate, Gon. Taylor having declared nuccaccepting the whig nomination, that he is not a Party candidate, is also not to be wondered at. But we can neither help the one nor the other—the people will support democratic men and measures, and General Taylor will continue to write letters.

HONORABLE SENTIMENTS .- The Editor of the Sandusy Mirror, although a radical Van Buren man, has not et sunk as low as some of his kidney. In speaking of letter from Gen. Cass to R. S. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, marked private and confidential, he says: "The Detroit little for your (hiccup) stomach sake."

Advertiser says the community owe Mr. Wilson a debt "Oh my gracious!" cried Mrs. Jones, sinking on Advertiser says the community owe Mr. Wilson a debt of gratitude for making this letter public.' We cannot so regard it. We do not appreciate that morality which commends the violation of the confidence of a former field. It is hard to imagine circumstances that will dling toward her, just take (hiccup) some of this warrant the publication of a private letter to the injury of the author." Such sentiments do honor alike to the head and heart of the Editor of the Mirror.

"FOR PRESIDENT, HENRY CLAY."-The whig young men of Poughkeepsie called a Mass Meeting on the 2d inst., at Poughkeepsle, N. Y., "for the purpose of taking all over the village—"

and measures as may be expedient to promote the elec
"Oh Jenny," he said pulling away, and then adtion of the GIANT STATESMAN OF THE WEST, the preservation of the whig party, its doctrines and principles."ha hand bill which is signed by 135 prominent and influential whigs, they charge that " General Taylor has accepting a nomination from them, and agreeing to run with their regular candidate for Vice President."

If The Charleston Mercury says that an interesting changer was recently accommodated with tar and feathets, for tumpering with the slaves in that city.

Select Poetry and Miscellang.

STANZAS.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL. Biars that gem the brow of Heaven Soon must set in endless night And to new-born orbs be given The circuit of their pathway bright;

Gentle flowers of radiant eye Soon must cease their short-lived bloom Nor wast to yonder smiling sky,

From their small censers, sweet perfume Soon from the pencil's magic trace Must fade the witchery of its power;

Marbles, instinct with life and grace, Crumble to dust in fated hour; And nearest to the Throne on high.

Of future full-orbed Harmony: Science, of proudest form and name, Lost in the blaze of coming Day,-And Wealth, and Rank, and Power and Fame,

Like short-lived memories, pass away! Changeless mid universal change: One only, which whoe'er retains,

Whose sway the realms of Life and Death Holds ever in its high control; Whose might outlasts the fleeting breath-The power of goodness in the soul!

Safe unid crashing worlds may range;

MRS. JONES' VOW. AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY A LADY.

Fr m the Louisville Courier. Mrs. Philip Jones was one of the prettiest women in the little town where she lived; beauty was tea-pot, and making themselves the laughing stock of was sensible, and prudent, amiable and industrious, the country. Well, every one to his notion, but it appears to us that, as Greeley said of Taylor-whigery, it several reasons. In the first place, he loved her, in the second place he was good and honest, and in the third place he was sober, and when he joined the sons of temperance she loved him, if possible, more than ever. In fact, Mrs. Jones was opposed to every man who was in the habit of indulging in spirituous liquors. And what women of sense would

It was a merry christmas evening that a party of stration of Taylorism in the country, and traced its villagers, mostly ladies, were assembled around the course, up to the capitulation, without terms, of the whig Mrs. Jones. They were not as might be expected talking scandal, but were discussing the subject of intemperance.

'Mrs. Gray,' said Mrs. Jones, addressing the youngest of the group, 'what would you do if your hus-band were to get absolutely drunk?' 'O dear,' replied Mrs. Gray, rolling up her bright eyes in horror-'do not speak of such a thing-I

should faint!' 'Faint indeed!' said pretty Mrs. Allen-I would do like the woman in the east-tie him in a bag, and

whip him until he was sober.'
I would not whip him,' said prim Mrs. Mansfield, that I would lock him up, and feed him on cold water and stale bread, until he came to his senses." 'If my husband were to become inebriated,' chimed the fastidious Mrs. Millbanks, 'he would not hear the sound of my voice until he longed for it like the

birds do for spring.' 'Well. if my old man should get drunk,' said old Mrs. Martin, I believe I'd get drunk too, just to let him see how disgusting it was.

