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O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The Widow's Charge at her Daughter's Bridal.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily carrol'd day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountain clear,
She turns confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet, domestic bower
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when far away
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay,
The soul of woman lives in love;
And shouldst thou wondering, mark a tear,
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear,
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of Heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child

The Sparrow's Nest.

I have a little sparrow's nest
Within a rose-bush growing nigh;
But what to do I cannot tell,
To hide it from old puss's eye.
For well I know it once she sees
The downy young, or hears them cry,
No art can save them from her fangs,
No arm to protect, they're doomed to die

The rose-tree grows beside the porch,
And casts its shade before the door,
And at each gust of wind sweeps by,
'Tis rudely shaken to and fro.
I've watched the little sparrow sit,
Contented, while around her roared
The stormy wind, and on her head
The rain in heavy torrents poured

I love the little trusting thing,
Which from my hand will often pick
The crumb of bread so fearlessly,
Although its heart is beating quick
Sometimes its quaker-colored dress
With pearly dew is studded thick,
And then its damp and heavy wing
Will droop and fall as if 'twere sick'

Miscellany.

MARY BRAND'S RESCUE:

Or, A love of Fifteen Years Rewarded.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

AMONG the Mormons when they emigrated from Nauvoo, was an old man, named Brand, from Memphis county, State of Tennessee, with a family of a daughter and two sons, the latter with their wives and children.—Brand was a wiry old fellow, nearly seventy years of age, but still stout and strong, and wielded an axe or rifle better than many a younger man. If truth be told, he was not a very red hot Mormon, and had joined them as much for the sake of company to California, whither he had long resolved to emigrate, as from any implicit credence in the faith. His sons were strapping fellows, of the sterling stuff that the western pioneers were made of: his daughter Mary, a fine woman of thirty, for whose state of single blessedness there must doubtless have been sufficient reason; for she was not only remarkably handsome, but was well-known in Memphis to be the best tempered and most industrious young woman in these diggings. She was known to have received several advantageous offers, all of which she had refused; and report said that it was from having been disappointed in very early life in an *affaire du cœur*, at an age when such wounds sometimes strike strong and deep, leaving a scar difficult to heal. Neither his daughter, nor any of his family, had been converted to the Mormon doctrine, but had ever kept themselves aloof, and refused to join or associate with them; and, for this reason, the family had been very unpopular with the Mormon families on the Arkansas; and hence, probably, one great reason why they now started on their journey.

One fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cotton-woods on the banks of the Arkansas begun to put forth their buds, and robins and blue-birds—harbingers of Spring—were hopping, with gaudy plumage thro' the thickets, three white-tilted Conestoga wagons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each wagon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men following in the rear with shouldered rifles—old Brand himself mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the shelter of the wagon tilts, and out of the first the mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions, who had accompanied them thus far, and now whished them "God-speed" on their long journey.

The women were sadly down-hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, and nothing before her but the bleak, barren prairie, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilized fellow-creatures, and fairly burst into tears.

They had for a guide a Canadian voyageur, who had been in the service of the Indian traders and knew the route well, and had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lancaster on the north fork of the Platte. Their course led for about thirty miles up to the Boiling Spring River, whence they pursued a northeasterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansas. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a day.

At the camp fire at night, Antoine, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home; often extorting a scream from the women by the description of some scene of Indian fight and slaughter, or beguiling them of a commisserating tear by the narrative of the sufferings and privations endured by those hardy hunters in their arduous lives.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life which had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold or famine.

Among the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonte was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face: not that she for a moment imagined that it was her La Bonte, for she knew the name was a common one; but associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former days, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former Lover. A mountaineer had returned from the Far West to settle in his native State and had found his way to the neighborhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain hunters, had inquired tremblingly after La Bonte. Her informant knew him well—had trapped in company with him—and had heard at the trading fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonte had been killed on the Yellow Stone by a Blackfoot; which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation. This was all she had ever learned of the lover of her youth.

As the wagons of the lone caravan roll on toward the Platte, we must ask the reader to accompany us to a camp in the wilderness, where La Bonte, Killbuck, and a stranger, were sitting before a fire;—Killbuck to loquitur:

"The doin's of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, stranger. Their mummums and thummums you speak of won't 'shine' whar Injuns are 'bout; nor pint out a trail, whar nothin' crossed but rattle-snakes since fust it snowed on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them-*profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain hump-ribs and marrow-guts when the crowd gets out of the buffler range, they are 'some,' now that's a fact. But this child won't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight on these darned Mormonites, I would. They're 'no account,' I guess; and its the 'meanest' kind of action to haul their women critters and their young 'uns to sech a starving country as the Californys."

