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American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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Political.

Inaugural Address OF JOHN W. GEARY,

GOVERNOR OF KANSAS TERRITORY,

Delivered at Lecompton, Sept. 11th, 1856.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I appear among you a stranger to most of you, and for the first time have the honor to address you as Governor of the Territory of Kansas. The position was not sought by me but was voluntarily tendered by the present chief magistrate of the nation. As an American citizen, deeply conscious of the blessings which ever flow from our beloved Union, I did not consider myself at liberty to shrink from any duties, however delicate and onerous, required of me by my country.

With a full knowledge of all the circumstances surrounding the executive office, I have deliberately accepted it, and as God may give me strength and ability, I will endeavor faithfully to discharge its varied requirements.—When I received my commission I was solemnly sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and to discharge my duties as Governor of Kansas with fidelity. By reference to the act for the organization of this territory, passed by Congress on the 30th day of March, 1854, I find my duties more particularly defined. Among other things, I am "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

The Constitution of the United States and the Organic Law of this Territory will be the lights by which I will be guided in my executive career.

A careful and dispassionate examination of our Organic Act will satisfy any reasonable person that its provisions are eminently just and beneficial. If this act has been distorted to unworthy purposes, it is not the fault of its provisions. The great leading feature of that Act is the right therein conferred upon the actual and *bona fide* inhabitants of this territory "in the exercise of self-government, to determine for themselves what shall be their own domestic institutions, subject, only to the Constitution and the laws duly enacted by Congress, under it." The people, accustomed to self-government in the States from whence they came, and having removed to this territory with the *bona fide* intention of making it their future residence, were supposed to be capable of creating their own municipal government, and to be the best judges of their own local necessities and institutions. This is what is termed "popular sovereignty." By this phrase we simply mean the right of the majority of the people of the several States and territories, being qualified electors, to regulate their own domestic concerns, and to make their own municipal laws. Thus understood, this doctrine underlies the whole system of republican government. It is the great right of self-government, for the establishment of which our ancestors, in the stormy days of the revolution, pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

A doctrine so eminently just should receive the willing homage of every American citizen. When legitimately expressed, and duly ascertained, the will of the majority must be the imperative rule of civil action for every law abiding citizen. This simple, just rule of action, has brought order out of chaos, and by a progress unparalleled in the history of the world, has made a few feeble infant colonies a giant confederated republic.

No man, conversant with the state of affairs now in Kansas, can close his eyes to the fact that much civil disturbance has for a long time past existed in this territory. Various reasons have been assigned for this unfortunate condition of affairs, and numerous remedies have been proposed.

The House of Representatives of the United States have ignored the claims of both gentlemen claiming the legal right to represent the people of this territory in that body. The Topeka Constitution, recognized by the House, has been repudiated by the Senate. Various measures, each in the opinion of its respective advocates, suggestive of peace to Kansas, have been alternately proposed and rejected. Men *outside of the territory*, in various sections of the Union, influenced by reasons best known by themselves, have endeavored to stir up internal strife, and to array brother against brother.

In this conflict of opinion, and for the promotion of the most unworthy purposes, Kansas is left to suffer, her people to mourn, and her prosperity is endangered.

Is there no remedy for these evils? Cannot the wounds of Kansas be healed and peace be restored to all her borders?

Men of the North—men of the South—of the East and of the West, *in Kansas*—you, and you alone, have the remedy in your own hands. Will you not suspend fratricidal strife? Will you not cease to regard each other as enemies, and look upon one another as the children of a common mother, and come and reason together?

Let us banish all *outside influence* from our deliberations, and assemble around our council board with the Constitution of our country and the Organic Law of this territory as the great charts for our guidance and direction. The *bona fide* inhabitants of this territory *alone* are charged with the solemn duty of enacting her laws, upholding her government, maintaining peace, and laying the foundation for a future commonwealth.

On this point let there be a perfect unity of sentiment. It is the first great step towards the attainment of peace. It will inspire confidence amongst ourselves, and insure the respect of the whole country. Let us show ourselves worthy and capable of self government.