If John should come home drunk,' said Mrs. Jenkins, the plainest of the party, I would tuck him comfortably in bed, and try to keep it a secret

from the world. 'Oh Mrs. Jenkins!' exclaimed Mrs. Jones, who had not spoken before, how could you use such de-

ception?" Deception! You would not call that deception Think, Mrs. Jones, for the sake of my children.' 'Children or no children, if I were to see Mr. Jones drunk, I would not live with him another min-

ute.' Why, Jane! said her husband, I am astonish-

Well, you need not be, for if you were to-

'You never had the trial yet,' interrupted Mrs. Jenkins, 'so don't make any such rash vows.' 'Such a vow as that would not be rash, and,' she continued, the blood mounting to her fair cheek, 'if

Mr. Jones ever does get drunk, I vow I will not live, with him another day.'
'You only talk that way,' said old Mrs. Martin, because you know there is no danger of being tried, for Philip Jones is noted for sobriety.

'If ever such a thing should happen, you will see, said Mrs Jones, stoutly. Not long after the happy circle disbanded, and a week from that night we will look again into the

same apartment.

Mrs. Jones is seated by the remains of a fire.—

She has put all the children to bed, in her warm date," and adds, "there is such a thing as insulting the chamber, up stairs, and she is waiting below for the good sonse of an entire people, by offering them a bad well known, loved tread of her husband. Hour after hour passed, and still he did not come. 'What can he mean, thought Mrs. Jones-'I never knew Philip to stay out so late. Another half hour passed, and she walked, for the twentieth time, with a troubled step to the window. Just then her husband appeared at the little gate and entered the yard; but why did Mrs. Jones start? It was not the regular, manly tread of Mr. Jones that met her view, for the moon shone full and bright, and she could see him distinctly. He was actually staggering! With a trembling hand Mrs. Jones flew to open the front door to admit him. 'He must be sick,' she thought. The fumes of whiskey that met the olfactory of the lady, made lier stand aghast as her husband enter-He did not seem to notice her agitation, but walked into the parlor as sceadily as he could, under

the circumstances. Why Jenny, he hiccupped, is this you? Why aint you in bed, my lovey? Mrs. Jones trembled in every limb, and was as

pale as he. 'You're not sick nor nothing, Jenny, are you, because (hiccup) if you are, why may be, honey, this will do (hiccup) you some good, and he fumbled about awkwardly, until he drew from his coat pocket, a vulgar green glass 'tickler,' half full of the 'raw stuff.' 'Now-do-try-a-little. You know Dichigan, which the latter has made public, although Jen-ny (hiccup) that (hiccup) St Paul says-take a

> a chair and clasping her hands, while tear after tear coursed itself down her face, 'and is it come to

'It's not worth while to cry, Jenny,' he said, si-

'Phillip Jones,' said Mrs. Jones, wiping her eyes and taking hold of his arm, with a decided jerk 'you close again as if unwilling to shut out forever the have disgraced yourself and me; now go up stairs before some of the servants hear you, and it will be

vancing; 'it's no use talking, but do you just-take (hiccup) a little-and then (hiccup) you know St.

'I tell you to hush,' said Mrs. Jones, and do go up stairs, before it is all over town that you areabandoned the whig party and joined the loco focos, by Mrs. Jones could not say 'drunk,' the word stuck in her throat.

then after I take a (hiccup) few times, and you take time her body has grown nearly as large as a barrel, not burying until decay commences. A consul-(hiccup) a little, you know Jenny-for-your (hic- and the physicians attending her say the snake now tation of physicians was to be held to-day, cup) stomach sake-why there-

Mrs. Jones thought she heard the footsteps of a servant, and she became desperate. Phillip, you shall go up stairs, and she seized his

arm again.
Oh no, he mumbled, shaking her hand off. After I (hiccup) dance—a little—and you take a little (hiccup) why—then, Jenny—' Oh Philip Jones if you love me, come along You

talk about dancing, and you a-' 'A what? Not a mem-ber (hiccup) of thechurch, by George. Am (hiccup) 1?--'No, not the church, Phillip—but you know that you belong to the Sons of Temperance!"

