

I for three long years implore, ~ Sweet memorials of that home, Where my cradled life of yore Dream'd of happy days to come,-When beneath the lilacs green Babbling waters tell their tale, You my childhood's cot have seen;

Tell me of that lovely vale.

Seek afar this burning strand,

Sure ye leave my native France;

Tell me of that much lov'd land.

One beneath that roof was born Which o'er my young childhood smiled; Oft you've heard my mother mourn O'er her lov'd and long-lost child, Dying, she in fancy hears Footsteps which of old she knew; Then afresh she pours her tears:-Tell me of her love so true.

là my sister weddod yet? . Have you seen our village throng At her happy bridal met, Mingling festal dance and song? And those friends who braved of old. By my side the hostile spear, Do they all their homes hehold ?---Tell me of those friends so dear.

Ah, the stranger's foot abhorr'd Treads perchance their dust above; 'Neath my roof he rules as lord; Radely claims my sister's love. Me no mother's prayers await; † Chains henceforth are mine below; Swallows, speak my country's fate; Tell me, tell me of her wee

A. C. KENDRICK. THE LIFE EPISODE,

Tristan walked along in the soft sunny light of a evening-a time most joyous in the country cet and fields, but in London bringing only sadpiresh evening breeze, and not a shade of the ity the best friend he had." rious sunset was visible save one faint golden arkle on a church tower near. Tristan say neith-gloom nor light. His eyes were blinded—his int was pressed down—with misery.

lle found himself crussing the green sward to-uds the serpentine river. It glittered in the sunbi, like a beacon; and his eyes were opened now. esaw it; he would have rushed towards it with the wil of a hunted deer flying to a distant shelter-the dared not. It seemed as if every passer-by ed out to him; "Man, whether gaest thou?" The enswer to that question belonged not to time,

Parted from its mortality-from that chain which, by the might of the senses, had dragged it down from all higher impulses—the soul knew wherein it

had erred. Yet somethig of the selfishness of its earthly nature encumbered it still. "It was a bitter and heartless world to me!" none. My friends tempted me with kindness and left me to starve; my very flesh and blood set their facee against me: I doubted Love itself-and had I thinks of the one this night thrust into the land of nothinguess? Would I knew!"-

And with that desire came the knowledge of all the power that is possessed by a disembodied spirit. The shadow floated on the wings of the night over the sleeping city, and found itself at the entrance of a house to which Tristan had crept not twelve hours before—a blot of significant misery on its stately threshold-a butt for the underling's ill concealed scorn. So deemed he them; and a rejoicing pride thrilled through the spirit now, as, defying all hu-man power, all bars of pomp and ceremony, he pass-ed into the innermost chamber. The man he sought sat there, with his wife at his side.

Tristan had never seen that face but when its lines were made harsh by the pressure of worldly cares. He could not hardly believe it was the same that ow wore a pleasant, kindly smile, or that the voice which chatted about the lively domestic nothings was the very tone that sounded so cautious and secontented, homelike, affectionate, talking together after the day was done. Even among the dazzling splendors of that luxurious abode shone the little

glowworm lamp of domestic love. The lady was taking out her watch. "My dear I think we have had talk enough for to-night. Only, before we go to bed, I just want to know about that poor young man who came as we were going out to dinner; Tristan, was it not?"

"Yes; the wild scapegrace of a fellow-so proud, there'is no doing anything for him. And yet I would help him if L could, for his dead father's sake," "What did he come for?"

"I cruid hardly make out; for he stopped me in the hall, and I told him to come to morrow, for I was busy, (and you know. Emma, how that matter of poor Williamson's bankkruptcy had occupied me all mer of the expiring candle yet struggled with the day.) But young Tristan spoke so fiercely, almost encroaching light of morning. 24. He passed through the dull, close West-end threateningly, that it vexed me; and I told him he asts-where the hacted air was never stirred by better not call again until he could treat with civil-

> "Poor fellow! perhaps he was in want," said the la dy, gently; "he looked wild and haggard, as he dart-ed past the carriage."

"I never thought of that.) Dear me! I wish now that I had waited a minute. But he has a brother pretty well off in the world, who would keep him rom poverty."

wonder if the lad has come in yet. His temper must be cooled by this time. Hollo, Tristan," called he, opening the room door.

