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O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again enfold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

Miscellany.

From Godey's Lady's Book for June

The Italian Flower Girl

BY HENRY G. LEE

ON returning, after an absence of some years from my native city, I met, among other well remembered and cherished friends, my old school-mate and college companion, Herbert Belrose Most cordially did he grasp my hand, showing that the fire of early friendship still burned brightly in his bosom.

"You must come home and take tea with me," said he, as he stood holding my hand tightly in his.

"Then you are married?" I returned.

"Oh yes! I belong to the sober stay-at-home class of citizens. So you must accept my invitation. I will call for you as I leave my counting-room this afternoon It will be delightful to have a good chat about old times"

I assented, well pleased at the arrangement, and, at the time agreed upon, Belrose called for me. On being presented to his wife, I was surprised to meet a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, with foreign accent and features. There was something very striking in her whole aspect. Once seen, you could never forget her; you seemed to be gazing on some pictured form, a painter's dream of loveliness. But, if her face was my instant admiration, how much more charmed was I, after the reserve of our first meeting wore away, to note the simple but true grace of every motion, and to listen to the music of her voice, as she joined, with more than ordinary intelligence, in the conversation that followed.

"Where did you meet with this lovely woman?" said I to Belrose, at our next meeting. "To me, she stood forth the embodiment of some beautiful ideal, long dwelling in the regions of fancy."

"The story is a romantic one," replied my friend, smiling.

"Will you relate it?"

"Oh, certainly, it you think you will feel interest enough to listen."

"Let me hear it by all means," said I.

My friend then related the following story.

"Three years ago, I went to Europe and passed through Italy. On the day of my arrival at Naples, as I was passing along one of the streets, a lovely young girl, with a basket of flowers on her arm, approaching with a smile, presented a handsome buoquet, and in her musical Italian asked me to accept it. Such a favor from a fair young stranger was not, of course, to be declined. In taking it I looked earnestly into her sweet face, and her eyes lingered for a moment or two in mine; then she turned, and was lost in the crowd of people that filled the streets.

"In relating this incident to a young Englishman at the hotel, he did not seem much surprised. His remark was: 'One of the cunning flower girls. How much did your buoquet cost you?'

"'Nothing,' I replied. 'Why should it?'

"'Ah! I perceive you don't understand these Italian girls. You are a fine-looking young fellow, and a stranger with plenty of money to spend. You are gallant too. All this a pair of bright Italian eyes can see at a glance. The girl was simply a flower girl, and by her little ruse expected to receive about ten prices for her buoquet.'

"'Ah!' said I, in return. 'That's the meaning of it? I wish I had known it before.'

"'You will see her again.'

"'Think so?'

"'Without doubt. She will never lose sight of you. Walk out to-morrow, and ere you are in the street twenty minutes, you will receive another and still richer buoquet from her hands.'

"And he was right. I received soon after appearing abroad on the next morning, another bunch of flowers from the same fair hand, and the girl was rewarded with a gold coin. She took the money, and as her eye fell upon it and she saw its value, a deep flush passed over her face, and dropping me a low courtesy, while her eyes expressed thankfulness, she turned and was in a few moments, lost to my view. On the day following, the next and the next, I looked for my beautiful flower girl, but saw her nowhere upon the streets

"One day, a week after my arrival in Naples, I rode out to enjoy the charming views everywhere presenting themselves. A few miles from the city, I stooped to look thro' the grounds attached to an old and princely residence, the property of a decayed Italian nobleman. Ruin was upon every hand The fine portico of elaborately wrought marble had suffered much from time and violence Statues were overthrown and broken, fountains choked up, and rank weeds were towering over delicate garden flowers, half hiding their beauty and destroying their perfume While wandering amid these fading evidences of former wealth and grandeur, I came suddenly upon my beautiful flower girl, sleeping on a green bank. The noise of my feet awakened her, and she started up with a look of fear. In a moment she recognized me, and recovered, in a measure, her self-possession. She was much changed Her face looked anxious, and there was a humidity about her eyes, as if the tears were just ready to gush forth. I spoke to her in her own language, and the real kindness and sympathy I felt, were understood in an instant I soon learned that she was nearly the last member of an old and noble family reduced to poverty.—In one of the apartments of this ancient ruin, she was living with her aged father; and she remained his sole support and comforter. As a flower girl, she obtained the means of sustenance for her parent. But he was now very ill. For three days and nights she had watched over him, unwearied in spirits, though her body had suffered from fatigue. The money I had given her had enabled her to remit her efforts to procure the means of sustenance for a few days; but it was now all gone, and while gathering flowers for another visit to the city, she had reclined upon the soft grass and there [illegible] asleep.

