

# THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

FORWARD.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848.

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## THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

BRIDPA!  
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 novelty 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 humbug, and this 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 deception 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 parading the country for some time, as a lecturer on any and every thing, particularly whiggery 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 eloquence, he made up for it in the earnest and forcible manner in which he threw his shafts right and left—first 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 occupied 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 statute, 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's propensity, and the last word, they are raising all this tempest in a tea-pot, and making themselves the laughing stock of the country. Well, every one to his notion, but it appears to us, as Greeley said of Taylor-whiggery, it won't begin to pay expenses.

## MRS. JONES' VOW.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

By a Lady.  
From the Louisville Courier.  
Mrs. Philip Jones was one of the prettiest women in the little town where she lived; beauty was not however, the only attraction she possessed, she was sensible, and prudent, amiable and industrious, and Mrs. Jones loved her husband, she loved him for 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 not be?

It was a merry Christmas evening that a party of villagers, mostly ladies, were assembled around the table in a parlor, the room of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. They were not as might be expected talking scandal; but were discussing the subject of temperance.

"Mrs. Gray," said Mrs. Jones, addressing the youngest of the group, "what would you do if your husband were to get absolutely drunk?"

"O dear," replied Mrs. Gray, rolling up her bright eyes in astonishment—"do not speak of such a thing—I should faint!"

"Point indeed!" said 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, "I would look 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 fatuous 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 deception?"

"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 minute."

"Why, Jane!" said her husband, "I am astonished."

"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 face, "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 chamber, up stairs, and she is waiting below for the good sense of an entire people, by offering them a bad man for their suffrage, and intimates that Gen. Cass is such a man. Whether the Editor of the *Blade* consents 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 say, tell him of the *Blade* that the Democracy of the nation, save and except a few, a very few more-heads, who are ready to fall into the embrace of whiggery, are entirely satisfied, and will elect him President on the 7th of November by an overwhelming majority. That the *Blade* does not like this plain fact we do not wonder at; that it does not like another equally plain fact, that its own party is not a candidate, Gen. Taylor having declared *ipse* accepting 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.

## Select Poetry and Miscellany.

### STANZAS.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.  
Stars that gem the bow of Heaven  
Shine most in endless night,  
And to new-born orbs be given  
The circuit of their pathway bright;  
Gentle flowers of radiant eye  
Shine most in the short-lived bloom,  
Nor wait to yonder smiling sky,  
From their small centers, sweet perfume;  
Soon from the pencil's magic trace  
Shine the wretchedness of life and power;  
Mables, insatiate with life and grace,  
Crumble to dust in faded hour;  
Music of arts the most divine,  
Lose in the blaze of coming day,  
Must meet and fade within the shrine  
Of future full-orbed Harmony;  
Science, of proudest form and name,  
Lost in the blaze of coming day,  
Must meet and fade within the shrine  
Of future full-orbed Harmony;  
Like short-lived insects, pass away!

## THE LEFT-HANDED STUDENT.

BY JERRY NORTON.  
Everybody out here in the west has either seen or heard of Gov. L.—"Black Bob," as he is familiarly called by his constituents. He is the most famous "left-hander" in all Kentucky. His popularity is unbounded, and I believe has never sustained a defeat before the people. He is a noble, generous fellow, possessing fine talents and an inexhaustible fund of humor. It would do you good to hear one of his popular harangues. The blues fly before the light of his wit; as the mist before the rays of the sun. His career has not, however, been always without difficulty, and at times he has been so pushed as to save himself only by the "skin of his teeth."