'W-h-e-w! Sons of—the—(hiccup) devil!'
Mrs. Jones let go her husband's arm. She had never heard him use such an expession, but instantly rallying, she again began to pursuade him.

Philip dear, do come go to bed.

'Damn the bed!-Jenny' . Again she was thunder struck, but recovering her self possession by dint of coaxing and scolding she stance the Governor had a competitor "worthy of at last succeeded in getting Mr. Jones up stairs and his steel." Mr. G. was a man of talent and tact, then to bed, though he refused to undress, it was a and it required all the ingenuity of Gov. L.—to Jones to the bedside almost every minute, saying— 'Jenny—you won't (hiccup) leave me—will you?'

After he became composed, Mrs. Jones scated herself by the fire and crossing her hands on her knees,

of the children. Yes, she was right, for their sakes and give elasticity and vigor to the limbs of the I'll stay; if I only knew if any body saw him. Oh, young and gay, as they "trip it on the light fantas-I am so miserable—but if they havn't seen him nobody shall ever know it. Mrs. Jenkins was right yes I will hide it from the world. If they do find it out, how old Mrs. Martin and all of them will the stump Mr. C. couldn't "hold a candle" to Black triumph—oh what shall I do? and she turned her Bob. He was literally immolated by the ready wit streaming eyes toward the bed where lay her culprit husband. He had turned quietly and was looking earnestly, but with a most quizzicul expression of countenance at his distressed wife. Mrs. Jones looked at him again; there was no dullness in his clear eye; and he still gazed upon her with mischievlous glances. At last, not able to contain himself longer, he sprang from the bed, and fell on a chair lmost convulsed with laughter. Mrs. Jones stood

some degree subsided, he said: 'Mrs. Jones are you the woman who vowed, just week ago, that you would not live with your husband another day if you thought he was drunk?
Mrs. Jones stepped forward, and laid her hand on her husband's forehead.

'And are you not drunk, Philip?' Drunk! Why no, and he laughted louder than ever. I was only testing you, and wished to show on how foolish the vow was that you made against our hasband.' 'So foolish,' said Mrs. Jones, a blush overspread-

ng her face, "that I will never make another like Ladies take warning.

TABLDAUX PROM LIFE.

By PAUL GORDON.

"Look here upon this picture, then on this," A DARK and stormy night in the depth of winter the lights gleam forth from the curtained windows of a magnificent mansion in the heart of a populous city. Youth and beauty, patrician birth and pur venu nobility, throng into the richly furnished apart-

ments. Let us enter with the crowd.
"On with the dance!" Ha![Ha! who says there is misery and desolution on the carth? 'Tis false. All is happiness. The jeweled hand; the filleted brow, the unexceptionable tournure of the highhorn beauty; the sparkling wit of the orator; the wiscom of the philosopher; the morality, suited to the time, of the divine; the wealth of the banker the exquisite nothing of the minion of fashion;all, all are here with their dazzling display, to give the canting hypocrite, who talks to us of the desolate and dying, the lie. Let us laugh and be hap-

py. "On with the dance!" Round and round in the voluptuous waltz glides one of the fairest of God's creatures, clasped by the arms and itching fingers of the roue-his hot breath (better the breath of the lazar-house) upon her cheek. Mothers are nodding aprroval; states-men are planning dark schemes among themselves in a corner; in another a suitor is pouring his danger ous tale into the ears of a giddy, thoughtless wife, whose husband is perhaps upon a similar duty in another spot. There'll be a tale to tell soon-but what of that? "On with the dance!"