Do not the inhabitants of this territory better understand what domestic institutions are suited to their condition—what laws will be most conducive to their prosperity and happiness—than the citizens of distant, or even neighboring States? This great right of regulating our own affairs and attending to our own business, without any interference from others, has been guaranteed to us by the law which Congress has made for the organization of this territory. This right of self-government—this privilege guaranteed to us by the organic law of our territory, I will uphold with all my might, and with the entire power committed to me.

In relation to any changes of the laws of the territory which I may deem desirable, I have no occasion now to speak; but these are subjects to which I shall direct public attention at the proper time.

The territory of the United States is the common property of the several States, or of the people thereof. This being so, no obstacle should be interposed to the free settlement of this common property while in a territorial condition.

I cheerfully admit that the people of this territory, under the Organic Act, have the absolute right of making their municipal laws, and from citizens who deem themselves aggrieved by recent legislation, I would invoke the utmost forbearance, and point out to them a sure and peaceable remedy. You have the right to ask the next Legislature to revise any and all laws, and in the meantime, as you value the peace of the territory, and the maintenance of future laws, I would earnestly ask you to refrain from all violations of the present statutes.

I am sure that there is patriotism sufficient in the people of Kansas to lend a willing obedience to law. All the provisions of the Constitution of the United States must be sacredly observed, all the acts of Congress having reference to this territory, must be unhesitatingly obeyed, and the decisions of our courts respected. It will be my imperative duty to see that these suggestions are carried into effect. In my official action here, I will do justice at all hazards. Influenced by no other considerations than the welfare of the whole people of this territory, I desire to know no party, no section, no North, no South, no East, no West; nothing but Kansas any my country.

Fully conscious of my great responsibilities in the present condition of things in Kasas, I must invoke your aid, and solicit your generous forbearance. Your executive officer can do little without the aid of the people. With a firm reliance upon Divine Providence, to the best of my ability, I shall promote the interests of the citizens of the territory, not merely collectively, but individually: and I shall expect from them in return that cordial aid and support without which the government of no state or territory can be administered with beneficial effect.

Let us all begin anew. Let the past be buried in oblivion. Let all strife and bitterness cease. Let us all honestly devote ourselves to the true interests of Kansas—develope her rich agricultural and mineral resources—build up manufacturing enterprises—make public roads and highways—prepare amply for the education of our children—devote ourselves to all the arts of peace—and make our territory the sanctuary of those cherished principles which protect the inalienable rights of the individual, and elevate states in their sovereign capacities.

Then shall peaceful industry soon be restored—population and wealth will flow upon us—"the desert will blossom as the rose"—and the state of Kansas will soon be admitted into the Union the peer and pride of her elder sisters.

JNO. W. GEARY.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS: A large number of volunteer militia have been called into the service of the territory of Kansas, by authority of the late acting Governor, for the maintenance of order, many of whom have been taken from their occupations or business, and deprived of their ordinary means of support and of their domestic enjoyments: and

WHEREAS: The employment of militia is not authorized by my instructions from the General Government, except upon requisition of the commander of the military department in which Kansas is embraced:

WHEREAS: An authorised regular force has been placed at my disposal sufficient to insure the execution of the laws that may be obstructed by combinations too powerful to be surpressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings: now

THEREFORE, I JOHN W. GEARY, Governor of the Territory of Kansas, do issue this my proclamation, declaring that the services of such volunteer militia are no longer required; and hereby order that they be immediately discharged. The Secretary and the Adjutant General of the territory will muster out of service each command at its place of rendezvous.

And I command all bodies of men, combined, armed and equipped with munitions of war, without authority of the government, instantly to disband or quit the territory, as they will answer the contrary at their peril.

In testimony thereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the Territory of Kansas. Done at Lecompton, this eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

JOHN W. GEARY, Governor of Kansas.

(Seal) By the Governor.

DANIEL WOODSON, Secretary.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS: It is the true policy of every State or Territory, to be prepared for any emergency that may arise from internal dissention or foreign invasion.