There was no answer: so he went to see. A strange fear oppressed that once cold-hearted man as he saw the empty chamber. The threat which he though he-for the spirit of Tristan was Tristan had scorned as idle words rang in his ear, like a still; "I ever sought for good therein and found warning from the grave. He trembled, and sat down on the bed. "I hope the silly boy has done himself no harm.-

Yet he was slways passionate and desperate. I wish not cause? And now, what soul is there living that I had not said what I did. God forgive me, if any evil comes to that poor lad!" He drew aside the window-curtain: the first streak

of dawn already mingled with the moonlight. "The fellow must be drinking," he tried to think.

"Yet I don't believe he had a shilling. Besides, he was always sober enough. Poor Tristan! I wish he would come home."

The man lay down again-not in his own room, but in his brother's. He thought he could sooner hear the street-door when there. He lay, listening to every breath, until he could rest no longer.-Each sign of the morning breeze that arose and shook the casement, seemed to cry out to him, like the voice that haunted Cain, "O,man, where is thy brother?"

When the daylight came, the spirit of the drowned hovered over that man as he hurried out with a face as white as death. Those shadowy arms would fain have encircled his neck, that air-voice would have whispered, "Brother, my brother! let us forgive are diverged by the tailor or the ticket, and when he re-turned, the wife and daughters gathered round him a little dark office. Yet there they were, the cold ped in between them, and shut the gate of reconcili-man of business and his fashionable wife, looking ation forever.

The winged soul threaded the gray shadows of carly dawn as swiftly as the yet unawakened sunbeams. The first stirrings of life had already disturbed the quiet of the great city, but in its gloomnight lingered still. It was in an upper chamber in the darkest of those streets which desolate poverty A new passion was suddenly born within his seems to haunt like a spectre, that the spirit of Tri-

stan rested." the outside show of fine-ladyism replaced the pure

encroaching light of morning. "And she, too, can sleep-such a sound,' peace-ful, happy sleep!" sighed the spirit. "Even now, there is in her heart no memory of Tristan!!" It was not so: for on a little table lay a letter, to

write which she had set up half the night-a night when every hour was so precious to one who had toiled all day in the weary life of a governess. "Why did you leave me in such anger?" ran this

mute record of vain tenderness. "Tristan, my heart's joy, my only comfort in this world, how could

"But you will do so, Edward?" "Certainly, my lore. I intended to speak to Hill and Venables next week about a vecancy they have in their office. I will go there to morrow. Poor Tristant his field with you how that, from willhood to womanhood, I have lived but to make myself worthy Tristan! his father was a good man. I should be of you-lived through change and hopelessness, and sorry for any haim to come to the boy, though he is worlds-sorrows, still keeping my heart pure and

Its term of wandering over, it felt dragged down

General Taylor holds on to his place as an officer

marvellous dream.

taught to help their parents as soon as they were old enough, and the one who is the subject of this sketch, was shown how to cover the bone or metal mould with cloth or silk, and soon became very expert at the business. Albeit, every member of the

family was industrious, the tailor made but little money, and continued poor. One day a flashily dressed young man presented himself in the little "Is Mr. Carpenter in?" asked the stranger.

"That's my name," said the tailor. "Very well, Mr. Carpenter, my employer, Mr. Jones, the broker, desired me to call and inquire the numbers of he ticket you bought in the Maryland Monumental Lottery."

"Did you buy a lottery ticket husband?" said the wife, in a tone of quiet rebuke. "Father, have you bought a lottery ticket?" cried

ho children. The tailor pulled out a greasy wallet, from which took a little piece of thin red and white paper.--"The numbers are 5, 9, 27," said the tailo: address-

ing the clerk. "That ticket is worth, the discount off, eleven thousand, four hundred and fifteen dollars and ninetytwo cents, and Mr. Jones will be happy to cash it for you," the clerk said, bowing politely, and quit-

ting the shop. and looked with amazement at the thick pile of one hundred dollar City Bank notes.