"Affected by her story, so artlessly told, I asked to see her father, and she took me to the apartment where lay a venerable old man, but a few paces from the end of his journey. While I yet lingered in the room, his spirit sighed itself away, and passed to another and better world.

"Thrown thus strangely and providentially in the way of this lovely and innocent girl, in a far off land, I could not turn from her in her deep affliction. Oh, no! that would have been less than human. All in my power to do, to make less crushing the sorrow that was pressing upon her heart, was done Learning, after the burial of her father, that she was the last of her line, and that she stood friendless in the world, I procured her a temporary home in a highly respectable English family to whom I had been introduced Here I saw her daily; and you will not be surprised at the result You have met the Italian flower girl. She is my wife.

A Beautiful Extract.

(From Gen Jackson's Veto of the U S Bank)

"If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution (the United States Bank) which even now aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal I should have sold myself to its designs; had I preferred personal ease, to the performance of my arduous duty, I should cease to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now, I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence the career of ambition, when grey hairs and a decayed frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to Him, to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow men and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No, the ambition which leads me on, is an anxious desire, and a fixed determination to return to the people, unimpaired, the sacred turst they have confided to my charge—to heal the wounds of the constitution; to persuade my countrymen so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishment, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protected; but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all and granting favors to none; dispensing its blessings like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce."

THE INWARD MONITOR.—How many a lost man might have been saved, had he listened to the inward monitor and resisted the first inclination to deviate from the holy path of rectitude. See, far away before you and on either side, the ground whitened with the bones and sinews of millions who have perished ignobly in the march of life. They resisted the spirit of truth, and fell. They trusted to themselves and sunk at the onset. Take warning by them. Could their bones live, breathe, and speak, how earnestly would they appeal to you.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE circumstances which I am about to relate, are familiar to many now living In some particulars I have varied from the truth; but if in relation of an event which cited intense interest at the time of its excurrence, I shall succeed in impressing occupon any one the delusive character of circumstantial evidence, my object will be attained.

Beneath the magnificent sycamores which bordered a lovely stream in the south-west part of Kentucky, a party of emigrants had pitched their encampment for the night—The tents were set up, the night-fire threw its gleam upon the water, the weary horses were feeding, the evening repast was over, and preparations were made for repose.—The party consisted of three brothers with their families, who where wending their way to the new lands of the distant Missouri.—On their visages, where the ague had left its sallow traces, few of the noble traits of human character were visible. Accustomed to reside upon the outskirts of society, little versed in its forms, and as little accustomed to the restraints of law, or the duties of morality, they were the fit pioneers of civilization, because their frames were prepared for the utmost endurance of fatigue, and society was purified by their removal. Theirs were not the fearless independence and frank demeanor which mark the honest backwoodsman of our country; but the untamed license and the willy deportment of violent men, who loved not the salutary influence of the law, nor mingled of choice with the virtuous of their own species.

As they stirred the expiring fires, the column of light, mingled with the smoke and cinder that rose toward the clear sky of the mild May night, revealed travelers of a different appearance, who had encamped on the margin of the same stream. One was a man of thirty; several years passed in the laborious practice of medicine in a southern climate, had destroyed his constitution, and he had come to breathe the bracing air of a higher latitude. The wing of health had fanned into a vigor the wanning fires of life, and he was now returning to the home of his adoption with a renovated frame. The young man who sat by him, was a friend, to whom he had paid a visit, and who was now attending him a short distance on his journey. They had missed their way, and reluctantly asked a sullen permission of the emigrants to share their coarse fare, rather than wander in the dark, through unknown forests. Hamilton, the younger of the two, was perhaps twenty-seven years of age, and was a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, of cultivated mind, and of a chival- were indigent, and he had by the energy of his own talents and industry, redeem them from poverty, and placed them in easy circumstances. In one of his commercial expeditions down the Mississippi, he had met with Saunders, the physician. An intimacy ensued, which, though brief, had already ripened into mature friendship.