The schemings of ambition; the dark plance of envy; the downcast eye of beauty, listening to a tale of love; the flashing hate of rival lovers; the pealing music; the glittering lights; the perfumed flowers; the gratified looks of the fair hostess; the heart sickening attempts at gayety of the host, who knows that sin is upon him. The fate of Niobe to him were mercy. Transfix him into marble, and spare him shame, guilt, despair, suicide! Ha! Ha! rare tableau!

Wildly sweeps the fierce blast through the silent streets, reveling in its desolation—shricking through he night with a chorus of laughing fiends, keeping their Wolpengis festival-blinding the solitary wayfarer, who yet bears up resolutely. It disputes fiercely with him, step by step, his onward way .-Stand." A figure wild and wan-half clothedbare-headed-the personification of misery and despair, stands before him. A step, his hand is on the vayfarer's throat. "Money" A moment, and the heart of the vic-tim of poverty fails him; his better angel shields him

wing; he falls on his knee.

Hark the voice is not loud but deep; the storm s strong, and higher and higher sounds the demon revel-but the voice of agony forces a passage to the traveler's heart, terribly distinct-"Mercy! food! My wife! my child-they are perishing with cold and hunger." Ha! Ha! "On with the dance!" A rare tableau.

A narrow, almost unfurnished room, in a mean nouse, in a meaner alley; a straw pallet in the . corner, and on it a woman; her eyes are closed, her features sharp and pinched with cold and hunger; her lips move convulsively, but no sound. Hark! her failing senses can yet distinguish through the pauses of the storm, the rich man's revelry. A wrotched, weak, pining infant lies asleep, his head pillowed on her heart-the living on the dying, its flesh livid with cold, the bones almost protruding from the skin; yet there is life within it, and i sleeps-the boon alike of all. The storm howls louder and louder through the open crevices; it omes full upon the scant clothed beings of want, but the child sleeps on; the lips of the mother still to the side of the dying woman; the wayfarer is also there; the eyes of the wife open feebly, and slowly welcome sight of the loved one-a faint struggle.-The man gazes vacantly into the face of the stranger who has taken her hand. He reads the bitter truth. Oh! that face of speechless agony, looking

CAUTION NOT TO DRINK IN THE DARK .- WO learn is about the size of a man's arm.

THE LEFT-H NDED FIDDLER.

BY JERRY NOBS.

Everybody out here in the west has either seen or

I well remember the celebrated Congressional canvass between Gov. I .- and Mr. G .- . In this instance the Governor had a competitor "worthy of long time before he became still, he called Mrs. manage him. It was evident, from the commencement of the contest, and the race would be an unusually close one. All depended upon the vote of one of the mountain counties of the district, whither both candidates directed their steps a few days betown will be that the next day, and the next. What in Yankee land. Eating, drinking, "speechifying," shall I do? she continued aloud. 'Must I leave and dancing are the order of the day. The dance

Well as before stated, it was at one of these "free and easy" gatherings that the two rivals met. On and brilliant reparton of his "souty" sompetitor. But he possessed an accomplishment to which Gov. In-was almost a stranger. He was a fine musician; and after the speaking was concluded Mr. G. took a violin in his hand, and gently and sweetly drawing the bow across the strings in a moment the woods were vocal with the merry laugh, and the ground trembling beneath the dancing feet of the gay and happy throng. It was plain to be seen, by in silent astonishment, and when his mirth had before the first danco was over, that cat-gut was in the ascendency, and that the friends of Gov. L. were rapidly deserting him. Scarcely half an hour had diasped, ere the hitherto unconquerable Black Rob stood alone, gazing in a melancholy mood upon the triumph of his antagonist. The ladies eyes sparkled brightly as Mr. G. busily plied the bow, while the men expressed their admiration in loud and reneated hurrahs. This was a trying moment for old Rob; but this faithful genius was not long in inventing a plan by which to extricate himself from Tom Buster-he told him that he had a confidental communication to make, which he did not wish to be mentioned to any one. Of course Tom promised to keep dark, and the Governor began !.

"Do you observe," said he, "that G, plays the fid-die with his left hand?" "Yes I do, but then he is left handed."