The tailor's first impulse was to celebrate his good fortune by getting glorionsly drunk. But his wife quietly interposed an objection. "I am told," she remarked, "that money drawn in a lottery selturbed the quiet of the great city, but in its gloom- dom lasts long. There is enough there, husband, to lest recesses somewhat of the freshness and peace of make us happy for life." "And there shall be five

A new passion was suddenly born within his bosom. A tenth of the sum he had drawn, would the day before have made him supremely happy; now, Its sole occupant was a young woman. You the whole only whetted his appetite for more. The could not call her a girl, for the freshness of girl. tailor sold his little stock in trade, quitted the shop-hood no longer tinted the thin, worn check; nor had board for ever, and moved with his family over to board for ever, and moved with his family over to Long Island, near Jamacia, where. for \$6,000, he bought twelve acres of land, upon which was a plain comfortable house. He was a shrewd, though ignorant man, and with the remaining five thousand

he began to speculate. Two years later began that reckless system of over-trading and speculation which terminated in almost general bankruptcy in 1837. Our tailor suddeuly found himself a great man. The half of a township in Maine, for which he paid four thousand dollars, he sold for thirty-five thousand, and pocket-ed the cash. His twelve acres near Jamaica, were found to be the centre of a space, which "nature exidently intended as the site of a great city." He sold out for \$50,000. An India rubber company which he established, failed in three years, an utter loss to the stockholders, but it was ascertained that

our tailor had not owned a share for more than a year. He sold out in time with a clear profit of a little rising propose. By a clean which he arig-inated, or was concerned in fell through, but he was

ly fresh, varying from one to six feet in depth.--Their usual level is more than twelvo feet above "Gen. Cass, than whom no purer than breathes

that of the waters of the straits of Florida and ot the Atlantic ocean, but of course not so great above the Gulf of Mexico. As the Ever Glades extend southwardly from Lake Oxechobee, they gradually decline, and their waters move in the same course.

The proposed drain will it is estimated, recover ver a million acres of waste land, of the most valunble kind for the production of many articles for which we are indebted to the West Indies and foreign countries, as for instance, compty, yam, casa-va, ginger, pulka, Sisal hemp, indigo, tobacco, cortez cascarilla, canilla alba, sarsaparilla, sugar cane, pepper, bush and vine pepper, pimento, tea-plant, orange, guave, Otaheite plum, shaddock, lime, hog plum, forbiden fruit, lemon, Jamaica apple, grape

fruit, citron, sugar apple, banana, pine apple, cocoa nut, plantain, sapadilla, sour sop, Avacato pear, mango, mame, olive, man.e sapota, boxwood, lignumvitæ, mahogany, titi, and ship timber.

The expense of the draining will be from \$300,the State in consideration to assume the work.-The drain is to be effected by cutting canals from the great lake Okechobee to the Gulf. With Lake Okechobee are connected the vast swamps and numerous streams whose swelling from rains, overflows the country sought to be reclaimed, and which

with little expense can be more directly precipita-ted into the lake, and which only require an outlet to the ocean and gulf, to free over a million acres o the richest soil.

The distance of the lake from the eastern coast is less than forty miles in a direct line, and does not to convert her addired superiority upon the ocean exceed fifteen miles to the navig the waters of the into actual and absolute supremacy. That she has exceed fifteen miles to the navigable waters of the Calousa-Hatchee, and a similar distance on the west side, will reach those of Loca Hatchee, the fall be- debted to Gov. Cass. ing sufficient for the proposed cuts. Besides the land reclaimed, equal to the whole State of Connecticut, it is proposed to make these canals capable for commercial purposes, thus shortening the distance to the Gulf and avoiding the Florida reefs, upon which in three years, 1844, '45 and '46 propert was wrecked or damaged to the amount of #3, 086.800.

Furthermore, the reclamation of these lands will immensely forward the settlement by increasing the productiveness of the State, and extensive settlenent is all that is required to render Florida one of the richest states of the Union, rich even as Cuba. fel with eight quarts of oats. The project is a great and feasible one, and if it can be performed by the State upon the terms proposed. Congress should not hesitate in sanctioning

