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FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1852.

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#### Moetry.

#### IT SNOWS

BY MRS. S. J. HALE. 'it snows,' cries the schoolboy, 'Hurrah!' and his shout Is ringing through parlor and hall, While, swift as the wings of the swallow, he's out, And his playmates have answered his call! It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—

Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the breast of the boy,
As he gathers his treasure of snow!
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

'It snows " cries the imbecile, 'Ah!' and his breath. Comes heavy as clogged with a weight; While from the pale aspect of Nature in death, He turns to the blaze of his grate;

And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair Is wheeled toward the life-glowing flame; He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air, Lest it wither his delicate frame

O: small is the pleasure existence can give. When the fear we shall die only proves that we live. 'It snows!' cries the traveller, 'Ho!' and the word Has quickened the steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face.
For bright through the tempest, his own home appears,

Although leagues intervene, he can see! Annough leagues intervene, he can see:
There's the red glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babe at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour, That those we love dearest are safe from its power

'It snows!' cries the belle, 'dear, how lucky!' and turns From her mirror, to watch the flakes fall; Like the first rose in summer her dimpled cheek burns, While musing on sleigh ride and ball-ere are visions of conquests, of splendor and mirth, Floating over drear winter's dark day;

But the tidings of Hope, on the storm-beaten earth, Will melt like the snow-flakes away— Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss-

That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this. 'It snows!' cries the widow, 'Oh God!' and she signs, How stifled the voice of her prayer, Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen

Or her cheek, sunk with fasting and care; 'Tis night-and her fatherless ask her for bread But 'He gives the young ravens their food,'
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread, As she lavs on her last chip of wood. Poor sufferer! thy sorrow thy God only knows Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows

### A Select Tale.

## SWEARING OFF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

Editor of the Home Gazette, and Author of many Popular Moral Tales. Concluded.

Time wore on, and John Barelay, besides continuing perfectly sober, gave constant attention to business. So complete a change in him gave confidence to the parents and friends of Helen Weston, who made no opposition to his wish for an early marriage. It was fixed to take place on the evening of the very day upon which his temporary pledge was to expire.

To the expiration of this pledge, Barclay had never ceased, from the moment it was taken, to look forward with a lively interest. Not that he felt a desire to drink. But he suffered himself to be worried with the idea that he was no longer a free man. The nearer the day came that was to terminate the period for which he had bound himself to abstinence, e more did his mind dwell upon it, and the more did he desire its approach. It was, likewise, to be his wedding-day, and for that reason, also, did he look eagerly forward. But it is doubtful whether the consummation of his marriage, or the expiration of his pledge, occupied most of his thoughts.

The day so long looked for came at last. The day that was to make Barclay a free man, and happy in the possession of one of the sweetest girls for a wife, he had ever seen.

· I shall not see you again, until to-night, John,' his sister said to him, as he was about leaving the house, after dinner, laying her hand as she spoke upon his arm, and looking into his face with a quiet smile resting upon her own lovely features. -'I have promised Helen to go over and spend the afternoon with her.' · Very well, sis.'

·Of course we shall see you pretty early,'-an arch smile playing about her lips as she made the remark.

· O yes, I shall be there in time,' was the brother's smiling reply, as he kissed the cheek of Alice, and then turned away and left the house. He first proceeded to his store, where he went through, hurriedly, some business that required his attention, occupying something like an hour. Then he went out, and walked rapidly up one of the principal streets of the city, and down another, as if on some urgent errand. Without stopping anywhere, he had nearly returned to his own store, when he was stopped by a friend, who

accosted him with-· Hallo, John! Where are you going in such a hurry ?"

'I am on my way to the store.'

'Any life and death in the case?" No!-Only I'm to be married to-night, as you are aware; and, consequently, am hardly able to tell whether I am on my

head or heels.' · True enough! And besides, you are a free man to-day, are you not?'

'Yes, Watson, thank Heaven! that trammel will be off in half an hour.'

· You must be fond of trammels, John, seeing that you are going to put another on so soon after getting rid of this-' the friend said, laughing heartily at his jest.