I well remember the celebrated Congressional canvass between Gov. L.—and Mr. G.— In this instance the Governor had a competitor "worthy of his steel." Mr. G. was a man of talent, and tact, and it required all the ingenuity of Gov. L.—to 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, whether both candidates directed their steps a few days before election. They met at a great barbecue, where many every citizen sat and gaily and sweetly regaled. I suppose Mr. Blacky you have heard present at a western barbecue. Well, I shall not now attempt to describe one. Suffice it to say that it is unlike any gathering ever witnessed in Yankee land! "Eating, drinking, 'speechifying," and dancing are the order of the day. The dance is carried on out doors, under the shade of the thick growing forest—not, in heated close rooms, but in the open air, where the cool breeze blows and gives elasticity and vigor to the limbs of the young and gay, as they "trip it on the light fantastic."

Well, as before stated, it was at one of these "free and easy" gatherings that the two rivals met. On the stump Mr. G. couldn't "hold a candle" to Black Bob. He was literally immolated by the ready wit and brilliant repartee of his "goat" competitor. But he possessed an accomplishment to which Gov. L.—was almost a stranger. He was a fine musician, and upon the speaking was concluded Mr. G. took a violin in his hands, and gaily 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, before the first dance was over, that cat-gut-wax in the ascendancy, and that the friends of Gov. L.—were rapidly deserting him. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, ere the strains of a marvellous Blue-Boys' quadrille, playing in a melodious 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 repeated hurrahs. This was a trying moment for old Bob; but this faithful genius was not long in inventing a plan by which to extricate himself from the unpleasant dilemma. Calling Tom Buxton, "Tom was a leader in that region, and decidedly some was Tom Buxton," he told him that he had a confidential 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:

"I have a favor to ask of you, that is, that you play the 'Blue-Boys' with me, and then I'll be home."

"Not a bit of it. I know my way, and 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-handed music is enough for your mountain boys. If you speak to him about it, of course he'll deny it, but I'll try to hit him."

"Well, I'll have no more of his left-handed music—he shall give us some of his best tricks, or I'll be—if he shall stay in these dignities," 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 right hand work, and give them a small touch of the left hand. In vain Mr. G. declared that he could not play with the right hand—an attempt he had never made. The crowd gathered around poor G., and cried aloud for right-handed music. The storm waxed louder, the excitement swelled higher, until finally the discomfited fiddler, concluding that prudence was the better part of valor, beat a hasty retreat, leaving old Black Bob sole possessor of the field. Thus was the battle 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.*

## THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

BY MRS. FARBER.  
There is no objection to your having a great deal of friendly talk, and many social visits from gentlemen of approved character and known moral worth; but do not fall into the prevalent fashion of talking about Platonic love, and having one gentleman devoted to you in public and in private, as your chosen friend and confidant. This is folly pregnant with mischief, which is entered upon in good faith, and it is rendered doubly odious by the use some ladies make of it, merely to secure to themselves a beau upon all occasions. Much nonsense is talked about Platonic love, by girls who know not the real meaning of the word, and who designate by that term the restless craving of their hearts for sympathy, but who are the farthest removed from the calm and pure sentiment described by Plato.

As soon as the young ladies get into such a state, they are liable to receive attention that indicate a particular regard, and long before they are really old enough to form any such ties, they often receive matrimonial overtures; it is, therefore, highly necessary to know how to treat them.

The offer of a man's heart and hand is the greatest compliment he can pay you; and however undesirable to you those gifts may be, they should be courteously and kindly declined; and since a refusal is to most men not a disappointment but a mortification, it should always be prevented, if possible. Men have various ways of cherishing and declaring their attachment; those who indicate the bias of their feelings in many intelligible ways before they make a direct offer, can generally be spared the pain of a refusal. If you do not mean to accept a gentleman who is paying you very marked attentions, you should avoid receiving them whenever you can; you should not allow him to escort you; you should show your displeasure when joked about him; and, if sounded by a mutual friend, let your want of reciprocal 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 affection suspect their preference, until they suddenly declare themselves lovers and suitors. In such a case as this, you will need all your presence of mind, or the hesitation 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, on the grounds of your never having thought of the gentleman in the light of a lover before; but if you are resolved against the suit, endeavor to make your answer as far as possible, and as direct as you can. Inexperienced girls sometimes feel so much about the pain they are inflicting, they use phrases which feed a lover's hopes; but this is mistaken tenderness; your answer should be as decided as it is courteous.