Therefore, I John W. Geary, Governor of the Territory of Kansas, do issue this, my Proclamation, ordering all free male citizens, qualified to bear arms, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, to enrol themselves, in accordance with the act to organize the militia of the territory, that they may be completely organized by companies, regiments, brigades or divisions, and hold themselves in readiness, to be mustered, by my order, into the service of the United States, upon requisition of the commander of the military department in which Kansas is embraced, for the suppression of all combinations to resist the laws, and for the maintenance of public order and civil government.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the territory of Kansas.—Done at Lecompton, this eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

JOHN. W. GEARY, Governor.

(Seal) By the Governor.

DANIEL WOODSON, Secretary.

In accordance with the foregoing Proclamation, the commanding officers will take notice, and in compliance therewith report their enrolments and organization to me at my office at Tecumseh, on or before the first day of October next. By order of the Governor.

H. J. STRICKLER, Adjutant General.

Lecompton, Sept. 11, 1856.

The Question of Superiority Settled.

It would appear, by the following paragraph from the Marthasville Monitor, that the Black Republicans of Indiana have settled in their minds the question as to the relative superiority of the black and white races, which, after long study, Mr. Union-sliding Banks was unable to decide upon. The incident related occurred at a Fremont barbecue in Morgan county:

"The most characteristic part of the whole affair occurred at the table. A mechanic, who had hitherto been a strong Fremont man, was on the ground with his wife and child. At a given word he attempted to cross the rope to the table, but was met by one of the marshals, and told to stand back and give room for the ladies. He stopped back as he was told, when seven or eight women, *as black as the ace of spades*, advanced before him to the table, and ate with the rest of the Fremont ladies and gentlemen.—This was too much for him. He tore the Fremont badge from his breast, and swore that, although he was a poor mechanic, he was yet a little better than a negro. He said that if he and his wife were to be thrust back from a Fremont barbecue to give place to negroes, he no longer was a Fremont man, and immediately stamped the Fremont badge under his feet, and declared his intention to vote for Buchanan.—We are informed that four or five others did likewise. It is said that not less than twenty negroes ate at the first table."

☞ You may insert a thousand things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in of one or two lines that is not in good taste, and you may be sure of hearing about that.

PRENTICE ON FREMONT.

The Louisville *Journal*, a decided Know-Nothing and Fillmore paper, appears to have been closely investigating Fremont's claims to the suffrages of the people. In a recent article the editor (Prentice) draws the following faithful portrait of the Black Republican leader:

"Col. Fremont is realizing the peculiar consequences of being a candidate for the Presidency. The people have been making inquiries as to his past history. They have already discovered that he is not entitled to the credit of having discovered the celebrated *pass* thro' the Rocky Mountains, on the strength of which alone his supporters claim that he should be made President. It has been discoved that he was elected to the United States Senate merely as the agent of a reckless band of speculators in Mexican land claims in California, and that his nomination as a candidate for the Presidency was brought about by the same parties and for similar purposes. It has leaked out that he is a member of the banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., and the $100,000 recently paid to that firm to pay the interest upon the California State bonds has been used to procure Fremont's nomination. It is asserted in the New York papers that Fremont, a few days ago, tried to borrow $60,000 on Wall street, N. Y., to make up this deficiency, but was unsuccessful, because Wall street was too wide awake, and knew that, to avoid paying taxes, he had made affidavit that he was not worth anything.

The most astonishing disclosures that have been made in regard to the Woolly Horse candidate are the charges preferred against him by Col. Mason, and recorded among the Executive Documents of the 31st Congress, in the session of 1849 and '50. From these it appears that, while Gen. Kearney was commanding officer in California, Fremont borrowed from some friendly Mexicans large sums of money, for which he agreed to pay interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per month, and signed the obligation for its pre-payment as Governor of California. This money was afterwards paid to the Mexicans by our Government, but when Fremont was called upon to account for it, he failed to show that the money thus borrowed was ever applied to the service of the Government. These documents also show that, while in California, this hero of Mariposa gave an order on the government for $6 975, for supplies furnished the California battalion, and that these supplies turned out to be a lot of *six hundred breeding cows*, not one of which was used for public purposes, but which were delivered to an agent of Fremont's, *to breed on shares, under a contract between the agent and the Mariposa candidate.*"