That will be a lighter, and far pleasanter bondage I trust, Watson, than the one from which I am about escaping. It will of horror. He was intoxicated! It was enance. be an easy yoke compared to the galling his wedding-night, a portion of the com-

one under which I have toiled for the last pany below, and the gentle, and affection- Gray? Where am I? And how came I as desired, and Barelay wrote and sub- sectional grounds alone, against another Demoternal restraint that made me little better bear. than a machine.'

an hour?" 'Yes-' looking at his watch-'in ten

minutes. It is later than I thought.' 'Come, then, let us go over to R's-it is full ten minutes' walk from here-and let us take a drink to freedom and prin-

ciple.' 'I am ready to join you, of course,' establishment that had been named by the

'A room, a bottle of sherry, and some cigars,' said Watson, as they entered the he rolled into the gutter, swollen by a act of folly. drinking-house, and went up to the bar.

with wine and glasses before them. 'Here's to freedom and principle!' said had there not been help at hand. Watson, lifting his glass, after having filled his own and Barclay's.

butes which should ever be man's diswith the brim of that held in the hand of his friend. Both then emptied their glasses at a draught.

'Really that is delicious!' Barelay said, smacking his lips, as the rich flavor of the sation of exquisite delight.

'It's a pretty fair article,' was the indifferent reply of Watson- though I have tasted better in my time. Long abstinence has made its flavor peculiarly pleasant. Here, let me fill your glass again.'

Without hesitating, Barclay presented his glass, which was again filled to the brim. In the next moment it was empty. So eager was he in getting it to his lips, Barclay !' that he even spilled a portion of the wine in lifting it hurriedy. Suddenly his old, and as he had thought, extinguished desires, came back upon him, roused into vigorous long repose. So keen was his appetite for wine, and stimulating drinks, thus suddenly restored, that he could no more have borne up against the current of a mighty

'Help yourself,' said his friend, ere ciple! another minute had elapsed, as Barclay took up the bottle to fill his glass for the third time. 'Long-abstinence has no doubt made you keen.'

'It certainly has, or else this is the my lips.'

deal; still it is pretty fair. But won't you low was

'No objections,' was the brief response. 'Which will you choose?'

· I'll take a julep.'

who entered immediately afterwards.

nished with a long straw. portion of the liquid.

'Our friend R. understands his business,' was Watson's brief reply.

A silence of some moments ensued, for the night. during which a painful consciousness of permit his mind to be disturbed by idle unfamiliar.

the evening twilight falling gently and with a soothing influence.

surable emotion. . What can keep him?"

Alice said, with a smile. each gentle and innocent heart, busy with ed to have worn the day previous. images of delight.

Alice, or sister, as I must call you,' Helen disinclined to speak to him, hurriedly arose, remarked in a graver tone, as the shadowy and dressed himself. On attempting to that is taken, you will be free, indeed.

veil of indistinctness. 'There! That must be him!' Hark! That is certainly his voice! Yes-And him.

While Alice was yet speaking, the door of the chamber in which they sat was elapsed, when the key was turned in the not her whom I have so deeply wronged. swung opon with a rude hand, and her door, and Mr. Gray entered. brother entered. His face was flushed, and his whole person in disorder.

Why, brother! what has keptbut the sister could utter no more. Her tongue was paralized, and she stood, statue-like, gazing upon him with a look

six months. Still, I do not regret having ate maiden who was to become his bride, here bound myself as I did. It was necessary all attired and waiting and he came into give me that self-control which I had toxicated! Poor Helen's bewildered sen- are in my house. Last night I took you well-nigh lost. Now I shall be able to ses could not at first fully comprehend the from the gutter, too much intoxicated to lighter tone, as he arose from the table at act like a rational man, and be temperate scene. When she did realize the terrible help yourself. You would have drowned which he had been writing. 'I can never from principle, and not from a mere ex- truth, the shock was more than she could there in three inches of water, had not a pass another such a week as that which

Over the whole scene of pain, disorder, · Your time will be up, you say, in half and confusion, that transpired on that striking his hand hard against his forehead, er of even ordinary imagination can real- nizing remorse passed over his face. ize enough of the intence distress which it must have brought to many hearts, without the aid of distinct pictures. And sympathizing tone. 'How wretched you those who cannot realize it will be spared | must be !' the pain of its contemplation.