"They are not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter; "and there's one family among them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonte looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning—but either didn't hear, or, hearing, didn't heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and South Pass."

"They'll lose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the Rapahos are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl among them worth more than that."

"Poor Beaver!" said La Bonte, looking up from his work. "I'd hate to see any white gal in the hands of the Injuns, and of Rapahos worse than all. Where does she come from, stranger?"

"Down below St. Louis, from Tennessee, I've heard *them say*."

"Tennessee," cried La Bonte—"hurrah for the old State! What's her name, stran—

At this moment Killbuck's old mule pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonte's eye, he rose abruptly, without waiting a reply to his question, and exclaimed,

"The old mule smells Injuns or I'm a Spaniard!"

The hunter did the mule justice, and she well *maintained her reputation as the best* "guard" in the mountains; for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilized attire.

"Rapaho," cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him; and the Indian catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, in broken Spanish and English mixed,

"Si, si, me Arapho, white man amigo. Come to camp—eat heap *carne*—me amigo white man. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun break—*no puedo matar nada*; *mucha hambra* (very hungry) heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonte well understood.—They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman and lived with some hunt*ers at the Pueblo fork on the Arkansas.*—He volunteered the information that a war *party of his people were out on the Platte* trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Ford; and as some "Mormon" had just started with three wagons in that direction, he said his people would make a "raise." Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the "divide," as the "braves," he said, were a "heap" mad, and their hearts were "big" and nothing in the shape of a white skin would live before them.

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and, after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp, and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, travelling leisurely, and stopping wherever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel trail, which left the creek banks and pursued a course at rigth angles to it, in the direction of the "divide"—Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours old, and that of three wagons drawn by oxen.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormonites ain't going head first into the Rapaho trap. They'll be 'gone beaver' afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the wagons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonte, "I knowed that name mighty well once, years agone; and should hate the worst kind that mischief happened to any one that bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the Rapahos to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape—What do you say, old hoss?"

"I think with you, boy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this wagon trail, and telling the poor critters that thar's danger a'head of them. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter; and both followed quickly after La Bonte, who was already trotting smartly on the trail.

Meanwhile the three wagons, containing the household goods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and toward the upland ridge of the "divide," which, studded with dwarf pine and cedar-thicket, rose gradually before them. They travelled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian signs upon the trail, and with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war party; for there were no horses with them, and after one or two of the moccasin tracks, the mark of a rope which trailed upon the ground was sufficient to show him that the Indians were provided with the usual lasso of skin, with which to secure the horses stolen in the expedition. The men of the party were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed, the wagons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp look-out was kept on all sides. The women and children were all consigned to the interior of the wagons; and the latter had also guns in readiness, to take their part in the defence, if an attack be made.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign for two days after they left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighborhood. One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corralled the wagons, and forted as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and, making signals of peaceable intentions, approached the camp. Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp. The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article about, and signifying their wishes that it would be given to them.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo robes about them, and quietly withdrew. Meanwhile, Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians scarcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was also set round the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should aim, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides. However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquility of the camp. The prairie wolves loped hungrily around, and their mournful cry was borne upon the wind as they chased deer and antelope in the neighboring plain; but not a sign of lurking Indians was seen or heard.

In the morning, shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking the oxen to the wagons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at day-break, when some Indians again appeared upon the bluff, and, descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter; but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that, so long as they came as friends, they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach. It was now observed that they were all painted, armed with bows and arrows, and divested of their buffalo robes, appearing naked to the breech-clout, their legs only being protected by deer-skin leggings, reaching to the middle of the thigh. Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the wagons. Their demeanor, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner. A chief accosted Brand, and, through Antoine, informed him "that unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that they were out on the 'war trail,' and their eyes were red with blood, so that they could not distinguish between white and Yuta scalps, and the party, with all their women and wagons, were in the power of the Indian 'braves,' and therefore the white chief's best plan was to make the best terms he could; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and ammunition 'on the prairie,' and all their mules and horses—retaining the 'medicine' buffaloes (the oxen) to draw their wagons."