"Not a bit of it. I know him well, have heard him play a thousand times—and down in the valleys, and among the rich aristocrats of the towns, he always plays with his right hand-and most splendid music he makes too; but he thinks left-hunded music is good enough for your mountain boys. If you speak to him about it, of course he'll deny it, but I

tell you its true."
"Well cass him, we'll have no more of his left-

gins," roared the infuriated Tom. Walking directly in front of Mr. G. he seized him by the arm, told him, in loud and commanding tones, to stop his left handed work, and give them a small touch of the right sort. In vain Mr. G. declared that he could not play with the right handin vain he protested and implored. The indignant crowd, sympathising with Tom, and wounded in their pride by the trick of the aristocratic fiddler, gathered around poor G., and cried aloud for righthanded music. The storm waxed louder, the excitement swelled higher, until finally the discomfited of valor, beat a hasty retreat, leaving old Black Bob true friends of your rejected lovers, by the delicacy lone requiem. fought and the victory won. At the election a week later, nearly every vote in that country was cast for

Gov. L. How uncertain are all human calculations!-The very plans that promised the brightest success often, as was the case with the left handed fiddler, became the means of our destruction .- Yankee Blade.

GEN. CASS AND HIS SLANDERERS .- The St. Louis Reveille has the following admirable article in a late | honor to both parties. number: "Cass, a Statesman and Soldier, who has reflec-

ted honor upon the Republic, comes in for his share highly value. It is nothing to his disadvantage .- despuir. of party detraction; and we see him abused because In exercising their prerogative of making first ad- . Now the gentle breeze, who had been gambolhe has been thought worthy of public confidence, vances, the wisest will occasionally make great ing over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweepand been entrusted with office: because he has been mitskes, and the best will often be drawn into an ing over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the paid for his services; because he has grown FAT! affair of this sort, against their better judgment, still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, which even in suspicious Cresar's eyes would have and both are but too happy, if they escape with on- and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came been a recommendation; because he signed a law in ly the pain of being refused. So far from its being tripping along on the errands of mercy and love; Michigan to punish rogues; because he opposed any reason for not accepting a wise and good man, and when she hastened to kiss, and foully bathed British influence in Europe, and with diplomatic cunning, the more effectually to do so, flattered the reigning monarch of France. But, the worst charge made against him, is a deliberate and villainous fraud in land speculation-cheating those with to choose. whom he was connected in the purchase of government lands. This charge is now entirely overthrown by the agent of the company, who comes out, over his own signature, and declares the whole a vile falsehood-that Gen, Cass never had any of the funds in his own hands-that he, the agent, disbursed the money, and that Gen. Cass, together with every member of the company, including, among others, Daniel Webster, lost about one hal of the amount they invested. Cass was in France during the whole period of the operation. The circulator of this malicious lie was one F. O. J. Smith, one of the parties engaged with Morse and Kendall in the Telegraph business, and the man who published so many falsehoods about O'Reilly, in order to break his contract. It is a sad thing for the people of the United States that such men have the management of any portion of that great medium of intelligence, and it is no wonder that, under their management, wherever they have had control, it has been prostituted to private purposes at the expense of the public."

SINGULAR CASE AT WALTHAM, MASS .- There has been and is now considerable excitement in Waltham, occasioned by the following facts:-A young lady in that town was taken sick recently, and during her illness dreamed, three nights in succession, that she should go into a trace, and that her friends, thinking her dead, would undertake to bury her body, but that, as it was being placed in the tomb, symptoms of returning life would induce them to desist, and that she would finalthe dying—the half-crazed—the good Samaritan.—
"On with the dance!" Ha! Ha! Oh! most rare none of the appearance would finally be restored. Last Monday morning, about 4 o'clock, she ceased to breath—since which time tableau? none of the appearance usualy seen upon the dead have occured. The limbs are not rigid, but as pliable as in life; no sign of mortfication has appearthat there is a young lady residing in Coeymans ed, and the flesh has not that cold and hard feeling No Jenny, (hiecup) you must play me a reg'lar (County of Albany) who eighteen months ago drank that follows death. The attending physician has kind of a—reel-a-gig (hiccup) on the plano, and with water in the dark, a small snake, since which pronounced her dead; but the family resolved upon tempts made to restore life. - Chelesa Pione

THE YOUNG LADY'S PRIEND. BY MRS. PARRAR.