When an offer is made in writing, you should reply to it as soon as possible, and having a personal interview, you can make such a careful selection of words, as will best convey your meaning. If the person is estimable, you should express your sense of his merit, and your gratitude for his preference, in strong terms; and put your refusal of his hand on the score of your not feeling for him that peculiar preference which is to be desired.

This makes a refusal as little painful as possible, and soothes the feelings you are obliged to wound. The gentleman's letter should be returned in your reply, and your lips should be closed upon the subject forever afterwards. It is his secret, and you have no right to tell it to any one; but if your parents are your confidential friends on all other occasions, they will be glad to hear of your refusal.

Your young female friends should never be allowed to tease or banter you into the betrayal of this secret. You cannot turn your ingenuity to better account, than by using it to baffle their curiosity. Some girls are tempted to tell of an offer and refusal, in order to account for a cessation of those attentions on the part of the gentleman, which have before been so constant and marked, as to be observed by their friends. By this is no sufficient reason for telling another person's secret. You cannot always prevent a suspicion of the truth, but you should never confirm it by any disclosure of yours.

If you are so situated as to meet the gentleman whose hand you have refused, you should do it with frank cordiality, and put him at ease by behaving as 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 possible, that he has nothing to hope from you, and that if he would preserve your friendship, he must seek for nothing more. Always endeavor to make true friends of your rejected lovers, by the delicacy and honor with which you treat them. If, when your own conduct has been unexceptionable, your refusal to marry a man produces resentment, it argues some fault of character in him, and can only be lamented in silence. The feeling of many a high-minded man, on such an occasion, is akin to that which I once knew expressed by a noble and delicate soul, who had loved a friend of mine in vain. So far from feeling mortified or angry, he said: "I am proud to have loved you." Such a sentiment does honor to both parties.

Never think the less of a man because he has been refused, even if it be by a lady whom you do not highly value. It is nothing to his disadvantage, in exercising the prerogative of making first advances, the wisest will occasionally make great mistakes, and the best will often be drawn into an affair of this sort, against their better judgment, and both are but too happy, if they escape with only the pain of being refused. So far from its being any reason for not accepting a wise and good man, when he offers himself to you, it should only increase your thankfulness to the overruling Providence of God who has preserved him for you. You cannot lady, through whose instrumentality he is still free to choose.

## SEWING GIRLS.

"Sewing girls get good husbands—sometimes!"—Liza.  
So they do, Miss Kate, but they often die of broken hearts, or consumption, 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 were dark as night; her cheek revealed the rose-bud, and her lips were full and red. Indeed, she was very beautiful, and many a proud and high-born envied the village "dress-maker."

The young gentlemen were bold in their expressions of admiration—stared at her when she modestly entered the country church, and were officious in their attentions to her, when none of the aristocracy were near. They were the sons and brothers of her employers, so quietly listened to their prattle, and received their attentions—but none reached her heart.

At last (I know not how it came about,) she loved—loved one, too, who was all unworthy. She had never read of man's treachery in novels; never heard of it in real life; and when James H.—called her his "sweet love," and told her how dear she was to his heart, she believed him, and loved him with all the depth and fondness of a pure young heart.

One Saturday evening, as Mary sat humming a tune, and cheerfully finishing a dress for a lady, her lover entered the room. She smilingly welcomed him, and with a sweet happy voice, she said—

"You will excuse me if I do not put aside my work; will you not for the dress must be finished in an hour?"

"Yes," said he, and he drew his chair close to her side, "but dear Mary, do not take any more sewing. I do not love to have you do your bright eyes with work. Come live with me, and let me take care of you."

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

"You know I cannot marry you. My father would disown me if I did; but I cannot live without you, sweet one, and he threw his arm about her slender waist.