"Affection knoweth not of time,
It riseth like the vernal flowers;
The heart-pulse is its only chime,
And feelings are its hours."

Together they had hunted over the flowery banners, and through the majestic forests of their native state—had scaled the precipice and swam the torrent—had explored the cavern, and visited whatever was wonderful or curious in the region around them: and both looked forward with painful feelings to the termination of an intercourse which had been pleasing and instructive. As they were to separate in the morning, the evening was passed in conversation—in the copious and involuntary flow of kindness and confidence which the heart pours out at the moment when friends are about to sever, when the past is recalled and the future anticipated, and friendship, no longer silent nor motionless, displays itself like the beauty of the ocean wave, which is most obvious at the moment of its dissolutions.

Early in the morning the two friends prepared to pursue their journey. As they were about to depart, one of the emigrants advanced toward them, and remarked:

"I reckon, strangers, you allow to camp at Scottville to-night?"

"Yes," said Saunders, "I do."

"Well, then, I can tell you of a chute that's a heap shorter than the road you talk of taking—and at the forks of Rushing river there's a smart chance of blue clay, that's miry like, and its right scary crossing at times."

Supposing they had found a nearer and better road, and one by which a dangerous ford would be avoided they thanked their informant and proceeded on their journey.

In some previous conversations, Saunders had learned that his friend had recently experienced some heavy losses, and was at this time much pressed for money, and wishing to offer him assistance, had from time to time deferred it, from the difficulty of approaching so delicate a subject. As the time of parting approached, however, he drew the conversation to that point, and was informed that the sum of five hundred dollars would relieve his friend from embarrassment. Having a large sum in his possession, he generously tendered him the amount required, and Hamilton, after some hesitation, accepted the loan, and proposed to give his note for its repayment, which Saunders declined, under the plea that the whole transaction was matter of friendship, and that no such formality was requisite. When they were about to part, Hamilton unclasped his breast-pin, and presented it to his friend. "Let this," said he, "remind you sometimes of Kentucky. I trust that when I visit you next year, I shall see it adorning the person of some favored fair one." "I have no such confidence in you," laughingly returned the other; and handing him a silver-hafted penknife, curiously embossed, "I am told that knives and scissors are not acceptable presents to the fair, as they are supposed to cut love, so I have no fear Almira will get this, and I know that no other human being would cause you to forget your friend. They then parted.

As Hamilton was riding slowly homeward, engaged in thought, and holding his bridle loosely, a deer sprang suddenly from a thicket. and fell in the road before his horse, who started and threw him to the ground. In examining, the deer, which had been mortally wounded, and was still struggling, some of the blood was sprinkled on his dress, which had been othwise soiled by his fall. Paying little attention to these circumstances, he returned thme

Though his absence had been brief, many hands grasped his in cordial welcome, many eyes met his own in love, for few of the young men of the country were so universally beloved and so much respected as Hamilton. But to none was his return so acceptable as to Almira——. She had been his playmate in infancy, his schoolmate in childhood; in maturer years their intimacy had ripened into love, and they were soon to be united in the holiest and dearest of ties. But the visions of hope were soon to pass from them, as the mirage of the desert, that mocks the eye of the thirsty traveler, and then leaves him a death devoted wanderer on the arid waste.

A vague report was brought to the village that the body of a murdered man was found near Scottville.

It was first mentioned by a traveler, in company where Hamilton was present; and he instantly exclaimed, "No doubt it is Saunders; how unfortunate that I left him!" and then retired under great excitement. His manner and expression awakened suspicion, which was unhappily corroborated by a variety of circumstances, which were cautiously whispered by those who dare not openly arraign a person whose whole conduct through life had been honest, frank and manly. He had ridden away with Saunders, who was known to have been in possession of a large sum of money.

Since his return, he paid off debts to a large amount. The penknife of Saunders was recognized in his hands—yet none were willing, on mere surmise, to hazard a direct accusation.