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters, whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed while the Indian stated his demands, but, hearing him to the end, exclaimed, "Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life. But out boys!"—and, turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the waggons, and commenced their attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in the stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment. In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and, putting the muzzle to the Indians heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, flourishing his war club, laid the old man at his feet; while some dragged the women from the waggons, and others rushed upon men, who made brave fight in their defence.

Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance; for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast. For the rest, all was contusion: in vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowered numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed; while the shrieks of women and children, and the loud yells of Indians, added to the scene of horror and contusion. As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and, jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground. As she fell, another deliberately shot an arrow at her body, while the one who had thrown the lasso rushed forward, his scalp-knife flashing in his hand, to seize the bloody trophy of his savage deed. The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly toward the spot where her father lay bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengance upon his victim. He paused however, as at that moment a shout as fierce as his own sounded at his very ear; and, looking up, he saw La Bonte gallopping madly down the bluff, his long hair and the fringes of his hunting-shirt and leggins flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, while close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger. Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonte as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian. Loud was the shout of the mountaineer, as he struck his heavy spurs to the rowels in his horse's side, and bounded like lightning to the rescue. In a single stride he was upon the Indian, and, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled him over stone dead. Throwing down his rifle, La Bonte wheeled his obedient horse, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, among whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows. Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking that this was but the advanced guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead on the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected deathstroke, heard the loud shout La Bonte gave in charging down the bluff, and, again looking up, saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to her rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonte was the first to run to her aid, as soon as the fight was fairly over. He jumped from his horse, cut the skin rope which bound her, raised her from the ground, and, upon turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; while she, hardly believing her senses, recognized in her deliverer her *former lover, and still well beloved* La Bonte.

"What, Mary! can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.

"La Bonte, you don't forget me!" she answered, and threw herself sobbing into the arms of the sturdy mountaineer.

There we will leave her for the present, and help Killbuck and his companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, grandchildren of Old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with the greatest bravery, and lay pierced with arrows and lance wounds. Old Brand had received a sore buffet but a hatful of cold water from the creek sprinkled over his face, soon restored him. His sons had not escaped scot-free, and Antoine was shot through the neck, and, falling, had actually been half-scalped by an Indian, whom the timely arrival of La Bonte had caused to leave his work unfinished.

Silently, and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family, saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones, procured from the rocky bed of the creek. The carcasses of the treacherous Indians, were left to be devoured by the wolves, and their bones to bleach in the sun and wind—a warning to their tribe, that such foul treachery as they had meditated had met with a merited retribution.

The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansas, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonte lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and, under their experienced guide, no more Indian perils were encountered. Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conestoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonte's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains. South Fork was passed and Laramie was reached.—The Sweet Water Mountains, which hang over the "pass" to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the North Fork of Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out which led to the great valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned down stream where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri—and not up toward the mountains where they leave their spring-heads from which springs flow several waters—some coursing their way to the eastward, fertilizing, in their route to the Atlantic, the lands of civilized man; others westward forcing a passage through rocky canons, and flowing through a barren wilderness inhabited by fierce and barbarous tribes.

Those were the routes to choose from: and, whatever was the cause, the oxen turned their yoked heads away from the rugged mountains; the teamsters joyfully cracked their ponderous whips, as the wagons rolled lightly down the Platte; and men, women and children, waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily "Hurrah for home!"

Four months from the day when La Bonte so opportunely appeared to rescue Brand's family from the Indians on Black Horse Creek, that worthy, and faithful Mary were duly and lawfully united in the township church of Brandville, Memphis county, state of Tennessee. We cannot say, in the words of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand novels, "numerous pledges of mutual love surrounded and cheered them in their declining years," &c., &c.; because it was only on the 24th of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, that La Bonte and Mary Brand were finally made one, after fifteen long years of separation.—*Ruxton's Life in the Far West.*

A College Lark.

The following capital story is told by "one who knows," of Doctor Maxey, and cannot fail to amuse our readers. On one occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctors carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the *performance* of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy President a hint that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage house.—Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded on the appointed night to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the College precincts they forgot their reserve and began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by saying that it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a cover in which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the Doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once *more agreed that "the carriage was heavy* enough to have the old Doctor and all his tribe in it"—they were startled by the sud*den dropping of one of the glass door pan*els, and the well known voice of the Doctor himself thus addressed them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Messrs. ——, and ——, and ——, buckle to, and let us *return*; *it's getting late!*"

There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfitted young gentlemen took their places at the pole at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less noise, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the Doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was his carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods. —*Spirit of the Times.*

☞ The best way to get help in this world is to help yourself. Show that you need aid and all will turn a could shoulder; but prove that you can do without folks and they will beg to give you a lift.