The poor girl shrank away as if from the touch of a deadly serpent. Her cheek blanched, her eyes were wild, and for a few moments she was speechless. Then, with words of scorn, (may they ring in his dying ears,) she bade him leave her forever.

How those few words of his had changed the appearance of the world to that young girl! Before he came in, she was cheerful and happy; the world about her was bright and beautiful—the future full of hope and joy. Only a few moments had passed away—she sat in the same room—the unfinished work was still in her lap—but her heart was now broken and desolate. The world had suddenly grown dark and dreary, and the darkness and gloom of night shrouded her future.

She sat motionless in the chair where he had left her, until she was aroused by a knock at the door. She opened it, and a servant enquired if Mrs.—'s dress was done.

"Not said Mary, and she started at the sound of her own voice. I have not been well this evening. Can you come again in half an hour?"

The servant turned away, and Mary was again alone. There were no tears in her eyes, and she took up the dress, and mechanically commenced sewing; but in a few moments the same servant returned, and said—

"I told Mrs. L.—how pale and sick you looked, and she says you must not finish the dress to-night—she does not wish to wear it to-morrow. There is a basket of fruit she sent you."

Mary sank down in her chair; the kindness had touched her heart, and tears, whose source burst from her eyes.

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 cause.

Her health gradually failed. One afternoon, while her head was resting on the bottom of the kind-hearted Mrs. L.—, word came that James H.—had begged earnestly to see her. The name had power, even 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 I cannot, indeed, I cannot see him."

Mary—she lies buried, and the sighing of the wind, through the lone willow near her grave, is her lone requiem.

## MRS. JONES' VOW.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

By a Lady.  
From the Louisville Courier.  
Mrs. Philip Jones was one of the prettiest women in the little town where she lived; beauty was not however, the only attraction she possessed, she was sensible, and prudent, amiable and industrious, and Mrs. Jones loved her husband, she loved him for 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 not be?

It was a merry Christmas evening that a party of villagers, mostly ladies, were assembled around the table in a parlor, the room of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. They were not as might be expected talking scandal; but were discussing the subject of temperance.

"Mrs. Gray," said Mrs. Jones, addressing the youngest of the group, "what would you do if your husband were to get absolutely drunk?"

"O dear," replied Mrs. Gray, rolling up her bright eyes in astonishment—"do not speak of such a thing—I should faint!"

"Point indeed!" said 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, "I would look him up, and feed him on cold water and stale bread, until he came to his senses."

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"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 deception?"

"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 minute."

"Why, Jane!" said her husband, "I am astonished."

"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 face, "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.

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## TABLEAU FROM 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 patrician nobility, throng into the richly furnished apartments. Let us enter with the crowd.

"On with the dance!" Hail! she says there is misery and desolation on the earth! 'Tis false. All is happiness. The jeweled hand; the filleted brow; the unexceptionable tournure of the high-born beauty; the sparkling wit of the orator; the wisdom of the philosopher; the morality, suited to the time, of the living orator; the banker; the exquisite notion 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 lie. Let us laugh and be happy. "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 rouse—his hot breath (better the breath of the buzz-house) upon her cheek. Mothers are nodding approval; statesmen are planning dark schemes among themselves in a corner; in another a suitor is pouring his dangerous 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 scheming of ambition; the dark glance of envy; the faintest 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 gaiety 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! Hail! Hail! A rare tableau!

Willily sweeps the fierce blast through the silent streets, revealing its blackness—striking through the night with a chorus of blinding food and hunger; their *Wolfgang* isles—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 clothed—bare-headed—the personification of misery and despair, stands before him. A step, his hand is on the wayfarer's breast.

"Money!" A moment, and the heart of the victim of poverty fails him; his better angel shields him with her wing; he falls on his knees—

Hark! the voice is not loud but deep; the storm is 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." Hail! Hail! "On with the dance!" A rare tableau.