We omit a portion of the *Journal's* article, accusing Fremont of Jesuitism and of carving the cross, instead of planting the flag of the Union on the Rocky Mountains—because this, if true, although it might be a reason for Know-Nothings to oppose him, could have no influence with the Democrats, who advocate religious freedom. But if he was a Roman Catholic, brought up in the faith, and deserted his religion for the mere sake of obtaining a high political position, no censure which he can administer would be adequate to the offence which he has committed. No one who would be guilty of such an act ought to expect to claim sympathy or support from honorablemen. A renegade from his faith for pecuniary or political gain always has been and always will be despised by good men of all parties—and as Col. Fremont has never denied his former connection with the Church of Rome, but allowed some of his political associates to deny his present connection with it, without a dissenting word from himself—we are almost forced into the belief that he is an apostate from his early religion, and that his motives for apostacy were carnal and corrupt. But, be this as it may, the actions of his life affecting merely his integrity as an officer and a man are sufficient to condemn him in the estimation of his fellow citizens, and we are entirely satisfied that, after the November election, he will never again be heard of as an aspirant for public favor. His defeat will be so signal as to drive him from the political field forever.

Letter from Col. Benton.

Since Col. Benton has been defeated for Governor, he has had the good sense to advise his friends to keep their faith pledged at Cincinnati, and accordingly the Benton Electoral Ticket has been withdrawn, while the old gentleman himself is out flat footed against his own son-in-law, Fremont, for President. In a letter to a member of Congress, written since the election in Missouri, Col. Benton says:

"There is a design here one the part of some to put up an electoral ticket for Fremont, about which no one speaks to me, as I have character enough to keep it at a distance all that class of persons who, dishonorable themselves, could approach a man with a dishonorable proposition. But my sentiments are known, and that I should consider such a step as injurious under any aspect—mortifying to Fremont himself, from the small vote which the ticket would receive—and injurious to the public, by aggravating the sectional feeling which now arrays each half of the Union against the other. I was opposing the bringing out of Fremont for nearly a half a year before those who charge me with promoting it, knew of any such design. There are cases in which public duty rises above personal consideration, though there are a great many people who cannot conceive it possible. Thus when I supported Jackson (with whom I was on ill terms,) thirty years ago, the sordid motives of office was assigned for it, now, when I support Buchanan (with whom I am on ill terms,) and support him against a member of my own family, the same persons can see nothing but falsehood and treachery. Incapable themselves of anything disinterested and patriotic, they believe others to be equally so, and attack with base motives all the actions which are above the comprehension of their political morality."

☞ A POOR fellow, who had spent hundreds of dollars at a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble, and out change, asked the landlord to trust him a glass of liquor.

"No," was the reply. "I never make a practice of doing such things."

The poor fellow, turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying—"Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it replaced the glass with evident satisfaction. He turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said—"Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you—I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill."

From the Pittsburg Post.

Cheering News.

A few weeks ago the intelligence from different parts of Ohio was such as to induce us to suppose that we had a small chance of carrying that State in November. But every day now brings us such news as to give hope that the Buckeye State will be true to the Union in November. Portions of it are thoroughly Africanized. But the white race party is evidently gaining strength and confidence in all other parts of the State. Never was the Democracy so harmonious, compact and resolute; and never were such tremendous mass meetings got up. Every meeting is largely attended, and the contest is carried on with a vigor that can seldom fail of success. The negro mania is beginning to be exhausted. The fact that the present bloodshed and murders in Kansas is entirely the work of Lane and his abolition confederates is well understood in Ohio, and is producing a reaction most cheering and salutary. Kansas was at peace four weeks ago. It is involved in a civil war now solely from an invasion of the territory by Lane and his hired ruffians. The people understand this now, and by November they will be prepared to repudiate the traitors. So says the best informed of Ohioans whom we have lately seen. Don't despair of Ohio. Our cause is just, and is gaining ground there.

Even from Connecticut, a Yankee State, constant assurances are received that it will be found in the column of the white race party in November.