A Romantic "Beauty" at Saratoga.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives the following rich, rare, and interesting account of a beautiful female adventurer, who assumed the garb of the sterner sex at Saratoga.

A most singular and exciting instance of female eccentricity and daring recklessness has just *transpired here, to the equal* amusement and amazement of all. Some ten days since there arrived in the Southern train, *and took lodgings at Union Hall* a youth apparently about 19 or 20 years old, of singular beauty, with raven locks, a sparkling *black eye, a complexion in which the lily* and the rose seemed vividly striving for the supremacy, a voice of silvery tone and mel*low richness, and an ease,* maturity and brilliancy of manner altogether unusual in a male so young, and which attracted the attention and excited universal admiration. In short, he appeared to be one of those *specimens of boyhood, upon which* nature is sometimes so lavish in the bestowment of her gifts, and which are as rare as they *are pleasing and attractive; combining* all the delicacy and richness of female beauty, with a precociousness of mind and manner *equally marked and unusual. With a bold* yet by no means rude familiarity, he soon made the acquaintance of mothers and misses, who seemed alike *captivated* with the young charmer, and courted his attentions with jealous rivalry; the former confiding in his youth as a protection to their daughters, and the latter subdued and en*raptured by the beauty of his person and the* elegance of his address. In the Ball-room, with his fashionable dress coat buttoned to *the chin; his symmetrical limbs, his con*tracted waist, his round, full chest, his delicate hands and tiny feet, as he moved with *exquisite elasticity and grace through the* dance, all eyes and many hearts were fastened with lavish intensity. After thus rioting a week amid the most extravagant attentions of the mamas, and the no less ex*travagant affections of their captivated* daughters, the young "Uriah Baden," as he booked himself, suddenly disappeared.

From a fear of detection, or some other cause, he retired to the neighboring village of Ballston, and entered the National Law School there as a pupil, under the pretence that his parents would be on in a day or *two with the bulk of his baggage.* Struck with his appearance, and the ease and eloquence of his conversational powers, the *President, J. W. Fowler, Esq., assigned* him at once a performance in off-hand speaking, which, with the trial and argument of causes, form a prominent part in the Insti*tution. In this, his speaking capacities* were put to a test too severe for a matter *of mere amusement; and dreading an ex*posure which the presence of the hundred young gentleman connected with the school *might effect, and certainly would render* most embarassing and fearful, he again took French leave, returned to this place, and stopped at one of the minor hotels, were he spent the night before last in silent seclusion, as if reflecting on the error of his ways.

During his former visit, he had coquetted with the fair ones, and made three or four solemn protestations of love, which had awakened a delicious hope in as many unsuspicious hearts. Hence the news of his return led to many eager but unsuccessful inquiries for his whereabouts. Yesterday morning there arrived here a fine looking, middle aged gentleman and his lady, in a state of anxious excitement, having traced their errant daughter at length to the theatre of her comic tragic adventures; and being directed to her hiding place, they sought her rooms, tore off her male disguise, and last evening left for their home in New Jersey, with as sweet and beautiful a looking daughter as ever graced the proper habiliments of her sex, with nothing to distinguish her from them but her exquisite personal charms and her shortened locks, which to complete the illusion, she had cropped and subjected to the hand of the barber. As to the cause of this strange adventure of the young girl, the sad, unapproachable silence of the parents forbid inquiry, and the affair ended as it began—a mystery.

Beautiful Sentiment.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet, in writing about the Irish emigrants among us, says:—

"For myself, I confess I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted, and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is divided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother Island—that his religion, with all its abuses, is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to me always an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a *romance in his history*. *Amidst all* his apparant gaiety of heart and national drollery and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of his 'ould mother of him,' sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side—recollections of a fathers blessing, and a sisters farewell, are haunting him—a grave mound in a distant churchyard, far beyond the 'wide wathers,' has an eternal greenness in his memory—for there, perhaps, lies a 'darlint child,' or a 'swate crather' who once loved him,—the New World is forgotten for the moment—blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glendalough streches beneath him its dark still mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature's blessing the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the round Towers of the Phœnician sunworshippers,—beautiful and mournful recollections of his home waken within him—and the rough and seemingly light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods.—Touching and beautiful was the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews: 'Ye shall not oppress the stranger, *for ye know the heart of the stranger*, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'"

The Best Yet.