A narrow, almost unfurnished room, in a mean house, in a mean alley; a straw pallet in the corner, and in it a woman; her eyes are closed, her lips move convulsively, but no sound. Hark! her fainting senses can yet distinguish through the paces of the storm, the rich man's revelry. A wretched, 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 it sleeps—the boon alike of all. The storm howls louder and louder through the open crevices; it comes full upon the scant clothing of the mother; still twitches in her dying agony. "On with the dance!" There is no misery!—The door opens, a man springs to the side of the dying woman; the wayfarer is also there; the eyes of the wife open feebly, and slowly close again as if unwilling to shut out forever the 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 for a gleam of hope. None! None! The dead—the dying—the half-crazed—the good Samaritan—"On with the dance!" Hail! Hail! Oh! most rare tableau!

## THE LEFT-HANDED STUDENT.

BY JERRY NORTON.

Everybody out here in the west has either seen or heard of Gov. L.—"Black Bob," as he is familiarly called by his constituents. He is the most famous "left-hander" in all Kentucky. His popularity is unbounded, and I believe has never sustained a defeat before the people. He is a noble, generous fellow, possessing fine talents and an inexhaustible fund of humor. It would do you good to hear one of his popular harangues. The blues fly before the light of his wit; as the mist before the rays of the sun. His career has not, however, been always without difficulty, and at times he has been so pushed as to save himself only by the "skin of his teeth."

I well remember the celebrated Congressional canvass between Gov. L.—and Mr. G.— In this instance the Governor had a competitor "worthy of his steel." Mr. G. was a man of talent, and tact, and it required all the ingenuity of Gov. L.—to 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, whether both candidates directed their steps a few days before election. They met at a great barbecue, where many every citizen sat and gaily and sweetly regaled. I suppose Mr. Blacky you have heard present at a western barbecue. Well, I shall not now attempt to describe one. Suffice it to say that it is unlike any gathering ever witnessed in Yankee land! "Eating, drinking, 'speechifying," and dancing are the order of the day. The dance is carried on out doors, under the shade of the thick growing forest—not, in heated close rooms, but in the open air, where the cool breeze blows and gives elasticity and vigor to the limbs of the young and gay, as they "trip it on the light fantastic."

Well, as before stated, it was at one of these "free and easy" gatherings that the two rivals met. On the stump Mr. G. couldn't "hold a candle" to Black Bob. He was literally immolated by the ready wit and brilliant repartee of his "goat" competitor. But he possessed an accomplishment to which Gov. L.—was almost a stranger. He was a fine musician, and upon the speaking was concluded Mr. G. took a violin in his hands, and gaily 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, before the first dance was over, that cat-gut-wax in the ascendancy, and that the friends of Gov. L.—were rapidly deserting him. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, ere the strains of a marvellous Blue-Boys' quadrille, playing in a melodious 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 repeated hurrahs. This was a trying moment for old Bob; but this faithful genius was not long in inventing a plan by which to extricate himself from the unpleasant dilemma. Calling Tom Buxton, "Tom was a leader in that region, and decidedly some was Tom Buxton," he told him that he had a confidential 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:

"I have a favor to ask of you, that is, that you play the 'Blue-Boys' with me, and then I'll be home."

"Not a bit of it. I know my way, and 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-handed music is enough for your mountain boys. If you speak to him about it, of course he'll deny it, but I'll try to hit him."

"Well, I'll have no more of his left-handed music—he shall give us some of his best tricks, or I'll be—if he shall stay in these dignities," 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 right hand work, and give them a small touch of the left hand. In vain Mr. G. declared that he could not play with the right hand—an attempt he had never made. The crowd gathered around poor G., and cried aloud for right-handed music. The storm waxed louder, the excitement swelled higher, until finally the discomfited fiddler, concluding that prudence was the better part of valor, beat a hasty retreat, leaving old Black Bob sole possessor of the field. Thus was the battle 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.*

## THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

BY MRS. FARBER.