The effect of the intelligence upon Hamilton was marked. The sudden death of a dear friend is hard to be supported; but when one who is loved and esteemed is cut off by the dastardly hand of the assassin, the pang of bereavement is doubly great, and in this instance the feelings of deep gratitude which Hamilton felt toward his benefactor, caused him to mourn over the catastrophe with a melanch[illegible] state of ab- [illegible] He would sit for hours [illegible]

The elections were at hand, and Hamilton was a candidate for the legislature. In the progress of the canvass the foul charge was openly made, and propagated with the remorseless spirit of party animosity. Yet he heard it not, until one evening, as he sat with Almira in her father's house They were conversing in low accents, when the sound of an approaching footstep interrupted them, and the father of Almira entered the room. "Mr. Hamilton," said he, "I am a frank man. I consented to your union with my daughter, believing your character to be unstained; but I regret to hear that a charge is made against you, which if true, must render you amenable to the laws of your country. I believe it to be a fabrication of your enemies; but, until it shall be disproved, and your character as a man of honor placed above suspicion, you must be sensible that the proposed union cannot take place, and that your visits to my house must be discontinued.

"What does my father mean?" inquired the young lady, anxiously, as her indignant parent retired.

"I do not know," replied the lover, "it is some electioneering story, no doubt, which I can easily explain. I only regret that it should give him or you a moment's uneasiness.

"It shall cause me none," replied the confiding girl: "I cannot believe any evil of you."

He retired—sought the nature of his charge, and to his inexpressible astonishment and horror, learned that he was accused of the murder and robbery of his friend? In a state little short of distraction, he retired to his room, recalled with painful minuteness all the circumstances connected with the melancholy catastrophe, and for the first time, saw the dangerous ground on which he stood. But proud in conscious innocence, he felt that to withdraw at that stage of the canvass, might be construed into a confession of guilt. He remained a candidate, and was beaten.—Now, for the first time, did he feel the wretchedness of a condemned and degraded man. The tribunal of public opinion had pronounced against him the sentence of conviction; and even his friends, as the excitement of the party struggle subsided, became cold in his defence, and wavering.—Nothing short of a public investigation could restore him to honor. The unhappy young man surrendered himself to the civil authority, and demanded a trial. Ah! little did he know the malignity of man or the fatal energy of popular delusion!—He reflected that when the public mind is imbued with prejudice, even truth itself ceases to be mighty. Many believed him guilty, and those who, during the canvass had industriously circulated the report, now labored with untiring, diligence to collect and accumulate the evidence which should sustain their previous assertion. But arrayed in the panoply of innocence, he stood firm and confident of acquittal. The best council had been engaged—and on the day of trial, Hamilton stood before the assembled county—an arraigned culprit in the presence of those before whom he walked in honor from childhood.

As the trial proceeded, the confidence of his friends diminished, and those who had doubted, became confirmed of the prisoner's guilt. Trifles as light as air become confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ to the jealous minds of the audience, and one fact was linked to another in curious coincidence, until the chain of corroborating circumstances seemed irresistably conclusive. His recent intimacy with the deceased, and even the attention which friendship and hospitality had dictated, were ingeniously insisted upon as evidence of a deliberate plan of wickedness—long formed and gradually developed. The facts, that he accompanied the deceased on his way—that he lost the path in a country with which he was supposed to be familiar—his conduct on bearing of the death of his friend—the money—the knife—caused the most incredulous to tremble for his fate. But when the breastpin of Hamilton, found near the body of the murdered man was produced—and a pistol known to have been that of the prisoner, was proved to have been picked up near the same spot—but little room was left even for charity to indulge a benovolent doubt. Nor was this all—the prosecution had still another witness—the pale girl who sat by him, clasping his hands in hers, was unexpectedly called upon to rise and give testimony She shrunk from the unfeeling call, and buried her face in her brothers bosom. That blow was not anticipated—for none but the myrmidons of party vengeance, who had even violated the sanctuary of family confidence, in search of evidence, dreamed that any criminating circumstance was in the possession of this young lady. At the mandate of the court, she arose, laid aside her veil, and disclosed a face haggard with anxiety and terror. In low tremulous accents, broken with sobs, she reluctantly deposed that the clothes worn by her brother, on his return from that fatal journey, were torn, soiled with earth, and bloody! An audible murmur ran through the crowd, who were listening in breathless silence—the prisoner bowed his head in mute despair—the witness was borne away insensible—the argument proceeded, and after an eloquent but vain defence, the jury brought in a verdict of GUILTY! The sentence of *death* was passed.