But from the great State of New York, with its thirty-five electoral votes, comes the most satisfactory tidings. In New York city there was lately assembled the most tremendous meeting ever held on this continent; and all over the State the Democracy are rallying under the lead of the Van Buren's, the Seymour's, Dickinson, Beardsley, Bronson, and a host of other distinguished men. Frentont is *cowed* down in that State, too, by the imposing front of Fillmoreism. State pride operates strongly in New York; and a son of that State will always poll a tremendous vote. The contest there is evidently between Buchanan and Fillmore; and in no event can Fremont carry the State. That lost and all is lost for them. The Democrats can see then what reason there is for encouragement and effort. At this time in 1852 the Democratic party had much stronger reasons for apprehension. Then Gen. Scott was the candidate of a great *national* party. As a military man he was generally esteemed the greatest general of this age. The Whigs were confident, and with some good reasons. Now, the abolition party, having succeeded in destroying that Whig party, have no chance of an electoral vote in one-half the States, and are utterly lost if they lose one large northern State. What possible chance have they of carrying either New York or Pennsylvania? New Yorkers confidently assert that Fillmore will poll more votes there than Fremont, and that Buchanan's vote will be over 200,000. If this prediction is anywhere near right it settles the whole question. But New Jersey and Pennsylvania are beyond doubt for Buchanan. Saying nothing about any of the western States, then, where is there any loop for the cow boys to hang a hope upon?—Democrats have only to work diligently, and be of good cheer, and Pennsylvania's son is the next President. Pennsylvanians will not desert him, after having so long admired his great qualities and profound statesmanship.

A Falsehood Nailed.

About the whole stock-in-trade of the Black Republicans, is the assertion that the President and Administration desire to make Kansas a slave State: that the South have the aid of the federal government in such a work. Senator Toombs thus nails this falsehood to the counter in his great speech on his bill. Alluding to Seward, Wade and Fessenden, he said—

When you say that we intend to make Kansas a slave state, by the aid of the federal government, you say what every man of us has stated is not true. We said we would leave the people free to act for themselves, and if they made it a slave state I should demand its admission as such; and if they made it free, I should stand by them. The Kansas bill meant nothing else. No man who supported it, whether from the North or from the South, has ever said it meant anything else. Some Senators, however, will not understand it. The object was plainly avowed to all the people. We said, 'We take away this restriction which some think unconstitutional, and others unjust, and we leave the territory open to all the people who may go there, to exercise all the powers which they can exercise concerning their domestic institutions under the Constitution, and when they come into the Union they shall determine whether or not slavery shall exist.' We require, however, that there shall be a fair vote. The people of the south sent me here to commit no fraud, no cheat. They sent me here to meet the honest freemen of the country, and to stand with them by what they and we solemnly pledged ourselves to the country."

That is plain talk. The assertion that the Nebraska bill was designed to make Kansas a slave state is a falsehood. Senator Toombs deserves the thanks of one and all for this eloquent denunciation of that Black Republican assertion.

A FILLMORE MAN'S OPINION OF THE BLACK REPUBLICANS.—DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esq., of Philadelphia, made a speech before a Fillmore meeting at Norristown, a few days since. In speaking of the Black Republicans he said:

"I venture to say, that there never was a word more hackneyed, misinterpreted, and distorted, than the word, Liberty. All cry Liberty—every Nation of the globe—monarchies, despotisms, and republics—the North and South—the slave and master. Russia declares she is fighting for liberty—England and France for liberty—Turky for liberty—all for liberty—and yet no two agree in its idea. With us, the Republicans, too, cry liberty, and they understand by it a right to set all laws at defiance; to spurn the very Constitution under which they live, and to carry out this mad and fanatical project, even at the risk of dissolving this once bright, happy, peaceful, prosperous Union. They have done nothing more or less than to succeed at last in arraying in the most bitter, vindictive, hostile strife, one section of this Union against the other."

WHERE HE IS BEST KNOWN.—John C. Fremont, several of his biographers say, was born in *Georgia*. In his native State *he will not get a single vote!*

His youthful days were spent in South Carolina. He was educated there. Yet, in that State he will not get a single vote!

He married the daughter of Col. Benton, of Missouri, and has resided there. Yet he has not friends enough in the State to form an electoral ticket, and even his father-in-law will vote against him.