There is no objection to your having a great deal heard of Gov. L.—"Black Bob." as he is familiarly of friendly talk, and many social visits from gentle-called by his constituonts. He is the most famous men of approved character and known moral worth; electioneerer! in all Kentucky. His popularity is but do not fall into the prevalent fashion of talkunbounded, and I believe has never sustained a del ing about Platonic love, and having one gentleman feat before the people. He is a noble, generous feldevoted to you in public and in private, as your chosisteen. Her eyes and hair was dark as night; her low, possessing fine talents and an inexhaustible fund sen friend and confident. That is a folly pregnant cheek revealed the rose-bud, and her lips were full and many of humor. It would "do you good" to hear one of with mischief, where it is entered upon in good and red. Indeed, she was very beautiful, and many his popular havangues. The blues fly hefore the faith, and it is rendered doubly odious by the use a proud and high-born envied the village "dress-malight of his wit; as the mist before the rays of the some ladies make of it, merely to secure to themseller."

The young gentlemen were bold in their expressions. Much nonesense is

As soon as the young ladies go into general society, and received their attentions—but none reachty, they are liable to receive attention that indicate a clark the regard, and, long before they are really At last (I know not how it came about,) she loved

The offer of a man's heart and hand is the greatest compliment height pay you; and however undesirable to you those gifts may be, they should be conteolisly and kindly declined; and since a refusal is to most men not only a disappointment but a morshe thus soliloquized:

The greatest terror of my life has come upon me, my husband is—again the word drunk refused to be pronounced—I do wonder how he became so, and if any body saw him—oh what a degradation. All the anybody saw him—oh what a degradation. All the any gathering you ever witnessed their altachment; those who indicate the bias of him, and with a sweet; happy voice, she said—in their altachment; those who indicate the bias of him any intelligible ways before they will excuse me if I do not put aside my their feelings in many intelligible ways before they make a direct offer, can generally be spared the pain work, will you not? for the dress must be finished him? At that moment her eyes rested on the faces is carried on out doors, under the shade of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the shade of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal. If you do not mean to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the thick of a relusal to accept a gender of the t you should not allow him to escort you; you should ling. I do not love to have you dim your bright eyes show your displeasure when joked about him; and, with work. Come live with me, and let me take if sounded by a mutual friend, let your want of re- care of you."

ciprocal feelings be very apparent.
You may, however, be taken entirely by surprise, because there are men who are so secret in these matters that they do not let even the object of their affections suspect their preference, until they suddenly declare themselves lovers and suitors. In such you, sweet one," and he threw his arm about her a case as that, you will need all your presence of mind, or the lesitation produced by surprise may give rise to false hopes. If you have any doubt upon the matter, you may fairly ask time to consider of it, oh the grounds of your never having thought of the gentleman in the light of a lover before; but the second against the suit, endeavor to How those few world to that young girl. Before mind, or the hesitation produced by surprise may make your answer, so decided as to finish the affair at once. Inexperienced girls sometimes feel so much

case, none of the embarrassment of a personal in- ed her future. interview, you can make such a careful selection of for old Rob; but this faithful genius was not long in inventing a plan by which to extricate himself from an unpleasant dilemma. Calling Tom Buster—Tom was a leader in that region, and decidedly some was for the mention of his merit, and your gratifude for his preference, of his merit, and your gratifude for his preference, and put your refusal of his hand the was accused by a knock at the door. She opened it, and a servant enquired if Mrs.——so the control of his merit, and your gratifude for his preference, in strong terms; and put your refusal of his hand who was a startled at the on the score of your not feeling for him that pecu- sound of her own voice. I have not been well that preference nedespary to the union he seeks.— this evening. Can you come again in half an This makes a refusal as little painful as possible, hour?" and nothes the feelings you are obliged to wound .-The gentleman's letter should be returned in your alone. There were no tears in her eyes, and she reply, and your lips should be closed spon the sub- took up the dress, and mechanically commenced Your young female friends should never be allow