* * * * * * * * *

The summer had passed away. The band of autumn had begun to tinge with mellow hues the magnificent scenery of the forest. It was evening and the clear moonbeams were shining through the grates of the prisoner's cell. The unhappy man, haggard, attenuated, and heart-broken, was lying upon his wretched pallet, reflecting alternately upon the early wreck of his bright hopes, the hour of ignominy that was into which he should [illegible] was the season with [illegible] Almira was to have been solemnized. With what pride and joy had he looked forward to this hour! And now instead of the wedding festivities, the lovely bride, and the train of congratulating friends, so often pictured in fancy, he realized fetters, and dungeon, and a disgraceful death! The well-known tread of the jailor interrupted the bitter train of thought. The door opened, and as the light streamed from a lantern across the cell, he saw a female form timidly approaching. In a moment Almira had sunk on her knees beside him, and their hands were silently clasped together. There are occasions when the heart spurns all constraint, and acts up to its own dictates, careless of the public opinion, or prescribed forms—when love becomes the absorbing and overruling passion—and when that which under other circumstances would be mere unlicensed impulse, becomes a hallowed, imperious duty. That noble-hearted girl had believed to the last, that her lover would be honorably acquitted. The intelligence of his condemnation, while it blighted her hopes, and withered her health, never disturbed for one moment her conviction of his innocence. There is a union of hearts which is indestructable, which marriage may sanction and nourish, and hallow, but which separation cannot destroy—a love that endures while life remains, or until its object shall prove faithless or unworthy. Such was the affection of Almira; and she held her promise to love and honor him whose fidelity was to him unspotted, and whose character she considered honorable, to be as sacred, as if they had been unite in marriage. When all others forsook, she resolved never to forsake him. She had come to visit him in his desolation, and to risk all, to save one who was dear and innocent in her estimation, though guilty in the eyes of the world.

The jailor, a blunt, though humane man briefly disclosed a plan which he with Almira, had devised for the escape of Hamilton. He had consented to allow the prisoner to escape, in female dress, while she was to remain in his stead, so that the whole contrivance should seem to be her own. "I am a plain man," concluded the jailor, "but know what's right. It 'aint fair to hang no man on suspicion—and more than that I am not going to stand in no man's way—especially a friend who had done me favors, as you have. The track's clear, Mr. Hamilton, and the quicker you put out the better.

To his surprise the prisoner peremptorily refused the offer.

"I am innocent," said he; "but I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than injure the fair fame of this confiding girl."

"Go Dudley; my dear Dudley," she sobbed; "for my sake, for the sake of your broken-hearted father and sister."

"Do not tempt me, my dear Almira. I will not do that which will expose you to disgrace."

"Oh, who would blame me?"

"The world the uncharitable world—they who believe me a murderer, and have tortured the most innocent actions into proof of deliberate villainy, will not hesitate to brand you as the victim of a cold blooded felon. And why should I fly? to live a wretched wanderer, with the brand of Cain on my forehead, and a character stamped with infamy!"

He would have said more—but the form that during this brief dialogue, had sunk into his arms, was lying lifeless on his bosom. He kissed her cold lips, and passionately repeated he name—but she heard him not—her pure spirit had gently disengaged itself, and flown forever. Her heart was broken. She had watched and wept, and prayed, in hopeless grief until the physical energies of a delicate frame were exhausted; and the excitement of the last scene had snapped the attenuate thread of life.

Hamilton did not survive her long. His health was already shattered by long confinement, and the chafing of a proud spirit. Almira had died for him—and his own mother—oh! how cautiously did they whisper the sad truth, when he asked why she who had loved him better than her own life had forsaken him in the hour of affliction—she, too, had sunk under the dreadful blow. His father lived a withered melancholy man, crushed in spirit; and as his sister hung like a guardian angel over his death-bed, and he gazed on her pale, emaciated, sorrow-stricken countenance, he saw that she, too, would soon be numbered among the victims of this melancholy persecution—When with his last breath he suggested that they would soon meet, she replied, "I trust that God will spare me to see your innocence established, and then I will die contented." And her confidence was rewarded—for God does not disappoint those who put their trust in him. About a year afterward, a wretch who was executed at Natchez, and who was one of the three persons mentioned in the commencement of this narrative, confessed that he had murdered Saunders, with a pistol which he had found at the place where the two friends had slept. "I knew it would be so," was the only reply of the fast-departing sister; and soon after she was buried by the side of Dudley and Almira Reader, this is no fiction, nor are the decisions of God unjust; but his ways are above our comprehension

The Slave Question.