He claims now to be a citizen of California. That is his State, if he may be said to have a residence anywhere. But California, all his friends admit, will not give him her electoral vote.

If he carries a single State in the Union it will be Vermont, whose boundaries he never crossed and whose people never saw him! Where he is best known he has fewest friends. Even his old travelling companion, Kit Carson, to whose energy, shrewdness and courage, he owes his success as an explorer, has already declared against him!

Scene At Culperper, Va. Courthouse in other days.

We extract from "Virginia Illustrated" in the August number of "Harper's Magazine," the following:

At Culpeper Court-house, Dick Hardy, then a good humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the court dinner. The District Judge was at the table, the lawyer's justices, and everybody else that felt disposed to dine. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia Colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstance admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court martial, imposing fifty cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the gravy. "I beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stains from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The Colonel, swelling with rath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouths sat in astonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and looked at his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The Colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glance of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair with arms a-kimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of indignation and surprise arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned as red as a turkey gobbler's.

He deliberately took the pig by the hind leg, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squashing blow, astounded and blinded with streams of gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving knife, and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury; and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed belaboring him unmercifully at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding.

We are sorry to learn that among the crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates and constables, and that even his honor, the judge, forgetting his dignity and position; shouted, in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There is no law in Christendom against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when, at length, the battered Colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind legs of the roaster. He reentered the dining-room flourished these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company re-assembled and finished their dinner as best they could. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a speech, wherein he apologised for sacrificing the principal dinner fish, and, as he expressed it, for putting public property to private uses. In reply to this speech, a *treat was ordered. In these good old times folks were not so virtuous but that a man might have cakes and ale without being damned* for; it is presumable the day wound up with a sprce.

REAL-LIFE ROMANCES.

The *Gazette de Lausanne* relates the following romantic story:

Prince C———, one of the principal boyards of Moldavia, and having, it is said, imperial blood in his veins, had in his household, a child's maid, a young woman of Friburg. As she was a very handsome girl, the prince after a while became smitten with her, and not only paid her attention, but gave her a number of presents. As, however, he was married, the young woman considered it imprudent to remain in the house, and she left Moldavia. But absence only increased the passion of the Prince, and he followed her to Switzerland. There, as a proof of his affection, he placed securities to a large amount in the hands of a Banker at Berne, and directed that they should be given to the young woman at a future period. He, it appears, formed the design of marrying her, and took measures for having his existing marriage dissolved. These measures necessitated his presence at Moldavia, but he contrived nevertheless to pay frequent visits to Switzerland. At length the young woman, fearing her reputation would be compromised by his attentions, consulted some clergymen, and they told her that her marriage with him would be impossible, for various reasons, and especially on account of the difference of religion; so she determined on marrying a young man who had fallen in love with her. When the marriage was celebrated, she informed the Prince of it, and of her motive for marrying. The Prince was greatly exasperated, and an angry correspondence ensued. He at length arrived at Friburg, to ascertain, as he did, that the marriage really had been celebrated, he entertaining doubts about it. When satisfied that the young woman was irrevocably lost to him, he brought an action against her before the tribunal of Friburg, to obtain the restoration of the donations which he had made her, amounting to about 300,000 and 400,000 francs, on the ground that they had been conferred on the condition of a future marriage, which conditions she had not fulfilled. The young woman on her part, contended that the gifts had been made without any condition at all; and that, besides she had not married until she had ascertained that a marriage between her and the Prince was impossible. Eventually the tribunal dismissed the action. To increase the romantic interest of the affair, it is stated that after the commencement of the suit, the Prince succeeded in obtaining a divorce from his wife, and it is added that he has just married a young lady of Belgium.

MODESTY REFINED.—"My son" said a silly, doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?"

"Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up in the clouds for an answer, "I don't know; but suppose we have it—John H. Samplin & Father.

Verily the bump of self-esteem was in the ascendant there! The good natured old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea—thought it betokened great rising genius; but said "he rather declined adopting the notion."