his arm within that of his friend, and the was passing along one of the principal his arm within that of his friend, and the two turned their steps towards the drinking streets of the city where the occurrences to drive me mad.' we are relating took place, a young man length upon the pavement, from whence its bright page still unsullied by a single smart shower that had just fallen, Too In a few minutes after they were alone, drunk to help himself, he must have been That can never be recalled—never be drowned even in that insignificant stream, atoned for,' Barclay replied, his counte-

Mr. Grav came at once to his relief, Mr. Grav came at once to his relief, anguish and remorse. 'To think of all I have lost! To think how cruelly I have 'And here's to the same high moral attri- pavement. But now he was unable to mocked the fondest hopes, and crushed stand. Either hurt by the fall or unner- the purest affections-perhaps broken a tinguishing characteristics,' responded Bar- ved by the liquor he had taken, he was loving heart by my folly. O, sir! it will clay, lifting his own glass, and touching no longer able to keep his feet. While drive me mad!' Mr. Gray stood holding him up, undetermined how to act, another young man, to his feet, and commenced pacing the not so drunk as the one he had in charge, room to and fro with agitated steps. Now

came whooping along like an Indian.

'Hallo! Is this you, John, holding up and now ringing them violently. wine lingered on his palate with a sen-sation of exquisite delight.

old Mr. Gray !—or is it old Mr. Gray | Since that accursed hour, he resumed, holding you up ! [hiccup.] Blast me! if after a few minutes thus spent, when I I can tell which of you are drunk, or madly tempted myself, under the belief which sober. Let me see? hic-hic-cup. that I had gained the mastery over a de-Was it the Whale swallowed Jonah, or praved appetite by an abstinence from all Jonah the Whale? is it old Mr. Gray- kinds of liquor for six months, I have but hic-cup-that is drunk, or John Barclay!' a dim recollection of events. I do, indeed, in a tone of surprise and grief. 'Surely I went to claim the hand of Helen Westhis wretched young man is not John ton, according to appointment. But from

bird, though! aint he, old gentleman? voice grew calmer-the effect of my activity, like a giant awakening fresh by a dollars,-hic-cup-if you'll stop these,hic-these confounded hic-hic-cups-There now-There's a chance for you! -hic-blast 'em! He swore off for six indeed. Since that dreadful night, she withstood its influence than he could have months, ha! ha! ha! And it's just, -hic has remained in a state of partial delirium. Hur-hic-hurrah!

'Thomas Watson!-'Don't you come your preaching touch over me, mister, if you please. I'm free conduc Tom Watson,-hic-hic-hic-eup-I'm-hic -I'm a regular team-whoop! John,

finest article of wine that has ever passed there, you see, would drink to freedom how wretched and broken-hearted she and principle, -- hic-cup-on the -- hic- looks! Is it not dreadful, John, to think, · It is not the best quality by a good day his pledge was up. But the old fel- how, by a single act of folly, you have try a mint-julep or punch, by way of va- him. He's been drunk as a fool ever and imposed upon them burdens of anguish, since-hic-cup!'

Just at that moment a cab came by which was stopped by the old man. had died, before I became an accursed in-'I'll take a julep.'
'Two juleps,' said Watson to the waiter Young Barclay was gotten into it and strument of evil to those I love! But driven to Mr. Gray's dwelling. When what can I do, Mr. Gray, to atone, in some brought to the light he presented a sad degree, for the misery I have wrought?" The juleps were soon ready, each fur- spectacle, indeed. His face was swollen, and every feature distorted. His coat was Delicious!' was Barclay's low and detorn, and all his clothing were wet and lighted ejaculation, as he bent to the table, covered with mud. Too far gone to be nd "imbibed" through the straw a able to help himself, Mr. Gray had him to do, Mr. Gray-even the cutting off of removed to a chamber, his wet garments my right hand, could it be of any avail.' taken off and replaced by dry under-clothing. Then he was put into a bed and left it, for six months, did you not?

When morning broke, Barclay was danger rushed through the mind of Bar- perfectly bewildered. The room in which that time? clay. But with an effort he dismissed it. he found himself, and the furniture, were He did not intend to drink beyond the all strange. He got up; and looked from bounds of moderation, and why should he the window; the houses opposite were nence, and you are safe from all future

· Where am I? What is the meaning · It is time brother was here,' Alice said of all this?' he said, half-aloud, as he to Helen Weston, as the two maidens sat turned to look for his clothes. But no Gray. Surely I ought to have power alone, near a window in Helen's chamber, garments of any kind, not even his hat enough over myself to abstain from all inand boots were visible.