At no period of our history has the extending greatness and prosperity of our country been more apparent and promising, than at this particular juncture. The war of 1812, which has been very appropriately called the second war of independence, resulted in the complete establishment of our national rights; and the late war with Mexico, has given to the world, the most conclusive evidence of our ability and readiness to sustain them. Henceforth, we have nothing to apprehend from foreign aggres- [illegible] right, and [illegible] *wrong*," we have but little reason to apprehend trouble in our foreign intercourse.

In regard to our internal relations, we can perceive no just cause to mar the harmony of the operations of our federative system, or to retard its progress in the fulfilment of its destiny in the extension of liberal principles. It is true that some weak and timid minds, fancy that they see a speck in our political horizon, arising out of the question of slavery, which is to magnify into a dark cloud of domestic trouble and dissention. For ourselves, we participate in no such apprehensions; and were not its agitation kept alive by ambitious politicians, on both sides of the question, who hope to profit by excitement, as well, perhaps, as by some others, who would like to see the storm raised, in order to have the credit of pouring upon it the oil of compromise and conciliation, the little speck which is now glimmering through the atmosphere, would gradually disappear.

The course of the ultra abolitionists, is certainly ill-advised, as well in regard to the slaves themselves, as to the constitutional rights and duties which we owe to our fellow-citizens of the slave states. They have, not only, riveted the chains of the slave in many places, but they have produced an intensity of feeling and excitement, among our southern brethren, unfavorable to calm discussion and rational decision. With slavery in the states, where it exists, we have certainly no legal right to interfere; nor do the citizens in the non-holding states, act in good faith, and in accordance with the spirit of the constitution, who agitate, from without, in order to disturb the internal security and repose of the people of the slave states. In this view of the subject, we are sure nine tenths, and more of the people of Pennsylvania concur. On the other hand, the extravagant pretension of southern statesmen, in regard to the institution of slavery, and its extension, under the constitution, into territories, where it never had existence, excites the decided hostility of thousands of the citizens of the free states, who would shed their blood to vindicate the local rights of the slave states, as they now exist, against any violent aggression.

We entertain no prejudice or unkind feelings toward slaveholders. With many of them, that they are such, is their misfortune rather than their fault. We have the pleasure of knowing many of them, personally, and number among them many of our best friends, and believe them as good men, in all respects, as any other of our acquaintances. We, therefore, feel that prejudice does not bias our judgment on this question.

But we cannot help believing, that the man who does not see that slavery must as certainly give way to the rapidly accumulating population and force of white labor, as the natives of the forest, and savage life, have had to recede before the tread of the white man, has observed the progress of the times to but little advantage. Already, as land is advancing in price in the eastern and middle states, are many of the enterprising citizens of those states emigrating to Maryland and Virginia, purchasing lands and cultivating them with white labor; and as population increases and lands rise, this emigration will greatly multiply. Many observing citizens think it much more advantageous to buy these lands, at the rates they command, and improve them, than to emigrate west.

Maryland we regard now but as nominally a slave state, and we believe her lands would bring more to-day, if slavery were abolished within her limits, than their lands and slaves together, as she now is. The people of western Virginia, and even in some parts of the state east of the mountains, are but little attached to slavery, and would be pleased if they were rid of it. The movements in Kentucky, are indicative of the feeling there, and Missouri, it is well known, is by no means a strong slave state. The people there see how slavery has retarded their progress, by a comparison with Illinois and other neighboring free states.