account, than by using it to buille their curiosity.—

touched her heart, and tears, wholesome tears, burst

Some girls are tempted to tell of an offer and refufrom her eyes. handed music he shall give us some of his best tentions on the part of the gentleman, which have gins," reared the inferrited the inferrited the content of the sent tentions on the part of the gentleman, which have tentions on the part of the gentleman, which have before been so constant and marked, as to be observed by their friends. But this is no sufficient reason for telling another person's secret. You cannot slways prevent a suspecion of the truth, but you if nothing particular had passed between you. If this manner of yours is so far mistaken as to lead to a renewal of the offer, let him see, as soon as pos- I cannot, indeed, I cannot see him." ible, that he has nothing to hope from importunity, sole possessor of the field. Thus was the battle and honor with which you treat them. If, when your own conduct has been unexceptionable, your gues some fault of character in him, and can only

> proud to have loved you." Such a sentiment does refused, even if it be by a lady whom you do not broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and crease your thankfulness to the overrulling Provi- rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruby

> THE TRUE LIFE. The mere lapse of years is not on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singdarkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reaof habit, and turn the wheel of weather, to make the fragrance from the humble flower it refreshes, unpliment of trade—this is not life. In all this, but considually reaps a reward in the performance of its a poor frection of the consciousness of humanity is offices of kindness and love, which steals through awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which the heart like a rich perfume to bless and cheer make it most worth while to be, Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality o the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that of, a certain lady, who was in the habit of buying freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which she brought home an old cast off door plate, with a startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust-are the true nourishment of our natural being.

TREASON IN HIGH PLACES,-How can the whigs expect to succeed with Gen. Taylor when such men as the following who have always been the leaders

Whiggery, refuse to endorse him: HENRY CLAY, JOHN McLEAN, NJ. M. BOTTS, J. R. GIDDINGS, HORACE EVERETT, as that on this door plate? Only think what a sav-JOSH. LEVERETT, HORACE GREELEY, JON ATHAN ROBERTS, JOHN M. ROOT, D. R. FIRE-PROOF CLAY FOR CRUCIBLES.—Gaffart says in No. 564 of the Institute, that a fire proof clay can

members of Congress. In addition to the names above given, nine delegates to the Philadelphia Convention are doing all they can to defeat him and hun-by treating the clay with crude muriatic acid. It dreds of Whig papers refuse to raise Gen. Taylor's is worked with the clay into a thin paste, and after

SEWING GIRLS.

"Sewing Giris get good husbands So they do, Miss Kate, but they often die of bro-ken hearts, or comsumption, as it is called. Let me tell you a story of a pretty little dress-maker that I knew years ago, and who lived in the village

where I was born.

She was, when I first saw her, a delicate girl of sixteen. Her eyes and hair was dark as night; her

without difficulty; and at times he has been so pushed as to save himself only by the "skin of his
teeth."

They were the sale of a save by the sake of his
teeth."

They were the sale of a save by the sake of his
the real meaning of the word, and who designate
by that term the restless craving of their hearts for
their attentions to her, when none of the aristocrasympathy, but who are: the farthest removed from cy were near. They were the sons and brothers of the calm and pure sentiment described by Plato. her employers, so she quietly listened to their flat-

old enough to form any auch tier, they often receive —loved one, too, who was all unworthy. She had matrimonial avertures; it is, therefore, highly necessary to know how to treat them. —loved one, too, who was all unworthy. She had
matrimonial avertures; it is, therefore, highly nelieard of it in real life; and whey James H——call-

His voice grew husky, and he hesitated a moment, as if ashamed at his own baseness, then he

slender waist.