'Strange!' be murmured, getting into 'Yes! I expected him earlier,' was the bed again, and clasping his hands lightly reply, in a low tone, while Helen's bosom upon his aching and bewildered head. He heaved with a new, and exquisitely plea- had lain, thus, for some minutes, trying to only safety, then, lies in the pledge. Take collect his scattered senses, when the door 'He is lingering at his toilet, perhaps,' of his chamber was opened by a servant, danger an insurmountable barrier. You who brought him in a full suit of his own talk about freedom; and yet are a slave All was silent again for many minutes, clothes; not, however, those he remember- to the most debasing appetite. Get free

'It's strange that he does not come, the young man, who had felt altogether perpetual total-abstinence pledge will be twilight deepened until everything wore a go out, he was surprised, and somewhat And until it is taken, rest assured, that angered, to find that the door of the room none of your friends will again have conhad been locked.

he is coming right up to your room, as I awaited impatiently an answer to his sumlive, as boldly as if the house belonged to mons, for the space of about a minute, sake of her, from whose lip you dashed when he pulled the cord again with a the cup of joy, sign the pledge. stronger hand. Only a few moments more

'Mr. Gray! is it possible!' Barclay ejaculated, as the old man stepped into the room, and closed the door after him.

'I can hardly believe it possible, John,' his father's friend said, as he turned to- give me a pen and ink, and some paper, wards him a sad, yet unreproving count-

· Sit down, John, and be calm. You friendly hand been near to save you.'

'Dreadful!' ejaculated the young man, evening we must draw a veil. Any read- while an expression of shame and ago-

'It is, indeed, dreadful to think of, my young friend!' Mr. Gray remarked in a

'Wretched ? Alas! sir, you cannot One week from that night, at about nine | imagine the horror of this dreadful mowas Barclay's prompt reply, as he drew o'clock in the evening, as old Mr. Gray ment. Surely I have been mad for the

'So I should think, John. But that is staggered against him, and then fell at full past now, and the future is still yours, and

'But the past! The dreadful past!

As the young man said this, he arose striking his hands against his forehead,

'John Barclay!' ejaculated the old man, remember, with tolerable distinctness, that the moment I entered the house, all is to not-hie-cup-not Tom Watson. He's a then, Mr. Gray,'-and the young man's purely and tenderly. Let me know all, I ask no disguise

·The effect, John, has been painful, were up. Hurrah for freedom and prin- all her symptoms had become more favorable.

'And how is her father, and friends?'

'And my sister? How is Alice? · She keeps up with an effort. But oh, the hearts that loved you most.

almost too heavy to be borne?'
'It is dreadful! dreadful? O, that I

. You can do much, John, if you will. · If I will, Mr. Gray?'

'Yes, John, if you will.' . There is nothing that I am not ready

You swore off, as I believe you called · Yes.

· Had you any desire to drink, during

'Sign a pledge of perpetual total-abstitemptations. Time will doubtless heal the present painful wounds."

'And make a slave of myself, Mr. toxicating drinks, without binding myself down by a written contract.'

'That is true; but, unfortunately, you have not that control over yourself. Your that, and you throw between yourself and from the influence of that eager, insatiable As soon as the servant had withdrawn, desire, and you are free, indeed. The your declaration of independence. When fidence in you. For their sakes-for your Ringing the bell with a quick jerk, he sister's sake, that peace may once more be restored to her troubled heart-for the

'I will sign it, Mr. Gray. But name I can never see Helen Weston again. 'Time heals many a wound, and closes

many a breach, my young friend.' · It can never heal that wound, nor close that breach,' was the sad response. 'But and let me write a pledge. I believe it is

necessary for me to sign one.'

from all that could intoxicate.

has just elapsed.'

morning, after what has occurred. Besides, I must see my sister as quickly as possible, and relieve, as far as lies in my power, her suffering heart.'

. Go then, John Barelay,' the old man said. 'I will not, for Alice's sake, urge vou to linger a moment.'