If, then, the indications against slavery are so apparent, with our present amount of population, what may we not expect in less than a quarter of a century? The present population of the United States is supposed to be upward of twenty millions, and should it continue to increase according to the past ratio, in a little over twenty years it will be forty millions, and in about forty-three years from this time, eighty millions. Many young men of twenty-one years of age at this time, will, in the ordinary course of nature, live to see it exceed eighty millions; and children now born, will see it exceed the enormous amount of one hundred and sixty millions. As population thus increases, lands must necessarily rise in value, and wherever the climate and soil will admit, the energies of free labor will cultivate it, to the entire exclusion of the slave. This, according to the natural progress of things, is as certain as any event in futurity.

If it be asked, what is to become of the slaves? we answer we do not know. When they become unprofitable and burthensome to their owners, the emergency and necessity of the case, may suggest some equitable and humane disposition of the question. Be this as it may, the statesman who attempts to raise his banner, at this day, in favor of the propagation and extension of slavery, is far behind the times and the spirit of the age. He certainly does not belong to the progressive democracy.—*The Keystone*

☞ The Whig press are considerably annoyed, because a comparison is instituted between the professions of the President, previous to his election, and the action of his administration. Our political opponents have no cause of complaint on this account; they asumed to be purer than others; they caught the votes of the people with fair promises; they announced they would liken this administration to that of Washington; that no man should be proscribed for opinion sake, and that in fact the golden age should be restored. Alas! the people generously confiding in these wholesale falsehoods, in a thoughtless moment, elevated the Whig party to power, and now they are reaping the fruits of a high-handed uncompromising federal administration. We dare not refer to the pledges that were made against proscription without being assailed with the vilest denunciations. Such a reference is termed by the Whig press as "a most unscrupulous and reckless opposition to the present administ[illegible] blood in our early wars, and whose descendants imitating their example, yielded up his life on the battle field of Mexico,) who has been removed from office, without cause, we are chilled with a cold heartless sneer, and this aged, honest, honorable man, thus dismissed by an unhallowed persecution for opinions's sake, is ranked among "the old and corrupt horde of official beggars." We are not surprised at this, for it will generally be found that those politicians who protest and profess much, turn out to be Gonerils and Regans in male attire.—*Dem. Union.*

Another Enemy Punished.

General TAYLOR's Cabinet have a great dislike for all men who have fought for the country, if we may judge from some of their recent movements. The Buffalo *Courier*, alluding to the removal of Mr. Haile, a war-worn veteran—a relic of the war of 1812. He has performed services in the field in behalf of his country as valuable relatively as those of General Taylor. His wounds in that service have incapacitated him for the more active duties of life. Like Gen. Shields, he was shot through the lungs and left upon the field to die. But he survived and his country rewarded him for his fidelity to her cause by civil employments, for which his fellow-citizens and himself were equally grateful.

"It was the delight of Gen. Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, Gen. Harrison, Mr. Tyler, and Mr. Polk to recognise a national obligation by retaining him in office Let us recount a single circumstance to show how the people heretofore regarded the matter: When Gen. Harrison entered upon the Chief Magistracy, a rumor being prevalent that his political friends laid claim to the office, Gen. Scott, under an impulse most creditable to him as a man and a patriot, called upon Gen. Harrison, and spoke in indignant terms of the attempt to deprive Mr. H. of his station. In reply Gen. Harrison assured him that come what might, Mr. Haile never should be removed from office so long as he occupied the Executive Chair. Gen. Harrison retained him. Mr. Tyler and Mr. Polk retained him. It is left to Gen. Taylor to do that which every patriotic citizen of the State will condem as unjust and uncalled-for, unworthy of his own reputation and even of his administration.

ST. LOUIS MAY 8.—Mr. Andrews one of the survivors of Fremont's party, arrived here yesterday from the plains. His son perished from cold. He parted company with Bent and Thatcher on the way, who have six thousand buffalo robes. Col. Benton and wife arrived here last night. Col. B. goes to the frontier to talk to the California emigrants. The cholera is increasing, but is mostly among the emigrants.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POTATOE.—Mr. Messon of Paris has lately grown a new root, called the Ulluco, which can it is thought replace the potatoe. It originally came from Peru, and grows perfectly well in the open air; the flower is very near the same as that of the potatoe. The part above ground furnishes a very agreeable vegetable, something like the bean in flavor. Three crops of the green part can be obtained in the same season.

☞ This column is now full.