The Knickerbocker tells of a place Down-East where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury, which is not a little increased by the practical jokes of a young lawyer who pretends to receive many letters from the gold regions, which he reads to those gaping bumpkins who assemble at his office in order to have their credulity stretched. The following is the latest missive:

"We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping there four days to recruit and make preparations, we set out for the gold country.—The country on the bank of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile in the world. We passed several wheat fields, which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one draw-back: this neighborhood is much infected with noxious serpents; and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat, you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along up the river without much stop, and soon came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles. My companions all stopped to gather it, but I tho't I would keep on and go to the head-quarters, if I could find them. I soon came to where I found the precious metal in lumps as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country farther, I found it became more plentiful, and I frequently noticed pieces of gold the size of a common tea-kettle. In fact, the appearance of the country, in many places, reminded me of our New England cornfields, after the corn has been removed, and before the pumpkins are gathered. Still, I did not stop there, but kept on towards the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold, of the size of a five-pail kettle, were quite common. I came at length to a mountain, in which I suppose the river takes its rise. On the side of my approach it was very precipitous. At the base of a high cliff, I looked up and saw, about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid, shining gold, large as a bunch of screwell hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single root or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with a ball, and my first thought was to fire, and cut off the cord by which the glittering mass was hung! but as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me that if I did, the gold would inevitably fall on me, and crush me; so I—"

Here the reader was interrupted by a fellow with a largely developed organ of credulity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with, "By thunder! *I'd a fired!*"

NO PROSCRIPTION.—Some time ago John Hall, Esq., was appointd an Inspector in the Custom House by Mr. Lewis.—He was directed to do so either by the President or the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr Hall, we understand, was a competent and faithful officer. One day day last week in conversation, he expressed his intention of voting for John A. Gamble, for Canal Commissioner, and added that he would be elected by a large majority. The persons with whom he was talking remonstrated with him, and reminded him that he held a situation in the Custom House, and that *it was expected he would vote the Whig* ticket. Mr Hall replied that Mr. Gamble was an old friend, whom he had known long *and intimately, and that he would vote for* him. Considerable conversation passed between the parties, when they separated.—*The next day Mr Hall received a note from* Mr Lewis himself, stating that his services *were no longer required.*

Such is the proscriptive policy of no party men. Those Democrats who joined the *Taylor party from proper motives, will see* in these acts an entire disregard of the pledges made before the election, while the public will *properly estimate* the character of those who made the pledges as well as those who break them.—*Phila. Spirit of the Times.*

☞ The following are the dates when the respective States entered the American Union:—Delaware, December 7, 1787; Pennsylvania, December 12, 1787; New Jersey, December 18, 1787; Georgia, January 2, 1788; Connecticut, January 9, 1788; Massachusetts, February 6, 1788; Maryland, April 28, 1788; South Carolina, May 23, 1788; New Hampshire, June 21, 1788; Virginia, June 26, 1788; New York, July 26, 1788; North Carolina, November 20, 1789; Rhode Island, May 29, 1790; Vermont, March 4, 1791; Kentucky, June 1, 1792; Tennessee, June 1, 1796; Ohio, November 29, 1802; Louisiana, April 8, 1812; Indiana, December 11, 1816; Mississippi, December 10, 1817; Illinois December 3, 1818; Alabama, December 4, 1819; Maine, March 15, 1820; Missouri, August 10, 1821; Arkansas, June 15, 1836; Michigan, June 20, 1837; Florida, March 7, 1844; Texas, December 29, 1845; Wisconsin, December 29, 1848; Iowa, 1849.

WHO IS A COWARD?—The man who attacks another by surprise, or with a weapon in his hand when the other has none, is a coward.

The man who carries a deadly weapon about his person in his intercourse with an unarmed society, is a coward.

The man who associates with him, and so goes with numbers to overpower an individual or a smaller or feebler number—he is a coward.

The man who, being challenged to a duel, is so much afraid of public sentiment that he dares not refuse it, is a coward.

☞ Mrs. Caudle thinks that old Zack is in a fair way to redeem his promise that he would not be the President of a party—as the prospect is that he will soon be without a party.

A Connecticut dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "La me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen, *mostly boys and gals.*"

The receipts of the Fulton Ferry, New York, are estimated at nine hundred and twelve thousand five hundred dollars per annum!