☞ An advertisement in an Irish paper lately, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes among other particulars observed, "that these sashes would last *forever*; and *afterwards*, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

☞ A tailor, while traveling on the lakes, was lately asked by a Yankee, where he lived, what his business was, &c., to which he replied, that he lived in Toledo, and, "that his profession was sitting on the smooth side of poverty, and jerking out the cords of affliction."

Poetical.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house on the heather,
In childhood where we met—
The humble home to memory dear;
Its sorrows and its joys,
Where woke the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys
Fore-shadow'd in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given—
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not though so bright and blest,
For, ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus, that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die?
That, when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly?
And sadder still, the pain will stay,
The bliss no more appears;
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but their tears!
Then, look not then so bright and blest,
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Miscellaneous.

NAPOLEON'S MERCY.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine when one of his officers entered and announced a young woman from Lyons.

'What is her business with me?'

'Some petition,' answered de Merville, the officer.

The officer soon re-appeared with a lady leaning upon his arm, whose face, as much as could be scanned through the thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door.

'Mademoiselle,' whispered her guide kindly, 'take courage, but answer promptly every question the Emperor proposes; he detests hesitation.' Then ushering her into the spacious apartment, he bowed and retired.

The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot her timidity; she thought only of another. Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon, she exclaimed in a voice choking with emotion, 'Mercy, sire! I sue for mercy and pardon.' She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and then approaching, contributed more by her sympathizing words of encouragement to restore the courage of the petitioner than even the Emperor by his gracious manner, as he bade her rise.

'Your petition, mademoiselle,' said he.

Henrietta Asmond (for that was her name) looked imploringly at the Emperor and exclaimed:

'Ah, sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delmarre, who is condemned to be shot on to-morrow! O! grant him your royal pardon!'

A cloud gathered on Napoleon's brow as he interrupted her with—

'A deserter, mademoiselle: he has twice deserted. No, he must be made an example for the remainder of the regiment.'

'But the causes of his desertion!' cried Henrietta, in agony. 'He was compelled to join the army against his will.'

'What are the causes of his desertion?' interrupted Napoleon.

'Two weeks since,' answered Henrietta, 'he received news that an only remaining parent, a mother, sire, was on her death bed, and longed day and night to behold her son. Louis knew that relief or release from his post was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought—that she might not close her eyes forever, ere they rested on a son she loved so fondly.'

'Did she die?' asked the Empress, with interest.

'No, madam,' replied Henrietta, 'she at last recovered. But hardly had Louis received her blessing, been folded in her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officer of justice and dragged hither. Oh! must he die? Mercy, sire, I beseech you!'

'Mademoiselle,' said Napoleon, apparently softened, 'this is the second offence; name the first: you committed that.'

'It was,' said she, hesitating and coloring, 'it was—that he heard I was to be married to Conard Ferant, whom I detest as much as he does,' answered Henrietta, with naivette.

'Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?' asked the Emperor.

'Oh no, sire,' said Henrietta, her lovely cheeks assuming a still deeper hue of the rose, 'I am only a cousin.'

'Ah! only a cousin,' repeated Napoleon, glancing at Josephine with a suppressed smile.

'Oh, sire,' said Henrietta, 'recollect the anguish of his widowed mother when she recollects that the affection of her son for her was the cause of her death. What, she continued, 'can I do to save him?' and the poor girl forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears. The kind hearted Josephine glanced at the Emperor with eyes expressive of pity and sympathy. She noticed the workings of his face, and felt at once that it was very uncertain whether Louis Delmarre was to be shot the next morning.

Napoleon approached the weeping girl. She hastily looked up and dried her tears. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'would you give your life for his? Would you die could Louis Delmarre be restored to liberty and his mother?'

Henrietta started back, deadly pale, looked fixed at the Emperor for a moment, then turning away she buried her face in her hands.

After a silence of some minutes, Henrietta looked up: 'I am willing,' said she, in a very low voice. Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not anticipated so ready an answer to his proposal. 'I will see you again,' said he; 'in the meantime accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct.'

As soon as the door was closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning and said: 'I see how it is; Louis Delmarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature, she has braved difficulty and danger to beg his release.'

'How strong must be the love she bears for him,' said the Empress.