A DESIGN FOR A PAINTER .- Whenever we hear of that political desperado, Corwin-who was burnt in effigy at Buena Vista for his libels upon the war and its heroes, and who is the bitterest Abolitionist in the Union-whenever we hear of him making speeches in tayor of Tuylor and Free Soil, we wish the gainer by all. Finally, when the bubble burst, planted to the slave grounds of General Taylor at The enswer to that question belonged not to time, to eternity. Tristan felt as if every eye were directed to him this mute inquiry—which, look where he would, not escape. There was not a lad who went that her burden, that did not seem in this man's dis-there for to here the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here to here to the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the did. The still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the did. The still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and the did. The still moonlight that made long shad-that fore to here and then die." And when I' answered

(we hope this praise from us may not be very injurious to him) is universally beloved for the purity of his private and public character. His conduct as representative of our government at Paris, has been almost universally approved; and as helis well known They have their origin in the copious rains which fall in that latitude during the autumn and fail.— and in the overflow of Lake Okechobee through, swamps between it and the Bver Glades.

[From the Richmond Whig of March 15, 1842.] We have received a pumphlet printed in Paris, and written by Gov. Cass, reviewing with great ability the assumption by Great Britain of a right to search American vessels—for the purpose of sup-pressing the slave trade. The pamphiet was de-signed to operate on the French Chambers and to open the eyes of the French people to the grasping designs of Great Britain. Most opportunely did it niake its appearance, and most beneficial have been its results. Under the influence of its cogent reas-oning and powerful defence of the freedom of the seas, the French Government have refused to ratify the treaty with England authorizing a mutual search 000 to \$500,000, to effect which, it is proposed to of vessels to suppress the slave trade. Even M. grant certain public lands to the State of Florida, Guizot, although in favor of the treaty, was forced to confess that we were right in resisting the search. It will be recollected that Lord Aberleen, in his correspondence with Mr. Stevenson, dwelt with emphasis upon the fact-that France had yielded to the search, and that whatever that proud and chivalrous nation would consent to, could not be degra-ding to the United States. But the wind is taken out of his sail-France refuses to ratify.

No doubt seems to be entertained that the treaty with the five powers was a plot on the part of Eng-land to operate upon us and by means of the search been balked in this design, we are eminently in-

A WHIG, BUT NOT AN ULTRA WHIG.

At the Democratic meeting in this city, says the Hartford Times, on the evening of the 13th, Chas. . Ingersoll, Esq., of New-Haven was called to the stand, and made a handsome speech. Before he closed, he said he would relate an anecaste, illustraive of Zachary Taylor's principles. A traveler said Mr. I., after riding a long distance,

came to a tavern. He stopped, and directed the old lady in the bur-room to have his horse put out and "I am sorry to juform you we have no oute," said

the old lady. "Then give him some corn."

"We are out of corn," "Well, my good lady, give him a little meal and some hay."

"Oh, sir, we have no meal or hay-out long ago." "Will you let him stand in the yard without any-hing?" inquired the disappointed traveler.

"Oh yes, sir as long as he pleases." "Now bring me a plate of steak and a cup of cof-fee, with a hot roll."

"Hot rolls !--- ho--- what sir--- and hot coffee -steak? We are out'em ALL."

"Then bring me cold victuals," continued the trav-"There is nothing of the kind in our house, sir,

palpable. It floated over the same scenes with Tristan's mortal feet had traversed; but now no jarevent a long way round-and reached the bridge at when the sun fiad set. He tried to lounge upon ring sounds of worldly traffic broke the holy quiet. as he saw other people do, watching the cockney-A watchman's heavey footfall respunded along the altonians who pursued their harmless amusements the twilight. His eyes rested on each tiny float; pavement. When he had gone by, a woman, with a child, crawled to some door-steps and crouched wrung only from your despair. Listen to me, my this wandering thoughts followed the line down, town, to the deep bed of the river. What was down. When the man came past again she crept back

He could not answer that-he bardly tried. All into the shadow; but he preceived her, and asked what she was doing there. The tone was hardly so rough as he used in the day-time. hat he felt was, that it must be a place of stillness ed coldness and silence: he sought nothing more. "I have not been drinking-indeed, sir, I have fren the blueness which the still bright sky cast not," was the faint answer; "but I have had no food ithin it, was painful; he wanted it dark-all dark. lie could not enter the portals of that home while a ay of light rested on them-while one worldly sound troke above them. There was yet near him a murpur of boyish talk and laughter, and a robin sang none of the distant trees. He would wait-wait caul night, and the stars should be the only wittesses of the great change. Tristan sat down underneath the parapet of the station-house."

indge a man passed by, and looked at him, seeming ownder what he was doing there. So he took at of his pocket a biscuit and pretended to eat .--Then a woman crossed, leading a sickly child-who gued wistfully at the food. Tristan gave his morel to the famished boy.