It was still early when Mr. Barclay entered his own home. He found Alice sitting in the parlor so pale, haggard and wretched, that her features hardly seemed like those of his own sister. She looked up into his face as he came in with a sad, doubting expression, while her lips trembled. One glance, however, told her heart nance bearing the strongest expression of that a change had taken place, and she sprang quickly towards him.

her head sank upon his breast. "The struggle is over. I am free once more, and free for ever. I have just signed a pledge ef total-abstinence from all that can intoxicate—a pledge that will remain perpetually in force.

And may our father in heaven help you to keep it, John,' the maiden murmured, in a low, fervent tone.

'I will die before it shall be violated,' was the stern response.

One year from that time, another bridal party assembled at the residence of Mr. Weston. Helen, long since recovered from the shock she had received, had again consented to be led to the altar, by John and harbors. Barclay, whose life had been, since he signed the pledge, of the most unexceptionable character. Indeed, almost his on- at Washington on Friday, and passed a ·If he is not John Barclay, then I am me confusion or a dead blank. Tell me, ly fault in former times had been a fondness for drinking, and gay company. Not much of boisterous mirth characterized the -hic-cup-Look here, I'll give you five miserable conduct upon her whom I love bridal party, for none felt like giving way of Baltimore on Tuesday, the 1st day of to an exuberance of feeling-but there June next. The call is signed by a large veil entirely over the past, a rational conviction that true and permanent happiness must, and would crown that marriage -just a week to-night since the six months But her physician told me, yesterday, that union. And thus far, it has followed it, and must continue to follow it, for John Barclay is a man of high-toned principle, and would as soon think of committing a Deeply incensed, of course, at your highway robbery, as violating his pledge.

# THE GAZETTE.

# Renew your Subscriptions

The present and ensuing month closes Those who wish to take advantage of the advance terms, had better send on their money, as a DOLLAR will now pay for a year-a fact worth remembering.

# Gov. Bigler's Cabinet.

The Pottsville Emporium, an old and influential organ of Democracy in Schuylkill county, notices the appointment of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State, as fol- to this country, says:

THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE. - That "selfpraise is no recommendation," has been so long conceded, and is withal a saying so reasonable in itself considered, as hardly at this day to be disputed; yet the new Secretary of State displays his puffs of himself so frequently and with cool assurance, that it leads us to suspect he

fancies himself greatly recommended thereby.

It has certainly shocked the common sense of the Democracy of Schuyikill county, that while his Excellency, Governor BIGLER, has deemed it proper to select as his legal adviser, and Attorney General of the Commonwealth, James Campbell, Esq., a defeated Democratic candi-date for the Supreme Bench, in order to show his disapprobation of the disorganization by which he was defeated, he should on the other hand appoint as his Chief Clerk, F. W. HUGHES, who was himself at the last election, an open and avowed Disorganizer, against a portion of the Democratic ticket in this county, (after having publicly pledged himself in the most solemn manner to support it entire,) and made use of the very means to attain his end by which CAMPBELL was defeated, the circulation in almost every district of pretended Democratic tickets, the regular candidates.

In view of this gross inconsistency, to say nothing of the fraud, it became plainly necessa- Whig. ry to contend, and if possible make the public believe that the new Secretary is a man so extraordinary as to constitute an exception to all general rules, and accordingly we have his own general rules, and accordingly we have his own pronunciamento, in his own peculiarly high-sounding style, proving him to be beyond all peradventure, a most successful and popular man. As regards his great success in the political field, in view of the result of the nominations and election of last fall, in our own county, we can only enjoy a quiet smile, which will be responded to by every Democrat in Schuylkill county who remembers how effectually he was on that occasion; and as to his success in defeating Democratic candidates, we cheerfully agree that that sort of work is more congenial to his natural Federal predilections than

any other.
But the Secretary makes a great display of his popularity as shown by his large vote in Schuyl-kill county when elected to the State Senate in 1843! Mirabile dictu, that when a candidate in the Senatorial District, composed of the counind let me write a pledge. I believe it is necessary for me to sign one.'