'Ah!' returned he, 'I have a mind to subject this love to a severer test. Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless I will see.'

'Sure,' cried Josephine, 'you are not serious—Louis can certainly be pardoned without the death of Henrietta.'

Napoleon drew near the window, and they convesed in a low voice.

Henrietta stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours passed unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in reverie; a small folded paper was tightly grasped in her small hand. On it were traced these words, 'A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Delmarre restored to liberty, the means are in your power. Ere day dawns he may be on his way to join his mother whom he so much loves.'

'Ah!' murmered Henrietta, 'do not I love him too?' Pressing her hands upon her heart as if to still its tumultuous beating, she paced the apartment. The door opened, and the Chevalier de Merville entered. He paused ere he articulated 'Mademoiselle.'

'I am ready,' replied Henrietta; 'my decision is made.'

De Merville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her with reverence as well as admiration, as she stood with the high resolve impressed upon her beautiful brow. 'Follow me, Mademoiselle,' said he. They traversed long corridors and numerous suites of superb apartments; and descending a staircase, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard-house. Entering this, Henrietta was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she was soon left to herself.

On a chair was flung a uniform of the regiment to which Lewis belonged. On a table lay a large plume cap. Henrietta comprehended all in a moment.

Quickly habiting herself, in the uniform, she stood before the mirror, and gathering up her beautiful brown tresses in a knot, placed the cap on her head. She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation. She knew that she was to be led to the fatal ground at morning's dawn. The bullet which would have struck Louis to the heart was to be death to her own, but she shrunk not back. Love triumphed over the timid woman's nature.—'Louis' mother will bless me in her heart,' she whispered. 'Louis himself will never forget me. And often has he sworn that he loved me better than all else beside.' Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom she pressed it to her lips, and then breathed a prayer to heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footmen aroused Henrietta. She started up, grasped the band of hair, awaiting his summons. The door opened and two soldiers entered repeating the name of Louis Delmarre; they suddenly led her forth to die. The soldiers whose bullets were to pierce the heart of Louis had taken their stand, and only awaited the command from the Emperor, who was stationed at the window, commanding a view of the whole scene.

'Oh,' cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drapery from the view of those below. 'Oh, sire, I can endure it no longer: it seems too much like a dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl! No shrinking back! See, she seems calmly awaiting the fatal moment!'

'Stop!' cried the Emperor from the window. Louis Delmarre is pardoned. I revoke his sentence!'

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. Not one of them but loved and respected their comrade. The next moment ere they could press around to congratulate the supposed Louis, De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henrietta through the crowd, back to the cell from which she had emerged but a few moments before.

'Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle; lose no time, the Emperor wishes to see you. I will return soon.'

Henrietta was like one in a dream, but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul; she felt the dawning of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville re-appeared, and once again she trod the audience room of the Emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis. An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as, regardless of others, they rushed into each others arms.

Napoleon stepped forward.

'Louis Delmarre,' said he, 'you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves?'

'I could die for her,' answered Louis proudly.

'Well, well,' cried the Emperor, 'this test of one will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands. You, Lieut. Louis Delmarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley with Henrietta as your bride.'

'Here,' said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, 'here are one hundred louis d'ors, as the marriage dowry, Henrietta.'

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl as she received the purse from the hand of the Empress.

'Long live Napoleon!' exclaimed Louis, as with a heart too full of grateful emotion for further utterance he took the hand of Henrietta, and making a graceful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

DUNUE ON DEBT.—"It must be confessed that my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the day after I have spent all my money. I always say to them, "Now this is very provoking. Why didn't you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?"—But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late.—It's my belief they do it on purpose."

☞ A gentleman well known for his parsimonious habits having billeted himself on his friends in Edinburgh during the royal visit, was talking to a friend, on his return, of the great expense of living.

"How much, now, do you suppose I spent in Edinburg?"

"I do not know," replied the friend; "I should suppose about a fortnight."

☞ Col. Rivers, a tried and gallant officer, never went into action without manifest emotion; and on one occasion, when leading his regiment, under fire, a raw subaltern who noticed the quiver which shook his frame, had the impertinence to