"Now the world owes me no more than it would anbestow-a crust of bread!" thought he; and he ets savage pride in the reflection.

Colder and darker came on the night-and Tristan wited still. A dreaminess, a torpor seemed to tump his energics, making them unequal even to but last effort of all. A mist was over his eyes; It he still saw through its gathering folds the dark ming ghostly trees-the stars overhead and the am rippling waves below.

As, uncertain still, he seamed to lean over the unpet, he felt it give way. A shudder-an unoncious and vain effort to spring back-and the waters had drawn him in. The terrible refuge which he sought had of itself opened its doors to receive -and there was no retreat.

As in dreams, we sometimes feel ourselves plungog deeper and deeper into an abyss which we know the fathoning and yet experience no terror, ark weters above him, around him, folding him in an tabrace which he knew was that of death-and yet bught it would have been a terrible pang-but it strife: elt only like the loosening of a burden-the putting

I of a robe. He would not believe in the reality the immortal change. Tustan felt himself rising up-up to the surface | not help 'you any more. You may stop here one

³ casts forth once or twice-giving a chance of before it swallows them in forever. He might are one more sight of the real world, before enter-"g into the land of shadows, on whose verge he od. He could not reconcile himself the truth had already passed through the eternal gate-for these! thad yet powers of thought and sense. He heard ining through the waters.

He reached the surface-resolved to make one hought, Tristan felt- himself disengaged from the waters and floating above them with the lightness of a bird. Then he knew that the mysterious change had indeed passed over him-that he was no longer

a living man, but a spirit. And there, wafted powerlessly to and fro by the eddies of the river, with a motion that awfully stimulated life, lay the thing that had been Tristan!-The soul shuddered as it looked upon the dead form it knew then what was the guilt of murder. Aye, through this had been its own mortal dwellingplace which it had destroyed, or wished to destroy -still it was murder! How dared he to make stiff and helpless the hand which might have aided a bu-

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to-day, except a biscuit that a poor gentlman in the you rise, step by step, in the world; my love shall park gave my boy. We divided it between us." "Poor soul!" said the watchman, searching in his pocket; "here is half a loaf and some cheese. I can will be! you do not know how strong love is-how do without my breakfast for once in a way. Only much it can endure and be conquerorat last. Come aristocratic position. Her father was enraged at don't lie there any longer, good woman; for there'll to me to-morrow, and let us forgive one another. I know that I am dear to you; but Tristan, you are all be somebody else passing soon, and it isn't far to the in all to the heart of Maud." "God reward you, sir!" said the woman. "The

world is much better than people say-I have always found it so. Eat, little Johnny, and be patient. It appeared to convulse the airy frame of the spirit .is not long till morning." It is not long till morning. On! what a deep les-

down, through storms and lightning and darkness to the region of the dead. A cry of fearful anguish son of endurance was in those words of the poor desolate wanderer. And he-the spirit who now been a dream! Tristan awoke and found himself lying under the with his opened eyes and ears listened-had in lifetime reviled the world: struggled in its darkness,

parapet of the bridge, in the misty light of dawn. nor waited meekly for the dawn that would surely Humbled to the meckness of childhood, did that come at last. He who, though poor, had never wanted a menl-who, though wretched, had found in his wretchedness the blessed balm of love-who, ride-tempted man rain his tears in the dust, and pless the sleep, with its strange dream-peopled mystery, which had saved his soul from the doom of a though friendless, had never been altogether desolate-he had shrunk from his despair like a coward suicide. Tristan went home. Under the rose-porch stood -while this lonely, forsaken one lived patiently on, his brother, who uttered an exclamation of joy, ran

enduring to the end. Tristan's spirit yearned repentently over the world forward. and stopped: ""Where have you been, young scopegrace? which he had in his bitterness condemned. It was was a fool to make myself so uncomfortable about of God's creating-and the smile of divinity rested on it yet. With all its harshness, its coldness, its you.