The poor girl shrunk away as if from the touch of a deadly scrpent. Her cheek blanched, her eyes were wild, and for a few moments she was speechpearance of the world to that young girl. Before he came in, she was cheerful and happy; the world

at once. Inexperienced girls sometimes icel so much the pain they are inflicting, they use phrases which feed a lover's hopes but this is mistaken tender-ness; your answer should be as decided as it is courtedus.

Whom an offer is made in writing, you should reply to it as soon as possible; and having, in this harful, and the darkness and gloom of night shroud-ness, who of the embergasement of a personal in the future. She sat motionless in the chair where he had left

"No? said Mary, and she was startled at the

The servant turned away, and Mary was again

"I told Mrs L-how pale and sick you looked, and she says you must not finish the dress tonight—she does not wish to wear it to-morrow. ed to tease or banter you into the betrayal of this There is a basket of fruit she sent you." secret. You cannot turn your ingenuity to better | Mary sank down in her chair: the kindness had

Days and weeks passed on. Those who employed Mary noticed that her step grew languid, and that the song with which she used to beguile her hours of toil, was hushed, but no one knew the

Her health gradually failed. One afternoon, while should never confirm it by any disclosure of yours. her head was resting on the bosom of the kind-heart-If you are so situated as to meet the gentleman ed Mrs. L, word came that James H begged whose hand you have refused, you should do it with earnestly to see her. The name had power, even frank cordiality, and put him at ease by behaving as then, to rouse her from her lethargy, and a slight flush came into her cheek, as she softly whispered:

"Tell him I am dying-that I forgive him, but Mary died that night. In the quiet church-vard ment swelled higher, until finally the discomfited and that if he would preserve you frienship, he must of C——she lies buried, and the sighing of the fiddler, concluding that prudence was the better part seek for nothing more. Always endeaver to make wind, through the lone willow hear her grave, is her

> A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.- Night kissed the refusal to marry a man produces resentment, it ar- young rose, and it went softly to sleep. And stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing boe lamented in silence. The feeling of many a high- som, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning minded man, on such an occasion, is akin to that came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered which I once knew expressed by a noble and delicate to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. soul, who had loved a friend of mine in vain. So Lightly it danced to and fro, in all the loveliness of far from feeling mortified or angry, he said: "I am health and youthful innocence,

Then came the ardent sun god sweeping from the East; and he smote the young rose with his golden Never think the less of a man because he has been | shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-

when he offers himself to you, it should only in- its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, the young lence of God which reserved him for you, and to the arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze: lady, through whose instrumentallity he is still free but she hurried away when her generous task was performed-yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured

ing through the trees.

Looking Ahead .- Of all the look-ahead people, says the Raleigh Register, that we have ever heard articles she did not want, merely because she could get them cheap, bears off the palm. On one occasion name engraved upon it. "Do, tell me my love," inquired her husband, on being envited to applaud her purchase, "if it be your intention to become a dealer in old brass? Of what possible use can this be?" "Bless me?" replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to 'look ahead' and buy things against the time of need. Now, who knows my darling but you may die, and I marry a min with the same name

TILDEN, JOSEFFE L. WILLIAM SON, IN No. 964 of the institute, that a pre proof day can be artificially produced where nature does not furnish it. The want of durability in the fire is caus-Of the above, eleven have been prominent Whig ed by the presence of metallic oxides which vitrify the clay in the fire. These oxides, such as lime, magnesia, oxide of iron and potash, can be removed name.

The trith is, Gen. Taylor will not receive but giving to the acid sufficient time to produce the necessary reaction, it is brought to a boiling heat two states south of Mason and Dixon's line and not after the application of heat the liquid is pertwo States south of Mason and Dixon's line and not and anier the application of near the repeatedly to exceed four north of that line.—Detroit Free mitted to run off. The clay is then repeatedly washed with water and dried. Gaffart has made MEXICUN Writes.—La Partria, a Spanish paper crucibles of a clay thus prepared in which he melpublished in New Orleans, advocates Taylor and fillmore to the Presidency.

Scientific American.