There is no objection to your having a great deal of friendly talk, and many social visits from gentlemen of approved character and known moral worth; but do not fall into the prevalent fashion of talking about Platonic love, and having one gentleman devoted to you in public and in private, as your chosen friend and confidant. This is folly pregnant with mischief, which is entered upon in good faith, and it is rendered doubly odious by the use some ladies make of it, merely to secure to themselves a beau upon all occasions. Much nonsense is talked about Platonic love, by girls who know not the real meaning of the word, and who designate by that term the restless craving of their hearts for sympathy, but who are the farthest removed from the calm and pure sentiment described by Plato.

As soon as the young ladies get into such a state, they are liable to receive attention that indicate a particular regard, and long before they are really old enough to form any such ties, they often receive matrimonial overtures; it is, therefore, highly necessary to know how to treat them.

The offer of a man's heart and hand is the greatest compliment he can pay you; and however undesirable to you those gifts may be, they should be courteously and kindly declined; and since a refusal is to most men not a disappointment but a mortification, it should always be prevented, if possible. Men have various ways of cherishing and declaring their attachment; those who indicate the bias of their feelings in many intelligible ways before they make a direct offer, can generally be spared the pain of a refusal. If you do not mean to accept a gentleman who is paying you very marked attentions, you should avoid receiving them whenever you can; you should not allow him to escort you; you should show your displeasure when joked about him; and, if sounded by a mutual friend, let your want of reciprocal 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 affection suspect their preference, until they suddenly declare themselves lovers and suitors. In such a case as this, you will need all your presence of mind, or the hesitation 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, on the grounds of your never having thought of the gentleman in the light of a lover before; but if you are resolved against the suit, endeavor to make your answer as far as possible, and as direct as you can. Inexperienced girls sometimes feel so much about the pain they are inflicting, they use phrases which feed a lover's hopes; but this is mistaken tenderness; your answer should be as decided as it is courteous.

When an offer is made in writing, you should reply to it as soon as possible, and having a personal interview, you can make such a careful selection of words, as will best convey your meaning. If the person is estimable, you should express your sense of his merit, and your gratitude for his preference, in strong terms; and put your refusal of his hand on the score of your not feeling for him that peculiar preference which is to be desired.

This makes a refusal as little painful as possible, and soothes the feelings you are obliged to wound. The gentleman's letter should be returned in your reply, and your lips should be closed upon the subject forever afterwards. It is his secret, and you have no right to tell it to any one; but if your parents are your confidential friends on all other occasions, they will be glad to hear of your refusal.

Your young female friends should never be allowed to tease or banter you into the betrayal of this secret. You cannot turn your ingenuity to better account, than by using it to baffle their curiosity. Some girls are tempted to tell of an offer and refusal, in order to account for a cessation of those attentions on the part of the gentleman, which have before been so constant and marked, as to be observed by their friends. By this is no sufficient reason for telling another person's secret. You cannot always prevent a suspicion of the truth, but you should never confirm it by any disclosure of yours.

If you are so situated as to meet the gentleman whose hand you have refused, you should do it with frank cordiality, and put him at ease by behaving as 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 possible, that he has nothing to hope from you, and that if he would preserve your friendship, he must seek for nothing more. Always endeavor to make true friends of your rejected lovers, by the delicacy and honor with which you treat them. If, when your own conduct has been unexceptionable, your refusal to marry a man produces resentment, it argues some fault of character in him, and can only be lamented in silence. The feeling of many a high-minded man, on such an occasion, is akin to that which I once knew expressed by a noble and delicate soul, who had loved a friend of mine in vain. So far from feeling mortified or angry, he said: "I am proud to have loved you." Such a sentiment does honor to both parties.