But Tristan felt, and returned, the hand's warm sufferings, it was still a blessed world. On, on, over myriads of human spirits that the bosom of the night-stilled city enfolded, did the soul of Tristan pass-resting with none until he came to night. a small, neat, suburban dwelling. When last he In the evening light Maud's arms were round crossed its threshold, it had been with wild anger in Tristan's neck, and her tears were falling on his bohis heart, and a curse on his lips. From that a parting of soul and body brought no agony. He threshold seemed yet to ring the parting words of som. But in his joy there was a solemnity-a quietude

"Brother Tristan, I have been careful and you spendthrift. Every man ought to think of himself first; you were too great a fool to do that. I shall

the river. A faint idea haunted him that it was night more, and then you must turn out and work in tays so with the drowning; whom the wave taunt- the street-or starve there, if you like it better." And the terrible answer had been: "No, but I will die, and bring Cain's curse upon your head."

Could it be that the very roses which now slept er. their still and fragrant sleep under the moonlit porch had ever been shaken by the breath of such words as

The spirit of Tristan stood in his brother's chammediately resigned his seat in the Senate. te murmur of the little waves, and saw the stars ber-self-justifying even now. For the man slept as peacefully as though his mother's son had still laid within a few yards of him in the little closet from which he used to call, when, hoy-like, they talked together half the summer night. He had no This difference between the two candidates in their by the most villainous threats and outrages to viothought of that dark, weed-tangled mass, floating Beneath the stars. But a little while, and the sleeper stirred. His

of his firmly holding on to his present station: the breathing grew thick, and his forehead's veins were contingency of his success would be but a poor knotted-while incoherent words came from his lips.

"Tristan, you are a dolt; I always was masteralways will be: there, be a good lad; don't resist, bly lost to him. Who, then, can blame him! and I'll play with you sgain. Ha! ha." And the almost boyish laughter showed how many

years that world-worn man had retraversed in his dream. Again he murmured, though in a changed tones

"Father, don't say I ill-used him, Tristan mus gence party for Canal Commissioner.

of Samuel Carpenter, Esq., lady, four Miss Carpento that wild daring of misery with words of patience, ters; and three servants. How long our tailor millionaire and his family you took the denial they implied as springing not

from prudent love, but cold contempt. Tristan, you remained abroad we cannot say. But in 1844, they were the occupants of a magnificent house in Unisaid I scorned you because you were poor! But I will not think more of that bitterness, which was versity Place, and moved in the highest circles of the ton. The eldest Miss Carpenter had married a dearest? If we are so poor that we must wait until French count, with an ugly name, and uglier mousthe time of gray hairs before we can have one home tuche. The second daughter was the wife of a young and one name, still I will wait. I would rather wait lawyer, of distinguished family at the South. The until old age, and live and die your betrothed, than third married a wealthy merchant of this city. A wed the richest man in England. And you, Tris-tan, take courage! Life is never hopeless to those husband had been selected for the fourth, our heroine, but the young lady, unlike her sisters, had rewho have youth and health and mind. I will watch solved to make her own selection. Not that she was attached to any particular person; but, she did cheer you and give you strength. You cannot fuil not wish to be passed over, as the "goods and chat--you, shall not fail. My own! my husband that tels" of a man whose only recommendation was an the refusal of his youngest daugher to wed the man

of his selection. But he gave her six months to decide. Those six months she passed intretirement in

in all to the heart of Maud." An agony of despairing love, more terrible than human heart could feel or human tongue describe, human heart could feel or human tongue describe, his daughter that the gentleman who was anxious bis daughter that the gentleman who was anxious to call her wife, would wait no longer. She replied that he was wise, since he would gain nothing by waiting. The daughter's firmness increased with burst from it, and the spell was broken. All had her father's wrath, and the interview terminated in the most unpleasant manner. Our pristocratic knight of the shears, told his daughter to quit his