The materials for writing were brought

The materials for writing were brought

The materials for writing were brought.

scribed a pledge of perpetual abstinence. cratic candidate, who represented the interests of our rival Lehigh region, F. W. Hughes re-ceived a large vote in his own county of Schuylkill! Most wonderful, that when the whigs had no candidate of their own, both Whigs and Democrats in Schuylkill county should east their votes for the candidate of their own county, in preference to voting for Mr. Coolbaugh, of Monroe, the Black's Eddy Outlet-lock, and every 'Now come down and take a good warm breakfast with me,' Mr. Gray said, in a cheerful voice.

'Excuse me if you please,' Barclay replied. 'I cannot meet your family this supposed would advance the interests of a rival Coal Region at our expense. And, let it be remembered, that was the first and Last trial of this would-be great man's popularity in Schuylkill county! A very imperfect one it must be admitted—but let Governor Browners after the state of the black's Eddy Outlet-lock, and every thing that it was supposed would advance the interests of a rival Coal Region at our expense. LER refer his Secretary to the people of the county for a nomination and election to any, the meanest office, in 1852, and then his boasted popu-

larity at home will be more fairly tested! We expect to have at least one pronunciamen-o a week from this great man of the new Cabinet, during his continuance in place, for the purpose of magnifying his mighty greatness, and we shall amuse ourself and readers by perforating his balloons as they fly, and permitting the gas to escape. Governor Bigles and the Democracy of the State may discover by a little observation, whether the people of the county will avertee under the people of the county will be the people of the people of the county will be the people of the will sustain us while thus engaged

The annual message of Gov. Wood, of Ohio, states that the receipts into the treasury in 1851, amounted to \$3,000,098, and the expenditures \$2,696,369, leaving · Alice, my own dear sister!' he said, as a balance of \$312,696. The State debt amounts to \$15,584,893, besides the School and Trust funds, amounting to \$1,754,332.

The inauguration of Gov. Wood took place on the 12th inst., at Columbus, in the Hall of the House of Representatives. In his inaugural address he expresses himself in favor of the maintenance of the Compromise Measures, and says whatever objections there may be to them, the time has not yet come for their repeal. They should have a fair trial. He endorses that part of President Fillmore's message in reference to the improvement of rivers

The Locofoco National Committee met resolution providing for the holding of the Locofoco National Convention in the city was, notwithstanding few could draw a number of Locofocos. Of their factional positoin the New-York Tribune says:

> " Among these gentlemen are Southern ' State Rights' men and Southern 'Union' men with Northern Free Soilers—at least men chosen on the strength of Free Soil professions by Free Soil Votes-Messrs. Burtlett of Vermont, and Thurston of Rhode Island, being in this catego-Gen. Commander, though unable to be present, sent his proxy in favor of the time and place for holding the Convention which was adopted. Messrs. Jackson of Georgia, and adopted. Messrs. Jackson of Georgia, and Freeman of Mississippi, (whose names join in the list) were elected to Congress on precisely opposite principles, but that means little. The democracy are going in for the 'Spoils of Victory' this time, and 'Southern Rights' or 'Union,' 'Freesoil' or 'Slavery Extension,' are of small recent in the state of the s when compared with the main chance.

# Another Confession.

Robert J. Walker is about returning home from England. He has been feasted in that Island by the nobility, of whom he and his party have shown themselves ardent and efficient friends. The Liverpool Journal, speaking of Mr. Walker's return

"Mr. Walker will return to his own country, stamped with the approval of commercial and political England, in his bidding for the great post of President."

The nobility of England have stamped "with their approval" Robert J. Walker, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Polk, who is a leading member of the Locofoco party and is now pressing his claims to the nomination of Presidency. Locofoco policy strengthens English Capitalists and weakens American Labor. English Capitalists know their interests, and send money here to strengthen the Locofoco party and fasten upon the country Locofoco policy. Will the people of these States submit to the dictation of " commercial and political England?" If so, let them vote with the Locofoco party with the name of a waig inserted in place of in favor of British, and in opposition to American, interests .- The Independent

> THE IRISH EXILES .- Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, has addressed a letter to the President of the United States, agreeably to the request of a recent meeting in Philadelphia, soliciting an official appeal from Washington in behalf of the Irish exiles in Van Dieman's Land.

> How to Do IT .- The best mode of suicide for ladies is to wear thin shoes, and lace with a bed-wrench and rope; by this means they may kill themselves without being suspected.

A Philadelphia court has decided that a