Never think the less of a man because he has been refused, even if it be by a lady whom you do not highly value. It is nothing to his disadvantage, in exercising the prerogative of making first advances, the wisest will occasionally make great mistakes, and the best will often be drawn into an affair of this sort, against their better judgment, and both are but too happy, if they escape with only the pain of being refused. So far from its being any reason for not accepting a wise and good man, when he offers himself to you, it should only increase your thankfulness to the overruling Providence of God who has preserved him for you. You cannot lady, through whose instrumentality he is still free to choose.

## SEWING GIRLS.

"Sewing girls get good husbands—sometimes!"—Liza.

So they do, Miss Kate, but they often die of broken hearts, or consumption, 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 were dark as night; her cheek revealed the rose-bud, and her lips were full and red. Indeed, she was very beautiful, and many a proud and high-born envied the village "dress-maker."

The young gentlemen were bold in their expressions of admiration—stared at her when she modestly entered the country church, and were officious in their attentions to her, when none of the aristocracy were near. They were the sons and brothers of her employers, so quietly listened to their prattle, and received their attentions—but none reached her heart.

At last (I know not how it came about,) she loved—loved one, too, who was all unworthy. She had never read of man's treachery in novels; never heard of it in real life; and when James H.—called her his "sweet love," and told her how dear she was to his heart, she believed him, and loved him with all the depth and fondness of a pure young heart.

One Saturday evening, as Mary sat humming a tune, and cheerfully finishing a dress for a lady, her lover entered the room. She smilingly welcomed him, and with a sweet happy voice, she said—

"You will excuse me if I do not put aside my work; will you not for the dress must be finished in an hour?"

"Yes," said he, and he drew his chair close to her side, "but dear Mary, do not take any more sewing. I do not love to have you do your bright eyes with work. Come live with me, and let me take care of you."

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

"You know I cannot marry you. My father would disown me if I did; but I cannot live without you, sweet one, and he threw his arm about her slender waist.

The poor girl shrank away as if from the touch of a deadly serpent. Her cheek blanched, her eyes were wild, and for a few moments she was speechless. Then, with words of scorn, (may they ring in his dying ears,) she bade him leave her forever.

How those few words of his had changed the appearance of the world to that young girl! Before he came in, she was cheerful and happy; the world about her was bright and beautiful—the future full of hope and joy. Only a few moments had passed away—she sat in the same room—the unfinished work was still in her lap—but her heart was now broken and desolate. The world had suddenly grown dark and dreary, and the darkness and gloom of night shrouded her future.

She sat motionless in the chair where he had left her, until she was aroused by a knock at the door. She opened it, and a servant enquired if Mrs.—'s dress was done.

"Not said Mary, and she started at the sound of her own voice. I have not been well this evening. Can you come again in half an hour?"

The servant turned away, and Mary was again alone. There were no tears in her eyes, and she took up the dress, and mechanically commenced sewing; but in a few moments the same servant returned, and said—

"I told Mrs. L.—how pale and sick you looked, and she says you must not finish the dress to-night—she does not wish to wear it to-morrow. There is a basket of fruit she sent you."

Mary sank down in her chair; the kindness had touched her heart, and tears, whose source burst from her eyes.

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 cause.

Her health gradually failed. One afternoon, while her head was resting on the bottom of the kind-hearted Mrs. L.—, word came that James H.—had begged earnestly to see her. The name had power, even 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 I cannot, indeed, I cannot see him."

Mary—she lies buried, and the sighing of the wind, through the lone willow near her grave, is her lone requiem.

## HONORABLE SENTIMENTS.

The Editor of the *Saturday Morning Observer*, although a radical Van Buren man, has not yet sunk as low as some of his kindred. In speaking of a letter from Gen. Cass to R. S. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, which the latter has made public, although marked private and confidential, he says: "The Detroit Advertiser says the community owe Mr. Wilson a debt of gratitude for making this letter public. We cannot regard it. We do not appreciate that morality which commends the violation of the confidence of a former friend. It is hard to imagine circumstances that will 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