house, and never see him again. There was no alternative, and our young Miss sunk as rapidly as her father had risen. She quickly brushed up her knowledge of the art, which she acquired in her childhood, and found little difficulty in getting work Her sisters declare that she has disgraced the family, and refuse to acknowledge her. Poor Mrs. Carpenter would like to put her arms around the youngest child and embrace her, but Mr. Carpenter has expressly forbidden any member of spinning wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you his household to speak to, or of the banished one .--He lives in a palace, she in a garret. He is uncasy with his own greatness; she is quite content that she has none to bear. We think, however, that the clasp, and saw there was a quivering in the thin lips, Peace and forbearance healed all strife between the brothers, now. Both had learned life's lesson in one writing vorses for Morris & Willid' Journal, and disposed to forgive her, but she has recently got to writing verses for Morris & Willis' Journal, and Willis declares that he must tell the world who the author of the sweet verses is. Now the old man would be pleased with a dainty notice of his daughter's genuis, from Willis, provided the wealth and

rank of her father were announced in the same conwhich showed that a change had come over him. nection-but he is afraid it should come out, that Many years after, when he chanced to be walking the young lady is his daughter and a BUTTON MAwith his wife in the same spot, he told her of that KER. -. New York Despatch. VILAINY .- The following appears in the New

Maud, in her holy woman's faith, doubted not one word. But while, with a shudder that she could not buryport Herald of Sept. 25. A fellow by the name repress, she crept closer to her husband, her eyes of Joseph L. Gilnes, perpetrated an infamous offence were uplifted, and her lips moved in a thankful pray- on Friday evening. Early in the ovening, he called at the residence of a young girl to whom his brother was paying his addresses, with a horse and chaise,

THE DIFFERENCE.—General Cass, on receiveing the democratic nomination for the presidency, im-mediately resigned his seat in the Senate left him with two or three doctors in attendance .-of the regular army, in spice of his nomination at Philadelphia! With the whigs, the motto, "few the chaise, on pretence that the house was just back die and none resign," has a significant application. of the road, and on reaching a lonely spot sought peculiar attachment to office cannot fuil to be seen; late her person. After he left her, she found her you had'nt paid him for two or three years, and yet way to a house in the vicinity, in a state of deleribut General Taylor has this one argument in support bliged to confine her to a room and watch her and wrong.

reward for the certain surrender of \$6,000 per an-num. Should he loosen his hold upon the public after the excitement had partially subsided, brought treasury, six thousand a year would be the public after the excitement had partially subsided, brought treasury, six thousand a year would be irretriova- her home. The brother and father of the girl who were present when Glines left with her, followed soon after to the residence of his brother, and finding OF The Keystone says the only township in out the imposition, were engaged all night in a fruit-

Union county, which continues to reject the Com-mon School system is Beaver, the residence of Ner Glines is about 30 years old, of good appearance, mon School system is Beaver, the residence of Ner and has a wife and child at New Bedford. The girl Middleswarth, Esq., the candidate of the all intelliis only 17.

bold and impudent abuse of the illustrious 'Abolitionist. We can see the General losing his temper at the audacity with which Corwin holds him accountable for free soil dodtrines, and we can see the faces of Bullit, Peyton, and Prenti-s, turn alternately red and white at the bitter and burning columnies which he flings at the South. We can see the slave holders breaking into all sorts of demonstra-tions of rage, at his appeals to the slaves to rise against their masters; and we can fix our eyes upon the abashed and humiliated mich of these very slaveholders, when Corwin declares that Taylor will not and dare not veto the Wilmot Proviso. And yet, this is just such a spectacle, as by the aid of the enchanter's wand, might be held up before our Northern friends almost any day between now and the 7th of November. Pennsylvanian.

SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.

Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "She works for a living." In her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman-a real lady. True, we are not prepared to see a mineing step-a haughty lip-a fashionable dress-or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and the young men-the new movels and the next parties-no-no-but we are prepared to hear sound words of good sense-language becoming woman -and to see a neat dress, a mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel. Ye who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girls, and select one from any of those who work for a living -and never-our word for it-will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend and notra doll: a help-mate and not a help eat; a counsellor and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a friend into your house, but you can purchase a

cannot purchase any new novel you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket to the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor. Be careful then lwhen you look for com-panions and whom you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing the industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable walks and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame? The time was when ladies who went a visiting, look their work with them. This is the reason why we have such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle, darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to Would not her companions laugh at her?spin? And yet such a gay woman, would be a prize for somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from among the despised girls 'who work for a living.'

A MODERN CANNIBAL .- "Do you see that fellow lounging there, do nothing?" said Owens to Jenks, he deemed of more value than all, a perfect set of the other day. "How does he live! by his wits!" "Oh. no. he's a cannibal!"

the printer live on?" "Why, child?" "You said you have his paper every week!" "Take the child ous excitement, so that the people in the house were out of the room-what does he know about right

-Speech of Baile Peyton, (whig) in La.

until they have been a short time in hot water.

"I should like a glass of brandy." "Aint got any 'o that." "Well now, my, good lady," continued the traveler, "you don't appear to keep anything here." "Yes we do, indeed!" "What?" "We keep tavern, sir." Now, continued Mr. I., that was a tavern but

"not an ultra tavern!"

THE DEEPEST SET SAW OF THE SEASON .- The Washington Union publishes a letter from Gainesville, Alabama, giving an amusing account of the origin of the Alabama correspondence with John Van Buren, which the Van Buren Abolition papers are even yet publishing as evidence of the spread of their ism in the South.

It appears that the two ways of that town who wrote the fomous hoax upon John Jones of the Madisonian, (sending him a highly wrought acount of a tremendous and enthusiastic Tyler meeting held there, with the names of some forty or fifty Bulwer's fictitious character for those of the officers, speakers, committe men, &c ..) got up this "saw" also.

In this case they took a liberty with but the names, signing them to the letter to which Master Johnny replies so magniloquently. They were those of a coundrel now in the Alabama State Prison for tampering with a negress; another, who besides being a "free soiler," goes for "free" pockets and "free" trucks, being just now in the Sumpter Jail under indictment for larceny; and that of a fellow who ran off some time since, leaving the ladles of his family to keep quite a "free" and easy house on the outskirts of Guinesville village. We regret that we have not space to devote to the rich and quizzical letter in the Union describing this saw on the Post and John Van Buren, and the manner in which the wits of Alabama are splitting their sides over the effort f these two worthies to create from it the impression that parties in Alabama sympathize with their treacherous purpose .- New York True Sun.

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAIDEN AND THE TOOTH-LESS OLD MAID .- The following story was told by Col. Black, of Pennsylvania, to illustrate the position of the "disappointed" who have wedded themselves to the Van Buren party.

Col. Black said he once heard of a miserable old bachelor, who had spent the greater part of his life in searching for a wife. He was determined not to mairy, unless he should come across a lady who would be a model of perfection; and the most essential thing, in his estimation, for the lady of his love to possess, was a perfect set of teeth. At length the "old coon" became acquainted with a beautiful young maiden, who in all things oppeared to come up to his standard of excellence. Her form was of matchless mould, her cheeks were as fresh and beautiful as the blooming flowers of the morning, her eyes were bright and sparkling as the stars of

light, her breath was as sweet as the perfume from a bed of violets; and, in short, she possessed what leeth. He wooed and won her heart and affections. The nuptial day was at length determined uponthe guests were invited, and all the "pomp and circumstance" incident to such interesting events, were duly heralded abroad. A few moments before they were to stand before Hymen's holy altar, the lady thought it advisable to let her intended know that there was a very small speck of one of her teeth which might possibly cause it to decay. The horrible intelligence was as unexpected as it was alarming to the old exquisite. He swore that he was de-ceived, betrayed, cheated, humbugged, "sucked in," SOMETHING FOR WHO DOUGHFACES. GEN. TAY - toervou, detrayed, encated introdugged, "Suche in," LOR has RECENTLY invested ONE HUNDRED ind would avenge himself by committing some aw-THOUSAND DOLLARS IN NEGROES, and indig-therefore cannot be in favor of the Wilmot Provise I antion, he raved and wrung his hands, and at out, or marry Sally Scrogging, the ugliest old maid in the village, without a tooth in her head

OF MRN are frequently like tea-their real This last alternative he performed, out of pure re-trength and goodness are not properly drawn out venge, on account of the manner in which he had been so grossly deceived,

THOUSAND DOLLARS IN NEGROES, aid therefore cannot be in favor of the Wilmot Proviso. | length declared that he would either blow his brains strength and goodness are not properly drawn out

"A Cunnibal!" "Yes, a cannibal-he "lives on other people." A DIALOGUE WELL APPLIED .- "Father, what does